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— St. Joseph Lilies —

Toronto, June 1922



# PEARL OF ISRAEL.

By Ethna Kavanagh.

A Priest of the Temple tells his Vision.

“ Shut were the Temple’s doors, the busy throngs  
That swell the outer porches; the mute ones  
That seek the inner courts to bend in prayer  
By day, all gone and gathered to the hush  
Of midnight silences. O’erwearied I  
With watching and with prayers that seemed to mount  
On leaden wings, and find their goal on earth  
And not in Heaven, at length arose to go  
But that same moment my eyes fell upon  
Joachim’s daughter kneeling rapt in prayer.  
Then fled my weariness as darkness flies  
Before the dawn. Back from her head her veil  
Had fallen showing fair locks curling ’round  
A forehead whose expanse seemed peace’s throne  
So utter was the calm that rested there.  
Her eyes I saw not, they were downward cast  
Her little hands like sculptured angel’s clasped  
Upon her bosom. Long I gazed on her  
How long I know not, until I was ’ware  
Of powerful scent like that of cedar wood  
And all around was changed, gone were the floors  
Of marble, and instead the lamps shone on  
Pavements of purest gold; gone all the courts  
Of this our present glory; and instead  
I stood in the great temple reared of old  
By Solomon: there were the carvings twined  
Of palm trees, doves, and cherubim; the pure  
Flower of the Lily; pomegranate flower,  
All wrought in finest gold; great candlesticks  
And hanging lamps, all sparkling in the light.  
Pillars of brass wreathèd with chain and net  
As fashioned from the skilful artist hand  
Of Tyre’s great craftsman. Then my ’mazed eyes  
Fell on the Cherubim’s gold pinions poised  
Above that sacred place where rested once  
The Great Ark of the Law; but wondrous thing  
Instead SHE rested there; that lovely Child  
Of Joachim and Anna; straight all mists  
Fell from my eyes, and mind and I awoke  
In this our present Temple; but she there  
Still knelt in prayer; and all the glory of  
The old and new was gathered in her face.  
(To be continued.)



*Sassoferato.*

AVE MARIA!

# THE IRISH ROSARY.

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## Epiphany Gold.

E. SETON.

*"Of a truth it greatly pleases Me that men should confidently expect great things from Me, for it is impossible that a man should fail to obtain that which he believes and hopes for."*

—(Our Lord to S. Mechtilde.)

*"When a soul addresses this prayer to My Heart, 'I trust in Thee.' I am enraptured."*

—(Our Lord to Sr. Benigna Consolata, of the Visitation.

Gold in the morning skies!  
(O Soul lift up thine eyes),  
New daily doth the ageless sun arise  
Tho' many nights have gone:  
Come! to the Child of Dawn  
Bring Hope's fresh gold, from Trusts strong coffers drawn.

Gold in the skies of morn!  
(What though the night was lorn?)  
Our Orient from on high doth all things fresh adorn  
Tho' they be sad and old,—  
Come! bring Him Hope's new gold,  
This Heart ne'er dies, nor doth His love grow cold.

Gold in the Heav'nly sky!  
(His gifts about us lie!)  
Yea, to the Altar's red-starred Dawn draw nigh!  
What tho' all earth should fail,  
God's held here, 'neath His veil—  
And God holds all, past joy and future weal.

# Christmas and Epiphany.

WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.

THE studies of scholars in recent years have thrown a flood of light on the growth of the liturgy and devotional practices of the Church, and the products of their patient investigations are full of interest and profit to the earnest Catholic, who wishes to know thoroughly even the minutiae of his faith.

It was not until the second quarter of the fourth century (cir. 336), that any separate festival commemorative of our Saviour's birth was established. And extraordinary as it must appear to our minds, it is not known on what day or even in what year our Lord was born. So true is this that St. Clement of Alexandria, writing in the year 200, considers it a foolish and idle curiosity to seek the year and still more the day of Christ's birth. Elaborate calculations based on the sixfold chronological indication given by St. Luke in the third chapter of his Gospel, seem to place our Lord's birth in the year 749 of Rome, or some three or four years in advance of our present era <sup>(1)</sup>. But the problem is so complex and contains so many uncertain factors, that absolute certainty cannot be arrived at; while the attempt to fix the day of the Nativity with exactitude must be abandoned. The early Church insisted mainly on the Resurrection of Christ and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. Easter and Pentecost, which had been notable festivals with the Jews, were celebrated also by the Christians, with this difference, however, that they were transferred from the Jewish Sabbath to our Lord's own day, Sunday.

The question, then, arises at once, why was December 25th chosen to fete the birthday of our Lord? It must be premised that the Catholic world was by no means at first unanimous as to the date. Some proposed March 28th; some April 18th or 19th; some even May 28th. But Rome, during the Pontificate of Liberius (352-366), had already decided in favour of December 25th. This is sufficiently attested by a sermon, which the Pope preached for the religious profession of Marcellina, the Sister of St. Ambrose. As to the selection of December 25th in preference to any other date various answers have been proposed, none of which seem to give full satisfaction. St. John Chrysostom thought the choice was dictated by a calculation based on the text of St. Luke (I, 36). But this calculation itself seems to rest on a false supposition,

(1) *Le Camms. Vie de N. Seigneur* vol. I. pp. 198 seqq.

namely, that Zachary, the father of St. John the Baptist, entered the Holy of Holies on the Feast of Expiations, a privilege reserved to the High Priest alone. St. Maximus of Turin suggested that the Church wished to set up a rival feast to the pagan Saturnalia. But as these began on December 17th and ended on December 23rd, the solution falls to the ground. Mgr. Duchesne thinks that the birth of Christ was calculated from what was believed to be the date of his death. Abbé Vacandard thinks it quite natural that the winter solstice (Dec. 25), should be selected to fete the birth of the "Sun of Justice," and all the more because on that very day pagan Rome was accustomed to celebrate the *Natalis Invicti*—the birthday of Mithra or the Syrian Sun-God.

From Rome the festival spread to the other churches of the Christian world, but its welcome in the East was by no means a warm one. In the Eastern Churches the feast *par excellence* was January 6th, when both the birth and the baptism of Christ and the visit of the Wise Men to Him were commemorated. For some ten years the clergy of Antioch had sought unavailingly to introduce December 25th into their calendar, and, at last, in 386, St. John Chrysostom, aided powerfully, no doubt, by his golden eloquence, succeeded where others had failed. Some few years previously, in 379 or 380, St. Gregory Nazianzen, in the course of his reforms in the Church of Constantinople, introduced the Christmas festival. Very shortly after he resigned his see, and gave himself up to a life of private devotion, and with his departure from the diocese the feast soon fell into abeyance. It is said that the Emperor Honorius, visiting his brother Arcadius in 395, was the next to urge the celebration of Christ's birthday on December 25th, in the new Rome on the Bosphorus.

Christmas did not make its way into Egypt until some thirty years later, somewhere between 420 and 430. Even then the feast was unknown in Jerusalem, for St. Jerome, who wished to introduce it into his monastery at Bethlehem, felt it advisable to allege several reasons for the validity of the practice. To the argument that the inhabitants of Jerusalem and the Holy Land ought to know better than strangers when our Lord was born, the saint, who wielded a trenchant pen, replied: The apostles SS. Peter and Paul, who instructed you, were driven from their country by you, and received hospitality from us. We accordingly received instruction from them as well as you; and are therefore just as competent as you to decide the question at issue. But neither the saint's arguments nor his vehemence prevailed against inveterate custom and national pride, and it was not until the sixth century that Christmas was celebrated in the Holy City.

But if the feast took some time to establish itself in the various Churches of Christendom, it swiftly found a sanctuary in the hearts of the faithful, and was celebrated with the utmost liturgical and ritual magnificence. St. John Chrysostom calls it the most venerable of feasts—in his sonorous and emphatic Greek, the “Metropolis” of feasts. In Rome it was made the equal of Easter and Pentecost, and very soon outshone them in one notable particular. On these latter feasts it was the custom to celebrate two Pontifical Masses, one at the Latern during the night, the other in the morning at St. Peter’s or St. Mary Major’s. Now, Christian piety prompted the faithful to be in prayer and sacrifice at the very moment at which, according to St. Luke, the Divine Infant was born. So there very soon sprung up, almost as it were spontaneously, the custom of celebrating a solemn Mass at midnight on December 25th. This custom certainly existed in Rome in the year 500, but how long previously the authorities are unable to decide. Mgr. Duchesne merely says it appears to be subsequent to the building of St. Mary Major’s, which took place in 435. Then, at some suitable hour on Christmas morning, as on Easter day and Pentecost, another Mass was offered for the convenience of the faithful. This corresponds with the third Christmas Mass as found in the missals of to-day. But besides these Masses there was yet another Mass celebrated at dawn on December 25th in Rome, the origin of which is quaint and curious. Originally this Mass said in Rome at dawn was the Mass of a Greek saint, St. Anastasia, whose feast fell on December 25th. When the Greek emperors ruled Rome their representative, his guards and officials lived on the Palatine, where was situated the church or basilica of St. Anastasia. To these strangers in a strange land, naturally enough the feast day of their own saint was a national and patriotic festivity, which threw everything else into the shade. Out of deference, then, to this numerous and important colony of Greeks, the Popes permitted a special service to be celebrated in their own church in honour of St. Anastasia, even on Christmas Day. Mgr. Duchesne aptly calls it, “an interlude in the midst of the solemnities commemorative of our Lord’s birth.” In the course of time Greek rule in Rome and Italy ceased, but the Mass at St. Anastasia’s continued. But to the Romans the Greek saint was a name and nothing more, so this Mass was now said of the Nativity (the second Mass of to-day), with a simple commemoration of St. Anastasia. And this simple prayer to St. Anastasia said in the second Mass on Christmas morning is one of the few, and perhaps most curious, bits of literary evidence of the power and extent of that Byzantine Empire which once ruled half of Europe from Constantinople.

Even in the days of St. Thomas Aquinas this bit of history was completely forgotten, and the reasons assigned by the Prince of Theologians for the three Masses said on Christmas Day are entirely mystical. Three Masses are said, writes the Saint, to honour the triple birth of Christ. The first is the eternal generation, which is hidden from us, and accordingly at the Introit of the Mass sung at midnight we say : The Lord said to me : Thou art my Son ; to-day I have begotten Thee. The second birth is in time but spiritual ; it is the birth of Jesus in us, according to the words of St. Peter, "like a light in our hearts" ; so Mass is sung at dawn, and its Introit begins : a light will enlighten us to-day. The third birth of Christ is both temporal and corporal, such as He came forth from the Virgin's womb, clothed with flesh and visible to us, and therefore this Mass is sung in broad daylight with the Introit : "A Child is born to us" <sup>(2)</sup>. All very beautiful and full of edification as well ; but the second point at least is not consonant with plain, unromantic history, as unearthed by the patient investigators of these last decades.

As far back as the days of origin the Crib was an object of veneration. This father states that in his time the very crib where our Lord had been laid by His Holy Mother, was exhibited to the pilgrims at Bethlehem. In the time of St. Jerome (circ. 400) this had disappeared, and he laments it had been replaced by one of silver, which could never touch his heart. A crib existed at St. Peter's in Rome as far back as the days of Pope John VII. (705-707). Gregory III. (731-741) is said to have adorned St. Mary Major's with a most valuable one, all glistening with gold and gems. But the devotion of the crib did not become really popular and universal until the time of St. Francis Assisi. Some three years before his death (1226), St. Bonaventure tells us, being at Greccio, he wished to celebrate Christmas with particular devotion, so he planned a representation of our Saviour's birth as vivid as might be. Having, therefore, first sought and obtained the Pope's approval, he had a manger made ; then he filled it with hay, placed in it a bambino, while beside it in patient wonder stood an ox and an ass. The brethren of the saint, the peasants of the neighbourhood, assembled in throngs, infected, so to speak, with the devotional ecstasy of St. Francis. The forest resounded with their joyous hymns and canticles. Mass was celebrated with the utmost solemnity, and Francis himself officiated as deacon. His heart overflowed with joy, his eyes with tears ; and as he knelt in pious meditation, fondly dwelling on the Gospel he had just

(2) Pars Tertia LXXXII. a 2 ad 2.

sung (oh! wonder of wonders!) the Divine Babe Himself appeared in the saint's arms, and offered Himself to the caresses of His devoted servant. The saints and they alone, with their glorious heroism and daring unselfishness, can bridge the gulf between earth and Heaven. I may be permitted to remark in passing, that the presence of the ox and the ass, without which no crib is considered complete is, according to the commentators, not historic, but due solely to a popular misapprehension. This tradition, which seems to have made its appearance no earlier than the fourth century, is based on a false interpretation of two texts of the prophets, *Isaias I. 3*, and *Habacuc III. 2*.

The Epiphany or Manifestation of our Lord was the favourite feast in the East, and for a hundred years and more the Eastern Church commemorated both Christ's birth and baptism on that day. The Church of Jerusalem celebrated the feast with an octave, which began with a midnight ceremony at Bethlehem, and the whole week was occupied with a succession of splendid processions from one gorgeous sanctuary to another. The Spanish lady, *Etheria*, who visited Jerusalem some time, it is now thought, in the sixth century, is eloquent on the magnificent ceremonial displayed during the octave of the Epiphany. For three days the services are held "in the church which Constantine built"; on the fourth day at the *Eleona*; on the fifth at the *Lazarium*; on the sixth in *Syon*; on the seventh in the *Anastasias*; on the eighth at the *Cross*; while at Bethlehem the services continue without interruption for the whole eight days, being performed by the priests, clergy and monks of the locality (3). The Epiphany reminded the Western Church principally of the visit of the Magi to the cradle of our Redeemer.

The Gospel contains few details concerning the Wise Men, but subsequent ages enriched their figures with many a beautiful legend. After adoring the Infant Jesus, *Gaspar*, *Mechior*, and *Balthasar*—so the story names them—returned to their own land, preached the Gospel there; in so doing won the martyr's crown, and their sacred remains were in the fourth century brought to Constantinople by the Empress *St. Helena*. Now, in the course of time—so the legend proceeds—there lived in Constantinople a pious nobleman called *Eustorgius*, highly thought of by the Emperor, who sent him as his representative in Northern Italy. And it came to pass that the people of Milan esteemed *Eustorgius* so highly that they wished him to become their Bishop. After an ineffectual resistance *Eustorgius* accepted the dignity, which was

(3) *Duchesne Origines du Culte Chretien* p. 504 seqq.

gladly confirmed to him by the Emperor. Now, when the Bishop was returning to his diocese, the Emperor offered him any relics he cared to select, and Eustorgius chose the relics of the Wise Men. These he brought back with him to Milan, and built a noble church to enshrine them worthily. In 1164 Milan was captured by the Emperor Frederic Barberoussa, who bestowed the precious relics of the Wise Men on his chancellor, Rainald of Dassel. The latter transferred them to Cologne, where they are venerated up to the present day.

St. Augustine, who has left us six sermons on the Epiphany, sees in the Wise Men the first fruits of the gentile world; and from their returning home by another road he deduces the lesson and duty of a new life for us. One paragraph, especially, with its bold antithesis and striking assonances and undertone of glowing fervour stirs me strangely, although I cannot dare to hope to convey to my readers in English, the saint's inimitable style:—After striking his keynote, that the Wise Men are the first-fruits and we the heirs of Christ, "So," he continues, "let us preach Jesus on this earth, in this region of our mortal flesh, that we return not whence we came, and never walk again the road of our first pilgrimage . . . The heavens have told us the glory of God and the flaming truth of the Gospel, like a star from Heaven has led us to adore Christ; the prophecy made among the Jews—the accuser as it were of those Jews dissenting from us—we have heard with believing ears; and we, receiving and adoring Christ our Priest and King martyred for us, have honoured him with gold and incense and myrrh; one thing further is necessary, that we preach Him by our new life, and never return whence we came."<sup>4</sup>

## A Memory of the Infant Jesus.

Mother of Jesus! Thou hast heard His Voice

Once, in the sweet appeal of babyhood;

And, busy at Thy task, would oft rejoice,

To see Thy Little One, in tender mood,

Eager for thy caresses, run to Thee—

Leaving His play to climb upon Thy knee :

So let me thrust the vain delights of life

Aside, that, hastening to my Mother's shrine,

My soul may rest secure, amid earth's strife,

Within those arms that fold the Babe Divine!—

Sharing with Jesus, from the world apart,

The shelter of His Virgin Mother's heart!

CLARE STUART.

(4) Migne Patro. Lat. vol. 38, col. 1035.

# Hamlet and Examinations.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

*Reading, and the end of reading.—Poetry and pedantry.—Tragedy and great words—symbolic, creative.—Read Shakespeare's words, not words on Shakespeare.—Shakespeare, Artist.—Form, and "atmosphere."—Hamlet, Act I.—the contrasts; form and matter.—Hamlet alone. Pathetic, above all.—Hamlet and Ophelia.—Hamlet's "madness."—King and Queen and penitence.—Religion in the Play.—Shakespeare's religion.—Again, reading Shakespeare and his influence. Literature and life.*

"A BOOK read for an examination is a book so far wrongly read," said the politician, Mr. Balfour, who is also a philosopher. Think what he meant—for any truth that may be in the words. Why read? For the matter itself; for the form. Not for some other purpose, perhaps useful in itself; perhaps necessary, as an examination. Do not think it a rational occupation, if an examination is the end—in either sense—of reading; above all, in literature. Huxley reflected: "They read to pass, and not to know; they do pass, and they don't know."

Not even to gain what that lover of literature, Charles Lamb, called "the accursed critical habit"—not even is that our end. The end of our reading is the book itself; the thinking, the singing, the cry of the heart, the pity of life, the loveliness, the joy, or the agony. What is poetry? Its substance is your life and mine. Hopes, fears, love, hate, indignation, wonder, all but our despair. The heart must answer, "I have felt"; within "the mind's internal heaven" we must live some life; there must be pleasure, admiration, understanding; there must be leisure to live; time to grow; there must not be mere worldliness, nor silliness, nor vulgar ambition, nor the dreary unreality of chattering and fussing; nor reading for talk; nor for examinations. Poetry will mean nothing to us, unless we are our better selves, unless we are living by something of admiration, hope, and love; unless we have generous impulses, and test earnestness by action; unless we can be quiet, and use our brains, and think; unless we can keep our sensitiveness. For, a poet is a man who sees as we see; who hears as we hear. But he sees more<sup>1</sup> into the life of things; and his ears are not holden, and he understands.

I have been told that there are unhappy fields, where horror ever dwells, in the Western States of North America, places progressive, business-worried, smart, noisy, badly amused, hide-bound within

<sup>1</sup> Thus, the poet Wordsworth, gladly teaching, would have, as an aim of what he wrote, "to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous."

the ignorant present, where you could not put before the people a tragedy like *Hamlet*. The barbaric would laugh. Sensitiveness dulled, reverence unfelt, wonder scorned, life cheapened, and death (as they themselves say), a good send-off—there is no room there for *Hamlet*.

But examiners, if they could not pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery, could (there, even as here,) turn the poem-play, through which he lives, into conundrums—an infernal occupation; as one Irish examiner said, who was a good man of letters. And a good reader has complained that, in this day of magazines, and reviews of reviews, and scraps and answers, you will get a thousand people ready to read about Milton's grandmother, for one reader of *Paradise Lost*.

Are there three authors of the mediæval vision concerning Piers Plowman? Did Bacon write *Hamlet*? Is the first quarto of *Hamlet* all by Shakespeare? Was the actor of Hamlet's part fat? How many explanations are there of "a dram of eale"? And do you know a hawk from a handsaw?

But, "one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible home." Emerson, writing these words, added: "I remember I went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer, the pride of the English stage; and all I now remember, of the tragedian, was that in which the tragedian had no part; simply Hamlet's question to the ghost:

"What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

And, then, come

"Thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls":—

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

Yet,

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?"

Nevertheless,

"Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason,  
To fast in us unus'd."

Still,

"To die,—to sleep:—  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished."

As a last word, indeed, to Horatio, Hamlet says:

"Absent thee from felicity a while,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story."

Such are

"Thoughts that wander through eternity."

And the very form of the words in which the thoughts are put is itself creative of thought; and by it fresh feelings are born, and the spirit and the heart both live. The secret and suppressed heart finds a champion; we see things, in some sort, as they are; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal. And the forms created by poetry are nurslings of immortality. And the poetic qualities are essentially the religious; as insisted Cardinal Newman—that artist who was a priest.

Take the words—to be read quietly—the words too often cheaply quoted, far too often—the words which Charles Lamb found so much quoted and handled, and pawed about, that, for him, they had almost ceased to have a meaning—the terrible words, with thought of suicide; yet in one, too God-fearing to kill himself, and too full of faith in good, though it were beaten down; the words with longer thought of immortality; and uttered, all of them, more from heart than head, with an exceeding great and bitter cry:—

"To be, or not to be. . . .  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep. . . .  
. . . To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,<sup>2</sup>  
Must give us pause. . . .  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will."

Only in reading *all* the words, and having time to weigh them, dwelling on them, not without solitude—"I can do nothing with people without solitude," said le père Lacordaire—shall we feel their atmosphere, as it were, breathe their air, live in their life. It is the

<sup>2</sup> Arthur (*loc.*)—in *King John*:—

"I would that I were low laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this *coil* that's made for me."  
And Scott's:—"Where rest from *mortal coil* the mighty of the isles."

vulgar commonplace that makes slaves of us, and stupid slaves. But by the touch of poetry, the smallest matter loses meanness, and takes its place in the world of the true or of the Beautiful. On all matters, there come eternal judgments. And in all true poetry there is an opening to infinity.

Contrast with the words quoted from *Hamlet*—words of wonder, of agony and longing, of pitiful helplessness, of indignation yet of submission; the cry of a noble soul, surely more sinned against than sinning, his heart more full of suffering because more full of love—contrast, with *Hamlet* on life and death, and judgment after death; and the words creative of thoughts thereon; contrast these words of Dryden's, unfeeling and perhaps unthinking, clear, cold, and dead:

"Here we stand shivering on the bank, and cry,  
When we should plunge into eternity.  
One moment ends our pain.  
And yet the shock of death we dare not stand.  
By thought scarce measured, and too swift for sand:  
'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,  
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new."

So much for words without magic, unsymbolic, unpoetical—like sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Where in them is the fear of death, or the pity of life? There is neither wonder, nor reverence, nor awe.

"'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew,  
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new."

You feel as deeply, as if discussing the fate of a new hat. Perhaps not so deeply.

But the pity of this poor world, weary of ill-doing, heart-sick, not all faithless, yet peering darkly beyond the instant of death, is heard, is felt—listen to the rising passionate cry, ready to burst out, (at the fourth, unstopped line), yet half-suppressed—in

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make,  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

<sup>3</sup> More of a climax; in the Elizabethan meaning, of 'great and troublous care, and worry.' As in, "Take thought, and die for Cæsar." "Take no thought for the morrow." "She died of thought."



you are capable of," was the direction of a powerful actor, for these words of noble tears—not to be heard truly, indeed, unless after hearing all the thick-coming frenzied words before, while the "clear spirit" was being "puddled" by the poisoner.

"Had it pleased heaven  
To try me with affliction, had they rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience. . . .  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live or bear no life, . . .  
. . . O thou weed  
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!"

"But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago."

"O Desdemona!—Desdemona!—dead!  
Oh! oh! oh!"

"Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration."

"In my sense 'tis happiness to die."

And, for a man given over to evil, for Macbeth, and the choking misery of half-terrified remorse; and the unseen miseries of the mind:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?"

"Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy"—i.e. madness.

These are such purifyings, ennoblings of the heart by pity and terror, as may be gained by readers of Shakespeare's tragedies. Life and its sufferings cannot be ignoble to such readers. "Don't play bad music," said Schumann; "don't, unless you are forced, even listen to it." The same for reading. It concerns the management of the whole life. How can the good be loved, except by the good being known? There is the sound advice, to a young Frenchwoman who asked how her taste should be formed: "*Lire ce qui est bon, et ne lire que cela.*" Whence, for one's writing: "*L'on se fait une habitude d'exprimer simplement et noblement ses pensées sans effort.*"

All that has been said so far, leads up to Dr. Johnson's advice : Read Shakespeare from beginning to end, before you read a word of his commentators. Let yourself be carried away ; follow with interest, with enthusiasm, delight, and sympathy ; not stopping at every obstacle, nor worrying over every difficulty. When so much is clear and shining, do not keep worrying over some dark spots.

And thus you may come with confidence to the writer of such works. He means what he says ; he is full of the love for what is lovely, of hate for things hateful and worthy of scorn ; he may not be preaching, but he is surely teaching, in his way, teaching admiration of the beautiful, which is in a sense one with the true.

Of all the silly notions, this is a capital one, that the author of *Hamlet* wrote, not believing in what he wrote, but caring only for making money. It is as foolish as the notion that he was, a genius, indeed, but lacking in art. For high seriousness of matter ; for method, order, fitness, and beauty of a form lifelike in expressiveness of that matter, one need not go beyond the openings of this author's plays—*Richard II.*, and the exposing of the splendid unreal king ; *The Merchant of Venice*, and its two interwoven stories ; *Macbeth*, and the fateful sisters, and temptation, in soil long prepared ; *Hamlet*, and the cold morning gradually breaking over the dutiful watchers, and the honest, reverent youths, and the lonely, generous, and crushed spirit ; and, within castle and guest chamber, the liars and the murderers, the sensual, gluttonous, drunken patrons of slaves, and their feasting, their shouting, their debauching of men, and their mocking of God.

The whole first act of *Hamlet* is illustrative, by its contrasted scenes, of what has just been said.

" 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart "—

words of the poor sentinel. The words, and their atmosphere, are, as it were, a preparing for Hamlet himself, lonely, loving-hearted, wretched. And it is the atmosphere over all these outdoor scenes, starlit, cold, grey—

"The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold."

And, quietly, the night reddens to a dewy dawn. The ghost

"Faded on the crowing of the cock."

And Marcellus—how graceful and gracious this young man's words often are—then sings :

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,  
 The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,  
 No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,  
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Thence, from this young friend of Hamlet's, who knew his haunts, to Hamlet's father's murderer, enthroned, with

"The imperial jointress to this warlike state,"

and, infamous, equally, in his hard-hearted wickedness, and his innate bad taste—offensive, both, to Hamlet's exquisite propriety—celebrating, now, what he calls mirth in funeral and dirge in marriage.

"But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son"

—to whose prophetic soul, this man was the murderer; and upon whom was staring the horror, that the man had been sure how Hamlet's mother would go and marry him, if her husband was dead.

"I am too much i' the sun,"

sneers, or spits out Hamlet; in whose irony there is ever the heart-break of one who believed, and was deceived; one who cannot help having the longing to believe in others; one who is distracted, being disillusioned, repulsed, abandoned. Set over against his distraction, his helplessness, his high hopes, his innocence of heart, is their wicked complacency; fulsome hypocrisy in the king, easy-going lack of morals in the shallower queen.

"How is it that the clouds still hang on you?"

one of them says. And the other :

"Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,  
 Passing through nature to eternity?"

To this mother, Hamlet's

"Ay, madam, it is common."

This is the last word. And there is no more to be said. "Ay, it is common." And to his father's wife he had to say it; over his father's new-made grave—

"Must I remember? why she would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on."

And now

"married with my uncle,  
 My father's brother! but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month."

Hamlet's own words take a wicked tone, blistering his tongue with what he has to say now is. For, there is sensual shame hovering over this scene, rank as it is with the offence, smelling to heaven, of a brother's murder. And dead souls triumph in their noisy moment of life in death.

His wicked uncle has his large words for Hamlet :

"Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son." . . .  
 "Be as ourself in Denmark."

And when he hopes young Hamlet has been bought over, and will not disturb his base and bloody life :

"Madam, come ;  
 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet  
 Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,  
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;  
 And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder."—

"O, that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon against self-slaughter! O God! God!  
 How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.

But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue."

With his simple and true-hearted friends, Hamlet is the sweet prince of Horatio's latest words, courteous, open-hearted, noble. But they tell him they have seen his father.

"Then saw you not his face?"  
 "O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up."  
 "What, looked he frowningly?"  
 "A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."  
 "Pale or red?"  
 "Nay, very pale."  
 "And fix'd his eyes upon you?"  
 "Most constantly."  
 "I would I had been there."

A lovely passage, and a moving one; calm with hidden passion, reverent and longing. And, in its tones and sounds, piteous and appealing. The questioning words of Hamlet—"frowningly," "pale," "eyes"; where they stand, they are most beautiful. What a contrast, from their wail and cry, to the other nobility of the outburst of the heart sorely charged—

"I would I had been there."

And all is simple. "Simple, sensuous, passionate," poetry should be, said Milton. Anything but simple is the conscienceless time-server's tongue. Polonius's worldly wisdom is Lord Chesterfield's moral advice to his son: "Look after number one, and don't

be found out." And, following on that, Ophelia's father's poor pimping stuff, about Hamlet's moral meanings :

" Mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile."

" Loss of trust in others is ever one of the saddest results of sin "—as one may quote. Poor blabbing old man. A great baby, indeed, in his studies of Hamlet. And again Hamlet is out in the cold night air, with his two chosen companions; and, within, the drinking blackguard king, and the common ruck of men, who made mows at him when Hamlet's father lived, and who now give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece, for his picture. They are there, watching their living patron

" drain his draughts of Rhenish down,"

while

" The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge."

Hamlet in his tones echoes, there, the sounds of the brutal king's own words. But his father's spirit appears. And what tones, in Hamlet's wonder, and in his love :

" Angels and ministers of grace defend us.  
... I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane : oh, oh, answer me."

In his courtesy, Hamlet was to say of Laertes : " A very noble youth." Of himself the words might well be said.

It seems as if in Hamlet's life there was the most of pathos—more pathos than even in Othello's, essentially, for Desdemona was heavenly true; more pathos than in Lear's, who had one daughter that was a Cordelia. And Othello and Lear were to find out, before they died, where they could give all their heart's devotion.

But Hamlet had nothing to find out. He knew them for what they were : the bloat king, lustful murderer; the seeming-virtuous, petty-hearted, sentimental mother; the feeble Ophelia, so unequal to any greatness; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, false friends; and Polonius, spy and informer and government hack. They all were as they were, as Hamlet knew them; to his agony, to his indignation, to his shame and misery, to his scorn—to his loneliness, his almost utter loneliness. Even though over the whole following strange scene of jesting towards the ghost, there be the reverence, in reserve, of the last words :

" Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit ; "

yet, for Hamlet, nothing but restlessness :

"The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right."

And there is no one to help; not even the just man, Horatio, who dreamt not of many things that are. And to this length Hamlet goes in his abandonment; that he suggests, or fears:

"The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses (*i.e.*, deceives) me to damn me."

It is pitiful.

Alone, alone, all, all alone.

"The true sorrow of humanity consists in this; not that the mind of man fails; but that the course and demands of action and of life so rarely correspond with the dignity and intensity of human desires."<sup>4</sup>

*(To be continued.)*

<sup>4</sup> Wordsworth.

# The Temporal Power of the Popes.

MONAGHAN DOYLE.

GREAT statesmen are not necessarily great prophets, and Disraeli was no exception when he wrote: "The fall of France has destroyed the Pope."<sup>1</sup> True, France—the Protector of the Holy See—fell in 1870 and the Italian Government seized Rome, the last remnant of the Papal States. Since then fifty years are gone, yet no one will venture to say that the Pope is destroyed or that the question of his Temporal Power does not cause an occasional agitated flutter in governmental dove-cots.

To pass in review the long history of the Temporal Dominion of the Holy See would be impossible within the limits of a magazine article. We will confine ourselves to a few necessary remarks on its rise and progress and pass on to the consideration of the events that led up to its overthrow.

When the Church was still a comparatively small and proscribed institution the ordinary contributions of the faithful of Rome and the special gifts of pilgrims were sufficient to meet the financial requirements of the Papacy. But as the Church grew and the Papal administration became more highly developed, especially after the emancipation of the Christians by the Emperor Constantine in the year 313, other and more permanent sources of income were required. To meet this need wealthy Christians, from time to time, made over to the Church portions of their estates. Thus we find childless couples bequeathing their property "To the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul" or "To the Church of St. Peter at Rome," forms of expression which gave rise to the term "Patrimony of St. Peter," to designate the holdings of the Holy See.

The transfer of the Capital of Empire from Rome to Byzantium—renamed Constantinople after Constantine who made the change—marks the real beginning of the decline of the old Roman imperial power. This decline threw the outlying provinces more and more on their own resources, and in Central Italy the people, especially the Romans, came to look to the Pope to fulfil the duties of Government. In times of distress he had to see to the relief formerly provided by the Emperor, in times of danger he had to protect, always he was the people's friend and their champion against Byzantine Imperialism.

\* *Life of Disraeli*, Vol. VI. Murray (c.f. "John O'London," Aug. 21st, 1920.).

The early years of the eighth century witnessed the passing of the last traces of imperial power in Italy. The Lombards, now supreme almost in the entire peninsula, began to threaten the Patrimony of St. Peter. To invoke Imperial help was useless, so the Popes turned to the Frankish rulers, first Pepin and later Charlemagne, each of whom came to their aid and defeated the Lombards. To the Patrimony, now freed from foreign aggression, these deliverers added portions of the lands rescued from the invaders and, repudiating all imperial suzerainty, proclaimed the possessions of the Holy See a sovereignly independent state. These States of the Church, in area about one-third the size of Ireland, straggled almost from Venice in the north to Naples in the south.

But danger from without disappeared only to give place to troubles from within. The great feudal families of the states strove amongst themselves for the chief power. As a result, the reigning emperor had not unfrequently to intervene, often in the interests of the liberty and dignity of the Papacy, though at times to forward his own grasping schemes or those of his adherents. However, this repeated intermeddling of the civil power in ecclesiastical affairs could lead to nothing else than trouble. Emperors began to arrogate to themselves rights and privileges incompatible with the free exercise of Papal Authority, and to such a pass did things at last come that an open conflict arose between the Papacy and the Empire. The Emperor Henry IV. declared war on Pope Saint Gregory VII.—better known in history as Hildebrand—invaded the States of the Church in 1081 and, in 1084, having become master of Rome, besieged the Pope in the citadel—the Castle of Sant' Angelo; Gregory invoked the aid of Robert Guiscard, a Norman ruler of Southern Italy, and Henry had to retire, but much of the city was destroyed.

At this time the States of the Church were considerably enlarged by the addition of Tuscany, bequeathed to the Holy See by the famous Countess Matilda; and during the succeeding hundred years, though the strife continued intermittently, the Papal Temporal Power was generally in the ascendant till, under Innocent III., whose reign occupied the early years of the thirteenth century, the dominions of the Pope had grown to be half the size of Ireland. Not many years elapsed before trouble broke out afresh and the Emperor Frederick II. seized the Papal States. In the year 1250 he died, and when some time later his son, Manfred, sought to continue the strife, the Pope turned for aid to France. In a decade the Imperial power had ceased to be a menace and peace prevailed. But this happy state of things was doomed to be of

short duration; the French Government soon became more overbearing than the Imperial had been and Philip the Fair resorted to violence against Pope Boniface VIII. and had him done to death in 1303. Disturbances so long-continued could end only in anarchy; the nobles came to disregard the Central authority and the Pope was hardly safe in his own territory. Accordingly, Clement V.—a timid Frenchman—after his election in 1305, took up his residence at Avignon in the South of France and there the Papal Court continued to reside for seventy years. In the meantime, Rome and the States were administered by vicegerents, to whom the scantiest respect was paid. The nobles tyrannised over their own and harried their neighbours' dependants. In vain the exasperated common-people besought the protection of the Pope; his representatives were powerless. At last, in 1334, the City of Bologna, in the north, revolted rather against the tyranny of the princelings than against the Pope and, in 1347 the Romans, led by Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes," set up a short-lived Republic. In 1357, a strong man—the Spaniard Cardinal Albornoz—became vicegerent and by the restoration of the Papal authority brought peace and quiet, but only for a short time; for during the fifty years of the great Schism of the West, when the allegiance of the faithful was divided amongst two or three rival Popes, each claiming to be the only lawful successor of St. Peter, the States of the Church were sadly harried by wars and disorganised for want of stable government. When in 1417 Martin V.—a Roman by birth—was universally received as legitimate Pontiff, he set himself to consolidate the Temporal Power of the Papacy, and attained a fair measure of success. But in the reigns that followed so many causes conspired towards disintegration that it took the strong hand and iron will of Julius II., at the commencement of the sixteenth century, to bring the refractory nobles to order and vindicate the authority of the Central Government. Twenty years later the troops of the Emperor Charles V. overran the States of the Church and sacked Rome, but peace soon followed, and from that time till the last decade of the eighteenth century the Civil Power of the Papacy functioned normally.

In 1789 the French Revolution broke out; a few years later the victorious armies of the new Republic overran Northern Italy. In 1797, Napoleon grouped together its different states and provinces, including the northern parts of the Papal Dominions, to form the "Cisalpine Republic." The year following the French forces advanced on Rome, overthrew the Papal Government, made Pius VI. a prisoner and set up the remainder of his possessions as the "Roman Republic." Soon the Prisoner-Pontiff died, and in 1800

Pius VII. was elected. In 1801 Napoleon reconstituted the Temporal Power in Rome and the neighbourhood, but the new Pope maintained, in things both spiritual and temporal, an attitude too independent to satisfy Napoleon, who at last, in 1809, had him seized and brought a prisoner to France, annexing his possessions. Five years Pius VII. remained a captive and the Papal States a Province of the French Empire. After the fall of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna (1815), at which the Pope was represented by Cardinal Consalvi, one of the greatest of diplomats, decided that the *status quo* of pre-revolution Italy was to be restored substantially. In this way the Pope got back his possessions almost in their integrity. Consalvi, as Secretary of State, now set himself to the task of reorganising the Papal Government. He remodelled the legal code, improved the judicial procedure, regulated the customs and taxes, and set up a new system of local government, but without elective franchise. His reforms did not, however, meet with universal approval; "diehards" there were, adverse to any, even the least change, and progressivists who considered the improvement altogether inadequate. Early in the century extremists began to manifest activities; at the time of the restoration there was already in the Neapolitan Kingdom a secret society with anarchial tendencies—the "Carbonaria." This society soon spread into the States of the Church, and in 1817 issued a proclamation calling on the people to rebel; they did not, and the leaders were seized, tried and condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. The Carbonaria waned somewhat owing to the failure of the proposed rebellion and the strenuous condemnation by the Pope, but other similar societies—all organised by anti-Christian Freemasonry—were founded and flourished.

In 1823 Pius VII. was succeeded by Leo XII., under whom a slightly more conservative policy obtained. Condemnations of secret societies were issued, but still they continued to spread. In 1829 Leo died and Pius VIII. ascended the Pontifical Throne. During his short reign of less than two years revolutions broke out in many European countries and things began to put on a threatening aspect in the northern parts of the States. His successor, Gregory XVI., had been but two days pope when a revolt began there, and a provisional government was set up at Bologna, with Mazzini, subsequently the founder of the "Young Italy" party, at its head. The Papal Government had, much against its inclination, to invoke the armed aid of Austria; a month later the insurrection was at an end. The treatment of the rebel leaders was clement. England, Russia, Prussia and Austria now undertook to dictate to the Pope democratic reforms for the Papa.

Dominions; somehow their example did not confirm their teaching; Gregory made an honest effort to effect reforms, but shrank from the democratic idea. The next year (1832) another rising occurred and was suppressed by foreign armed intervention. Bologna was occupied by Austrian forces and Ancona—a port on the Adriatic—by the French, both occupations lasting, despite the protests of the Vatican, till 1838.

All this time the Italian national idea was growing. Some, who had been associated with the secret societies, came to see that by their means a really popular settlement could never be arrived at, and yet national prosperity seemed to demand national unity of government. It was this realization that gave birth to the "Young Italy" movement founded by Mazzini—a one-time member of the Carbonaria. The aim of the movement was twofold—the expulsion of the foreigner—Austria—and the unification of Italy as a free Republic. The means to be used in accomplishing this was revolution. Another plan was that of a federation, after the model of the German, with the Pope as *ex-officio* President, and the Piedmontese King as military chief. This idea, of which Gioberti, a priest, was the principal exponent, was to be carried out by constitutional means, force to be used only against the Austrians. But the Government of Gregory XVI., fearful of anything that implied change, opposed both schemes.

In 1842 a new rebellion, engineered by the "Young Italy" party, broke out at Bologna in the north. It lacked popular support and was quickly suppressed.

1st June, 1846, Gregory XVI. died, and sixteen days later Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was proclaimed Pope as Pius IX. He was a gentle, kindly man, whose aim was to remove every abuse from the Papal rule and concede every reasonable demand of the people. His reign began with the appointment of a Commission of Cardinals to consider reform. In July he granted an amnesty to all political prisoners and exiles—an act reflecting more credit on his kindheartedness than on his shrewdness. Every popular reform was made the occasion of enthusiastic demonstrations. These were worked up by the extremists to lead the people on to impossible demands, the necessary refusal of which would bring the pontifical government into odium.

In 1848 Pius IX. granted a Constitution by which government was entrusted to a Parliament made up of two houses, the upper consisting of Papal nominees, the lower of delegates elected by popular suffrage, the Pope, with the College of Cardinals, to have the right of veto. This disconcerted the agitators, who looked not for reform, but revolt.

The year 1848 opened with a series of revolutions. In January an insurrection began in the Kingdom of Naples, and the King, Frederic II., had to concede popular government. Fear of the happenings at home caused Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, and Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, to follow suit. The news of a revolution in Vienna led the Italian national element in the Austrian possessions in Italy to revolt, and soon the other northern States subject to foreign rulers rose. The King of Piedmont thought he saw in this an opportunity to pose as the deliverer of Italy, and took the field against Austria. Some in the States of the Church, egged on by the revolutionaries, wished the Pope also to do likewise, and for a time war seemed imminent, but Pius IX., considering his position as Vicar of the Prince of Peace, could not bring himself to declare an offensive war on so Catholic a Power as Austria. In the event the Italians were worsted, and the old order re-established; but Piedmont had become for Italians the champion of nationality and the Papacy lost prestige. The Federal idea received a set-back from which it never recovered, and the "Young Italy" movement gained much in public esteem. The declaration by Pius IX. on the 29th April against war stirred up much popular excitement in Rome, the ministry had to go, and, at the demand of the mob, Mamiani—a revolutionary leader—became Premier. A few months later he was succeeded by Count Rossi, a broad-minded, capable statesman, the one man at the time capable of making the newly-introduced Parliamentary system a thorough success. The opening meeting of the first elected Parliament of the Papal States was fixed for November 15th, and it seemed as though, under a responsible representative government, a new era of prosperity and contentment was about to be inaugurated. The revolutionary party, seeing the ground slipping from under their feet, resolved on a desperate step. On that fateful fifteenth of November, as he turned to ascend the stairs that led to the hall wherein the delegates were assembled, Rossi was assassinated, and the ever fickle Roman rabble ran riot and beset the Quirinal Palace clamouring for they knew not what, but the leaders knew—for the abolition of Papal Rule. Two days later Pius IX. had, for safety, to flee secretly to Gaeta, a town in the Kingdom of Naples, a provisional government was set up at Rome and a Constituent Assembly convoked. This body—elected by the small revolutionary minority—proclaimed a Republic (February, 1849), and confided the administration to three leaders of the Young Italy party—Mazzini, Saffi and Armellini. Pius IX. invoked the aid of the Catholic Powers; France took action, and on April 26th General Oudinot landed on Papal territory, and on June 29th entered Rome. In April of the next year

(1850) the Pope returned to his Capital, but his experience had turned him from his previous liberal policy, and henceforth the rule, though benign and directed to furthering the best interests of his subjects, remained autocratic.

Almost all the aspirations of Italian Nationalism now centred round Victor Emanuel, the young Piedmontese Monarch. Cavour, his Prime Minister, set himself, by diplomacy and intrigue, to secure for Piedmont a free hand in establishing, by fair means or foul, its rule over all Italy. With this object in view he set about getting the European governments to accept his pet scheme of "Non-intervention," by which was meant no interference by outside Powers in the settlement of the internal affairs of Italy. We in Ireland quite understand what is meant when politicians speak of non-intervention in "domestic" questions. England, while openly declaring for the maintenance of the existing order of things and professing an interest in the continuance of the Papal rule, secretly favoured Cavour, and France was successfully side-tracked. In 1858 a secret agreement was arrived at between Cavour and Napoleon III. for driving the Austrians out of Italy. The year following war was declared, Austria defeated and Lombardy handed over to Piedmont. Soon rebellions, engineered by the Piedmontese Government, broke out in the independent Duchies of Tuscany, Parma, Modena and the northern part of the States of the Church, and plebiscites were taken, resulting in declarations for union with Piedmont, which, of course, followed. These plebiscites cannot be regarded as really signifying the will of the people, for trickery and violence were resorted to, when necessary, to secure the desired vote. The Pope excommunicated all those who took part in this seizure of his possessions, and ordered the better organisation of an army for the preservation of order within his frontiers. The recruiting was done largely in foreign countries, principally France and Ireland.

The next year (1860) Garibaldi began operations for the overthrow of the existing Government in the Kingdom of Naples, and Cavour, who, though willing to use the extremist leader as a tool, feared his Republicanism, negotiated the annexation. His plans included the taking over of a goodly part of the Papal States. Accordingly in September, 1860, Victor Emanuel sent a note to the Pope, that in the interests of order he was despatching an army into the frontier provinces in the north and those along the Adriatic. The Papal troops were outnumbered, and suffered a bad defeat, the expected aid from France did not arrive, and the occupied territories, together with the Kingdom of Naples, were annexed by Piedmont. In the following March Victor Emanuel was proclaimed King of Italy. All that now remained to the Pope of his dominions, but

two years before equal in extent to half of Ireland, was Rome, with the surrounding country—a territory about the size of the Counties of Cork and Kerry combined. But the lust of power still gripped the House of Savoy, and Cavour now declared that the Capital of United Italy must be Rome.

In 1867 Garibaldi began organising volunteers throughout Italy with the purpose of seizing Rome, but the French Government intervened, and Garibaldi was arrested. However, when all was ripe for the raid he was allowed to escape, and a few days later was marching on Rome. Immediately the French landed troops, garrisoned the Capital, and, in conjunction with the Papal forces, routed the invaders. This garrison remained in Rome till the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, July, 1870, when, upon its withdrawal, the Piedmontese Government again began attempts to stir up revolts, yet all efforts were in vain. Soon, however, their hour came, for the defeat of Napoleon III. at Sedan left the Pope without a defender, and Victor Emanuel, on the old and groundless plea of keeping order, sent an army into the Papal territory (11th September). Pius IX. refused to yield one tittle of his sovereign rights, and six days later the Italian army was at the gates of Rome. Though the fortifications were worthless and the defenders few and ill-equipped, the Pope ordered that the City be defended. This he did that all the world might know that he yielded not to right, but to might. The actual bombardment had lasted only three hours when a breach was made in the walls and then the defence ended, for so the Holy Father had directed! It was the twentieth of September, 1870.

On 2nd October the usual fiasco of a plebiscite was gone through, the last remnant of the States of the Church was merged in the Kingdom of Italy, and the Pope became the Prisoner of the Vatican.

It can safely be said that never was there a dynasty which had a juster claim to its possessions than the Popes to the States of the Church, nor one which was more unjustly dispossessed. Its title was twofold: the will of the people and the right of just conquest. We have seen how, during the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, the ever-increasing inability of the Imperial Government at Constantinople to function in the outlying provinces led the people of Central Italy, but especially the Romans, too look more and more to the Pope to fill the rôle of temporal ruler and defender; and how, in the latter half of the eighth century, Pepin and Charlemagne having, at the call of the Pope, come against the Lombard invaders and conquered them, made over their conquests to the Church. Gibbon—a writer whom no one can accuse of partiality towards the Holy See—says:—"Their (the Popes') noblest title is the free choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery."\*

\* Quoted by Dr. Barry in "The Papacy in Modern Times" Prologue.

The history of the Papal States from the eighth to the sixteenth century, as sketched above, with all its struggle and strife, may be thought by some to argue a state of affairs most unsatisfactory to live under, but we must be mindful to judge of things according to the ideas and ways of the times. Most of the fighting then was done by a proportionately small number of professional soldiers, and even in the midst of war the ordinary folk went on quietly with their ordinary avocations. Besides, of all the States of Europe, perhaps the least disturbed and best administered was that under the rule of the Popes. From the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century things were still better. Religious dissensions and civil strife—the bane of the period—were unknown, and generations were born and died without having once heard the noise of war. Even during the Napoleonic period the Papal dominions enjoyed greater quiet than most other European countries.

During the nineteenth century many accusations were made against the Papal Government. It was antiquated, reactionary and incompetent, people would glibly affirm. True it is, the Popes of the restoration—Pius VII. and his successors, especially Gregory XVI.—would not grant Constitutional Government. But Constitutional Government was a new thing on the Continent of Europe; few nations had adopted it, and where tried it proved by no means an unalloyed blessing. Rome moves proverbially slow, for Rome has age-long experience, and while refusing elective franchise these Popes had really embarked on a course of gradual reform, but the demagogues wanted not reform, but revolt. When Pius IX. undertook to modernise the administration and granted representative government—in this anticipating many of the great nations of Europe—it was these very fault-finders who, by violence, rendered his best efforts futile. It was also said that under Papal rule the country remained undeveloped, industries received no assistance, agriculture no encouragement, and education was neglected. That these may be attended to it is necessary to have security and peace in a country, and the agitators took very good care that, as far as in them lay, there would be no peace and no security. Yet for all that, genuine efforts at betterment were made. The people, we are told, were heartily sick of the whole system. Not so. The people were displeased with certain abuses, but against the system in itself they had no grievance. The abuses could be righted, and many of them were being righted even under the conservative Gregory XVI., while Pius IX. left no room for doubt, but that he meant to make a clean sweep of them. Again it was argued that the business of the Universal Church demanded all the attention and administrative ability of the Pope and his Curia; that, if the

Holy See were secured a plentiful revenue to meet all its needs, and its dignity and independence satisfactorily guaranteed, the disappearance of the Temporal Power would be a positive advantage to the Papacy and the Church at large. This was all a ruse to deceive Catholics and cloak the anti-religious designs of many of the schemers, just like Cavour's famous catch-word, "a free Church in a free State." To all this hypocrisy the lie was given by subsequent acts, the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, for example, and laws directly antagonistic to the Church's legitimate freedom of action in things spiritual, derogatory to the Papal dignity and embarrassing its international status.

A temporal dominion sovereignly independent is a necessity for the Papacy. Its size is a matter for convenience. The reasons are many, but the main one is that, to be perfectly free in his dealings with all nations, the Pope must be neither the subject nor the guest of any Power. He must have perfect liberty of intercourse with all and all with him. 'That this is impossible under such circumstances as now prevail was clearly shown during the late war, when, owing to Rome being in the hands of one of the belligerent Powers, the diplomatic representatives of the enemy Powers accredited to the Vatican had to leave.

The real motive of those responsible for the movement to overthrow the Temporal Power of the Pope was not love of liberty, but hatred of the Catholic Church. Freemasonry, especially the continental species, fired by an almost diabolic hatred of the Christian name, and Protestantism, abhorring the name of Rome, deluded themselves with the fond hope that if the Pope were deprived of all civil power his authority could be so hampered in its exercise as to die of inanition. The political ambition of the House of Savoy served them as a cover under which to accomplish their nefarious designs.

John Mitchel, a Protestant and a democrat, a man of undoubted honesty, writes:—"It was not they (the subjects of the Pope) who were eager for revolution, but the Mazzinis, Garibaldis and Gavazzis, and the grasping power of Sardinia that were moving hell and earth to abolish the Papacy, both spiritual and civil."\*

\* "Jail Journal"—"The Journal Continued." Gill's edition, 1918. Page 396.

# Philomena the Beloved.

E. SETON.

## I.—ROMA SACRA.

THE sun shone brilliantly in a sky of clearest azure, and against that background of gem-like translucency the whites and yellows and greys of houses and palaces shone as though part of some pictured scene in vivid enamel. The scent and warmth of early Italian summer filled the air, in a thousand gardens the pink and white roses were in delicate blossom, the myrtle buds were blowing and perfuming the garden walks with a very breath from heavenly bowers, and thrush and nightingale made the hours from star-strewn dusk to dawn one long rapture of exquisite song. All was renewed life and loveliness, the earth had decked herself once more in her robes of brightest hue, the Paschal season showed *all things made new*.

Thus it was with Rome, the quiet Italian city throned upon her seven immortal hills, this sunny May morning. And in *Roma sotterranea*, that wonderful underground world of winding passages and chambers wherein the richest spiritual treasures are stored, a wonder-flower, long hidden and dormant, was stirring into renewed life and vitality. For a flower, hidden for ages from the eyes of men who did not so much as know her name, was about to break through that sacred soil and to blossom as few among the celestial flowers whom we name the Saints have blossomed. It was the morning of May 25th, 1802, a date henceforth to be famous in the annals of the Church as the Feast of the Finding of the Relics of S. Philomena, Virgin, Martyr and Wonder-worker.

Down the long stairways leading into the subterranean Rome that is inhabited by so many millions of angels, jealously watching (as our Lord told the Swedish S. Brigitta) every last bone and relic of the elect of God until the Voice of the Son of God recalls them into more than pristine life and beauty, down the long stairways and along the lamp-lighted corridors a quiet procession wended its way. They were priests, *fossore*s (or excavators), and surgeons, and they were on their way to the formal opening and examination of a tomb undisturbed since its sealing in the long-past days of the pagan poet's *Roma Sacra*, and now in the care of a Rome infinitely more sacred than ever his glorious dreams of her had pictured, of *Roma sacratissima* indeed, her children's *Pia Mater* the ages through. It was the Catacomb of S. Priscilla, the oldest and one of the most venerable of all those Roman sanctuaries of the early Faith, one of the few whose opening was in an *arenarium* or sand-pit.

Entering from the Via Salaria Nova the procession was guided by the *fossore*s carrying lighted torches. Through the twisting and frequently roughly paved corridors and paths they passed until at length the *cortège* paused before a *loculus* closed with three tiles, or wall tomb. "*Ecco!*" cried the guides, and as the Guardian of the Cemeteries advanced, the torches were moved to and fro, and before the party the vermilion-painted inscription *Lumena, Pax tecum fi*, stood out bright and clear. "This is the tomb of a Martyr of Christ!" announced the Guardian, for there on the three tiles were seen the palm, arrows, a javelin, and other symbols less clearly decipherable.

The workmen now stepped forward and soon the masonry enclosing the tiles was loosened, and, these being removed, the relics of a young girl were visible, a crystal phial of blood standing by her side so near to the tiles of the *loculus*, and imbedded in the cement, that it had been accidentally cracked by the workman's chisel.

The company fell upon their knees, and once again the Christian psalms, sung in the same Latin tongue as when the young martyr, fresh from her bloody conflict, had been first laid there to rest, eddied through those ancient passages and halls. First came the Antiphon, *The bodies of the Saints are buried in peace, and their name liveth unto generation and generation.* This was followed by the chant, *These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. Thy servants feared not the blows of the executioners, therefore hast Thou made them heirs in the house of the Lord. They delivered up their bodies unto death that they might not serve unto idols; therefore have they received the crown and the palm of immortality. Thou hast crowned them with glory and honour, O Lord, Thou hast set them over all the works of Thy hands. They have passed through fire and water, and Thou hast brought them out into the place of refreshment, and their rest shall be for ever. Gloria Patri.* After this the Antiphon was repeated and then followed, in beautiful sequence, versicles and responses declaring the glory and joy of the Saints, how that they live for evermore "and their reward is with the Lord," that He "keepeth all their bones, and that none of them shall be broken." Then, after having invoked the prayers of the Holy Martyrs, the following prayers were said—we make no apology for inserting them here, as this ceremonial of the removal or translation of one of the Saints of the Catacombs from the humble wall-tomb to a shrine or altar (still the same Altar where the "Awful Sacrifice" of the Eucharistic Lamb is offered) is little known among the generality of Catholics.

O Lord Jesus Christ, prays the Guardian, glorious King of

*Martyrs and of those who confess unto Thee, Whose marvellous Providence deigns to preserve in this place, by the ministry of Thy holy Angels, the sacred bodies of Thy soldiers who have shed their blood for Thy faith and Thy Name, and which Thou hast placed as sentinels around the walls of this City, Thy well-beloved Jerusalem, whose souls praise Thy Holy Name day and night in Heaven, grant unto us who visit their holy relics the grace to rejoice eternally in their triumph, and to be encircled unto the end by their powerful protection.*

*O Lord Jesus Christ, Who hast rendered more glorious than the palaces of kings the tombs of the Martyrs, Thy servants, in which we honour their ashes and their sacred bones which were the living temples of the Holy Ghost; as Thou hast granted unto them to be by their faith and charity the conquerors of Thine enemies and the imitators of Thy Passion, and to win in death the palm of immortality; so do Thou grant unto us, by their merits and intercession, to be preserved from all the snares of the enemies of our bodies and our souls, and to attain unto the everlasting glory of Paradise. Who liveth.*

Here, then, was the tomb of a martyr whose name was recorded, a very precious discovery. And now for the first time there rose to heaven the prayer which has been echoed millions of times since that May morning, and which has proved so efficacious in unlocking the flood-gates of Heaven's benedictions, *S. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr, pray for us.* The sacred relics were then carefully lifted out of their quiet tomb and were placed in the wooden case which, silk-lined and filled with cotton-wool, had been brought to receive them, and was immediately sealed in three places. Upwards again, through dusky passage and along echoing gallery, up the long flights, until the crystalline daylight welcomed the procession and its sacred burden, and all the way they went the psalm was intoned, sung verse by verse alternately, by the clergy and the devout laymen.

Here, at the entrance to the Via Salaria, the case was laid down, the seals broken, and the relics of the martyr scientifically examined by the Theologians, surgeons and physicians who had come in procession to the tomb for this purpose. The little head of the Saint was much fractured, but the other bones were intact. From the circumference of the skull, which was very small, and the general size of the little skeleton, it was clear that the maiden must have been martyred in her early age, for she could not have been more than about thirteen. Next, a document was drawn up, read aloud, signed and attested by the witnesses, declaring that these were the remains of a virgin under fourteen years of age who

had been martyred for the Name of Christ. The Guardian's seal was set upon this document and it was then placed in the case, which was once more sealed. From the entrance to the Priscillian Catacomb it was finally borne to the *Custodia Generale* or treasury of relics of the "Saints and Servants of God who here await the orders of the Vicar of Christ to go to the various churches of the world, and receive the homage, veneration, and confidence of the Faithful, and to grant to them in return the triple assistance of their presence, their example, and their prayers."

The splendours of miracle and marvel, so speedily to adorn this unknown Virgin Martyr's name with an unique halo of glory, decked these first moments of her re-entry into the world of men. For, says the *Vie et Miracles de Ste. Philomène*, a book translated by a Jesuit Father from an approved Italian work, examined by competent theologians and recommended by the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, on the broken pieces of the *ampulla* containing the Saint's blood being scraped carefully so that the precious deposit might be gathered into a new crystal reliquary, the martyr's blood, which had been till now a dark brownish substance, resembling earth, now changed its appearance and took the form of brilliantly bright precious stones, emeralds, diamonds, rubies, gold and silver pieces—a phenomenon which has endured permanently all the one hundred and fifteen years that the little Saint has been known to men, and which may be seen to this very day. This marvel was witnessed by grave and learned men, yet for three years longer this wonderful relic lay in the silence and hiddenness of the *Custodia*. So slow and prudent are the ways of the Royal Pope, the careful Steward of the household of God.

In the handsome, monstrance-like reliquary of silver-gilt, the gift of a royal and very fervent client of S. Philomena, Queen Maria-Theresa of Austria, second wife of King Ferdinand II. of Naples, the Martyr's blood may be seen at Mugnano del Cardinale, where the famous Shrine stands. In its beautiful reliquary, which is presented for the kisses of the faithful on certain festivals, the blood is preserved in a handsome tabernacle with a crystal door upon the altar of what is known as the *Cappella Sepolcrale* of the Church of Our Lady of Graces at Mugnano. In this chapel also lie the three tiles which closed the young Martyr's tomb; they, indeed, give it its name. When the reliquary is untouched the blood seems brown and dull, but when it is moved it instantly changes its appearance into the most beautiful jewellings of different colours and into the semblance of small ingots of gold and silver, and the larger and brighter these appearances are the happier is the presage for the spectators. The blood sometimes turns black; this has always

been noticed to precede troubled days for those in whose presence it takes place : a Missionary priest left a deposition that, before his eyes, the Sign of the Cross was made with the Relic with the intention of drawing the Saint's blessing upon the then Holy Father, Pope Pius IX. (whom the Church owes to S. Philomena's care, for she cured him miraculously as he lay at the point of death while still Archbishop of Imola), and at that moment the blood became entirely black. The same missionary also stated that when he looked at the blood he distinctly saw the images of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; and children, looking into the reliquary, have seen the blood under the form of beautiful flowers. The testimony of one of the Archbishops of Malines, then Père Dechamps, a Redemptorist Father, is worth quoting : " Need I tell you," he wrote, " with what happiness I saw . . . the arrows, the rods, the anchor, the palm . . . but, above all, the phial of blood, of that precious blood, shed for love of Virginity and for the virginity of love ! . . . It was dull and hardened . . . and behold, Jesus Christ, by communicating to it a ray of the glory of the soul which offered it to Him, renders it dazzling as the rainbow . . . It is a thing marvellous to see . . . I had read of it in descriptions; but now I have seen it with my own eyes."

Cardinal Ruffino Scilla wrote in the authentication of the relic of the blood of S. Philomena on renewing the seals of the reliquary, *Et vidimus ejusdem sanguinem immutatum in diversos lapillos pretiosos varii coloris et lucidos, etiam in aurum et argentum.* " And we have seen her blood changed into several brilliant little precious stones of various colours, also into gold and silver."

A further miracle has adorned this illustrious relic, for in the years 1823 and 1824 a miraculous manna distilled from its reliquary. This marvel has not since been repeated.

The Saint's tombstone, consisting of three slabs, upon which the now world-famous epitaph, *Pax Tecum, Filumena*, was painted in vermilion, is our sole historical account of the young Virgin Martyr. Their position, in transposed order, has been accounted for in various ways, and the hypothesis generally accepted is that in a hasty burial (such as was not uncommon in the days of persecution) accidents of this nature might easily occur—more than one instance, indeed, has been met with in the Catacombs, of tombstones turned even upside down. The inscription was accompanied by a number of symbols. These were as follows : An anchor. This symbol appeared frequently on early Christian tombs, and might be either an emblem containing the Cross in hidden manner, and thus signifying their hope in His saving Death, or the record of the kind of martyrdom suffered by the victim, as for instance that of

Pope S. Clement, cast by order of Trajan into the sea with an anchor suspended to his neck. The next was an arrow, pointing upwards, and it is noteworthy that this arrow is an identical replica of that preserved in the Basilica of S. Sebastian on the Appian Way. The third is the Martyr's palm, the sign of the victory of Faith. The fourth, painted beneath the palm, is a figure by some supposed to be a second anchor, but, as it does not correspond exactly to the first anchor form, it is usually considered a scourge, with the weights of iron and lead attached to it. The fifth symbol was a sharp-pointed instrument, either a javelin or an arrow, generally taken to be the latter. Then there is a third arrow; this one points downwards and has two curved lines below the feathers—a patterning which may possibly denote fire, shooting with red-hot arrows, for instance. The reversed positions of the arrows, and the difference between them, “evidently has some special significance,” says the *History of S. Philomena*, a work revised and edited by a Father of the London Oratory, “understood by those who painted the stone, but hidden from us at this distance of time.” And the *Vie et Miracles* has a suggestion which we quote for its interest: “Might not the repetition of the arrow drawings indicate a repetition of the same torment, and the different arrangement (one upward and another downward) symbolise a miracle similar to that which took place on Monte Gargano when a countryman who had shot an arrow into a cavern in which a bull had taken refuge—this case has since been dedicated to S. Michael the Archangel—saw, in company with others, his own arrow reverse its flight, come towards him and fall at his feet?” The seventh and last of the emblems painted upon this historic tomb is a flower, the Lily, the significance of which, appearing on the grave of so young a maiden, would seem to signify not only that she was a consecrated virgin, but possibly also that she suffered her martyrdom as a result of refusal to sacrifice her consecration at a tyrant's bidding. This, in fact, as we shall see in a subsequent paper, seems to have been our young heroine's glorious achievement, and it must be said that the paintings on her tombstone certainly give weight to the narrative.

After removal from the catacombs these three tiles were placed for a time in a Jesuit College in Rome, being afterwards transferred, by order of Pope Pius VII., to the Museum of Christian Antiquities at the Vatican. It was another Pontiff, Leo XII., who gave them in 1827 to the celebrated sanctuary of the wonder-working Virgin Martyr at Mugnano. There, on an embroidered red velvet cushion, in a glass case or reliquary, they lie in the *Capella Sepolcrale* of that handsome edifice in which so many graces and favours have been granted and where so many miracles—all of them attested

and authenticated beyond a doubt—have taken place. A copy of this stone of sepulture was afterwards made and placed in the Museum of Christian Epitaphs which Pope Pius IX. formed in the Lateran.

As we have said, it was not until the summer of 1805 that our unique Saint was to be revealed to the world of men, at that time so rationalistic and sceptical that it seems in the Fatherly decrees of Divine Providence that a saint of the most dazzling miraculous power should have been raised up to cry aloud the might and glory of the supernatural, *victoria quae vincit mundum, fides nostra*, as once the maiden champion of Christ had done by her sufferings, her patience and the shedding of her blood. The Bishop-elect of Potenza, having gone to Rome for his consecration and also to bring the congratulations of the King of Naples to Pope Pius VII. on his return to the Eternal City from France, took with him a friend who was a very devout missionary priest. This was the *Parocco* of Mugnano, Don Francesco di Lucia, whose long-cherished desire it was to obtain the body of a virgin martyr from the catacombs, especially one having its own name. (Numbers of the tombs of the martyrs are without the record of their name, or names, and in these cases the relics are given a name by ecclesiastical authority, under which they may be honoured in churches.)

The delight of the good Father may therefore be imagined when, having made known his wishes to the Guardian of the *Custodia*, he was told that he might have his choice. There were three bodies the names of which were known, those of an adult, a child, and S. Philomena. As Don Francesco stood before the latter he felt suddenly inundated with a marvellous spiritual joy, taking the place of a terrible desolation of soul with which he had been afflicted. Immediately he petitioned to have the body, which was thereupon promised to him by the Guardian. Difficulties arose a little later, the permission being retracted, as the relics of a virgin martyr whose name was known were naturally of great value, but his treasure was finally assured to the eager priest through the petition of his friend the new-made Bishop of Potenza. On this occasion the Guardian declared—prophetically, it would seem, in view of the subsequent catalogue of wonders and graces of every kind which almost immediately verified his words, and which continue even to the present day—that he felt sure that the Saint wished to go to the parish of Mugnano del Cardinale and work miracles.

She commenced, indeed, to do so at once. For the long, hot days in Rome were proving too much for poor Don Francesco, who lost sleep, appetite and health, and was going from bad to worse when

he bethought himself of invoking the little wonder-worker who had already so comforted him in his spiritual distress. So he promised her that if he slept that night he would choose her for his patron and take her relics with him to Mugnano instead of those of another unnamed saint which a friend had given him, to console him, while there seemed no chance for him to secure those of Philomena. Joy filled the good priest's heart, after having made this promise, for his fever left him, peace came down upon his wearied frame, and he slept the whole night through, rising in the morning in perfect health. Great was the joy of his friend the Bishop, who had grieved over his ill-health, and, both agreeing that his restoration was plainly marvellous, they made a promise to carry the relics of S. Philomena with them to Naples in a place of honour in front of their carriage and to have hymns and devotions in her honour.

This promise, accompanied by a supernatural manifestation from the young Saint, was duly kept. Thus, on the 1st of July, 1805, the body of the young Virgin Martyr Philomena, who was soon to fill the whole Church with the fame of her name and miracles and the kindness of her heart towards all the sorrowing and afflicted, left Eternal Rome to take up her abode in the mountain shrine, near Naples the beautiful, which her Heavenly Bridegroom had destined for her. Her triumphal entry and marvels there we shall describe in our next paper. Rome had held the martyr-treasure of God for fifteen hundred years in silence in her own deep heart. Naples, by the blue and sparkling sea, was now to lift the glittering, glowing jewel aloft till, like a star, it shone forth to the whole world.

# Mary's Minnie.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

J. BERNARD MACCARTHY.

“And no more turn aside and brood  
Upon Love's bitter mystery;  
For Fergus rules the brazen cars,  
And rules the shadow of the wood,  
And the white breast of the dim sea,  
And all dishevelled wandering stars.”

—W. B. YEATS.

“GET oulda me road with you!” Mary's Minnie said to the donkey. She was coming up from Dowra Strand at the turn of the day with a fish basket full of seaweed on her hooped back. The spring was advancing and she wanted to have it laid on the potato beds. And it is rather trying to the temper after a hard climb to find a foolish donkey sprawled on the path when he might just as well be resting his lazy bones anywhere else. Yielding to superior force in the shape of a gentle prod in his fourth rib from the girl's bare, brown toes, the donkey moved on, but Minnie's basket, deprived of one of its supports, wobbled, and to prevent it spilling over she sat down and let it drop on a furzy bank behind her.

She used her rest to arrange her straggling brown curls in place and to put a pin in her red flannel petticoat where a briar had ripped it, remarking to the waving tail of the retreating donkey: “'Tis in flitters I have me bit of wear!”

Minnie was a tall, scraggy girl of about twenty, freckled generously, with a wide mouth and even rows of white teeth. Her skirt was pulled up around her out of harm's way and a black shawl was crossed on her bosom, two of its corners meeting and knotting on her back. Since the death of her father, three years before, she had helped her mother to till the few acres around their little cottage in Clondulane townland. It was said that Colum O'Shea, a young carpenter, could be master there for the bare asking; certainly Minnie had a softness in her heart for him and a great yearning. They were good friends and chance partners at cross-road dances and weddings. Several times she thought he was going to say the fateful words; several times her pulses had leaped expectantly, but he paused and the conversation trailed off into speculations about

the weather and the price of sows and bonhams at the next fair. Now Colum, owing to lack of work, had gone to Glasgow. He was three weeks gone; no—two. She ticked off the days on her red fingers, getting mixed up the first time and having to count all over again.

She sighed. Love was a hard task-master. You were paying toll all the time to him; at nights when the house was silent and the wind came whimpering around the thatch; during the day when you were jaded with work and saw no joyful ending to it. And perhaps most of all on Sundays, seeing other lovers go laughing over the hill to Feis or hurling match. How happy they seemed, passing jokes about the roughness of the road and giving little meaningless shouts out of pure overflow of spirits. But when you trod the road alone there were no makings of laughter in your heart; it was rough and scarring to the feet. There was no lover's voice to say "Steady!" or strong arm to pull you, giggling, out of a rut. And the sugared cakes and twisty longsticks you bought at the journey's end went tasteless in the mouth, lacking a sharer of the feast. Yes, going the road alone was a hard road. Did God ever bother about people who went alone, she wondered. It would be so easy for Him to cure her loneliness; just a wish that she might walk with the companion of her thoughts, and it would be done. Other girls had lovers on their arms. . . . How was that? Did God settle this for them, or was it just a chancy thing? Was it her freckles and wide mouth that left her high and dry in a desolate country of ever longing, where her tears were the only river, and her sighing the only wind? It was all strange, very strange, and pondering made it no clearer.

But the day was wearing on and her mother would be holding an empty pike and wondering what was keeping the seaweed, so Minnie got up. She stooped again, pulled the basket ropes over her shoulders, bent her knees for the uplift, and rose. As soon as the basket had swayed to rest she moved on.

"Hello, Minnie, 'twas I was lucky to drop on you!" Darby Houlihan the postman broke on her from a bohereen. "You've saved me a mile's tramp."

"Is it yourself, Darby? And maybe 'tis something you have for me?"

"Faith, it is; an' 'tisin't one of them ould catalogues either. Me back's broke with carrying *that* ould rubbish around the country; and only a ha'penny stamp on them." No words could ever express his contempt for anything that required only a halfpenny stamp. "Fashions, moryah, the girls must be getting nowadays, and 'tis my back must be bending under them." He removed the cap from

his grizzled head and wiped the sweat from his weathered face with a hasty coat-sleeve.

"Times are changing, Darby."

"Bedad they are. 'Tis education is ruining the country. Every girleen or gorsoon that goes away to stop a day or two anywhere won't rest aisy unless they keep sending letters home almost by every post—and coloured picture postcards." He rummaged in his brown bag and pulled out a few letters. "Here's your's, Minnie. I can almost tell what's in it by the look of it."

The girl's heart gave a sudden spurt as she recognised Colum O'Shea's handwriting on the envelope, and the hand she reached out was eager and unsteady. She hardly heard the postman speaking.

"And here's one for Julia Carmody. You can give it to her as she's skipping down your bohoreen to Coleman's for the milk.

"I will so."

"I lost me temper last week with the ould fostook. She got a lot o' furniture and what not from some shops in town, and every week since I'm trotting up there with ha'penny envelopes and a slip of print inside with something like this on them: 'Plaise forward by return balance due on goods, to avoid further unpleasantness.' So I burst out on her with: 'For love of the saints, woman, why don't you pay your bills and not be bringing a poor man two miles out of his way?' That has soured her towards me."

"And 'tisin't any good greeting she has for you now," Minnie said, wishful to have him end and leave her alone with her treasure.

"Treenahayla, you may say that. And here's another one. Drop that in over the Murphy's half-door as you pass the cross. There; me duty's done, an' it's hours late I am."

Minnie walked away, it being the only way one could stop a conversation with Darby, but uncomprehended fragments of his speech came later to her for a hundred yards. Coming to a dip of a meadow she paused. Would she open the letter now or wait until after supper? The opening of a letter, when you get only one in a year, is a weighty matter. But could she wait until the table was cleared and quietness on the house? While she was arguing the matter in her mind, her fingers ripped open the envelope and—well, she had to read it then.

"DEAR MINNIE,

"I was sorry I had not time to bid you good-bye before going away, but I had to go in a hurry. There was one thing I was anxious to ask you, and I was on the brink of putting it to you off and on. Maybe you noticed it. But my wages were small then, too small to marry on.

"I am doing well here. The pay is good. In a year's time I'll have a tidy sum saved, and I'll come home and say what I was going to say when I left.

"Hoping that you and all at Clondulane are quite well, as it leaves me at present.

"Always yours,

"COLUM O'SHEA."

She read it over four times before its full glory penetrated her. No longer would she go lonely over the hill to Feis or hurling match; no more toil with a blank ending to the day, but toil ending with laughter and home-going and long talk by the hearth. And if times came hard and the food was lacking, where was the grieving? It didn't matter how long or rough the road was if the boy of your choice walked beside you. But it wasn't hard times her mind should be turning on that day or on any day of all the years God would give them. Her eyes pierced the future unafraid and saw beyond and beyond, and—not very far distant—her eyes met the wonder-lit eyes of a . . . child; she stroked his chubby arms and felt the sweet unrest of his breath falling on her. She coloured, ashamed of the fervour of her imagining, and again she returned to it. She gloried in her womanhood that made it possible, in the soft swell of her breasts that held nourishment for it, in the youth in her that could make youth. For this—to make her a mother—God had been working for ages, and her love and its fruit were but the fulfilment of His law. Dimly and obscurely she saw it, but it was there, that wonderful truth. She blushed no longer: her mind, newly conscious of her body's purpose, was greatly daring. Who could tell but that in the years of her ageing, those wonder-lit eyes, mellowed by manhood, would be gazing from the Altar of God Himself, gazing at a congregation who called him "Father." And the things the neighbours would be saying about him, that he was the kind and good rearing of Minnie Moylan and a credit to her and to his father. And only think; when the life was out of her and she lying with the dead, of the grand prayers he would be offering to God and Mary for her soul's long rest. . . .

On Minnie's late arrival home her mother was standing in the yard. The bare pike was resting, a streak of shadow, against the whitewashed wall of the house. The hens were making a big stir in the manure heap and a whirring cooing accompanied the scraping of their legs. Minnie was conscious of her mother's astonished glance. What was wrong?

"Minnie, what under glory did you do with the basket and the seaweed?" asked Mrs. Moylan. "An' I waiting here with me arms akimbo!"

The girl laughed, realising her forgotten errand. But if all the baskets that ever were had been left in all the dips of all the meadows in the world, what did it matter? Not as much as you could balance on a needle point. Colum loved her. . . . How small and paltry life was outside of loving and being loved. . . .

A neighbour's child, Paddy Hogan, was coming through the yard with a fist of feathers borrowed (not without protest) from some hen's, to clean his ma's sewing machine. He was rejoicing in anticipation of the awful shining mysteries that would be bared to his sight when the machine was opened and its inside oiled.

"She didn't want me to pull them out of her," he said to Minnie, pointing to a black hen.

Mrs. Moylan, wrathful that Paddy had spoiled the living, whereas her permission extended only to the discarded feathers of the dead, made a swoop of chastisement at him. Minnie snatched him quickly out of the path of retribution, covered him with kisses, and gave him back to freedom with six coppers secreted in his moist fist.

"The girleen's gone clean daft out of her mind," muttered Mrs. Moylan. "To walk home with an empty back and to be kissing the dirt of that young bla'guard's cheeks—just as if he was her own son!" Before nightfall the old woman was trying to imagine how it must feel to have a daughter in the madhouse, for she had a dreadful feeling that Minnie was going there soon. Minnie had broken two cups, one delph plate, put salt in her mother's tea for sugar, and poured out tea for the amazed cat, before deciding to go to bed.

Four days later Darby Houlihan, the weight taken off his willing legs by a sidecar bound for a funeral, was bowling towards Grenah Hill. He was reciting a monologue to the back of the jarvey's serge coat; and he had three clauses in it:

- (1.) The iniquity of education that forced people to learn to read and write, and tempted them, to their fall, to send letters and postcards.
- (2.) The sinfulness of any postal system expecting an able-bodied man to trudge miles and miles and miles with ha'penny envelopes.
- (3.) The dreadful embarrassment caused to shy bachelors like himself by the receipt of catalogues from firms anxious to sell feminine apparel.

"Pull up," he cried suddenly; there's Mary's Minnie topping the ditch!"

Minnie, after many nights' labour, had written her reply to Colum. It was her most ambitious literary achievement. Six pages

of an exercise book, with all her heart unblushingly bared, six pages torrentially rapid where her pen found inspiration, and stumblingly lame where words failed and expression was still-born from too vigorous life, as a foaming river will, by carrying rock and earth before it, dam itself by its own strength. She pressed the bulkiness in the envelope to assure herself, for the eighth time, that it was all there, safely housed. She was now waiting to have Darby post it for her. Ah, the labour of guiding awkward fingers over white space in the glimmer of a smoky lamp, the regretful scratchings and the renewed task on another leaf; but the pictured reward—when Colum's eye saw it all! Her weariness fell from her like a cloak suddenly unbuttoned. In a few short hours her letter would be going over land and sea.

"A postcard for you, Minnie agra," cried Darby; "all the way from Glasgow, no less, as the mare clattered to a fidgety stop abreast of her.

"And you'll be posting this for me?" Minnie said, exchanging her letter to Colum for the postcard.

"And here's another one," Darby went on, diving into his bag. "You'll be saving me legs if you pass it to Joan Daly when she trots down to you for the loan of the tub on Monday." (Darby's knowledge of domestic routine was a big help in his postal arrangements.)

Minnie watched the car drop over the hill, the postman resuming his interrupted monologue to the serge coat. Her eyes sought the postcard (just a few lines hurriedly scrawled):

"In sending letter last week I forgot to ask you to give, the next time you go to town, the ballad book to Mike Cooney. I left it on your dresser the night of the Fair. It is his, and he wrote me about it.

"COLUM O'SHEA."

Strange! . . . He hadn't been in her house the night of the Fair. What could he mean? She had seen him that night, however, seen him—and here the light broke on her—coming out of the house of Michael's Minnie, across the valley! As there were two Minnie Moylans in the parish, to distinguish them one was called Mary's Minnie, from her mother's name, and the other Michael's Minnie, from her father. And so that letter, the letter of great joy, was not for her at all, but for Michael's girl. . . . The discovery sent her reeling dizzily, one hand pressed over her heart to quell its sickening tumult. Once it paused as if reaction had ceased altogether, and she grew weak with terror until she felt it throb again, felt it renew its fierce boundings that almost shattered her side. With a stifled little cry she fell back against a bank by the road, her limbs too weak for erectness. And one sentence kept running

through her brain : It was all a mistake. Colum's love was not for her, but for another. His arms, his kisses, his home-comings, were for another. . . . And nothing for her save a desolate emptiness that grew and grew. She was in the lower depths, groping blindly through a lifeless void, a region where all was still save the echo of one's own thoughts; and these came fluttering, ever fluttering, maimed flights of them, to the weary home of their birth. If she could only shut them out ! . . . And she who was so rich an hour ago, who had so wide a kingdom, was now poor, poorer than the beggar going the road with the woman of his asking.

Whatever happened she must get back the letter she had given Darby to post. If Colum got it she would be shamed beyond all strength. She must wait until Darby was returning from his rounds. She prepared for long vigil, her hands propping her head, body laying back, and her eyes staring blindly at the billowy drifting of clouds overhead. A while ago, her heart, its hunger satisfied, had gone out in love to all; she joyed with their joy and sorrowed with their sorrow; now it was hardening, and a hate of Michael's Minnie came welling up, little arms of it creeping into every inlet of her being, a growing tide of hate and bitterness. Even at school the other girl was her rival. Prize after prize that Minnie had set her longing on had been carried off by Michael's Minnie. And there was the episode at the Confirmation when she dropped three of the Seven Deadly Sins before the bishop and the girl across the valley had picked them up and put them in their proper place. Later, confused by her defeat, she grew even more confused, and disgraced Clondulane by telling his startled lordship that hell was a place where some souls enjoyed themselves before going to Heaven ! And there was the day she walked proudly into school, the one decent hat of her starved youth, gorgeous with red ribbon and a grey feather, resting on her head, to have Michael's Minnie tell the other girls that the " shell " of it was worth only a shilling and that the trimmings were the cast-offs of the Rector's daughter. To Minnie, unconscious of borrowed plumes, that had been a bitter hour. But this . . .

There was a quickening dot in the distance. Darby was homing cheerily, his task behind him and leisure and quiet smokes before. As he had no one to converse with, he was finding relief in bursts of song, with comments between :

" From sweet Tipperary,  
See light-hearted Mary——"

(" How is this it runs? I have it !")

" Her step, like a fairy, scarce ruffles the dew,

As she joyously springs,  
And as joyously sings,

Disdaining such things as stocking or shoe!

("Bad cess to you, for a stone—to be ripping the new tebeen off me brogue! Where was I?")

"And who'd be so stupid to put her in silk,  
When the dew-drops bespangle,  
Her sweet foot and ankle  
As she trips o'er the lawn,  
At the blush of the dawn—

As she trips o'er the lawn with her pail full of milk."

"Trips, does she, moryah? Much that poet knew about the weight of a pail of milk."

Minnie got up and moved to the middle of the road as he drew up to her.

"Darby," she said, and she had difficulty in making her tongue speak, "I want back that letter I gave you."

"And why not?" was the response. He had a fish wrapped in a piece of newspaper under his left arm and a few eggs, twisted in a handkerchief, in his right hand, the occasional contributions to a bachelor postman's larder from kind housewives who imagine he must be lost without a woman to see after his needs. "Dip in the bag for it as me hands are tied."

She dipped obediently and brought it out with a sigh of relief. Such a difference between the giving and the taking. . . .

"And that letter of last week—nor the postcard—weren't for me at all, but for Michael's Minnie."

"You don't say so?" Darby had naturally given the missives, since they might belong to either, to the girl most convenient to him. "I hope she won't be lepping over it. But 'twas Colum's fault."

"What am I to do with them, Darby?"

Darby was about to give his head a thoughtful scratch, but recollected the eggs just in time. "'You write on the back of the letter: 'Opened by me, but not for me,''" he said. "And I can't think what's to go on the postcard. Anyway, write down the same."

"And then I give them back to you?"

"Faith, no, you don't!" he cried, alarmed at the prospect of an extra two miles' walk. "You must take them over yourself. That's the rule." It wasn't, it was his own duty; but the girl was young, and a walk wouldn't hurt her!

He set off, picking up the dropped thread of his song.

Here was humiliation on humiliation—to have to hand Colum's letter to her rival and mumble apologies for opening it and thinking

it her own. What a laugh would be against her; she to be imagining that any man would have the love for her freckles and wide mouth. No, she could never bring herself to go to the other girl. God was asking her too much. But she did go in the end, though it was late when she rasped open the iron gate leading to the house of Michael's Minnie. There was a comfortable two-storeyed dwelling before her, a dozen steps across the yard, and a square of light tumbling from an open door on a litter of pots and churns. She made a movement to rap on the door, but seeing Michael's Minnie alone in the kitchen, she stepped over the threshold.

Her rival was hunched over the fire, her brown dress taut with the pressure of divided knees, on which rested supporting elbows for her bowed head. A lamp was hooked on the wall, a strip of paper glued across a crack in the globe, and it gave out the rank odour of paraffin.

"Good evening to you, Minnie," said the newcomer, halting like a timid soldier before going into action.

"Oh, the same to you," replied Michael's Minnie, her mind dropping back to earth. She got up, shook herself to straighten her skirt, apron and petticoats, and nodded invitingly to a chair. She was a pretty girl, well-built, and rosy-cheeked, with straight coal-black hair and two starry eyes, dark wells of lurking merriment. There was no merriment in them now. "'Tis rare to be seeing you so far west at the heel of the evening."

"And it's seldom I am," said the visitor. "This is what brought me over. I was thinking they were for me; but 'twas a mistake. She pushed the letter and postcard across the white-scoured table. "I'm sorry I read them on you."

"Wait till I turn up the wick." Michael's Minnie turned it up; the light was still sickly, so she unhooked the lamp and rested it on the table. She took up the missives and began to read them. The postcard she dismissed with a glance; her poring over the letter was long and changeful of mood.

The watcher's bitterness was at flood. How small she felt, a dwindling blot of insignificance swept by a great harsh wind that seared and cut her, but would not mercilessly destroy. Herself was nothing, but her sensations were alive, cruelly alive, and she had to live in them. She loathed the senses that tortured her, the life in every tingling nerve that would not be still and ease her flesh of its burden. Michael's Mary knew everything now; and a bigger victory was hers than the day she picked up the three deadly sins. Soon her laughter would ring out, and some joke about borrowing sweethearts without permission. Minnie could not bear to wait for that laugh; she got up to go, saying: "It's time for me to be shortening the road."

"Stop! You got this letter *four* days ago?"

"Yes; but I didn't know it was yours until I got the postcard to-day." The voice was low, a whisper of sound creeping through her lips. "And—and I told you before that I'm sorry for the mistake." Ah, she alone knew how sorry, would ever know until the clay was pressing on her dead heart.

"Yesterday," said Michael's Minnie, her tone listless and mechanical, "my father made a match for me with Dermod Kavanagh in Ballinrea; and I'm—I'm to marry him . . . next month. . . ."

Minnie was breathless and shaky with the news sprung on her. She caught the stair-rail of an open stairway that sloped up one side of the kitchen wall, and gave it the pressure of her body. The face of the girl at the table was drawn and tense, her fingers nervously playing with the open letter. The lamp flared and made her monstrous shadow dance fantastically on the wall beyond.

"He's a widower man, with grown-up daughters, two hundred acres of good land, and no hold to his cattle. It's a far finer match than the likes of me would be looking for, isn't it?"

There was no reply, and the query was repeated defiantly.

"'Tis the fine match, surely," answered Mary's Minnie at length.

"He'll have one foot in the grave before I'm thirty, but even so. . . ." The speaker's voice lost its defiance, and she continued thoughtfully, "Col—a—a carpenter, even to do his level best, can't make much money, and so what——" She broke off, a queer catch in her breath. "And a girl should obey her father."

A pause. The girls tried to read each other's faces unseen, but their glances tangled and they quickly turned their heads aside.

"Everyone says I'm the lucky girl to have him take me. And I am, amn't I?" There was a pathetic appeal for confirmation in the words.

"Your own heart will be telling you that," was the reply of Mary's Minnie. "Good-night. May God and His Holy Mother comfort *ús* all."

She stepped out into the yard. Before her, lying on the feathered outline of trees, was the curled wisp of a smoky moon. Genah Hill was a black splotch on a sky of dusky hue. The querulous whimper of a tethered dog came down on the air. She cast one look back to the kitchen. Colum's letter was going up the chimney in a swirl of flame, its redness falling on the figure of Michael's Mary hunched up again over the fire, her apron pressed over her face and eyes.

Mary's Minnie took the upward road. The cool air laved her. The night was very still.

# Father Caffrey's Way.

R. J. RAY.

## I.

FATHER CAFFREY pushed back his chair from the breakfast table and began to muse. He was what may be termed the old type of parish priest, and his years numbered nearly eighty. For the greater part of his priesthood he had ministered in Crutten-clash, which was situate near the coast, and which was one of the poor parishes in a very extensive diocese.

At the time of this story—a few years before the world war—Father Caffrey was much worried by an increase in the existent poverty. There were some dozens of fisher folk who were dependent upon the harvest of the sea, and the fishing had been so very indifferent that many homes had a scanty food supply, and when illness came the way then, of course, troubles multiplied.

In the interest of his poor parishioners he had made sacrifices of which none was aware, and as he now sat and mused he became mournful because he saw no way of alleviating in large degree the want that prevailed. He pictured the homes of the very poor folk, and his expression became one of sadness; he began mentally to number off names, and the sad expression deepened: then he remembered the few who felt a sense of shame they should have to depend upon any assistance that might be given them, and he began to murmur: "*Pessimus quidem pudor vel est par simoniae frug . . .*" The last syllable of the last word died away upon his lips. He had a fine eclectic taste in literature, and his library was well stocked with the works of learned ones who had long turned to dust and who yet lived between book covers. They were personal friends whom he often consulted and in them found solace.

While he mused there was a knock upon the door and, in reply to his murmured, "Yes, Margaret, yes," his housekeeper entered. She had been with him thirty odd years, and there had been gradually built up a friendliness of which she was very proud, and which she would not have forfeited for the wealth of the world. When she looked upon him now she rather guessed his thoughts, and she hesitated to make the request she had in mind. But really something should be done, because . . . He turned towards her and saw she was studying his face. Upon many previous occasions when she had so paused he had heard remarks judiciously framed: their purport was that—but perhaps you will the better understand and appreciate her attitude when she herself speaks.

"You may clear the table, Margaret," he said hastily, for he discovered in her face the expression which was always there when

she desired to win him over to the doing of something that did not appeal to him.

"There was somethin' I was wantin' to say to you, Father Dan . . ." she began, but he interrupted—

"You are greatly wondering, Margaret, what became of the fine ham that was in the pantry yesterday. Well, I may tell you—and then don't say another word . . ."

"If I may interrupt you, Father Dan, I wasn't thinkin' of the ham at all, nor the two dozen eggs that's gone as well as the ham, nor the . . ."

He threw up his hands and exclaimed :

"Well, well, Margaret, if it's not the ham, what is it?"

"I was wonderin' would you think of gettin' a dog?"

He gave a push to the chair and looked at her genuinely amazed.

"A dog?" he said. "For what in the name of goodness . . . ? A dog?" he repeated. "Is it Michael put you up to this?"

Michael was the youth known as the "priest's boy," for he was general servant and had a keen interest in dogs known as beagles, which careered over the country on the trail of a red herring.

Margaret sniffed—at any rate she went very near it.

"Michael, indeed, Father Dan. 'Twas yourself I was thinkin' of."

"Indeed, Margaret. I can't imagine what use I would make of a dog."

"A watch-dog I was thinkin' of," and she paused abruptly.

He stared at her. The numerous wrinkles on his brow deepened.

"Go on, Margaret. I am at a loss to understand what use I could make of a watch-dog or any dog."

"You could then, Father Dan. 'Twas oney to-day I missed the Chief Secretary an' the Chancellor."

Father Dan kept a very good breed of fowl, and in a whimsical mood he had given them such names as those mentioned by Margaret. He came to a pause now, and then said :

"I certainly didn't give them away. Are they really missing?"

"They are so, and 'twas oney afther a long hunt I found the Prime Minister."

"And what about the First Lord of the Admiralty?"

"He's there too, and so is . . ."

"Yes, Margaret. They're all there except two?"

"That's so, Father Dan. . . . Will you get the dog?"

"I must think about it, Margaret. Remind me to-morrow or the day after. . . . Not another word, for I've a lot of things to think of."

"Very well, Father Dan."

She began to clear the table and he was soon alone.

The next day the housekeeper was called away to her married sister, who was ill, and for three days Father Dan had as substitute a Mrs. Murphy, who, as the neighbours said, had "buried all belonging to her," and earned her living by getting different sorts of employment. When Margaret returned Mrs. Murphy went away. She went straight to the sitting-room and saw Father Dan seated before a fire which was somewhat on the wane. His hands rested upon his knees. When she came into the room he turned.

"Back again, Margaret?"

"Yes, Father Dan."

"And your sister—how is she?"

"Comin' on finely, thanks be to God."

"That's good news," he said, and came to a pause.

"I was just thinkin', Father Dan, that Mrs. Murphy used up a dale of things in three days."

Father Dan's hands rested upon his knees and he began slowly to move them up and down.

"I might be a little to blame myself," he said slowly.

The housekeeper sighed. It was the same old story.

"Anyway you had some visitors since I left."

"Not one, Margaret. Not one. I can't afford to entertain visitors."

"The rayson I mentioned it," went on the housekeeper, "was my missin' three bottles of wine."

"Oh, the wine. There's a deal of sickness going, Margaret, and Dr. Martin told me . . . ."

He ceased to speak and his hands clutched his knees. Margaret studied him with interest.

"If you don't mind me sayin' it," she said, "your heart's too big for your body, so it is."

He looked straight into the fire for a moment or two and then spoke :

"We're getting into the winter, Margaret, and you can see for yourself the poverty and sickness around about us. . . . Oh, by the way?"

"Yes, Father Dan."

"I've got a dog."

She advanced two yards and exclaimed : "'Tis glad to hear it I am."

"I bought it from Joe Duggan for fifteen shillings."

She drew back with a gasp of surprise.

"From Joe Duggan? Of all the wondhers, where did Joe get a dog? Why, I wouldn't be surprised if I was to thrack the Chief Secretary an' the Chancellor to Joe's door."

Father Caffrey became indignant.

"Before you make an accusation, Margaret, always feel assured you are in a position to prove it. Joe Duggan is one of those I have . . . befriended, and I shall not believe him so ungrateful as to come and steal my fowl. You must be less in haste in making an accusation."

"Very well so, Father Dan. . . . I'd like to have a look at the dog."

"Surely—surely. The animal is in the small outhouse."

Margaret turned and left the room. . . . When she opened the door of the small outhouse she gasped with surprise. The dog she saw had a head out of all proportion to its body, and the body had as many angles as a lump of quartz. The eyes were bloodshot and had a fixed glare, which rather suggested the dog was ready to eat anything or anyone that came the way. The ears were scarred and torn, and a portion of the upper part of the mouth seemed to have been bitten away in a fight. The legs were bandy, and the animal seemed never able to stand on all four of them at once. The tail was a stump—in fact, it was scarcely even that. After a careful look Margaret walked back to the sitting-room.

"Well, Father Dan," she began, "with great respect, you're no judge of a dog. The dog below would disgrace a tinker, an' no mistake."

"It certainly seems to lack breeding," replied Father Dan slowly.

"But Joe . . . Joe . . ."

"Everyone knows Joe is as good as starvin'," broke in the housekeeper, "'an' it was rale charity to give him somethin', but . . . ."

She paused and shook her head. Father Dan stood up.

"I'll not discuss the dog any further, Margaret," he said.

"If it's any offence I'm afther givin' I'll be askin' your pardon . . . ."

"No offence, Margaret, none whatever."

He took up his breviary and the housekeeper left the room.

The dog didn't live up to expectations. Once upon a time it may have been a watch-dog, but it had long abandoned the calling. It could eat well and sleep well, and that was the most could be said of it. If the housekeeper found the animal asleep when it should be on duty she gave it a kick none too hard, but when she was gone the animal curled up and slept again. She took such a dislike to the dog that she tried to induce Michael to take it out and lose it; but Michael said he wouldn't do such a thing, and the dog remained an eyesore to the housekeeper. Then more fowl began to disappear, and Margaret duly made a report.

When she mentioned the matter, Father Dan was in the garden.

"You'll be surprised to hear, Father Dan," she began, "that the Lord Lieutenant is missin'."

The "Lord Lieutenant" was an aggressive gamecock.

"The thief is abroad again," he murmured, and placed his hands behind his back.

"An' all I could find of the—the——"

"Don't say the Leader of the Opposition is gone?"

"For sure," quickly she replied. "All I could find was a few tail feathers."

"The Leader of the Opposition" was a Buff Orpington, and the deadly enemy of "The Lord Lieutenant."

"Something must be done," said Father Dan. "I shall lay a trap for the thief."

"An' I'll not be without keepin' my eyes very wide open from this out," supplemented Margaret. "When I asked Michael about the fowl its oney a cross look he gave me."

"I don't blame Michael," said Father Dan. "He has a great deal to do and he sleeps well of nights."

"Heth I believe you, Father Dan, an' the dog sleeps betther."

Father Dan turned away.

"Leave it to me, Margaret," he said. "I have a little plan of my own."

But the housekeeper busied herself to discover the thief. In the daylight she found time to go amongst the very poor, but she made no discoveries. A visit to Joe Duggan made her wrathful. He was some sixty years of age, found work where he could, and never for long. No one could urge anything against him, but, somehow, misfortune seemed to track him. At the time Father Dan bought the dog Joe had not long buried his wife, and from thence his nature seemed to grow harder.

When Margaret saw him he was seated on a lump of stone outside his miserable house, with his eyes gazing into the bowl of a pipe, which contained a few scraps of tobacco. He did not like the housekeeper. Indeed very few of the poor did. She was inclined to make close calculations in regard to charity, and these were in striking contrast to the acts of Father Dan where the needy were concerned. Joe looked up and eyed her intently, and she eyed him.

"Might I ask you a question, Joe Duggan?"

"To be sure, ma'am," and he spat with a nice precision.

"Well, then, what sort of a dog is it you sold Father Dan?"

"What's wrong with the dog?" he asked.

"I found that out aisy enough," she replied. "He can ate and sleep with any dog livin', but as for being a watchdog . . . ."

She paused and looked at Joe.

"I suppose you feed him regular?" he said with marked coolness.

She flushed with anger.

"We do our best," she said, "an' I don't mind tellin' you my feelin's to that dog aren't a Christian woman's."

"I wanted to give Father Dan the dog as a gift, but he wouldn't have it, an'—well, I wanted the money."

He buried a little finger in the bowl of the pipe. A thought shot into the mind of the housekeeper.

"I'll go inside for a drink of wather," she said abruptly.

"You're welcome," replied Joe.

Once in the house she opened the back door and looked around the small yard. She saw . . . . In a minute she returned, her face expressive of anger.

"May God forgive you, Joe Duggan," she exclaimed, "but it's you're the mane and contimptible man."

Joe rose to his feet.

"What's the matther now?" he asked.

"Matther?" she cried. "Robbery's the matther. This minit I'm afther seein' the legs of the Lord Lieutenant and the head of the Layder of the Position in your back yard."

Joe's lower jaw slowly fell and he moved back several paces.

"The poor creature," he murmured, "an' I never noticed anythin' wrong with her."

"I'm no more mad nor you are," went on Margaret. "'Tis you're the thief that took the fowl of Father Dan."

Joe's eyes turned towards the open door. In a flash he understood. Though alarmed, yet he remained brazen.

"Prove it," he said. "Would you be tellin' me to me face . . ."

"I'm afther tellin' you," broke in the housekeeper, "an' what's more I'll be tellin' Father Dan, an' not another bite or sup you'll ever get from him."

"You're afther seein' the head and the legs of fowl in the yard, an' you slander me up to me face. . . . All right so. You'll hear more about it."

"Yerra you can't put the comether on me, me good man," she retorted. "I'll swear to the legs of the Lord Lieutenant, an' there's no mistake about the head of the Layder of the Position. Me that reared them an' seen them every day. . . . Don't say another word. I'll not listen to you, so I won't."

With the last words she grabbed her dress and walked quickly away.

## II.

Father Dan heard the story with calmness, but his face wore an expression peculiarly sad.

"It's a wicked world, Margaret," he said.

"What are you goin' to do about it, Father Dan?"

"If you mean the world, Margaret, I am afraid I can't do anything, but if you mean Joe Duggan I'll have a talk with him."

"'Tis in the body of the gaol he should be," said the housekeeper with decision.

"Well, we shall see, Margaret—we shall see. . . . But I am surprised. . . . Indeed I am. . . . You may be mistaken?"

"Indeed an' I'm not. The skin of one of the legs of the Lord Lieutenant was torn in a fight with the Prime Minister, an' there was oney half a comb on the head of the Layder of the Position."

"I am glad there is no one listening," said Father Dan. "I am afraid they would arrive at a wrong conclusion. . . . I shall see Joe Duggan, and that's all for the present."

What happened when he saw Joe Duggan Margaret never learned; but when she saw Joe in the distance he hastily climbed a fence and made his way across a field. A glimpse of his face, however, showed an expression of shame, and she was content to think that for the future the fowl of the priest would be safe from him. But the unexpected happened quickly.

In the course of the next fortnight two fat hens mysteriously disappeared. Margaret pondered and took action with injudicious haste. If Joe Duggan would not cease to steal fowl when he had been admonished by the priest, there was only one course open, and she adopted it.

Father Dan was reading his breviary in the sitting-room when he saw the Sergeant of police approach the house. He was greatly surprised. When the Sergeant knocked upon the door, the housekeeper answered it. Then there was a clash of tongues, and Father Dan went into the hall.

"What's the matter, Sergeant?" he asked.

"If I might speak to you for a minute, sir?"

"To be sure; come in."

"I may as well talk where I am."

"With great respect," burst in the housekeeper, "I'll do the talkin' for him. I'd have you know, Father Dan, that two fat hens is ather goin', an' I took it on meself to go to the Sergeant to thry an' get him on the thrack of the robber, and I warned him—I mane the Sergeant. . . ."

"She did so," interrupted the Sergeant. "She told me I was to keep it from you, but sure when I have the thieves I should come to you."

"Thieves? What thieves?" asked Father Dan.

"The thieves that took your fat hens, sir," replied the Sergeant.

"One of them is——"

"Joe Duggan," exclaimed the housekeeper.

"Indeed an' it's not Joe," said the Sergeant. "I'll tell you who it is . . . ."

"Say no more, Sergeant," interrupted Father Dan. "If you think anyone stole those two fat hens you're mistaken. I gave one to Mrs. Tom Crowley and the other to that poor widow, Mrs. Doran."

The Sergeant stared at the priest and then at the housekeeper, and then he smiled.

"So I've had all me trouble for nothing," he said. "From the description I got of the fowl I traced them to them same two."

"I regret you were put to any trouble, Sergeant, but you may go away with an easy mind. There's no case for the Petty Sessions."

"I'm not a bit sorry, sir," replied the Sergeant, "for I wouldn't like to have a case against the two you're afther namin'. I'll be wishing you good day, sir," and he turned and walked away just as Father Dan made friendly answer.

For a few moments Father Dan fixed his eyes upon Margaret, who stood in abject attitude. When the priest spoke, his words were uttered with deliberation the most marked:

"I can quite understand, Margaret," he said, "why you acted as you have; but, as the fowl happened to be mine, you might reasonably have——"

"I'm sorry, Father Dan."

There were traces of real emotion on her face, and the kindly priest abruptly brought his lecture to a close.

"Well, well," he said, "that's something; but don't let it happen again, because . . . ."

He stopped and turned away as he saw the eyes of the housekeeper dim with tears. Thus the incident ended.

Now, by way of an intercession to Providence that there might be a betterment for the poor fisher folk and the poor in general, Father Dan arranged for the recital of the Rosary every evening in the parish church. When he was appointed parish priest he had some money, and the greater part of it had been spent in improving the church: that means no new element in regard to the indifferent appearance or inadequate furnishing of the sacred building can be introduced into this story. The church had an exterior very presentable and an interior which was perfect to minute details.

A few evenings after what I shall term the Margaret incident,

Father Dan went in the evening to recite the Rosary. The curate—there was only one—had just told him that there were five additional cases of sickness amongst the poor. Father Dan was in sad mood. When he faced the congregation he was trembling slightly, and when he knelt, and the Rosary began, there were in the church few who failed to detect the tremor in his voice. When the beautiful prayers had been completed he returned to the sacristy and, in a minute or two, the clerk told him a stranger desired to speak to him. Permission was given that the stranger should enter the sacristy, and there soon stood before Father Dan a man of some fifty years. His face appeared to have undergone a lithographic process there were so many lines upon it. From the face one concluded the man was businesslike, shrewd, good-natured, keen, with many things besides.

The stranger removed a soft felt hat and rested the thumb of the right hand upon a heavy gold watch-chain which ran from waistcoat pocket to waistcoat pocket. A smile slowly spread over his face, and then he said :

“ ‘You are going to America, John Crowley, and this is the last advice I give you : be honest, be straightforward, and never forget your religious duties.’ ”

He paused. Father Dan advanced with an air of genuine surprise.

“ ‘Who are you?’ ” he asked. . . . “ ‘You don’t mean to say. . . . Why that’s thirty years ago.’ ”

“ ‘Correct to two places of decimals,’ ” said the stranger with a smile that rolled the wrinkles upon his face into small furrows. His accent was what is termed “American.”

“ ‘Are you really John Crowley—son of Barty Crowley of the Mountain?’ ”

“ ‘Ye—es I am, Father Dan, and if I rolled up the dollars in America it’s because I took your advice and also tried to be a real live wire from end to end.’ ”

“ ‘A real—I am afraid I don’t understand?’ ”

“ ‘Translation’s as easy as boarding a car on the Great Pacific. A real live wire’s a man of business and energy, and you could put a thick roll of dollar bills on the firm of Crowley, Cantler & Co., Coffin Makers and General Mortuary Suppliers.’ ”

Mr. Crowley spoke with the utmost seriousness. To use a word often heard, Father Dan kept looking at him “speechless.”

“ ‘You’re all in a mist what brought me home? We—ell, my partner died and I sold the business, and then New York began buzzing in my ears most disagreeable. I seemed to be all out in the rain and didn’t know where to take shelter, and my only real pleasure was reading obituary notices and attending funerals. Then

I started a brain storm, and I concluded to steer my barque for Erin's Isle and spend the rest of my life and my money there, and . . . we—ell—here I am."

"Money," murmured Father Dan involuntarily, and pictured and even saw starving parishioners.

"Sure," said Mr. Crowley. "Say," he went on, "there's some poverty around about here. Why, I've spent the day wandering here and there with a bit of lunch in my pocket. Where are the folks I used to know? Gone. I fixed up a list of names as long as a plumber's bill for the White House, when I went through the graveyard: God rest their souls."

"Amen," murmured Father Dan.

They continued to converse and then went into the open.

"I had forgotten what tears are," said Mr. Crowley as they walked along the road to the residence of Father Dan, "but when I saw you again and heard the Rosary . . . We—ell, something hit me over the heart, and—and . . ."

The pause was so abrupt that Father Dan thought the tears had welled again. He was right.

On arrival at the house Mr. Crowley, in reply to Father Dan, said his "bit of lunch" was all he had had to eat since breakfast, and then Father Dan only began to wonder what was in the pantry of worth. He sent for Margaret, who was not a native of the district, and to whom Mr. Crowley was therefore a stranger.

"What can you do in the way of a dinner, Margaret?" asked Father Dan.

"Well, I think I could manage a bit of bacon, Father Dan, and there's the breast of the First Lord of the Admiralty was left over to-day."

Mr. Crowley's hand dropped from the watch-chain he had been grasping and he sat upright in his chair.

"Say," he exclaimed, "that's sent a cold snap right along my spinal . . . You don't mean to say . . ."

Father Dan explained.

"That's re—al good," said Mr. Crowley. "My! that's enough to make the sta—tue of Liberty smile."

When the dinner was over he discussed with Father Dan the wants of the parish, and the conversation had results which one might now see for oneself if I were to indicate where Cruttenclash is situate. But that must remain a "dark secret." When all had been arranged Mr. Crowley said with seriousness:

"I made my money in America by making coffins to bury folk, and now I'm going to spend it to keep folk out of them."

Then Father Dan did something he had not done for years.

He leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

# After this Furnace-Trial— What ?

CLANSMAN.

**Y**ES, it is breaking up, and must soon tread the path of all oppression, leaving behind it a people rejuvenated and strengthened to a degree perhaps unexampled in our whole history. When the tanks are transhipped for scrap and the bombing planes take wing for commercial duties elsewhere, they will have parted with a people steadied in character and invincible in their enthusiasm for the practical and the good. Shall we neglect to exploit that precious enthusiasm to the full? We hope not. Already from Nieuport to Sophia, from Dantzic to Marseilles, tortured Europe has assumed its spring coat of brown at the behest of the starving husbandman, while the gaunt and broken craftsman is achieving comparatively wondrous things in defiance of a shortage of raw materials and a lack of ways and means that are well-nigh insuperable. If the European worker can face the regeneration of his country under circumstances of appalling discouragement, what might we not reasonably expect to gain by tapping the post-war vigour and offering a lead to the new-found national soul of our own people? A return to pre-war conditions of national life would be fatal to future development, and as an antidote to such lethargy we plead for an era of intensive industrial and social reconstruction.

## INDUSTRIAL.

As the vehicle for this revival we have in mind a people's organisation, supported by voluntary funds to meet equipment expenses, and run to a considerable extent on voluntary lines. It would be controlled by a popularly-chosen headquarters honorary committee, each member of which would be selected by reason of his or her eminence in industry or social science. Study centres would be established in every town, but especially in those offering facilities for the study and pursuit of a particular industry or affording raw material for the evolution of another. For these centres headquarters committee would find an expert to give the necessary training to the fixed minimum of students or trainees until such time as their work was sufficiently advanced to warrant the engagement of a working foreman. The committee would also collect output, negotiate sales, and return the proceeds of his work to each trainee, retaining a percentage of, say, ten or fifteen to meet the cost of equipment and instruction. It would seem to be a dispensation of

Providence that where the raw material is there also will be found the nimble brains and fingers best adapted for its working. Accordingly there is no reason to doubt, for instance, that the Galway youth is quite as capable of serving the needs of art and industry with his native marble and limestone as is the Italian or Swiss in his native marble or timber. And it may here be of advantage to remember that in craft industries perfection and prosperity are attained independent of elaborate buildings and plant. Indeed it will probably be found desirable to forego, for a time, all attempts at erecting the latter, so that the movement may concentrate solely on those "cottage industries" where the fingers are taught to respond to the inspiration of the mind—in short, creative work. The "big factory" has not proved an unmixed blessing to those who have it. If it brings wealth to the few, it steepens the many in hopeless slavery and unenlightenment. In this matter let us "learn something from the enemy." Lately the Master of Balliol, the foremost college of the Oxford constituent group, delivered an address to an assembly of factory managers and foremen, in pursuance of a movement to give factory administration the benefit and impress of the trained sociological mind. And by far the most arresting item in his unconventional address may be thus paraphrased: "Your all-pervading machinery," said he, "is devouring you and your individuality. Get back to the crafts, the most potent vehicle ever known for the culture of the masses." He is right here, for the slave in the big factory creates nothing. In most cases he is an automaton who prepares the stuff and feeds the machine. The pattern, the shape, the texture and the polish are produced by the machine, and the feeder can easily be replaced, for he is only semi-skilled as compared with the hand worker. The factory operative is "too old at forty"—a tragedy which cannot overtake the craftsman normally, for while eyes and fingers retain their cunning, his work gains in merit and saleability. We don't seek to bar the factory, whose services, later on, will be invaluable in providing its quota of indispensable things—linen from our Southern flax-fields and sugar from our beet farms, etc.—but it will arrive automatically, and without any financial burden to the nation, as soon as our men and women show the grit and industry necessary to bend their genius to the mastery of their cottage crafts. The factory will then absorb the energies of those to whom the crafts made no appeal. We must first secure a nation of industrial artists by giving the crafts the first claim on our available genius.

Our critics never tire of advising us to look forward and put the past behind us. Even were the advice disinterested, we should be incurable in our resolve to ignore it while we can furnish from the

past some example inspiring us to immediate effort. And our minds revert just now to our history of a thousand years ago, when the lordly Shannon—now visiting upon us our neglect of him by sweeping so many of us to our doom—carried upon his flood, for transshipment abroad such diverse cargo as field and tannery products and the much prized artistic output in metal, stone, wood and canvas of the clan craftsmen, when our forefathers were familiar figures in the streets of every city of note on the French, Spanish and Italian seaboard, and had the satisfaction of seeing the work of the Clonmacnoise silversmith, the Galway sculptor, and the Limerick wood-carver given pride of place in marts packed with the treasures of a continent, when veritable treasure-ships returned to every Irish port laden with things of beauty and utility foreign to our craft, the choicest vintages and fruits of southern Europe, and rewards in currency which bore high testimony to the appreciation of the civilised world for Irish contributions to its sum of happiness and wealth. This is no fantasy of a day dreamer. It is authentic history; and its success was none the less pronounced because achieved in spite of the "handicap" imposed by our "uncommercial" mother-tongue. In sober truth, we can now retrieve our ten centuries of retrogression by a reasonable exertion of the national will. To do so we would lay under contribution the technical skill of every religious community from Youghal to Foxford, for this skill is the gift of the nation, and its possessors, thank God, are of us, and have always been with us in every sense of that term. And we bespeak the help of all who hold that our people are worthy of a brighter destiny than that which condemns our girls to slavery in a New York tenement and our boys to policing the under-world of that city or sweating out their young lives over the steel furnaces of the Pittsburg millionaire. So far the industrial issue as we view it and the means we would adopt for its solution.

#### ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL.

To these industrial studies we would bring instruction in economics and social science. For to make our efforts enduring we must demonstrate to the possessors of creativeness and mechanical skill the cumulative national value of that skill as distinct from the joy of production and profit accruing to the artist. A knowledge of popular economics will, individually and in the mass, often afford an incentive to perseverance in circumstances involving temporary discouragement or failure. And in the region of economics there are grave and insistent problems awaiting drastic remedies. Take emigration. It is our foremost economic curse. Yet it has never given rise to a campaign for its elimination. It is the standard hope

of our exploiters. For recently, when Tyranny was asked to account for the failure of her barbaric methods, her High Priest pointed to our boys and girls. "For over five years," said he, "there have been no ships available for their emigration." It is indeed the hemorrhage which induces and accompanies national phthisis, and the nation that will not seek to stop its ravages is infallibly doomed. We fought Conscription and, with a fitting lead from an incomparable Hierarchy, we smashed for all time the degrading and impudent claim of the foreigner to impose it on us. But emigration is conscription on an enlarged and recurring scale. It is an annual toll on our irreplaceable young population that we cannot afford if we desire to maintain national life. Conscription might have yielded 200,000 fit men, and the casualties before a played-out and impoverished enemy might probably have totalled about 7,000, leaving us 193,000 men to the good. Look up emigration statistics for the last sixty years, and strike the average annual exodus. By how much is that annual exodus short of the 7,000 suggested casualties? And how many fit men or women are returned to us by the emigration recruiting-sergeant? Again, have we any measure of the economic loss sustained by us in the operations of the emigration octopus? We have. The children of these unskilled economic conscripts have revolutionised American industry with their inventive genius. They have given tone, reliability and speed to her commercial system. They have endowed her pharmacopœia with the fruitful results of their sleepless and often unremunerated research. From bench, senate and legislature they have helped to build up a legal code notable for its equitable foresight and profound wisdom, and furnished classics of senatorial and forensic eloquence in the process. They have invaded her universities only to quicken the thought, enlarge the outlook and intensify the culture of her rising citizens with the same irresistible success which crowned their handling of the schools for the middle classes and the poor. They have dominated the ranks of her Catholic priesthood, provided her Church with the most illustrious of her bishops and princes, and reared the stateliest cathedrals and churches on earth for the reception of Him in whose service their fathers were never known to count the cost. That is Ireland's price for her assisted steerage passage to America. Has she paid the debt? Having enriched a continent in every department of its national life, is it irrational to claim that by holding and training her would-be emigrants she could do as much for herself? How will these questions affect the outlook and resolve of our boys and girls when expounded at the industrial and social study centres? How long will that economic scourge, the local emigration agent, prosper in their midst? How long will they

tolerate the maintenance of the ranches, the primary compelling cause of their own exile, when once they realise the economic aspect of allowing the bullock to munch and batten over broad acres while their parents are relegated to a cabbage-patch and hovel near the ditch? Fresh from their successful challenge to oppression, are they likely to embrace the lot of the emigrant, if properly instructed as to their potential value at home and are provided with the means of realising that value? We are satisfied that the solution of this problem of industrial conscription—this national consumption—is at least as worthy of as great an effort as that so promptly called forth by the impudent conscription proposals of 1918. “They will not go, the ancient race,” cried poor D’Arcy Magee many years ago. We owe it to them and to him to grasp the present acceptable time for the realisation of his long-neglected slogan.

With these economic studies we would naturally combine practical instruction in Social Science, in Domestic Craft and Home Management, Infant Care and Home Nursing, Laundry Work and Cooking, Properties of Materials and Knowledge of Commodities, the Science of Common Things, and Sanitary Science in its bearings on Home and Public Health. One of the most urgent needs of our people is an acquaintance with the Science of Citizenship, with whose laws compliance very often involves difficulty and sacrifice. From its study they would learn the measure of their franchise responsibilities: why personal must be subordinated to public interests, and how generally to circumscribe personal freedom so that the greatest freedom and good may be secured for all. With the spread of an adequate conception of the claims of citizenship we may anticipate, for instance, the early introduction of a Spartan régime in our municipal and county government and an end to the happy-go-lucky methods which condemn institutions like our national hospitals (dependent on appeals to the spasmodic generosity of the few) to stagger from year to year under a load of debt which must seriously impair the efficiency of their professional and administrative staffs, and thus react unfavourably on the health of the nation. To the centres we would also assign propaganda in connection with such social questions as the work of St. Brigid’s League and the elimination of trashy “literature,” questionable films and unwanted drinking-bars; and it would be safe to prophesy that in such hands reforms of national importance might count on rapid progress and permanent triumph.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Subject to the claims of vocational instruction, that dealing with the history, development and purpose of the craft in hand, and the

compulsory courses in economics and social science, it should be possible to reinforce and facilitate these studies with a general educational course. But it should be strictly limited to this purpose. The movement must not be deflected to meet the needs of potential bank clerks and "lady typists." It must be consecrated solely to the service of the creators, not the tallymen, of industry. On its literary side the educational course should be rendered attractive rather than "tasky," taking the form of lectures and readings in classic, fictional and dramatic literature, oratory and biography, and political and industrial history; while on the mathematical side, to avoid the possibility of discouraging otherwise capable trainees, at all events while the upper age limit of admission is in course of settlement, instruction should not outdistance the exercises essential to efficiency in the local industry. With regard to the age limits, it is only reasonable to point out that if England finds it possible to provide industrial training for her ex-Service men practically up to their thirtieth year, there is no reason why similar facilities should not be extended to our own soldiers of freedom. There should also be provided carefully-selected courses in Irish folk lore, country dances and vocal music, so as to endow the selection and execution of the work of our industrial artists with the requisite inspiration, distinctiveness and tone.

In necessarily broad outline we anxiously submit these suggestions for an initial practical effort in the regeneration of our national life. Whatever the measure of their feasibility, we rejoice in an unshakeable belief that no scheme of national betterment was ever submitted to as resolute and sympathetic a generation, whether amongst those who stand to benefit from its operation, those prepared to endow it with a contribution from their means or their attainments, or to give it publicity, life and the driving force of national sanction by the exercise of their great moral authority. In setting up the centres the observance of a Spartan economy will often infuse the students with a corresponding Spartan determination to "win through." For premises there is usually available an old, disused mill or a corrugated-iron shed, while the equipment will not run beyond a few sets of tools and a moderate supply of material. The students may be relied upon to find the rough bench and seating accommodation, and the hanging specimens of their craft will supply the most fitting scheme of decoration for the walls, while all outward show should be limited to a diminutive fascia-board over the entrance to fortify incoming students with the thought,

"HERE YOU SERVE IRELAND BEST."

# A Sick Call.

A TRUE STORY.

AMICUS.

## I.

“I WILL not answer for him, if my orders are not carried out. Do you know his temperature is 104 and the ‘flu’ is raging on him?” And Dr. C. prescribed certain remedies and sealed again his warning as to the possibilities if Father Dan did not follow them. With a last kind look at the young priest, burning, and restless from side to side, the doctor smiled and left the room.

Father Dan had been working for two days with the illness heavy on him. He was young and fervent, with a passion for work—work for God, and the Church, brooking no obstacle of circumstance or person—ignoring everything but the one thing, Christ’s work.

Loved by one and all—his life in the monastery was very precious—but most of all precious to the Sacred Heart Whose beatings he heard all day long, from the Tabernacle of the waiting King and Lord.

## II.

Left alone, that night, Father Dan tried to rest—in vain. From side to side he turned and tossed—till, utterly wearied, he fell into a doze.

Suddenly in the darkness of the room a light appeared, at first faint and dim, and then increasing every moment, until at last, the young priest sat up and watched the door, thinking some priest in the corridor was coming to see how he was, as the doctor had said every two hours someone was to come and look after him—for, remember, his lung was seriously affected; he was likely to die.

Weak and ill, he wondered: “Could it be the light of the Last Judgment—what *was* this light, at two o’clock in the morning?” Then a bell was rung furiously and he knew it was a sick call. Exhausted and ill, he lay back again, expecting to hear one of the five religious in his corridor come immediately to answer the bell—for he himself was ill and near unto death—did he move from the warmth of his bed—and they *knew* it.

Still the light did not go, and again and again the bell rang furiously, at repeated intervals. By now, poor Father Dan got distracted. “Surely they hear; surely someone has gone?” One of the five priests was so light a sleeper that he always said a mouse passing his door would awaken him—and *that* bell! “Good God! someone must go.” But no; the light was still there—and not a sound in the corridor.

Desperately feverish, this time with *thought*, thought of that life ebbing away, with the soul unshriven. Unable to do aught else, he rose and, with the sweat of fever on him; threw up the window—to find a carriage and two steaming horses, and the rain drowning the earth. He called out: “Who’s there?”

“For God’s sake, come down—a sick call.”

Without a thought of anything in the world but that soul, needing God, Father Dan called out: “I will come”; and throwing down the window, he caught hold of his habit and coat and, wrapping a scarf round his throat, he left the room—not a sound from the sleeping disciples—not a breath along the corridor—only the gentle footsteps of the Saint of God—giving his life for Him.

Away down he found a man in terrible anxiety. “Oh, Father, thank God; come this second, or she will be dead.” Wait! there was a Third must go with them, the Lord of love and mercy; and rapidly he brought His Lord from the sanctuary and placed Him on his burning heart. The carriage flew at the speed of life and death.

Not a thought did he give to himself till all was quiet in that frantic drive. He knew he would die—had not the doctor said so?—if he left his bed; it would be suicide. What matters it? What do I lose? Whom do I gain? A soul for Heaven.

Reader, this is a true story of a noble, saintly priest—almost incredible is the superhuman beauty of that night’s deed.

Meanwhile the sleeping disciples slept on—some indifferent; others smothering the voice of duty and the inevitable oncoming of remorse of having perhaps killed their fellow-religious by allowing him, sick unto death, to brave that night of storm in dire fever and sweat. Slumber on—“the Son of Man goeth.” And, indeed, Father Dan sent a soul to Heaven that night.

### III.

Alone once more, on the return journey, in the cushioned carriage, the beautiful, the holy, the great one of God was coming back—to what? To die? Did not the doctor say so? What matter?

Away to the east the light was breaking—the dawn of another day—for him? Ah, no; Father Dan was a mystic—what is that? Well, he was the doer of this great deed for God in these latter-day times. His pure, stainless soul, as it were, carried his body sick unto death.

Remember, reader, this is a true story.

The monastery stood out a splendid mass against the sky and, as the carriage drove up, the thought—oh, bitter, bitter thought—must have clamped his aching brow: “They are asleep, Lord, but I have comforted Thee.”

Well, he left the dark night and came up the corridor, weak and spent. The five were not disturbed—though one would hope that the wings of his guardian angel might have brushed the sleepers' doors—but sleep on—"the Son of Man goeth."

## IV.

The next morning he was terribly weak, but the fever was less. What were his thoughts? What did he say? Not a word to those five—but he told the doctor how he followed him that night into the rain—the doctor of the soul. Dr. C. was amazed, struck with awe and wonder at the daring deed of love.

You ask—Did Father Dan die? No. For two days he kept in bed, but on the third he felt so lonely he went to the recreation. Never a word had passed about that night of nights. What were their thoughts as the young priest entered the room? One may conclude that the veriest shame engendered silence; and yet one, not able to bear the weight, said: "Did you hear a bell on Thursday night, Father Dan?"

"What bell?"

"A loud bell went about two in the morning."

"What was it for?" said Father Dan.

"Oh, I thought you would have heard it, being ill and awake."

At this the young priest rose. "Yes, Father, I did hear it; and you heard it, all heard it, but no one heeded it. If you had not asked me just now I should have kept silent; but as you ask me, I will tell you. I heard the bell and I answered it—in the sweat of a dangerous illness. I went on that sick-call, because you and the others would not go. I am still weak and tired. I will bid you good-night and rest."

Father Dan, much moved, walked slowly out of the room—*alone*—for not one got up to accompany him. This unselfish, lovely character almost seemed like our Blessed Lord, when the multitude fell back, awed and affrighted by His very sanctity and greatness.

Father Dan did recover. God wanted him for many souls—and I tell this story—true and real—for he is a mystic, and the mystic lives with truth, and truth is humility.

As to the five sleepers: let Francis Thomson speak:—

"The angels keep their ancient places:

Turn but a stone, and start, a wing!

'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangéd faces,

That miss the many-splendoured thing."

# A Catholic Mind.

K. M. K.

THE month of September found me tired and weary. All the summer I had been helping at a Catholic Girl's Club in a very busy part of the city. We had been short-handed and now I felt the need of a complete change. Having no near relations of my own to consider I was free to choose any spot I liked for a holiday. In my present frame of mind I felt I must get away by myself and avoid all mankind. This not being reasonable I determined at least to go to a place unknown to holiday-makers, sightseers and trippers. I started looking up old guide-books and maps, but nothing seemed to please me until I found a happy inspiration in a very dusty old volume from the library, called "Unknown Spots in Kerry." It was such a nice old book, bound in leather, with edges which had once been shining, but were now quite yellow, and it had such a delicious smell of ripe old age. Among its faded pages I read with delight about a village which consisted of "a few cottages, a fine old church and an interesting graveyard." The wild mystic beauty of Kerry rose up before me—the myriad flowers, the creeks and the fascinating charm of the soft air. With my sketch-book and pencil I knew I should be happy there, and I blessed the little, worm-eaten book.

At first I thought of going alone, but this unsociable mood soon passed off and I wrote to several of my friends asking them to join me. Greatly to my disappointment one by one they wrote back, saying that for various reasons they could not come with me. Most of the helpers at the club, I knew, were not free, and others had already made plans, so that I began to be afraid that I should have to go alone after all. Then I thought of Miss Beveridge.

Miss Beveridge had come to the club in answer to an appeal for workers for the summer. She was a medium-sized woman with pretty, soft grey hair and an austere, sensitive face. About her there always hung an air of mystery, and few of us penetrated the nun-like reserve which was always her characteristic. We were a motley crowd at the club—young girls, care-free and merry, and a few older women, and among us all I think she exercised a peculiar influence.

I asked her if she would join me for a holiday in Ireland and, rather to my surprise, she readily consented. They said at the club when they heard the news that we were a peculiarly-assorted pair. Perhaps we were; but looking back to-day after many years, I think that Kerry holiday was one of the happiest times of my life. The

remote village was everything the old book had claimed—unknown, unspoiled. The church stood out grim and solid against the blue Kerry hills and, unmoved by the mighty Atlantic waves, which on still nights could be faintly heard, the little village pursued its dreamy life. And here we found great peace and happiness.

“What Mass will you go to to-morrow, Miss Beveridge?” I asked her the first Saturday evening of our arrival.

“Mass . . . ?” she said, and then she seemed to hesitate. “Oh, I thought you knew—I’m not a Catholic.”

“You’re not a Catholic?” I said, long-drawn out. I was amazed. From the first day of her arrival at the club it had never dawned on me that she was not one of us. Everything about her seemed to speak of her as a Catholic.

“But,” I said, “you’ve got such a Catholic mind!” I remembered our talks about Art and History and about those things which are interwoven intimately with Catholicism. It still seemed incredible to me that with her keen appreciation of the beautiful she should not be a Catholic.

“How strange that you should say that,” she said, and a look of sadness crossed her face. “Is it possible to have a Catholic mind and not the Catholic Faith? Listen, and I’ll tell you my story.”

I can see her plainly now in my mind’s eye as we sat together in the glowing dusk of that beautiful autumnal evening. Her pale, sensitive face lit up by her deep brown eyes—the mobile mouth and the pretty gestures of the small hands.

“My father and mother,” she began, “were North of Ireland people, staunch Protestants, and I was their only child. They died when I was very young and I went to live with an aunt in England. I had an Irish nurse, though how so zealous and devout a Catholic ever got engaged by Aunt Sophia I never understood. My earliest recollections are of nurse bringing me round to visit Catholic churches and of sitting on hard benches while she said her Rosary. Sometimes, too, I used to walk round the church with nurse while she made the Stations of the Cross, and this I thought great fun. In fact, I astonished my aunt one day by asking her “to take me round the pictures like nurse does.” Nurse was hastily called in to explain what I meant, and I never saw her after that day. Later I went to school, and at eighteen I came home to my aunt’s house and to the quiet life of a provincial town. Then it was that John Dease came into my life. He became my ideal, we loved one another, and I lavished on him all the passionate love which was pent up in my godless heart. And he was a Catholic. Unconsciously he taught me about a higher life and a truer one, and from him I learnt of God. You who have always had full knowledge of religion and

its comforts cannot understand what his lessons meant to me or how in our love I found the perfection of life. I grew to love the Faith which made him what he was, and I promised to become a Catholic. I remember John's happiness as he told me that now at last we should be one in everything. Oh, life was very rosy for just one long summer's day. Then the blow fell which shook my new-born faith and left me with the haunting shadows of a shattered dream. A short illness . . . and he was taken from me for ever. The bitterness and sadness of those days seem to be stamped into my very soul and the emptiness of life was unbearable. Why did God send me John only to take him away when my gradually-awakening mind was stretching out, fascinated in its search for truth? I found no answer. It was so cruel—so merciless. In the days that followed my mind was dumb with pain and nothing was clear but the terrible question—Why? After the first shock was over I became restless and I travelled abroad and studied Art and History. I lived in Rome for several years; lived among churches and the undying memories of your Church's history. I love your books, your ceremonies, your traditions. You say I have a Catholic mind—is it true, or is it a mockery? Sometimes I think it was John's last gift to me and I cling to my Catholic memories as to the last remnant of those happy days we had together." She paused and for a moment there was silence.

"And faith . . . ?" I said.

She shook her head sadly.

"Perhaps some day . . . ?" I ventured.

"Yes," she said, "I think it must come . . . some day."

Our Kerry holiday that year was the beginning of a firm friendship and I used to hear regularly from her for years. Her letters were always full of interest, but as she never referred to herself in them I got a complete surprise when her last one came, written from a convent.

"Will you come down and see me," she wrote. "I entered six months ago and receive the habit to-morrow. Thank God, the Faith returned after these long years, and here I have found complete understanding."

I went down to see her and found a radiant novice. Her joyousness is amazing and, as I teased her, not at all in keeping with religious decorum. But she chaffs me now and declares that the proudest moment of her life was when I accused her of having a Catholic mind.

# An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

Iy clor dam go bpaipar san moill an dá leabair ro as teact pé cló as Connrad na Gaedhilge .i. "Gaete Spéime 1," agus "Scéalta Tréimh." Ceapann a lán sup ceap na leabair rin do veit pé cló um an dtaca ro, aet na daime sup dóig leó an méro rin iy beas taitege atá aca ar clódoirib ná ar obair clódoirí, ná ar an iugneap a baineann le clódoiríeact de gnát, agus nío náe iongna ní has dul i bpeabap atá cúirpá 'en tróirt pan pé láchair. Iy móir an nío an foróne—oon té bíonn as bpoic le hobair cló.

\* \* \* \*

Éinne go bpuil acmáinn aige ar pceálta do éur in easar i gcomair leandái do mólpaínn do dul cum cinn leir an ngnó san moill, agus é veit ullam aige le hasaró an comóirtar ar an Oipeactar ro éugáinn. Tá mórgáda le leabra i gcomair leandái agus go mórmóir leabra ina mbead peictiúirí oipeamnáca. Bead viol iy glaoóc ar a leitéirí dá mbead píce leabair pé leir den tróirt pan ann. Péac a bpuil de leabrais gailda ann do leandái, agus an beapla a bíonn ina n-uimóir go gcuirpead pé déirtin ar éinne a cuirpead ruim i gcuinneap cainte. Aet má'r áit le Seán Durde nó leir an mbéaplóir oiaubuígeal cainte nó oipioar pceálta do éur or comair a aora óis ní baineann pan linn-na, aipa tupa. B'éoir go mbaineann ámtac; ní bead na leabra pan i bpuinneógair luét violta leabair, ná ar a gcunntapaib muna mbead go bpuil viol oíca -annro i n'éipinn. Iy méro uínn-na leabra oipeamnáca Gaedhilge do éur or comair an pobuil. Na daime a tuigeann go cuinn intinn an leimb agus atá oíte ar pcpiohad na Gaedhilge cuirpóir cum na hoibre láirpeac—bíod pé ina pún aca i gcomair na harébliaóna.

\* \* \*

Seo ponnit panna eile de éuro ar bpiomáite i gcúirpá díobóieacta:

## DUAN CRÍOST.

Ponn: Seán Ó Dubhí an Gleanna.

A íora a mhic Muirle, a Rí gíl na iugte  
A Impire na cine daonna iy a ngnáó  
A Críort mhíir omis, a Soiltre leir cumad  
Ríogaet Neime iy níoite an tpaogair i oírúe  
Díbir ar ndaile ar mbaor iy ar muite  
Coróde ar ar gcporóde a péitcean na ngnár  
'S it írpiet-pe a leimb naomáta na cpoire  
Cuimnis go dtugair paor pinn it báir.

72.

Mo pceimle-pe an ptoim pcpóirpá 'r an cluice  
Claoimáir ro éur i ndoipóro ptióet ádam  
It éúge-pe do bpuir a Naomíppiro do tuilleap  
Teimle uile an coipe épaoraig 'om épáó  
A Rí gíl do pugair Maoir leat 'r a tpuirpáó  
Trí éopp na tuile tréime san bát  
Dá bpuis pín a cumáinn na Gaedhil voéta comirp  
Iy go díograpieac cluchair paor pinn it báir.

73.

Ót maolinn-pe a mhuirí doibinn go hliap  
Piontác na Finne iy éactác a gcar

Coir Laoi ghl ir lipe òpìd agus òiophba  
 Ouibneaca, Òoipe, ir Èirine mar òfàr  
 Sàc line go liorta amleapac pcpiora  
 Tug dìogaltar ar furo na hÈipeann le ppàr  
 'S mo dìt guipt-re an fùipeann claoim ro nà epiteann  
 Dot fìopceart-ra a òpèitìm naomta na ngràp.

Ó lèitglinn don Daingean ó Ceann léime go Saitlìmh  
 Ó Uéappa go Seanainn taopac na òtonn  
 'Sa péim rin go Danna tá 'n-a gcaor lufne ar lapad  
 Bìom i ngac baile, éiteac ir mionn,  
 Claoim agus sangar léipgonta ir cealg  
 Cpaor agus palad daoròpòro ir feall  
 'S mo léan guipt do peannard a demmìc na òflaitear  
 Séanta ina peannail ag méipìg an domain.

## 75.

An méro rin do dallad do caoçad do meallad  
 Ag péabad na n-aiteanta le cpaor ir le òpùir  
 Le daorhionnai ppalpad in éiteac le canad  
 San ppéir aet mar pcpippead bpaon beag den òpùet  
 Staonard ir pcpoarp gèillrò ir caparò  
 Le naomaitpige peactmair ar Ué-llac na nòut  
 Bìomard ir laparò go òeapliuac le taitneam  
 Do péarla na òflaitear ir péòpò bap gcaup.

## DUAN AN SPIRIT NAOMH.

## 76.

Ir éactac an t-éipieac ro in Èirinn le ppàr  
 Dàp gcaoçad dáp òcpaoçad dáp òcpéancup cum báp  
 Àr n-éiteac àr n-éigean àr gcpaernm ag fàp—  
 Do léar rinn do léipg 'n-àr méipieacab pàp  
 Ag tréigean ag péanad an Cùip Naomta ran lora ghl  
 Dáp paopad do céapad ar gèagaib na caomèpoire  
 A péarla na péile tpic pemòpòro pa pàp  
 Réròctis go péilteanac òeapicac àr gcaup.

## 77.

Iny gac aonball pèn ppéir reo na gpeine le pagáil  
 Do leat léigeanact ir pémeact ir naomtaet do cáil  
 A Èipe, sup gèilleadap Saedla go táp  
 Do baotbirt do bpeaga na péirte tug ar  
 Àr caomplioet mlléipur ba péamhaire poillpe puilt  
 Rémoimig méimmlur géapcumann díogpaiceac  
 A céile na naompppòde a naommluip ar ngràd  
 Saop rinn pé féala do pceite lá an bpac.

## 78.

Mo léan guipt na pcealta do pceitmar le páig  
 Ó pléibte na péinne go hégipet na bpàrò  
 Ó Bémice go Napler ó Suédland go ppáig  
 'S ón ngréig go Dienna rin eclipr ir pláig  
 Àr an òcpéad liorta tréad buile tréad otap claoiméleapac  
 Nà gèilleann do bpéirte na cléipe reo fìopòleagac  
 Lá daol an lá daorpar an paogal de plioet àdām  
 Ir lá péim agá nglaoðpar ar taob na òeaplam'.

79.

An Ceangal:

Miorcair ip malluigtaect gangaid ip taròre t'péan  
Cuirp'teact camaclir ceals ip cladaipeact clao  
Tug pinne pé tapcurne t'p'earcap'ta tinn san péim  
Ó a mhic Muiré g'il f'p'earai me, learuig ip leigear mo érim.†

AR g'eanmnaib'eadt na maig'one muiré.

80.

Ip méim liom labairt ar péiltean ionntac  
Réiltean b'ionntac beannuig'te  
Réiltean ceol'mar péiltean glóim'ar  
Réiltean t'p'ocairpeac taitneam'ac  
Réiltean lonn'pac péiltean p'pionn'pac  
C'p'ao'bac clú'mail caith'p'ead  
Réiltean p'io'gm'ail éactac imp'eam'ail  
Caom'g'lan C'p'io'rtam'ail cap'tannac.

81.

Réiltean á'tair péiltean g'p'ap'ac  
Réiltean g'p'ad'm'ar g'eanam'ail  
Réiltean áluinn néata neam'da  
Réiltean é'p'ad'iteac ceanam'ail  
Réiltean aoi'binn f'ean'mar foill'p'ead  
Réiltean b'p'io'gm'ar banam'ail  
C'p'io'rtal na céille, coim'eall na cléipe  
Ip lile na maeg'dean ma'p'eam'ail.

82.

Réiltean ó'p'ra péiltean ó'm'pac  
Réiltean m'ó'om'pac map'tannac  
Réiltean ió'cp'ac péiltean éom'aectac  
Réiltean é'p'oinneac éadap'tacé  
Réiltean p'ua'g'alta péiltean ó'ia'da  
Réiltean g'p'ian'da g'eanm'nac  
G'ile g'p'erónac m'uir m'eróp'ac  
Om'ig' o'ig'neact p'ap'tair.

83.

Réiltean o'p'p'ead'pe péiltean folur'mar  
Réiltean f'od'ap'ac f'altap'ac  
Réiltean cum'pa péiltean éongantac  
Réiltean f'ú'g'ac f'almae  
Réiltean p'p'p'io'dam'ail péiltean m'irneam'ail  
Do féo na mill'iun map'calac  
Ip o'it'p'ig uap'le ag eiteall'ar uainn-na  
I peib' g'il f'ua'p' na b'p'laiteapa.

84.

Réiltean eol'ur péiltean éoi'p'ig  
Go péilteac p'ó'd na n'agail're,  
Séad tap' p'ed'a an t'p'ao'gail' p'elón'd'p'ais  
Séad ip m'óp'da ag ap'p'ol'ar  
Séad do féoil i péim g'ac ó'g  
Go naom'ta a éom'ad na haiteanta

'S ina   c  aotai     is  ir l  igeannta le  ganta  
    m i   comar na n-aingeala.

85.

An Ceangal :

Seo an     ltean t  r     m   il a roillre ir   earr  
An     ltean ir     nn  ir    ro  a  t na n    r  
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86.

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\* \* \*

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# Topics of the Month.

## THE PEACE CALL.

### I.—SIX MONTHS OF BARBARY.

THE country's immediate necessity is peace, honourable peace.

For the past six months a naturally peaceful land has been reduced to anarchy in the name of "restoring order." Deadly violence has become an official procedure.

The instruments of the established authorities have been permitted to resort to the most barbarous extremities, and their doings have been cloaked by their administrative chiefs "under a pall of lies."

Human blood counts for nothing.

The process of trial is dispensed with or degraded to an absurdity.

Men under arrest have died mysterious and terrible deaths.

Persons acquitted have been murdered on release.

Houses, villages and towns have been plundered and delivered to the flames.

Terrified populations have been driven into the fields at dead of night.

In its latest stages the wild campaign has developed into the most diabolical sacrilege. Churches have been desecrated. Sacred utensils have been defiled. Alms have been stolen. Priests have been seized and horribly beaten. And one of these anointed ministers of God, decoyed to his doom by what purported to be the voice of duty, has been foully murdered and his body hidden in the ground.

The country has borne all this with a degree of fortitude and patience that has astounded trained observers from foreign lands, who came to see for themselves the real situation.

The justification put forward by the British Prime Minister is that "Ireland must be taught a little of what war means." War on these lines was exactly what England so loudly denounced when she had to defend herself in arms against less diminutive opponents.

But militarism regards ferocity as a virtue when dealing with the weak.

### II.—THE WAY HAS BEEN SHOWN.

Deceived by false news, "faked" films, and lying statements from the highest quarters, the English people have not had a chance of easily perceiving the facts in all their frightfulness. Fortunately, there is a Catholic conscience in a section of the English public. It has been getting to work, and its influence has stirred sympathy into the fair and humane minds, which are not wanting in the British population.

These elements in Great Britain have hearkened to the words of Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Gilmartin. They realise that government by pistol and petrol may spread to illimitable lengths and that the tyranny now rife in Ireland may yet seek to extinguish English liberties even on English soil. If only for the safety of their own future, Englishmen of all conditions would be wise to say, with a determined voice, that the rule of Atrocity in Ireland must end. Cardinal Logue and Dr. Gilmartin have indicated how it can be swiftly and satisfactorily ended.

### III.—IF THE OFFER IS REJECTED.—

Those who at present rule Britain have left Ireland without representative leaders. The chosen heads of

the people, elected under the provisions of the British Constitution, are nearly all incarcerated or in hiding. The initiative, therefore, rests with the British Government of inviting these men to help in arranging a Truce of God and in discussing the preliminaries of a lasting state of quietude. If goodwill were in the hearts of politicians in power the cessation of strife could be brought about in a conference of one hour's duration. And the same spirit of goodwill would render it quickly possible to strike a permanent bargain between the British and Irish peoples which would be to their mutual honour and interest.

Certain groups, for the moment powerful, could be dismayed at the settlement of an enmity which they have so profitably exploited for themselves. But it is time that the intrigues and ambitions of a few should be set aside. We have heard a good deal about "the protection of minorities." The protection of majorities has become a far more pressing question. The majority in Ireland and the majority in Great Britain can readily agree on a settlement if they are not balked of the opportunity.

Ireland has made a call for peace. The head of the British Government refers to it as a "squeal" and a "whine." It is neither one nor the other. Peace is the ideal of Christmas, and they must abide by it if the possibility is within their reach. "Have peace with all men," says St. Paul, "if possible." In Ireland the successors of the Apostles, through their spokesmen—a Cardinal and an Archbishop—have shown that the country seeks the means of fulfilling the Apostolic direction.

If the Government wishes to respond, an understanding can be arrived at which will gradually soften and expunge the effects of the

recent past, so ruinous for both nations. Should the offer be rejected, let those who spurn it bear full responsibility for the unknown future. Force begets force, and war breeds war. The trouble in Ireland has within it the seeds of trouble for the world.

## BELGIUM'S NOBLE AID.

### I.—BELGIUM AND IRELAND.

In an accursed system of society which has condemned mankind to a perpetual rivalry and struggle, it is consoling to note one outstanding evidence of the brotherhood of humanity. This welcome sign has come, appropriately enough, from one small nationality to another small nationality, from one Catholic people to another Catholic people. The message of the Belgian Hierarchy, with its substantial gift for the benefit of the suffering, has touched the heart of a generous nation. Regardless of the niceties of international diplomacy and political ties, the Belgians have, through their Bishops, sent Ireland an expression of admiration and friendship which stronger and richer states have withheld lest it offend the strong and rich in the British Isles.

Belgium's action is particularly significant as betokening the bond of a common Faith. The kinship of Catholicism once went far towards keeping Europe in tranquility. Hostility to the Creed of the Irish people has no small part in continuing the terror in Ireland to-day. The Belgian Bishops have not sought historic reasons alone for their act of kindness. They have stated plainly the debt that modern Catholic populations owe to the Irish. During their exile from their own country the Belgians gained first-

hand knowledge on this point. Those who were located in Ireland had experience not merely of hospitality—which springs from human benevolence—but of a fidelity to practical religion, which has its roots in a spirituality all too rare in the material nations of the age. The Priests and Bishops of Belgium found that in their dire misfortune it was good for their people to be in Ireland. There they contracted a renewed attachment to a Faith regarding which some had become indifferent or careless. They caught the tone of their environment and became “practising Catholics” once more. Their Pastors observed with joy that instead of returning, as exiles too often do, in a state of moral degeneracy, they came back to Belgium re-spiritualised, ready for a great role in the regeneration of their stricken motherland.

## II.—WE WILL NOT FORGET.

Be it not thought, however, that in the soul of Belgium the light of Faith had dwindled to a flicker. Catholicism is, has been, and shall be the deepest factor in Belgian life. It has left its mark on the people's history, their architecture, and their art. The glories of the Flemish painters are based on Catholic subjects and inspiration. The same force animates the highest Belgium art of the present day. An industrial country, Belgium has had less social and industrial unrest than has been experienced elsewhere—because the innate Catholic principle of the people inclines them to seek an accord—their national religion having implanted in them an unconscious desire to put the good of the community before that of individuals.

Irish visitors to Belgium last summer had, however, still more direct proof of the vigour of Belgian

Catholicism in the large and reverent congregations that thronged the churches. Even in the holiday towns, supposed to be devoted to triviality and pleasure, this was apparent. The churches of Ostend itself were thronged, not with foreign holiday-makers, but with the fervent Flemish parishioners by whom they were built.

Ireland is uplifted by the words of the Belgian Hierarchy and the country of their flocks. They are the first foreign nation to extend spontaneous and tangible encouragement in the hour of our ordeal. If the awakened conscience of the world ranges itself on our side, guns and explosives will go down before it. Right must triumph. The fruition of that certainty has, we believe, been hastened by the bold and Christian step taken by the Belgian Bishops. Ireland will not forget it when the terror has passed away.

## WHAT IS WRONG WITH ENGLAND?

### I.—A DYING CHURCH.

To account for the miseries that confront Ireland we need only consider the state of England. In the past ten years Christianity has been waning in that country, and the weakening of Christian ideals is making itself manifest in the process of government. Apart from the fact that we suffer the consequence, we must sincerely deplore this enfeebling of moral impulse in a nation that, for good or ill, so largely influences the world's affairs.

For some years before the war the Protestant clergy were feeling very uneasy at the trend of the English mind. A whole decade back the most earnest English Protestant thinkers were asking whether the supernatural ideals of Christianity

mattered any longer to the populace, whether infidelity was not contaminating every class, whether, in a word, the English were not falling away.

Cecil Rhodes, son of a parson and keen observer of men, said a little while before his death that the English people were no longer interested in the English Church. He was interpreting the mental attitude of the passenger in the street, the typical business-man, the woman of fashion, the comfortable earning grades and, most important of all, the poor. The Protestant Church had lost the power to influence the hearts of the great mass of the people.

## II.—RECORDS OF FAILURE.

The words of the historian Froude were already proving too true. Bitter anti-Catholic as he was from the time he lost touch with the Oxford movement, he had no delusions as to the outlook of Protestantism. He said it was a branch lopped from the parent stem, destined merely to wither and cumber the ground. He spoke in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The first quarter of the twentieth is beholding his prophecy fulfilled.

A few years prior to the outbreak of Force all over Europe, the great middle-class journal of England put the question to the country at large—"Do We Believe?" Plain revelations of the actual amount of Christianity in England then ensued. A foremost Anglican churchman confessed: "The Church of England is undeniably losing her hold on the great majority of the English people." And the admission followed that it was losing that hold, not through its members adopting another creed, but because they were

sinking into secularism and unbelief.

That was about the year 1910, and at the same period the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool made the public statement that, whereas the population was increasing, the Church got only 300 children out of the 10,000 that should have come to it on the basis of the previous year's statistics. He went on to say that in many schools catechism was tabooed altogether and teachers were honestly telling him that they had doubts whether they could subscribe to the tenets of the Church Catechism. The same Protestant ecclesiastic declared that thousands of senior children were leaving school who had no knowledge whatever of catechism though nominally Church children.

These children are the men and women who now make up England in 1921. It is an awful circumstance in which Catholics cannot exult. Imperfect Christianity is infinitely better than none. The class hatred which is fast coming to a head in Great Britain, and the methods of barbarism installed under the guise of government in Ireland, are among the most appalling indications that Christianity is disappearing from the British soul. Protestantism almost completely supplanted the true Church in England and has had four centuries to display its value. Its worthlessness must be deplored.

## THE CRY OF THE WORKER.

### I.—UNEMPLOYMENT AND SOCIALISM.

Across the Channel unemployment is now bringing up the nightmare of Socialism. Denunciation of it is not sufficient. If wisdom actuated the powerful they would acknowledge that with all its melan-

choly errors Socialism embodies a few just demands that appeal to the sense of fair play inherent in the heart of mankind. It is not for the world to accept the bad with the good. Rather it is a duty to cut away the bad part and carry the good part into effect. That is the standpoint of the Christian reformer as regards socialistic proposals.

At junctures like this, when the toilers of the world are in extreme discontent, it cannot be said to them too often that the Church fully concurs with their cry for a much larger share in the physical comforts that life affords.

Leo the Thirteenth, almost a generation since, urged the employing classes to deal more generously with the employed. That great Pope announced—what seemed to many rich men a new doctrine—that the worker was entitled to a reasonable proportion of comfort, leisure and security. A lifetime of toil should not be the prelude to a neglected and indigent old age. The hired man should have enough to keep his wife, his children and himself in decent well-being. Had the Pontiff's words being carried into effect when the world first heard them, what a difference it would make now!

## II.—HOW TO KILL SOCIALISM.

The adjustment of the economic crux, it must be remembered, is a task for the laity. Pontiffs and Priests can enunciate principles. It is for the men whose day is spent in business spheres to make these principles tell. Every employer, to a greater or less degree, is the representative of Capital. In that abstract capacity he has much to dread from Socialism, which aims at his destruction. The Capitalistic system is not, in itself, something appointed by the Almighty. It must adapt itself to the requirements of justice or be swept away. Socialism would fain do the sweeping in a sudden and drastic way. And the strong feature in Socialism—the one that makes it a power not to be ignored—is that its charges against Capital are not entirely false.

The sweater, the heartless dissembler of employees, the greedy profiteer, the cynical spurner of old age attained in loyal service—these are cankers that render Socialism plausible to the masses. If the Christian reformers, that is to say, the laity, can expunge them, Socialism will dwindle into an academic theme.

# Books and Books.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO "THE IRISH ROSARY."

*Mother of Divine Grace: A Chapter in the Theology of the Immaculate.* By the Rev. Stanislaus M. Hogan, O.P. 6s. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., Orchard Street and Paternoster Row, London.

*De Maria nunquam satis*, it is said. This latest edition, from the learned and graceful pen of one of "Mary's Brothers" (as of old the sons of St. Dominic were known), to Marian literature is a very welcome one. It is a clear and luminous response to the great need of our day, for at no time since the Middle Ages has there been such a longing for, and welcome of, dogmatic theological Truth as there is to-day. It is partly the outcome of the world war, in part the natural evolution of thought emerging from the trammels of three hundred years of Heresy and looking eagerly around to find if haply man may indeed know God. This applies more particularly to the souls whom the ignorance inaugurated by the "Reformation" has deprived of their Catholic birthright, but it is true that in Catholic lands also Fr. Faber's observation holds good, "preach dogma, nothing but that, and you will see how the souls ransomed by Christ will run to drink of those life-giving streams." The beautiful book under consideration is, says the learned author, "frankly theological. But because it aims at giving the theological reasons for Catholic devotion to our Lady, and because solid devotion to the Virgin Mother of God is a consequence of true knowledge of what she is in herself, in her relations to God, and in her relations to mankind, we hope that piety will be served by it." Love follows from knowledge—and this book is a beacon of knowledge of our Blessed Lady, a picture of her perfections and her position from which none can help deriving a warmer glow of love and confidence in the Great Mother of God and of the Church, or a better understanding of the magnificent praises of the Saints poured at her feet. It is written with rare clearness and simplicity, and to fair-minded Protestants interested in the claims of the Church it also has a Dominican message of enlightenment. In a book wherein so many theological references and quotations abound, we are delighted to see frequent appreciative mention of Dante, "the poetic Thomas Aquinas," from whose glorious work it is said the whole cycle of Catholic Theology could be reconstructed, were all other records destroyed.

E. S.

*Little Jesus.* Illuminated by Bertha Crapp 1s. 3d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., London.

Francis Thompson's well known poem, written out and illuminated after an entirely modern and pleasingly pretty manner, i.e., in one picture we see an Angel arranging the halo of the Holy Child! This is in keeping with the spirit of the poem, and the full page illustrations, and the small and engaging initials, will attract and please youthful attention. A booklet which might well be included among one's Christmas gifts to little friends. E. S.

*The Ship of Peter.* By the Rev. E. F. Nugent, illustrated by L. D. Symington. Paper, 16 p.p. 1s. 6d. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

This is another booklet for children, there are seven full-page line drawings, some of them very attractive and having much of the delicate detail on which the eyes of children love (or used to love!) to dwell. The title describes the contents of the book, which is an exposition of the office and claims of the Sovereign Pontiff for the little ones of the flock. One of the drawings, showing the Pontiff at the tiller of the Ship, is quaintly charming, and shows a throng of boys and girls sitting in rows in the Ship. The "Power of the Keys" has two verses, and an illustration to itself. The following verse shows the easy quality of the verse—it might not be an untruthful suggestion to have them learned by heart and recited, or sung to any appropriate hymn air, in class, especially about the time of the Apostle's festival:—

"And in Peter's Church beside,  
Us to succour; us to guide,  
Christ is present ever  
In His Sacramental Food,  
Just as on the deck He stood;  
He will leave us never,  
If with loyal hearts and true  
We abide with Peter too." E. S.

*The Catholic Diary.* Cloth 2s. net, leather 4s. net. London, Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.

This useful and daintily got up Catholic annual is one of those presents for the busy man or woman of one's acquaintance which is certain of being useful and a memento of ourselves throughout the year. Its Calendar, published before the Ordo usually appears, is singularly full, containing the festivals of four or five Religious Orders as well as the

Universal one; it has the date calendars of 1921 and 1922; postal information, memoranda pages, etc., etc. The selected short passages for every day are a notable feature, they are chosen with considerable judgment and taste.

E. S.

*Blessed Louise de Marillac.* Paper, 32 pp.  
4d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

This brief sketch of the lately beatified Foundress of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, with a picture of the Beata on its cover, is full of interest and lightly outlines what must have been an immense and heroic work undertaken by the saintly young widow for God and the poor. The perfume of violets was frequently noticed at her tomb, and miracles were early attributed to her intercession. What wonder?—since, even for ordinary souls, St. Vincent de Paul says "They who love the poor in life need have no fear of death."

E. S.

*A Bishop's Letters to Boys and Girls.* By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cox, O.M.I. Paper 32 pp. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Here is another of the booklets for the younger members of the community of which we have quite a number this time. Though there are only 32 pages, of a handy square small shape, there is much solid and useful matter in the book, for the print is small and close, though clear and black. Perhaps it is best suited for reading aloud, in chapters, by Mother, say, on Sundays.

E. S.

*A Short Method of Mental Prayer.* By the Most Rev. Nicholas Ridolfi, O.P. Translated by the Rev. Raymund Devas, O.P. 3s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Here is a treatise, from the sixteenth century, of which little indeed has been known until the excellent and faithful translation of Fr. Devas has placed it within the reach of all. Only a French translation, dated 1661, was extant, the Italian original no longer being in existence. Many are the books of Meditation nowadays on the market, yet we venture to think that the present beautifully simple and brief instruction on how to make fruitful Mental Prayer—prayer, as distinct from complex considerations,—will fill a real need. No grace is so great or so omnipotent as prayer, no grace, generally speaking, is more wanted at the present time when life is so noisy, so distracting, so artificial. And Fr. Ridolfi's volume leaves nothing to the reader's oftentimes perplexed imagination, we are shown the complete Method, and illustrations of prayer thus made are given

us. The Dominican spirit in the making of Mental Prayer is beautifully exemplified in both the late Fr. Bertrand Wilberforce's booklet (Catholic Truth Society, London), and in this persuasive manuscript of the saintly sixteenth century Dominican who was one of St. Philip Neri's own penitents, and to whom he said that if Providence had not assigned him another path, "he would willingly have become a Friar along with Nicholas."

E. S.

*The Seven Last Words.* By T. Gavan Duffy. 1s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Books for Lent are plentiful, but Mr. Gavan Duffy's, beautifully written, breaks new ground for all that the lessons drawn from the loving pondering of those touching Words are lessons that we have been trying all our lives to learn. Our relations with Him Who has loved us even unto death, and Who renews, morning by morning that Sacrifice of Himself—for in each Word some Eucharistic thought is gently but clearly elicited—and our payment of the love we owe Him by means of the daily opportunities of our work-a-day lives, are simply and touchingly presented. The following citation may represent the quality of the work: "*Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend My spirit, to God His spirit, but His body unto men, who pierced it with a lance. It is still with us, this Body, and still we pierce it, re-animated though it be, with the lance of our neglect. And we bury it in the Tabernacle, and leave it buried, never caring to watch beside the sepulchre, slow to bring our precious ointments, not even eager that our name be called by Him in loving answer to our search, till our thrilled "Rabboni" echo on for ever between our heart and His.*"

E. S.

*St. Paul: His Life, Work, and Spirit.* By the Rev. Philip Coghlan, C.P. 7s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London.

The name of Father Coghlan requires no further commendation as a deep Scripture student to those who know his book on the Parables. Within the limits of a good 250 pages he has given us a masterly study of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, a work unique in English. Devotion to St. Paul, most winning and most human of saints, for all the sublimity of his thought, most universal in his sympathies, so that his writings, like the Psalms, speak the heart of all humanity, is yet by some strange chance far from being a common attraction. Yet there are few of our spiritual Fathers of whom we know so much, both as regards historical record, and as regards his own personality and inmost soul, self-revealed to us in his Epistles. This scholarly yet

simply-written, and almost meticulously accurate work, is a volume of great value—its title sufficiently indicates its character—apart from the historical matter (of which the learned author has given us no more than is necessary to the better understanding of our Apostle by seeing him in his own times), there are a number of brief commentaries (here again Fr. Coghlan modestly disclaims any such name for his admirable elucidations of the Epistles), while the study of St. Paul himself is at once reverent, clear-sighted, and affectionate. The Index occupies about four pages, the bibliography three, and there is a map showing the scenes of St. Paul's journeys, and the places mentioned in the Acts and Epistles. "If we measure the greatness of a man by the influence which he has exercised upon the human race, Paul was one of the greatest men that ever lived," writes Fr. Coghlan. "It was chiefly through his personality and work that the Christian religion became the world religion. We do not for a moment imply that he introduced into it the element of universality, as if this was wanting to it as he received it. . . . (He was) 'only the instrument of its propagation and formation . . . it preserved this character only as the word of Him Who is revealed to us in the Gospel.'" If only that Catholics should not be outdone by those "higher critics," among our separated brethren in attention to this marvellous Apostle (whom so many of these foolishly declare to have "made" and "changed" Christianity), this book ought to have a place in our seminaries, (as a help in popularising devotion towards Him among its readers' future flock), and also in our colleges and secondary schools. E. S.

*Catholic Almanack and Guide to the Services of the Church.* By the Editor of *The Catholic Directory*. 3d. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Of its kind we know no booklet so comprehensive as this. In addition to the full rubrical Calendar of the Church, there are Monthly Notes, Anniversaries, a page sketch of some prominent Saint of each month, an interesting list of little known festivals, the usual postal and other information found in almanacks, Summary of Christian Doctrine, a summary of the legislation on marriages and mixed marriages, and a large and interesting collection of useful advertisements. The book is mainly of interest to Catholics in England. E. S.

*Scripture Examples: The Apostles' Creed. The Commandments of God and of the Church.* By the Sisters of Notre Dame. 9d. each. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

No more valuable books for the religious teacher or the instructor of converts, can well be found than those very admirable little manuals, which embrace a wide field. Those on the different Sacraments, for

instance, are excellent and most complete. The two under consideration are intended for use with the catechism, and they elucidate the various teachings and prohibitions of their themes by illustrations taken entirely from Holy Writ. They are clearly printed, the catechism reference being given in black type, and all are numbered. "The book," the Sisters observe of each, "is an endeavour to vary the manner of imparting religious knowledge by introducing examples that bear on the point in hand." In the book on the Commandments there is a useful appendix with clear instruction as to what constitutes Breaking the Commandments, viz.: what sin is, Original and Actual, and the difference between Mortal and Venial offences, their Conditions and Effects. There is also a short instruction on Temptation. A reprint, in the book on the Creed, of the Plan for the Instruction of Converts, drawn up by Fr. J. Riley, S.J., is of much practical interest. E. S.

*The Divine Office. A Study of the Roman Breviary.* By Rev. E. J. Quigley. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd.

This book appears at an opportune moment especially in view of recent changes in the office of the Roman Breviary. The work is not intended to be an exhaustive contribution to the liturgy of the Divine Office. The author modestly tells us in the Preface that he hopes it will serve as an introductory manual to the study of the Breviary. But he expects it may also be useful to priests. Fr. Quigley divides his work into four parts. The first deals with general questions, including a history of the Divine Office, with special reference to the Roman Breviary. In the second portion he gives us rules for the recitation of the Office. These rules are very practical, and are gathered from approved moral and ascetic sources. The third part treats of the Canonical Hours in detail. Here the author gives us the fruits of much study, and we can see from it how well he is acquainted with current questions of biblical and liturgical interest. In the last part of his book, the author deals with Heortology, giving a chapter on the Proper of the Time, and of the Saints, also a useful supplement on Breviary Hymns, and on the Particular Examen. The Bibliography is also good. Fr. Quigley justifies, we think, his quotation from the seventy-second Psalm: "I studied that I might know this thing, it is a labour in my sight." But in the words of Cardinal Bona, he does not claim that the work is faultless. Perhaps the scope of the book explains why the author gives only a brief explanation of the Calendar. We think this portion, and notably the part in which he explains the Epacts, lacking in clearness. The author, however, deserves credit for an excellent work, and we have no hesitation in commending it to priests as well as students. P. McK.

# PEARL OF ISRAEL.

## Part II.

By Ethna Kavanagh.

Assuerus tells of the meeting of Mary and Joseph.

"I oft met Joseph in Joachim's house,  
Rivals were he and I for Mary's hand  
But foes were never. He was then a man  
Not old in years, but old for that fair maid.  
'Twas rumoured that he came of David's race,  
I know not if 'twere so, but this I know,  
He was a man of such a royal mien;  
Though poor, that in his hand the hammer seemed  
Grand as a sceptre; work itself seemed grand  
And noble in his person. We both toiled  
At the same trade; and sometimes it fell out  
Our master was obliged to quit his shop,  
And feared to leave us lest we should abuse  
His absence; then his glance would fall upon  
Joseph, and care would vanish from his brow,  
For he knew well his interests in those hands  
Were safe, since Joseph made them as his own.  
Too soon I saw my hopes of the fair maid  
Were all in vain. With hospitality  
She greeted me as all who came her way;  
And they were many who came seeking her,  
The fairest flower that bloomed in all the land,  
But I marked in her eyes, and on her cheek,  
An added brightness when came Joseph there  
And sometimes her mild eyes fell on his face  
As if her spirit read some secret deep  
Hidden from others; he but seldom spoke  
To her, but when he did he rested on  
Her answer, as the Patriarchs of old  
Harked the discourse of Heavenly visitant  
His very breath was bated; then he'd smile  
When that low voice like sigh of summer sea  
Had ceased, and all his soul's content was in  
His grave glance. Once I marked when none were by  
He raised unseen the edge of her white veil  
And pressed it to his lips, with homage pure  
And lowly as was nature of the man.  
Soon Heaven put all our loves to a strict test  
And all our rods lay on the Altar Stone  
But that night I marked Mary's glance meet his  
And both smiled comprehensively as if  
Their hearts knew well whose rod would bloom at morn.

(To be continued.)



MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA  
(*Raphael*).

# THE IRISH ROSARY.

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## Hamlet and Examinations.

(Continued.)

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

How lonely, Hamlet was made; by Ophelia.

**T**HINK of it, gentle Desdemona, child-wife Juliet, terrified Rosalind braving it out in a man's attire; but how valiant you all were, how ready to die in helpfulness, how unbending, steeled by faithfulness. Not to speak of stronger, yet so womanly, Cordelia, Imogen, Brutus' Portia; what should they think of it, that Ophelia, when Hamlet was in flaming misery, would make beautiful or fanciful speeches, mostly about her pleasure in being admired, and her regrets that her innocent vanity would be gratified no more? She took, as just proper speechifying and gallantry, the opening of his heart by Hamlet, whom she was ready to repay (when he frightened her small world) by acting as a decoy, in order to trap him for her plotting old father. No wonder that Hamlet came to disturb her into some sense of the reality of human, life-supporting, affection and loyalty. At which Ophelia was only the more upset. As she says—in lines dramatic, for they express her helpless, detached, mere observation mind—of a man who could say

"I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers  
Could not, with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum.—"

in lines most beautifully true, but, for Ophelia, descriptive of a touching picture which she just wondered at; pitying, not Hamlet, but herself:

"He took me by the wrist and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
At last a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk  
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:  
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out of doors he went without their help,  
And to the last bended their light on me."

Simple, sensuous, passionate. Nearly all monosyllabic. The opening lines altogether so. In no line is there more than one word

not monosyllabic. The wonderful line of expression has none but one-syllabled words :

"As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so."

(Pope's terrible change was to "Long time stay'd he so." No heart-strings he had, when he made that change, and no ears for the cry in mortal things.)

But the cry was not in Ophelia. She was only wondering and admiring. Hamlet and Ophelia! It is somewhat like—in the flatter world of Dickens—David Copperfield with Dora; or even Thackeray's more ordinary Clive Newcome with a Rose Mackenzie. To Hamlet's lighter moods, Ophelia might have ended as some sweet-singing bird, never not admired. But living in the storm, out in the wild, she could no more be Desdemona to Othello, not to say Cordelia to King Lear, than could a great world-lady like Célimène be a true wife to Alceste. "There where I have garner'd up my heart." Desdemona! Her protection was to be as the ocean, round the life of the warrior, Othello, old enough, perhaps, to be her father; he who said those (above quoted) sacred words of trust. And Imogen and Hermione! The foolish men they had condescended to marry, knew not the boundless world of their courage and their faith. The women of Shakespeare—but not Ophelia—might have furnished a text for Jeremy Taylor's assurance "to the most Ingenious and Excellent Mrs. Katherine Phillips" that a woman "can die for her friend as well as the bravest Roman knight." If you had a thousand lives to save, by their thousand deaths, the child Juliet would die them for you, as would the matron, Portia. But one thinks of Ophelia come to be middle-aged, like a Lady More, visiting her husband in prison, and telling him not to be foolish, but to go home, out of the dark Tower, to his comfortable house at Chelsea. "How long do you think we have to live, Mistress More?" then asked the martyr. To which suggestion his sensible spouse had to say only, "Tilly vally, Master More." Ophelia was of the stuff of Lady More, rather than of the stuff of Margaret Roper. Hamlet, for her, was as mad as a hatter.

"O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers, quite, quite, down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy [insanity]. O, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

That is a very interesting passage about Hamlet, courtier, soldier, scholar, high-born prince, 'madman.' And it is an illuminating passage on Ophelia.

Still, by the way, let it be said, that Cardinal Newman alluded thus to Ophelia: "Romeo and Juliet are too good for the termination to which the plots leads; so are Ophelia and the Bride of Lammermoor. In these cases there is something inconsistent with correct beauty, and therefore unpoetical. We do not say the fault could be avoided without sacrificing more than would be gained. Still it is a fault. It is scarcely possible for a poet satisfactorily to connect innocence with ultimate unhappiness when the notion of a future life is excluded." And Dr. Johnson reflects on "The untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious." Says Dr. Johnson also of Ophelia, and Hamlet as mad: "He plays the madman most when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty."

Hazlitt ventures so far from the obvious as to say that: "His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended." Is there, in that wild scene, no more of desperate and helpless violence than that?

And so, was Hamlet mad?

Perhaps the more Shakespeare asked the question, the more he doubted. In the earlier draft of the play, Hamlet seems more mad than in the play as Shakespeare left it.

Dr. Bucknill<sup>1</sup> on Hamlet's 'madness' reads: "Hamlet is morbidly melancholiac." "He is a reasoning melancholiac." "Yet, like the melancholiacs described by Burton, he is 'of profound judgment in some things, excellent apprehension, judicious, wise, and witty; for, melancholy advanceth men's conceit more than any humour whatever.' He is in a state," adds the doctor, "which thousands pass through without becoming truly insane, but which in hundreds does pass into actual madness." Burton, further:—"Humorous, they (melancholiacs) are, beyond measure, sometimes profusely laughing, extraordinary merry; and then again weeping without a cause; groaning, sighing, pensive, sad, almost distracted, restless in their thoughts and actions, continually meditating."

Perhaps one might leave the matter there. Highly-strung, nervous, well-bred in all senses, sensitive, irritable, wildly passionate, yet loving and longing; distraught, then; still, keeping all his varied powers; though unhappy beyond measure, and not knowing what to do, maddened with it all. If that is mad, so was Hamlet; the

<sup>1</sup> In the mad folk of Shakespeare.

heart-broken, the naturally open-hearted, trustful, and generous; a man made to be loved and honoured.

The Florence Nightingale, practical, energetic, busy and successful, type, expresses itself, indeed, about Hamlet as follows: "There is nothing so fatiguing as a companion who is always *effleurant* the deepest subjects—never going below the surface; as a person who is always inquiring and never coming to any solution or decision. I don't know whether Hamlet was mad. But certainly he would have driven me mad."

The whole matter of his madness is judged in his own last words of moral loveliness, to Laertes, whom he idealised, as the nobler are wont to do:

"Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;  
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.  
... You must needs have heard, how I am punish'd  
With sore distraction. . . .  
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,  
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes  
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it  
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.  
Sir,  
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil  
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother."

Distracted, he says, as it must always be said of him; taken away from himself, losing self-command, in a towering passion; and, with the humour of good taste, calling himself an ass to fall thus a-cursing, and asking pardon for ranting—his mother, who had noted him, says

"This is mere madness:  
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,  
His silence will sit drooping"—

all that, Hamlet was.

And there are endless wild varieties in Hamlet's acts. Of all Shakespeare's plays this was the despair of classical French critics, and their ideal of a simple outline, and of characterisation without complexity—"this coarse and barbarous piece," according to Voltaire. "Gille dans une foire de province, s'exprimerait avec plus de décence et de noblesse que le prince Hamlet." Neither in deeper *décence* nor in higher *noblesse* was Voltaire, on Hamlet, a competent judge.

How much nearer we are to mankind's fallen race, when we read Shakespeare's tragedies, than when we find ourselves described as beings with no great possibilities of horrible wickedness and awful suffering. So French critics wished to fancy life. When? Just

before the French Revolution. They said, that even the softened translations of Shakespeare, then being put before the French of Louis XV., could not please. In connection with *Hamlet*: "A quoi bon cette répétition continuelle de grands crimes dans nos représentations théâtrales et dans un siècle où les petites mœurs sont si loin de l'énergie qu'ils exigent?" And *Romeo and Juliet*—"A quel dessein peut-on donc tracer ces horribles tableaux à une nation qui à peine en doit concevoir la possibilité?" Louis XVI. "voit à ses pieds un peuple doux et soumis."

Truly, variety without end seems near many a life less extraordinary than Hamlet's. And it is absurdly unnecessary to declare that there are in the play two Hamlets: one early and barbarous; one later and a philosopher. How unlike we all are to our other selves: happy, and then morose because of greater selfishness than Hamlet's; elated, and then all the more depressed; singing, like Sir Hugh Evans, because we are in a funk, and, mercy on us! have a great disposition to cry; disgusted with life, because we are disgusted with some human beings; yet no misanthropes, it may be, at heart.

Hamlet, at one moment, is, certainly, very unlike Hamlet at another.

In the 2nd scene of the 2nd act Hamlet fools Polonius, but with method in his madness indeed, venting scorn on self-satisfied meanness and callous subserviency, and not hiding his own pitiful unhappiness. Finally:—

*Polonius*.—My honourable lord I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Hamlet*.—You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Polonius*.—Fare you well my lord.

*Hamlet*.—These tedious old fools

It was misquoted, once "silly." But "tedious" is the word: "these tedious old fools."

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and it is Hamlet with "My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz, good lads, how do you both?" Such was Hamlet, naturally greeting friends as friends. But the smile passes, as he remembers he is

"in this mortal world,  
where to do harm is often laudable,  
to do good accounted dangerous folly."

If you say this world's grown honest, then, says Hamlet, is doomsday near. And he sees that these wretched false youths are mere spies; for all their forced friendliness. They, too, are of the father of lies, like most men as Hamlet found them. However,

the players come; and Hamlet, the scholar, is then full of them, of what acting should be, and of the many thoughts roused thereby, in his quick if flitting brain. And again his own sorrow is touched, and his rage stirred, and his shame brought home to him once more. But, reflect on the many men there are who have interests, and yet are not wholly given up thereto. How many have duties, dealt with spasmodically? How many love books, and yet are often led back to their books by words, allusions, kindred spirits, circumstances, chance?

What complex man but is thus "mad?" True, Hamlet does lose all self-control in his wild defiance facing death in life, when he throws jests at his father's ghost. But the tame rabbit will never play the wild cat; your dull ass will not mend his pace by beating; a canary will hop in a cage, while an eagle, if you cage him, will scar the flesh from his wings in frenzy to soar. Hamlet's father murdered, his mother then married, the ghost appearing, his own nerves tingling, his thoughts tearing along, planning, imagining, fearful of discovery, and the voice echoing the fears of his heart out in the dark, and he to set all right—a nature less wild than Hamlet's could be "maddened" by that night scene. Or a heart less tender, and a love less generous than his—whereon poor Ophelia was set to inform, in the interests of those old men behind the arras. Again, what a scene! And Hamlet flew like a rocket, and showered down his reproaches:

"I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad."

"'Mad,' call we him then," lays down Polonius. But Hamlet:—"I am but mad nor 'nor' west."

"Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker."

That was sane spiritual direction. It cleaves his mother's heart in twain. But religious earnestness tested by acts, was not the philosophy of that weak woman's life. If things went easily, if people would not call up the past, if there was no disturbance in the state, she would sink in comfort. It were harder to get Gertrude

to penitence than Claudius. He knew well, and he said he knew; after the play that caught his conscience :

“O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? ‘Forgive me my foul murder’?  
That cannot be,—since I am still possess’d  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.  
May one be pardon’d and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence’s gilded hand may shove by justice,  
And oft ’tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but ’tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell’d  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence.”

The king had no penitence. But he knew what to do to be saved.

“It is the Romanist theology which is represented in this play,” thinks Dr. Bucknill, *à propos* of Hamlet refraining from killing the king when praying; for he would kill his soul. “Diabolical malignity,” shown in that, felt Dr. Johnson. But Hamlet is but thinking aloud, in his waves of passion. Of course, that thought passed through his head.

If the thought that a sinner may repent and be saved be “Romanist,” it is certainly Christian. And the penitent-thief story is Romanist. There’s not the slightest doubt about it.

And Romanist, Christian, and common sense, are the passages about Hamlet’s father. I do not say his coming from purgatory to preach scorn, hate, and revenge, though justly caused. But these following passages; which are inconsistent, only if one forgets that the natural is not the supernatural.

His son says :

“See, what a grace was seated on this brow  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.  
He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.”

A man; but a sinner, says also that “Romanist” son :—

“He took my father grossly full of bread,  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
And how his audit stands who knows save Heaven?  
But in our circumstance-and-course-of-thought,  
’Tis heavy with him.”

From his father himself, the words :

“ Confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away.”

He was a loving husband and father. That is another matter. Of Shakespeare's common sense, even if not Catholicism, it cannot be said—as Byron said of Southey and his vision of King George going to glory—that he “ deals about his judgments in the next world.” In the Christian sense of Joubert :—“ Nous nous jugeons suivant le jugement des hommes au lieu de nous juger suivant les jugements du ciel. Dieu est le seul miroir dans lequel on puisse se connaître ; dans tous les autres on ne fait que se voir.”

One may say this of Hamlet, that he adds this religion to Brutus' philosophy.

“ Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart : but it is no matter. . . . There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : *the readiness is all* ; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes.”

Brutus had said only this—and Shakespeare had the two men he pitied (“ poor Brutus,” “ so poor a man as Hamlet ”) before him in the same year :

“ O that a man might know,  
The end of this day's business ere it come to pass ;  
But it suffieth that the day will end  
And then the end is known.”

Many have been led on to consider the religion of the author of *Hamlet*. Was Shakespeare a Catholic? But one must not forget that all the civilised world was Catholic in the generations of Shakespeare's grand-parents, and even parents. And all the religious setting of a European play of the past had to be Catholic. And even all men's European minds were still without any other religious traditions. Then, Shakespeare was dramatic beyond measure ; and he created forms more real than living man. Nevertheless, one can feel in many ways, doubtless, what sort of a mind was our author's. And he spoke of “ reverence, that angel of the world,” and he surely felt it. And when he wrote *King John*, he cut out from the old play which he used, some Reformation brutality about the religious life of the cloister. Further, his friars are the friends of Romeos and Juliets, their strength, their guides, their consolers. And his nuns are holy.

But does one know enough, to dogmatise about Shakespeare's religion?

At least, there is some truth in these following tributes—Charles Lamb's: that from Shakespeare reading one gains a "withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts," a "lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity;" and Emerson's: "What king has he not taught state? . . . What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not out-loved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behaviour?" It was Cardinal Newman's feeling concerning Shakespeare, that "often as he may offend against modesty, he is clear of a worse charge, sensuality; and hardly a passage can be instanced in all that he has written to seduce his imagination or to excite the passions."

Browning, on poetry and *Hamlet*, takes things seriously, as was his intellectual wont, and makes high claim for Shakespeare reading, and study, and thinking, and seeing with the eyes of the mind. "Do you think poetry was even generally understood or can be? Is the business of it to tell people what they know already? . . . It is all teaching, on the contrary; and the people hate to be taught. . . . A poet's affair is with God, to Whom he is accountable, and of Whom is his reward: look elsewhere, and you find misery enough. Do you believe people understand *Hamlet*? The last time I saw it acted, the heartiest applause of the night went to a little by-play of the actor's own, who, to simulate madness in a hurry, plucked forth his handkerchief and flourished it hither and thither."

Hazlitt suggests, as to this better reading of Shakespeare: "We do not like to see our author's plays acted, and least of all *Hamlet*. There is no play that suffers so much in being transferred to the stage. *Hamlet* himself seems scarcely capable of being acted. . . . The character of *Hamlet* is made up of undulating lines; it has the yielding flexibility of 'a wave o' th' sea.' Mr. Kemble plays it like a man in armour, with a determined inveteracy (*sic*) of purpose; in one undeviating straight line, which is as remote from the natural grace and refined susceptibility of the character, as the sharp angles and abrupt starts which Mr. Kean introduces into the part."

Aubrey de Vere, in 1896, with accustomed thoughtfulness and sensitiveness, agreed that "Your preference of Tennyson's reading to what you have heard on the stage is strongly confirmed by my own experience. Charles Kean's readings aloud of Shakespeare during a few visits which he paid us at my father's house were the

most vivid intellectual and imaginative delight I have ever known. When I afterwards saw him play the part of King Lear on the stage, it was a grievous disappointment to me. The refinement and pathos were gone. It was to a great degree but rant—a sacrifice offered up to the remote Upper Gallery.”

Ozanam—as Lacordaire recounts—was disappointed, seeing *Polyeucte* acted :—“ He felt as all whose judgment is sound and whose imagination is keen, that nothing can equal that representation which the mind gives to itself in the silent and solitary perusal of the great masters.”

Charles Lamb, in the well-known *Essay on the Acting of Shakespeare's Tragedies*, speaks of “ the silent meditations with which Hamlet's bosom is bursting, reduced to words for the sake of the reader, who else must remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light-and-noise-abhorring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience. . . . And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet.<sup>1</sup> . . . I am not arguing,” Charles Lamb adds, “ that *Hamlet* should not be acted, but how much *Hamlet* is made another thing by being acted. . . . Those who tell me of the actor Garrick, and his wonders, in this part, speak of his eye and of the magic of his eye, and of his commanding voice. . . . But what have they to do with Hamlet? What have they to do with intellect? In fact, the things arrived at in theatrical representation are to arrest the spectator's eye upon the form and the gesture, and so to gain a more favourable hearing to what is spoken : it is not what the character is, but how he looks ; not what he says, but how he speaks it.”

You remember the strong words of the *Imitation*, in quietness and confidence : “ Mark not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken.”

And so we are back where we began, and are thinking of reading for the reading itself, not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Studies serve for delight, in and for themselves. Shakespeare even says : “ In brief, sir, study what you most affect.” To read well, therefore, we must be living somewhat wisely. And even when reading for an examination, life may be

<sup>1</sup> “ Taking education in the broad sense, and not in the very narrow domain of reading and writing, the great body of the Irish people had a real and a high-class education. Speaking generally, the system of education in ancient Ireland was very full and very elaborate. There were no prizes and no cramming, for learning was pursued for its own sake.” (*The Spirit of Irish Nationhood*, by Dr. McGlinchey, St. Columb's College, Derry).

led well. But "a book read for an examination is so far a book wrongly read."<sup>1</sup>

Finally : What is the education of the generality of the world ? Reading a parcel of books ? No ! Restraint and discipline ; examples of virtue and justice ; these are what form the education of the world. Happy you are if "in your early studies you have fixed your eyes upon the ultimate end from which those studies take their chief value—that of making you more effective combatants in the great fight which never ceases to rage between Good and Evil." To see Beauty and Truth before us is well. But to admire, and not to follow, is to pervert judgment and taste, and to cut the basis from art as well as from morals. "An intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize the studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom." He also said : Hard is the good ; in practice. And, indeed, if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. Literature is not morals. Preaching is not practising.

But the reading of good literature makes life ever so much more interesting ; and it certainly co-operates towards making men wiser, better, and happier. It purchases pleasures which cannot be had for money ; and makes you freer ; amid too many slaves of custom, fashion, folly, and greed.

# Candlemas Ballad.

The Milky Way shines cold and clear,  
A path of heav'nly snow,  
(The Angels paved that road of stars,  
Since Mary there must go).

At midnight forth with light and song  
She bears the King of light,  
A little sun-faced Infant sweet,  
And comes into the night.

Ten thousand Angels with her go,  
And all the while they sing  
*O Alma Redemptoris*, and  
“*The Virgin Christ doth bring.*”<sup>1</sup>

They come, that star-like Company—  
While stars light up the skies,  
All set, like candles, round her ways—  
They come to Sacrifice.

Lo! Lady Mary enters in  
The holy churches dim,  
And when the Priest says Mass she lifts  
Her Babe to God with him.

O happy, happy are his eyes,  
And happy all his years,  
Who sees Our Lady thus go forth  
(Tho' needs be thro' his tears).

And happy, happy are their eyes,  
And happy all their days,  
Who, tho' they see not, bring their pray'rs  
Like tapers to her praise.

<sup>1</sup> *Adorna Thalamum*. . . . *Ever a Virgin, she brings in her hands the Son begotten before the daystar.* (Candlemas Office.)

# “An Awkward Question.”

MICHAEL KEANE.

**B**ABIES are so much alike, surely they are sometimes exchanged in hospitals and nursing homes, where the most important thing is a baby for every mother, and nobody of the staff has any particular interest in whether it resembles its parents or one of them. Perhaps mistakes never occur, but everybody knows that it is an every-day difficulty for any infant's relatives to say even which side of the family a child is like, then what about the hospital staff, should any doubt arise, who have no clue at all. However comforting (or otherwise) this reflection may be to many mothers whose children are troublesome or disappointing, it was denied to Mrs. O'Neill. Brona was born at home.

In the infant stage Brona always slept throughout the night, only rarely causing any interference with the sleep of her parents. When a year old or so, she showed no desire, like the average child of her age, to spend all her waking hours making noise. When taken out in her car, she never threw her dolls or teddy-bear on to the pavement. When she learned to walk, she walked, and didn't worry her father to carry her everywhere and back. At every age she was beautifully dressed, and, as the neighbours used to say, it was easy for this to be—for she never spoiled her clothes by falling in the mud, or by rubbing dirty hands all over her dress. And she never got the measles, or the whooping-cough, or the mumps, or any like complaints, as so many naughty children do. Her mother was, therefore, very fond of her, and very proud of her, too.

When Brona went to school the nuns loved her, she was so obedient, so gentle, so demure. Indeed, her nice clothes, always spotless, her handsome face and pretty ringlets, her slightly old-fashioned ways, made her the pet of the school. There was another reason, too. She learned her lessons very smartly, and at her prayers and catechism she was very good. So much so, that when the parish priest or the school inspector or any other great personage came, Brona was always brought to their notice. Other children accompanied her usually, but there was one occasion when she stood alone. Any time a bouquet had to be presented to the Lady Mayoress, Brona it was who presented it.

Accompanying her parents on visits to the houses of their friends, she never eat too much, never asked for more, never spilled her tea on the tablecloth, and she never asked awkward questions.

At home, she always did what she was told; even she stopped playing "shop," and went to bed willingly when her mother said it was time. In fact, by all accounts, she was an angel of a child; so her mother thought for a long time.

Other mothers, too, thought highly of Brona, and even wondered at times if their children were as good as they ought to be; but usually they consoled themselves with the thought that perfection may be possible in an only child, but that it cannot be hoped for, and shouldn't be expected, if two or three, or four or five children are dependent on the services of one mother, one maid, and the average father.

As Brona grew the mother's pride in her child didn't diminish, and there was very little reason why it should. Very slightly, it was true, yet quite plainly to be seen, the child's individuality gradually asserted itself in many ways, and her speech and manners were naturally affected by the atmosphere of the school, and by the example of the other children. It wasn't with pleasure that her mother noticed these changes. If this should grow, she felt that Brona would no longer be the example for other children and the wonder of their mothers.

The father would, however, have been very pleased if Brona was less an example and more like her companions. One thing that pleased him very much indeed was her great popularity with the boys—the little boys, of course. Somehow, the little girls weren't very fond of her; they were rather inclined to be peevish and disagreeable towards her. With the little boys, however, it was quite different—she was quite a favourite, and any boy in the school would have been glad to play with her.

It was only to be expected that the nuns would prepare Brona very early for Confession. At the age of six she was put into the First Communion class. She was the best at prayers and catechism, and showed herself easily the most devout and responsible of the small class. All over the parish, mothers, godmothers, aunts and grandmothers were plotting to make the little ones pretty to look at on the day of their First Communion by nice clothes, veils, white shoes and stockings, and generally to make the day one of very special happiness and delight for the children.

At seven one morning all in the small town were up, preparing and dressing the children for Mass and Holy Communion; there were very few families that weren't assisting or interested in some way. Every child was very happy, very devout, and Brona was the same as the others—only more attractive in dress and appearance than any of the others. Her mother was especially happy. She felt that somehow the little one, demure and spotless in soul

and clothes, was not her child, but an angel, which the Lord had entrusted to her care. Nearly every child's mother was told that her child was an angel, most of them immediately told something to disprove it, some innocent little thing against the child; Brona's mother alone hugged this delusion to her heart, and accepted it for the truth.

The nuns, too, sought to make the children happy. They invited them and their mothers to the convent for breakfast. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and spread with delicacies of every kind, while on another table was a large assortment of toys. The children sat at one side of the table, and their mothers at the opposite. At the head of the table sat Father MacMahon, at the other end were the Rev. Mother and two of the nuns who had taught the little ones their prayers and catechism. Other nuns waited at table, and saw to it that each person got a share of the refreshments and delicacies. At first Father MacMahon said grace, and gave a very short address suitable to the occasion. Then all began to taste of the good things, and conversation practically ceased for a while. Later, however, the adults gave a lead, and then the children started also. Naturally with them, the conversation centred round their own small concerns, and very recent events most of all. Brona and Ita and Una were chatting pleasantly all to themselves, Una telling about the sins she had confessed the previous day.

"I thought," she said, "that the priest would have given me a great penance, but he didn't. I told him I hid mother's purse one day, and made her very vexed."

"I had more to tell than that," Ita said; "for I stole apples and jam when mother was absent."

"But Mary, our maid, says that the priest is always easy on little girls, unless they kiss boys," was Una's reply.

"A little boy kissed me the other day at play," Brona said; "but I didn't tell Father MacMahon anything about it. It was no harm."

"But it is a sin, and should be told in Confession," Una answered without delay.

"Don't be silly. It is no harm, or Sister Columba would have told us," was Brona's response.

"Mary says it is a sin. You can ask the nuns or Father MacMahon, if you like." This remark seemed to close the matter to Una's satisfaction.

Nearly everybody at the table knew that something was agitating these three children. Brona's mother wondered what it could be. She thought when she saw Brona stand up and face

towards where Father MacMahon sat that it was some pretty words of thanks, some expression of gratitude on behalf of the children, that Brona was about to say. Her surprise can be imagined when she heard :

“ Father, is it a big sin to kiss a little boy? The other day at play a little boy kissed me. I didn’t tell you about it, because I knew it was no harm ; but Una says it is a big sin.”

It was a sad moment for her mother. Her house of cards was knocked down. She felt ashamed that her child should have done such a thing ; she should have known, too, that it was surely a matter that ought to be mentioned to the priest in Confession. Mrs. O’Neill blushed, and became confused, toyed with her cup, did everything to show how embarrassed she was. She thought she noticed the other women smiling, and wondered what she might do to save the situation. But what was to be done there and then, she asked herself several times. Was it true, as she felt the other mothers were saying, that Brona was really no better than, if as good as, the other children? Brona had asked her question almost breathlessly, to the surprise and wonder of all at the time. What her mother might have said is doubtful, only that Father MacMahon burst out laughing. This gave her courage, that all was not lost. His example was followed by the others at the table, and the incident soon lost its terrors for the mother.

After a few moments, when the laughing had died away, Father MacMahon told Brona that no blame attached to her, for she couldn’t help the little boy, but that she shouldn’t play with him alone ever again.

Soon they all arose from the table, and to each child he gave a toy of some kind ; to Brona, a whip to keep little boys away. This toy pleased the mother more than the child, for she felt that Brona was still the leader of the children, though in a less angelic sphere. The children were very happy, and their mothers too, also the nuns and the priest. Brona’s mother was no exception, though she had doubts whether her child was any more like an angel than any of her little companions.

Nothing that occurred for a long time pleased Brona’s father more. He was delighted when his wife rather despondently told him what had happened. It showed, he said, that Brona was on the right road at last. She was years’ late, he admitted, but he smilingly thought that recent events showed she wouldn’t be slow in making up for lost time. The incident at the convent gave him hopes she might yet be an ordinary child, a little wayward and tom-boyish, occasionally in need of correction ; but a very good child, all the same, just like any of the little ones in the neighbouring houses.

# "He Made and Loveth All."

D. O'BRIEN.

ON a lonely island off the West Coast of Ireland lived Myles Hartigan. The island was small and barren, the only house on it being the little thatched cottage in which Myles lived. Myles was a tall, spare man, whose rugged, weather-beaten face still retained that childlike expression so often seen on the faces of simple peasants. Though he was but fifty years of age, a hard life and much exposure to the weather had prematurely aged him, and he might easily have been taken for a man of seventy.

The little island was known in the neighbourhood as the "Seals' Island," because of the large number of seals that were frequently to be seen on its rocky shores. It was not very far from the mainland, and Myles had lived there quite alone for over twenty years. But it had not been always so.

Twenty-five years before, when he was a young and vigorous man, his little cottage had been shared by a devoted young wife and two pretty children.

In those days life had been one continual round of happiness for Myles, and he would not have exchanged his little home on the island for a king's palace. But, alas, one day fever had visited the little thatched cottage, and the young wife and her two children were stricken down. Myles' last recollection of that dreadful time was his crossing to the mainland, and bringing back the doctor to his loved ones. After that his mind was a blank, until he came to himself one day, to find that his wife and children had been dead for over three weeks, while he himself had been wrestling with the fever, and had only recovered through the careful nursing of a kindly woman from the mainland.

In the first bitter realisation of his loss he had cried out in anguish: "For God's sake, why didn't ye let me die, too? What good is life to me now?"

But as time went on, and he recovered his strength, the characteristic faith and resignation of the Irish peasant came to his aid, and he became resigned to his lot.

"'Tis the will of God," he would say, sadly; "and, please God, we'll meet again in Heaven some day."

Though he was soon strong and well again, Myles seemed then and there to have been changed into an old man, and ever since he had lived his lonely life, with scarce other company than the

seals who gave the island its name. His days were passed in fishing, and the sale of his surplus fish to the villagers on the mainland sufficed to supply his simple wants.

When at first, in his loneliness, he had begun to take notice of the seals, he had found it impossible to approach them. No sooner was his footstep heard, than they would plop off the rocks, and quickly disappear under the water. But as time went on, they became more and more used to him, until at last they were tame enough to feed out of his hand. And scanty as his meals often were, there was never a day when Myles did not manage to save some morsels for his friends the seals.

Very soon he became renowned throughout the neighbourhood for his knowledge of seals, and very often visitors to the village on the mainland—men who considered it a noble form of "sport" to shoot these harmless creatures—would row across to the island to seek Myles' assistance. But, in spite of his poverty, Myles steadily refused their offers of good payment to assist in the slaughter of his friends.

Some visitors, who considered themselves cleverer than most, would approach Myles with good advice.

"Surely, my man," they would say, "it would be for your own benefit to have some of these seals destroyed. How can you make a decent living when they are around, driving away the fish?"

But Myles was as unmoved by this as he was by offers of money.

"No, sir," he would reply firmly, "I can't do what you ask. Thanks be to God, there's enough fish in the sea for everyone, without hurting them harmless poor creatures."

So in the end Myles came to be regarded as hardly quite sane on this subject, and boatmen passing by the island often paused to point him out to visitors, and to watch the seals taking fish out of his hands, and climbing on the rocks round about him.

One evening late in September, Tim Murphy, a boatman from the mainland, was returning from fishing, with a visitor who happened to be staying in the village. They had passed the island about an hour previously, and Tim had pointed out to the visitor four or five seals on the rocks, barking expectantly.

"'Tis likely they are waiting for old Myles Hartigan," he had said, "for he do be always feeding them about this time."

As they approached the island once more they were surprised to see the seals still on the rocks, barking continuously.

"Myles must be after forgetting them to-day," remarked Tim; "and indeed 'tis strange that he would, for he is crazy about them seals."

He rowed on in silence for some time, but as they were drawing

away from the island again he paused once more, and looked back at the seals.

"I'm wondering if there would be anything wrong with old Myles," he said at last. "If it wouldn't be delaying you too long, Father, I'd be inclined to land and see."

His passenger, who was a young priest, newly ordained, agreed readily, and having turned back to the island, they soon drew into a little sandy creek.

"I won't be keeping you a minute, Father," said Tim, as he got out of the boat and hurried up the slope to Myles' little cottage.

When he got there he found the door closed, and no sign of life. Having knocked two or three times without receiving an answer, he opened the door and went in. In a little inside room he found Myles in bed, and evidently very near to death.

"'Tis the Holy Mother of God sent you here to-day, Tim," said Myles in a weak voice. "I'm praying to her all day long to send someone who'd get the priest for me. But you must get him quick, Tim, for I won't be here long."

"There's a priest outside, Myles," replied Tim, "and I'll call him into you now. 'Tis young Father Collins, who is staying over in the village. He was out in the boat with me, and we heard the seals barking so much that we came in to see if there was anything the matter with you."

"Thanks be to God, I won't die without the priest," murmured the dying man. "And so me poor seals did more for me in the end than I ever did for them."

Tim hurried off to fetch Father Collins, and very soon the young priest was at the dying man's bedside. Half-an-hour later Myles breathed forth his soul in peace, owing the last great grace, in part at least, to his kindness towards those lesser creatures of a good God, and affording yet another illustration of the great truth of which the poet sings:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

# Philomena the Beloved.

E. SETON.

## MUGNANO OF THE MIRACLES.

### II.

IT was on the 1st of July that the newly-consecrated Bishop of Potenza and the zealous priest, Don Francesco, left Rome on their way home. S. Philomena lost no time, we read, in signalling her re-entrance into the world of men, for the Bishop and priest, having forgotten a promise they had made her that her relics should be carried in front of the carriage, were reminded of it by a remarkable manifestation, and were also rescued in a manner which was nothing short of miraculous in an accident which happened to their carriage.

At Naples the relics were placed in the private chapel of a very devout publisher, and here, the next day, July 3rd, 1805, the Bishop of Potenza, delegated by the Bishop of Nola (in whose diocese Mugnano del Cardinale is), opened the casket containing the relics in five sealed packets—the vessel of blood, the Saint's head, and three parcels of bones and *cineres*. This was done in the private oratory of Don Antonio Terres, the devout publisher already referred to, and, on the opening of the sealed casket, a most exquisite perfume was found to breathe from the sacred remains. This fragrance continued to fill the house for days, and Donna Angela, the publisher's wife, having undertaken out of devotion to make the robes for the small figure of "carton" or papier-mâché, in which, according to the custom in Italy, the relics of Saints are disposed in their natural position, received in return for her piety the miraculous cure of an incurable malady from which she had suffered for twelve years. Many marvellous changes were also observed to take place in the face of the little statue meanwhile—all duly attested.

While this statue of the little Saint remained in Naples two more cures of a wonderful nature were vouchsafed, the one of a lady's gangrened hand which was to be amputated—one of the Saint's teeth, a relic borrowed from the Terres family, being bound in the wounded hand all night: in the morning all trace of wound and gangrene had totally disappeared—and the other that of a lawyer who had been confined to bed for six months with very severe sciatica.

Great was the grief of Donna Terres when, on the 9th of August, Don Francesco set out at evening from her hospitable house with his precious burden, en route for his hillside parish of Mugnano. She could not part from "her dear little Saint," and so distressing

was her sorrow that good Don Francesco at last took the keys of the small ebony and glass case in which the white-vested statue containing the Saint's bones had been laid and gave them to her, telling her that she and her family were to keep them always as a token that they owned the Saint's body while he himself should be merely its custodian.

Very dark was that August night as the little party of Mugnano villagers, a Naples man or two, and the devoted Missionary set forth on their long walk to Mugnano. The night-time had been chosen, as the dusty roads, hard and white with many weeks of sweltering heat, would have been too dangerous a pilgrimage in that suffocating Southern summer. As the moon was at the full they carried no lanterns, but they had not gone far when great clouds obscured the starry heavens and a terrific deluge of rain appeared to be imminent. It was too dark to see a step. Their *Santina*, Philomena, was invoked, and behold, a beautiful answer was given. "The clouds," says the *History of S. Philomena* (edited by a Father of the London Oratory), "opened in a small circle above them, showing the moon with a coronal of stars about her, and from this opening there descended and rested upon the case of relics a high column of light, illuminating just enough of their road for them to walk by. It travelled with them until the dawn, while all was blackness around."

Another miracle occurred at Cimitile, a suburb of Nola, which the little party reached about midnight. This place contains the relics of thousands of martyrs of the Roman persecutions, indeed the name is said to be derived from *coemeterium*, on account of the numbers there interred. It was here that S. Januarius, the famous bishop martyr, was cast into a fire from which he was miraculously delivered. Two miles before reaching this ancient town it was noticed the Saint's body grew heavier and always heavier, so that at length they had to lay it down at Cimitile, as the weight was too overwhelming even for strong men in the prime of life and health. As they set down the wooden case on the holy ground it was noticed that the shrine gave forth a sonorous sound as though it had been of bronze, "as if a salutation were passing between her and those who, like her, had died for Christ." The cortege resumed its way with difficulty after having rested, but the farther they went from Cimitile the lighter the young martyr became, till at last the delighted bearers cried, "A miracle! The Saint is light as a feather once more, light as she was at Naples!" One of the bearers, a man suffering from violent internal pains, was cured during this journey.

The entry into the little hillside town of Mugnano on the 10th of August was a veritable "Roman triumph." On the previous day all the local church bells had been rung, salvoes were fired, the road was decorated, and the inhabitants were all en fête to meet their new Protectress. She had already smiled upon them. The previous day they had said, "If this new Saint wishes to make herself known let her give us the rain we so sorely need in this scorching drought from which we have suffered so long." And hardly had the noonday bells ceased ringing their "first Vespers" for the Saint's arrival than the silver rain fell copiously and supplied them abundantly—it was observed that this heavy fall occurred only in Mugnano itself, what fell on the road to Naples was just sufficient to lay the dust and make the triumphal procession more triumphal still.

All the neighbouring villages sent forth their contingents to welcome the Martyr who was coming to their midst; old and young, priests and laity, and a numerous company of children, who, of their own accord, came also to welcome her with olive branches in their hands as at sunrise the procession entered Mugnano. The crowd was vast, and the case containing the statue with its relics was shown to them, or rather to chosen delegates, at a house on the way. A grand procession of clergy, the confraternities with their banners, the people in gala dress, candles, flowers, hangings and rich ornaments on the houses all along the route, the ground strewn with leaves and blossoms, music and hymn and prayer, all made it an inspiring spectacle of truly Southern piety. This magnificent procession, at which "a very sea of people" assisted, lasted for a full two hours, cannon being fired and all the bells of the churches being rung meanwhile. During its course a whirlwind and storm arose, which terrified the people, until one of the priests, addressing them, assured them that this was a despairing effort of fury on the part of the evil spirits against whom Christ's glorified Martyr was now to wage war afresh by the graces and consolations she would procure for the Christians of that district. This affirmation was confirmed by the marvellous fact that although the wind rose several times and seemed as though it must destroy both trees and houses, yet it could not extinguish one of the candles that burned about the Saint's body, six waxen tapers. After the procession had entered the parish church, Sta. Maria delle Grazie, the wind passed to the mountains, where it raged and howled for two days, uprooting several old beeches, the atmosphere all around remaining perfectly calm the while.

Thus entered the great wonder-worker S. Philomena into the quiet village of Mugnano, and with Solemn High Mass that day's festivities came to an end, though the devotion of the populace made the whole day one long *festa*, "like an Easter Day," we are told. The mere sight of the Martyr's statue in its glass and ebony case inspired sentiments of devotion and detachment from the world and sin, and "silently worked all the effects of a fervent Mission." On the next day, a Sunday, the 11th of August (now by decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, her principal festival), there was held the solemn ceremonial of the reception of the relics. And at once the new Saint commenced that apostolate of miracles by which she is so singularly glorified in Heaven.

A good man, bed-ridden from gout and unable to work, prayed to the new Saint all the night asking at least enough strength to be able to venerate her relics, and promising to walk in her procession. His pain only increased, but hearing the bells announce her coming, he rose, dressed, and in spite of his suffering forced himself, leaning on a stick, to his door. As he entered the street he was cured.

For nine days crowds of people prayed before the sacred relics, and these days were marked by many portents. Space prevents the mention of more than two or three, but the number of S. Philomena's cures and wonders of every kind is so great that it is to be doubted whether one volume could possibly contain them, much less these few pages. On the octave day of the reception of the relics a poor mother prayed at High Mass that the Saint would obtain her little crippled Modestino, gentle and beautiful but quite unable to stand, the favour of having his limbs straightened. And lo! at the Elevation her prayer was heard. That same evening, this miracle having been noised about widely, vast concourses of people came to the church, and one poor mother, literally fighting her way through the crowd with her two-year-old child in her arms, which had entirely lost its eyesight through smallpox, at last reached the shrine. Here, dipping her fingers in the oil of the lamp, she anointed the little one's eyes, and they were instantaneously healed and the child saw. The outcry of the crowd, in transports of joy and admiration at this new marvel, drowned the preacher's voice, and seeing that they were struggling to get a view of the child he took it in his arms and showed it to them from a balcony. This sight and the devotion of the people caused an unbeliever who was present to surrender to the light of grace, and in thanksgiving for the mercy of his conversion he gave liberal alms for the building of the Saint's chapel.

Miracle upon miracle was speedily multiplied, the blind saw, the dumb recovered their speech, the halt were cured, spiritual graces were received, so that Don Francesco had soon to give up his intention of retaining the body of the Saint for his private oratory. A chapel was built for her accordingly, a new altar obtained, and here, within a lattice of wood beneath the altar, "the Treasure of Mugnano" was laid on the 29th of September, 1805. These marvels continued for the next eight or nine years, for it was sufficient to call upon S. Philomena in any need whatsoever to obtain her immediate and usually miraculous help. In 1806 the people of Mugnano were threatened with a great disappointment in the keeping of the festival of the Saint's arrival, August 10th, for, as they had been denounced to the usurping Government as conspirators, a commander with two hundred and forty French soldiers was sent to them on a forced march, prohibiting any demonstration, strictly forbidding any popular *festa*, and requiring to be told about it under penalty of the town's having to maintain the whole troop. The Saint heard her people's ardent prayer, and the commander's mind, seeing that the populace were evidently simple and pious, was changed. He gave leave and even entreated that the Feast should be celebrated. And the trial which Mugnano had feared so much was changed into an additional glory for their Saint, for the officers and soldiers in full dress not only kept order throughout the town but constituted themselves into guards of honour before the Blessed Sacrament and the Saint, and marched also in procession. They also lined the route, and the military band lent its services to the procession, all of which events were greatly to the delight of the good people of Mugnano. This joy was crowned when the very next day the commander and his troop returned, contrary to all expectations, to Naples, thus saving the poor country population from the heavy expense of having to maintain such a number of men and horses.

Owing to the second French invasion of Italy, by 1814 the splendour of S. Philomena's pilgrimages had sadly diminished, though they never ceased in the worst times. However, the handsome chapel which the people of Mugnano wished to build to their Patroness was still only a project. In that August it was that a most wonderful miracle was wrought on behalf of Don Alessandro Serio, a rich barrister of Naples. They had had public prayers for his cure, but on the feast, instead of getting better, he grew so violently ill that he fell into his agony speechless, so that he was unable even to make his confession. His broken-hearted wife, taking a picture of the Saint, threw it upon her husband's almost dead body, vowing a marble altar should he recover sufficiently to

receive the Sacraments. Instantly he began to revive, his pain grew less, his speech returned, and as he finished his confession the full cure for which they had at first prayed was bestowed upon him. Joyfully he made a communion of thanksgiving the next morning, and that very day the order for the new altar was put in hand. For this the richest procurable marbles were ordered, and the most skilled workman secured.

Another portent marked this gift. While the cavity in the upper surface was being cut for the relics necessary in every altar the solid block of marble suddenly parted in two. The poor workman was dismayed and wept bitterly, both for the damage and for the loss of his own reputation. Every kind of device was resorted to in order to repair the great fracture, but it was impossible to bring the upper edges closer together than a finger's breadth. At length it was resolved upon to fill the crack with cement and polish it, and then, before all the assembled onlookers, the marble came together of itself and joined up completely so that there was only the finest line left to show the place of the fracture and to remain as a proof of the miracle. Other benefactors added marble pilasters, and marble and brass ornaments, and before the end of that year the chapel was completed.

Marvels continued as though to win back the faith of many who had grown cold—for instance, on one of S. Philomena's August festivals the clapper of one of the bells, weighing about sixty pounds, fell a distance of fifteen feet upon the unprotected head of a young man. His brother, sure that his skull must have been crushed, cried to his companions to carry their fallen comrade out, when to the amazement of all he was discovered to be uninjured.

Yet it was not until 1823 that the devotion towards this unique wonder-worker resumed its first proportions. In that year a most wonderful prodigy took place, namely, the miraculous sweating of manna from a dry wooden statue of the Saint on the 11th of August. This manna was bright and liquid and came from the face, flowing down the neck and upon the breast. Round the neck was a broad red ribbon from which was suspended a relic of the Saint, and on this ribbon, near the relic, manna of a different quality was also found, this being thick like ointment and exquisitely fragrant. The marvel was examined into with minutest care, and the statue was watched all night, when it was seen that the miraculous sweat was distilled for about thirty-six hours longer. "When it ceased," says the *History*, "a further miracle took place, for what was on the face and neck did not flow down any more, remaining stationary and liquid for four days . . . although being August, the heat was very great, so great indeed that springs, lakes, and marshes were

dried up . . . and the Collect for rain was being said at every Mass. The manna, however, that was taken off the statute by the villagers who dipped fingers or cloths into it dried in a few minutes.

"To render the miracle still more evident the manna distilled from the right side of the face only . . . while the left side of the face, the mantle and hands were dry." Moreover, the statue had not been shut up, but was in the church and had recently been carried through the streets in burning heat. This same miracle of distilling manna also took place from the reliquary of the blood of the Saint, and on many other statues and pictures of the Virgin Martyr in different places, even from paper prints of her as well as from reliquaries containing relics of her. In Rome one of the pictures of her in the churches is very miraculous, and once distilled a quantity of miraculous manna, soaking a handkerchief which was dipped in it. This, known as "Santa Filomena's handkerchief," has worked so many miraculous cures that it is always being sent about the Eternal City. The miracle of the statue at Mugnano converted many, even the most obdurate, "and wherever it became known devotion and respect for religion were strengthened." Readers may remember the similar miracles of S. Walburga's oil, which drops from her rocky tomb, and works healing upon the sick, and which, if the silver shell beneath it is removed, does not drop upon the ground but hangs in grape-like clusters until the shell is replaced. Or the phenomenon of the water in the marble tomb of the Martyrs SS. Abdon and Sennen in France. The Lord Who could draw water from the rock at the word and touch of His servant Moses, or provide water from the jawbone of an ass, as we find recorded in the story of Samson, can likewise work greater miracles for His Martyrs—*non est abbreviata manus Domini*.

The miracles which have occurred in regard to the figure containing the Saint's relics are so numerous and so wonderful as to constitute a separate class in themselves. We shall not dwell upon them at any length in this paper. Suffice it to say that not only (on the most indisputable evidence of grave ecclesiastics, of concourses of the faithful, of single witnesses as well as of crowds, and of persons of all classes and conditions of society, most solemnly attested) have these miracles taken place, but they have done so in a striking degree and repeatedly. The first change, a very considerable one, took place shortly after the arrival of the sacred body at Mugnano. The carpenters had taken the measurements for the new altar only the day previously, and it was then as usual. But now the whole position of the figure, which had

been recumbent and awkwardly arranged as there was not room enough in the *urna* or glass and ebony case, was different. The Saint was seen to be half reclining, half sitting, with the face and figure turned to one side towards the spectators, the head being almost at the top of the case and a cushion, too, raised to support it. The position of the arrow in the hand had been reversed, and the robes were gracefully disposed. The feet which had been distant from the end of the case were now pressing against it. The face, which had been badly made in haste, was changed, the dead white had given place to a rosy delicate colour, the mouth was now opened as in a smile to show the Saint's own real teeth. "All the original defects were more than remedied, yet the four seals of the Bishop of Potenza were intact. And the case could not have been opened, for, as we have seen, the sole key had been left at Naples, such care had Providence taken to prove the truth of the miracle." On hearing of this the Terres family, who had never in their lives left Naples, came to Mugnano accompanied by the artist who had painted the figure and others who had seen it at Naples, and "solemnly deposed that the key of the case had never left their hands, and yet that everything within the case was changed."

Other marvels took place, the growing of new hair, for instance, on the figure's head; the changing of its colour from brown to black; its growth took place several times, "in 1833 it had grown twenty-seven inches since the shrine had been re-sealed" (on the occasion of the statue having been transferred to a new shrine in 1824 in presence of many clergy). Pieces of this hair have been put in water which was then given to the sick to drink, and cures have thus been obtained. Many other changes, all thoroughly and carefully attested, took place, and at length people "could no longer refuse credence to the marvellous fact that the figure had in truth grown. From appearing about eight years old, as it did at first, it has now the semblance of a young woman of twenty, of majestic cast of form and feature," says the *History*. One of the witnesses to this unique phenomenon was the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples. After this the changes of the face and figure were so frequent as to be taken as a matter of course; it was particularly noticed that the Saint would grow a rosy red, or open her eyes, which showed of a most wonderful and heavenly brilliancy, as though they were made of light, when she was about to bestow favours upon her clients. Similar miraculous changes have been observed to take place also in many statuettes which were copies of the Mugnano figure. These have all been most carefully verified. The latest recorded, so far as the present writer knows, of these marvels at

Mugnano took place in May, 1892, and is attested by a double "procès-verbal." The statue changed its position in the shrine in presence of a pilgrimage from a place called Castello d'Alife. A woman, Maria di Lello by name, was fervently begging the Saint to give her a sign that her son, who had left her twenty years before for America, was still alive. The figure was seen to retire towards the inner part of the shrine, and then to return, coming nearer the spectators, while the crown was differently and better adjusted upon the brow. On the 6th of the following October the privileged woman received a letter from her son. This fact is related in Mgr. Deschamps du Manoir's book, *Sainte Philomène et son Sanctuaire*.

These are only one or two of the wonders of the "Thaumaturga of the nineteenth century," as Pope Gregory XVI. always styled S. Philomena. The miracles of multiplication—of food, of money, of lead for her large bell at Mugnano, of books about her, of her pictures, and even—solemnly deposed by the Bishop of Sutri and Nepi and witnessed by the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites—of her own relics on no less than three separate occasions—are another separate class of distinguishing miracles of S. Philomena. *With God all things are possible*; Our Lord promised His followers that they should work in their lives even greater wonders than He Himself had done; and our Father says to His beloved children, Son, all my things are thine also. What wonder therefore if to Martyrs, who have shown the uttermost proof of love for Him, God should say literally, *Because ye have been faithful over a few things, I will set ye over many*. The saints of God live and reign with Him, and into their hands He has indeed given power as a loving and all-powerful Father with a beloved and perfect child.

# Jim.

ELSIE REDMOND.

WHAT really happened that night Jim never knew. Some great commotion in the room awoke him. How long he had been asleep he did not know; of what was taking place around him he knew less.

He was afraid. He crouched on his bed and huddled near the wall. With staring eyes he watched from his black corner, with the bed-clothes close about him. For a long time he remained thus, like a mouse watching from its hole, yet he could see nothing of what aroused him, returning sleep began to make his eyes blink, and he turned them, as he always did, to the beautiful stars which he could see from his bed through the curtainless window. To his delight a tiny star shot across the deep heavens like a speck of fire from an unknown furnace. What bright little friends those stars had always been to Jim. But he pulled himself up sharply. It was not the stars he wished to watch to-night. Something had happened, and he was afraid, terribly afraid!

A glimmer of light shone in from the next room, like a faded beam across the floor. Shadows kept coming and going. There was the sound of voices. There were strangers going in. There was a scuffle of feet. In the lighted doorway between the two rooms his step-father appeared. Two policemen were holding him, pushing him, across Jim's room, now to the door which led to the stairs, there was a stampede, the door banged, more noise from the stairs, then complete silence. The glimmer of light faded away, with the closing of the other door, and Jim fell asleep again.

The following day the room felt cold; there was no breakfast ready, the blinds were drawn. Gossiping neighbours kept coming in and out, a mournful procession of curious people. They nearly all spoke about Jim, yet not one took notice of him, or perhaps they could not see him in the dark corner in which he was hidden. Mother had gone!—his poor little heart was too conscious of something dreadful to let him ask where she was.

Jim strained his ears to catch the whispering of two women beside him, presently he caught the words: "I suppose someone will have to take the boy." That was enough for Jim, those words had sent a shock through his limbs, his feet began to tingle while tears went to his eyes. No one was going to take him away from mother.

Shielded from view by the ample skirts of these two women, Jim crept out of the room, down the dingy old stairs into the street.

Groups of idle people still lingered about, each person giving their view of the tragedy, but not one noticed Jim disappear down the foggy street as he wandered off to look for mother.

Small in build for his nine years, his ugly little face lit up by two sunny eyes, with a crop of unruly black hair which would curl, much against his will, now heavy and damp with the morning fog. He was so ordinary to look at that no one could have guessed the importance of his errand and the terrible torture of his mind.

Jim felt sure he would find mother down the street or round that corner or in that shop. Why had she not kissed him this morning, or told him where she was going? It was not like her to forget these things. But there, on the other side of the street, behind those passers-by, surely that was she, yes, just turning the corner. Jim ran. Breathless he reached the woman he had pursued, but no, she was not mother. His mind was beginning to buzz like an engine, a hundred thoughts all sprang to his brain at once. He remembered that no porridge had been left for him on the hob, and that he had had nothing to eat, and the hearth was still strewn with the ashes of the previous day. A terrible mystery hung over him; the more he thought the denser it became; he could not understand, but the foggy streets and the crowds of disinterested faces he met were but poor help to Jim. Something within him shouted: "Mother! Mother!"

His little feet almost ran now on and on from street to street; he pushed his way with the one definite object of finding mother.

It was like the flight of a soul still imprisoned to earth after another soul which, from the frail barrier, hovered close.

Jim stopped a moment, his eyes fixed on a spot across the wide thoroughfare. The laugh jumped back to his face. At last, there she was, right over there. Jim dashed across the street, running blindly through the traffic, bustling the people he passed. Horses were pulled up and motor-cars swerved to escape hitting him. He was nearly across when, from behind a high load of hay, a bicycle ran right into him at top speed; it threw him roughly, his head hitting the edge of the curb. He was up before anyone could assist him, though his head was hurt and something serious was wrong. The sound of far-off bells rang in his ears. He struggled back the tears and that horrid dazey sick feeling. He tried to walk straight, yet he felt his feet were treading on soft wool. The air about him was heavy and he imagined he breathed the fragrance of flowers.

It had all happened so quickly, as accidents always do. Seeing the child rise, the cyclist had ridden on, the busy crowds continued their perpetual come and go.

Jim was relieved. His only fear was that someone might stop him in his search. Everything depended now on finding mother. He was hurt, and she alone could soothe him. His heart was sore and weary, she would comfort him, bring that glow of happiness back again. His clothes were mud-stained from his fall; she would make him clean and brush away the torments of his mind.

The chapel—why had he not thought of the chapel before? How stupid of him. Of course she would be there! So tugging his cap from his shaggy, bleeding head, Jim entered.

It was silent and warm within, with the perfume of incense still pervading the air. A wonderful peace enveloped his fevered brain.

Stumbling, poor little Jim half fell on to a seat in an obscure corner of Our Lady's altar. How the candles glittered and jumped at her feet. Jim watched them through a dream; since his fall he was gradually becoming weaker, and the brightness of those candles seemed dimmed to him by a peculiar veil over his eyes, that his eyes might not tire as he stared without blinking at these living sparks of faith, these tiny lights in a world of darkness, the glimmer of hope to tearful eyes. How they flickered and danced. Each white candle burning its life away, with its flame towards Heaven. It seemed to Jim, as he gazed in an abstract way, that those two near flames were just as bright as mother's eyes. He often saw them jump like that when she laughed. The day he told her of the fight he had with another boy, she tried not to scold, and Jim remembered now how a smile flickered at the corner of her mouth, just like that candle to the right, as it painfully flickered out. Now in his hallucination he could distinguish the whole of her loving face within those flaming candles.

Glued to the seat, with his head leaning on the side, he watched them. His heart was beating fast.

"Will she speak to me soon, and tell me where she has gone?"

He listened. No familiar voice could he hear. He was sick and disappointed.

The candles all flickered out one after another; people came and lit others; all day long a silent procession kept the sparks of Jim's hope carefully kindled.

The day was over now, and the blow on Jim's head had been a fatal one. Unheeded by a soul, he must have dozed in a semi-unconscious state most part of the long hours. That evening Jim lay, crouched on the seat in the dark and silent church. The dancing candles were nearly all out.

A gentle touch on his shoulder just gave him strength to open his eyes.

"What are you doing here, my lad?" a man's voice spoke.

"Just waiting for mother," Jim murmured, the sound of his own voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"You will have to go now, we are closing the chapel; you may be sure your mother has gone home."

"Thank you," whispered Jim. But as he tried to rise, he fell back, and tumbled to the floor unconscious. He was fast slipping away, evidently to the far-off place from whence came his voice, to the land where the beautiful flowers were which he had scented in the foggy street. Where the candles flickered no more, but shone as little suns to warm the passing souls on their journey.

Strong arms carried his limp little body into a warm and lighted room, and laid him on a couch.

A lot happened in a short time. There was a fuss and the sound of lowered voices. Poor little chap, they leant over him now as he died.

Presently the same man's voice asked :

"Are you quite happy, little fellow?"

"Yes." Jim tried to smile.

"Are you sure now of where you are going?"

"Yes, father, I'm going home . . . to mother."

Above the town the stars shone brightly in the dark sky, twinkling with delight, and a blazing speck shot through the infinite, rushing from the torrents of its furnace, to cool itself for ever in tranquil lakes that know no trouble.

# A Great National Shepherd.

ELISABETH CHRISTITCH.

**B**Y the death of Dr. Anton Mahnic, Bishop of Veglia, the Southern Slavs have lost a devoted pastor and eminent political guide. The Bishop took a prominent part in the development of racial unity that led to the formation of the new State of Yugoslavia, composed of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. He was by birth a Slovene, and an illustrious representative of his intensely Catholic native land. But his later years were identified with the struggles and aspirations of Croatia, and he lived to see one of his dearest hopes fulfilled in the fusion of the two provinces so long held apart by the alien rule of the Hapsburgs. Slovenia had been allotted to the Austrian Crown, and Croatia had a worse fate under the fierce denationalising policy of Hungary. Bishop Mahnic worked to break down the fictitious barriers erected between the two peoples and—what was a more glaring crime in the eyes of the Imperial Government—to bring them in closer touch with Serbia, where dwelt their brothers of a different creed. The beginnings of his career were, however, not concerned with political strife, but with war on the anti-religious element paramount in Austria that sought to undermine the faith and eliminate the Catholic practices of the people. His seminary at Goritsa was made a special object of attack by means of atheistic pamphlets and propaganda for “modern progress.” Dr. Mahnic engaged in controversy with the apostles of “free-thought,” and brought such knowledge, conviction, and determination to the combat that they were silenced and discredited.

“Yes,” he said, “let there be light, but not the misty, poisonous fumes you offer as light. We have a steadily-burning light ever rekindled at Rome, the light that leads to true progress and true culture, not the blurred misrepresentation of science and art that you would impose on us. The Catholic Church possesses the seeds of all civilisation and refines souls by supernatural teaching. You can do no more than offer naturalism or materialism.”

When promoted as Bishop to the Croatian See of Veglia, Dr. Mahnic undertook in like manner to rout the plague of indifferentism and marshall the youth of Istria into strong groups for the defence of religious interests. He created a Catholic Press and formed Catholic Associations throughout the land. Soon he was confronted with the question of the Glagolite, or Old Slav Liturgy, that had been preserved in the islands and littoral of the Adriatic

since the time of its founders, the first Slav Apostles, SS. Cyril and Methodius. The Bishop, relying on Papal pronouncement, resolved to protect it wherever it prevailed instead of ousting it in favour of the Latin. With many other authorities he considered the Glagolite a precious link with the Orthodox Slavs, who had likewise maintained it in spite of attempts to substitute the Greek. Accused of incipient schism, he went to Rome to state his case, and obtained the confirmation of the Decree that authorised the use of the Glagolite in every parish where it had existed for centuries. Attachment to their ancient Liturgy on the part of the Slavs is comprehensible when we reflect that the Latin meant to them another weapon for Italian supremacy. Whatever their mutual rivalries, both Austrians and Italians feared the Slavs more than they feared each other, and were at one in the pursuit of dividing and oppressing the Slav element. When the Government at Vienna yielded to Italy's demands that Catechism should be taught in the Italian tongue, Bishop Mahnic forbade his priests to obey, and when the Italians interpellated in the Reichsrath on the matter, he set out to lay the case before the Episcopal Congress then sitting in Vienna. The Bishops recognised the necessity of teaching Christian doctrine in the Croat tongue, alone understood by the children of the regions along the littoral, and sent a memorandum in this sense to the Ministry of Education. The Cabinet's anxiety, however, to conciliate Italy, at that time a sworn ally, prevailed over justice. Bishop Mahnic, irreconcilable, published broadcast his solemn protest against the violence done to the little ones for whose souls he was responsible. They were hindered by the law from receiving the Word of God or confessing in their native speech, and their pastor resolved to agitate until this wrong was set right. After four years of struggle the Bishop was victorious, and religious instruction was admitted in the Croat tongue.

Bishop Mahnic's attitude in the world war was no less decisive. He propounded the unity of the Southern Slavs, no matter under what regime, or what the issue of the contest may be, in a series of stirring articles that were censured and often confiscated. They penetrated, nevertheless, to the remotest villages of Slovenia, Croatia, and even occupied Serbia, and were also conveyed abroad to encourage the friends of the Southern Slavs and convince them that the race was determined to win freedom.

To the grave rebuke sent him from Vienna, that he was unworthy of the title of an Austrian Bishop, he replied that he had charge of a Slav flock, and that his first duty was to act to them as a true shepherd. The end of the war, instead of peace, brought fresh tribulation; for no sooner had Austria's yoke been thrown off than

Italy stepped in to replace her. The country was overrun by soldiery, who committed excesses of every description, and thousands fled before the new conquerors. The Bishop, however, remained at his post defending his people from military terrorism till he was removed by force and interned in Italy.

The hardships attendant on his deportation, and mental suffering occasioned by disappointment of the national hopes, affected his health, so that release came too late for convalescence. He lingered in Zagreb to learn with grief of the raid on his residence at Veglia by the bandits of D'Annunzio, and expired last December with the prayers for the dying on his lips.

Bishop Mahnic, in his stormy life, made many enemies, but still more admirers and friends. He combined two extremes of intense Catholicity that brooked no departure from religious custom and tradition, nor criticism of any Papal pronouncement, and intense nationalism that refused to parley with those who sought to impose foreign speech or foreign custom on the Slavs. The devotedness of his flock enabled him to carry out his wishes within his diocese in the most complete manner, and to set an example which was followed far and wide among Catholic Slavs. The ascendancy he had won in the fields of religious thought gave him an authoritative position in politics. In clear words he stated his point of view :

"Pan-Germanism means in the long run the triumph of Protestantism, which hopes quickly to rationalise the Orthodox Slavs, to rob them of their faith, and draw them down to materialism. Do not let us Catholics acquiesce in the plans of those who would absorb millions of Slavs, passing over them to reach their goal in the East." This was bold language from a dignitary of the State which was Germany's chief ally, but the Bishop was fearless, and showed it throughout the course of his difficult career. Impetuous and perhaps arbitrary, he estranged many adherents by placing on the index most modern works of science, and what passed for being the fine flower of Croat modern literature—too redolent, for him, of French realistic writers. Ardent, outspoken, zealous, and full of great resolve, Bishop Mahnic remains a bright example for the Southern Slav clergy, and an inspiration to patriots of every clime.

# Snowdrops.

I like to think that first the snowdrops grew  
Where Mary dwelt, in Nazareth so sweet,  
Tending her little Son the still days thro' :

And that they came, like lovers to a tryst—  
Those eager blossoms—each new Spring to greet  
With joy, Our Lady and the gentle Christ :

While Jesus stole, mayhap, all unaware,  
And sought, and fashion'd them, in childish wise,  
Into a posy for His Mother fair.

Fain, too, I'd think that when some angel brings  
A baby's prayer to-day, Our Lady's eyes  
Grow tender, dreaming of those far-off Springs !

And fain behold, when tiny fingers place  
Fresh snowdrops here, before her earthly shrine,  
The love-light brighten on Our Lady's face !

Or watch, for that dear memory, Mary mild  
Gather like snowdrops, for her Son Divine,  
The snow-white thoughts of ev'ry little child !

CLARE STUART.

# Norah Flannagan's Mistake.

LEO.

ONE evening early in September, as the sun was sinking in the west, where the sky was luminous with every richest hue and tint, while the whole landscape was bathed in crimson and gold, Father Carey slowly walked up the hillside path, pausing now and again to gaze upon the beautiful scene around him.

Reaching the crest of the hill, he turned into a narrow path leading to a row of neat cottages, the gardens of which were enclosed by a low, wood paling. Pushing open the small, white gate of the centre cottage of the row, he walked up the garden path, and having knocked with his stick on the door, which stood open, he walked in.

The cottage was scrupulously clean, and at a table in the centre of the room a woman was busily engaged ironing. She looked tired and jaded, while the perspiration stood in large beads upon her forehead as she bent wearily over her work.

"Good evening, Mrs. Flannagan," said the priest. "Busy, as usual, I see; but where's Norah; why is she not here to help you?"

"Sure, and we're glad to see your riverence; come right in and sit down, father," replied the woman, hastily putting down the iron, and having placed a chair for the priest, she added: "Norah will be here any minute; she's only gone for a short stroll." Then crossing over to the kitchen door, she shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed down the hillside path, though with little expectation of seeing the absent girl.

"You work too hard, Mrs. Flannagan, indeed you do," said the priest, as she returned and stood by the table; "in fact I am afraid that I must admit that my purpose in calling on you this evening is to warn you once more of the great mistake you are making. Believe me, you are not only wronging yourself, but also doing a great injustice to Norah; and unless you take a very different course, I can see nothing but serious trouble before you. As I have so often told you, you let the girl have too much of her own way."

"Sure, your riverence, but she's a good girl; there never was a better, and I try to do the best I can for her."

"No, Mrs. Flannagan, that is just what you do not do. Is it doing the best you can for her to allow her so much freedom?"

Don't you think it would be much better and wiser to keep her at home of an evening to help you with your work, instead of letting her walk about the streets of the town, flirting with the boys, and going with them to the picture houses? Think, my good woman, of the terrible dangers that attend such an evil practice: we know that she is good now; but how many good girls owe their fall to the same cause?"

"Indade, but I assure your riverence, she does no harm. True, I wish sometimes as she would stay in and help me a bit; but, then, young folks must enjoy theirselves a bit; they won't always be young, your riverence."

"To enjoy themselves is all very right and proper in its way, Mrs. Flannagan, and I would be the last, as you know, to try and put old heads on young shoulders; but when will you learn to instil into her mind that enjoyment is not the sole end for which we are born into this world? Besides, what do you call enjoyment? Is it right and fitting that a good, Catholic girl should find it enjoyment to be gadding about with the boys so much? And where is it all going to end? If what I hear is true, it will only end in the disaster I have so often warned you of."

Mrs. Flannagan moved uneasily, for she knew what was coming, and knew, too, that she would be able to say nothing in defence. She, therefore, kept a discreet silence.

"Is it true that Norah is keeping company with young Marlow?"

"I believe she's been out with him once or twice, your riverence; but I don't suppose as there's anything much in it."

"And you have done nothing in order to put a stop to it?" said the priest. "Yet, surely you know well what the fellow is—one of the most irreligious and bigoted young men that the town can boast of."

"Yes, I know that, your riverence; but he promised her faithful that if she'd only marry him he'd never interfere with her religion, and that she could even teach the children whatever she'd a mind to, so long as she didn't want him to go to the chapel along with her."

"Indeed! And how much do you suppose his promise is worth? It's the old, old story. They promise anything and everything in order to possess that which their passions desire; but once their end is gained, what then? Besides, where are they to be married, and by whom? In a Protestant church, and by a man who is only a layman, without power, without divine authority? You know very well that I could not marry them. Oh! Mrs. Flannagan, where is your faith? And you an Irishwoman, too! Can you so easily forget all that our noble race have done and suffered for that Holy

Faith, which we ought to prize above rubies or gold? Indeed, indeed, I am more grieved than I can tell you."

Mrs. Flannagan was moved by the good priest's words, but could find little to say. She made some weak and half-hearted promises to try and prevent the threatened disaster, but Father Carey placed little reliance on her words, and left the cottage sad and dispirited. For had he not himself baptised little Norah; and had it not been from his own hands that she had received her Lord and her God when she made her first Holy Communion? And as he thought of the deep fervour and piety she had shown in those early days of her young life, he sighed heavily, for he had hoped such great things of her.

When Norah returned home that night it was nearly eleven o'clock, and as she entered the door her face was flushed, her manner restless, nor did she meet her mother's eyes as openly or as readily as before.

Mrs. Flannagan noted every movement, and was uneasy and sore at heart. She tried to do as the priest had advised, but without using very much tact, and having reprimanded the girl for the lateness of the hour, began to speak about young Marlow, telling her all that the good priest had said.

"Oh, they're always talking like that," said the girl, with a toss of her pretty head. "They're always on about mixed marriages, and that sort of thing, just because some turn out badly. Of course, some men break their promises, and often enough it's the girl's fault, she's too soft: but, anyway, Tom won't; he's not that sort. Besides, it's not as if Tom belonged to any particular creed; for he says himself that one religion is as good as another to him, so what need has he to care about mine? And he's an awfully nice boy, mother, and makes good money, too," she added naively.

Mrs. Flannagan sighed, and could think of nothing to say in reply, for it was with her, alas, as it is with so many mothers in these days, and Norah's last statement carried weight, as the girl knew full well it would. Tom Marlow did make good money, far more indeed than the majority of the Catholic young men who would be at all likely to think of Norah; and to tell the truth, in her secret heart, Mrs. Flannagan had often pictured to herself the comfortable home he would be able to provide for the daughter she so idolised, should the friendship between them ever ripen into a warmer and closer relationship. Hence the cause of her previous leniency, and her present hesitation to take any very decisive step to sever the intimacy between the young people. Still, the knowledge that he was not only not a Catholic, but also the son of very

bigoted parents, was gall to her. She knew that she was acting very wrong, and the thought that perhaps he might not mean well by the girl troubled her much, and at times she trembled for fear of what might happen, yet had not the strength of mind to act as a good Catholic mother would have done. Instead, she strove to silence her conscience by hoping that Norah would soon tire of him, as she had done of others, or that in some way all would come right in the end.

Norah Flannagan was barely nineteen : a tall, well-formed, and exceedingly pretty girl ; her Irish blue eyes, so full of mirth and mischief, won all hearts, and undoubtedly played terrible havoc among the boys. And Norah not only knew it, but delighted in the power she was able to exercise over them. That she had become an arrant flirt is not to be denied, but her frivolous spirit was more apparent than real, for hidden away, deep down in her heart, there was a depth of tender affection and loyalty of spirit one would never have suspected on first coming into contact with her. In fact, she possessed all those characteristics so deeply implanted in the Irish race, and which go to the making of a truly noble woman, if only the right home influences had been brought to bear upon her. But, unfortunately, this had been lacking : for Mrs. Flannagan was a weak woman, and like so many living in constant contact with her Protestant neighbours, she had grown somewhat cold and negligent, and her faith had naturally weakened. Norah being an only child, and her father having died shortly after she made her First Communion, Mrs. Flannagan had idolised and spoilt her, yielding to her every whim and fancy, working hard early and late, in order that no desire of the child's might be thwarted. It was, therefore, little wonder that the girl should have grown to look upon her own will and pleasure as the main thing in life.

Among all the boys she reigned as absolutely as a young queen. And, oh ! how keen was the pleasure she experienced as she saw the power of her beauty to draw them on or hold them in suspense at her will ; and she watched with delight as they vied with one another for the favour of her smiles, or the honour of taking her to the picture houses, or dancing with her at a party, or in the summer-time rowing her up the river, lavishing their (sometimes ill-gotten) money on sweets and ices, always ready and eager to do her lightest bidding, to gratify every wish, though only half-expressed. Thoughtless and indifferent as to the feelings she inspired in them, and the consequent pain so often inflicted, she pursued her course mercilessly, until the night she met Tom Marlow. His masterful and altogether different ways from the

others soon won the girl's heart, so that ere long he gained a power over her she felt no desire to resist, and of which he took every possible advantage. And as she nestled in his arms, listening to his passionate words of love, she found it easy to believe all he promised. And when one night he urged a speedy marriage, although at first the thought of taking that irrevocable step frightened her, looking up into his handsome face, she forgot all but her own desire. Her Faith, her mother, and the earnest exhortations of the good priest, all were for the time forgotten, and early one morning she stood with him before a minister, in a cold, bare-looking Protestant church, where they were secretly married.

Married? According to the law of the land, yes: and yet before the short ceremony was over she bitterly regretted her rash act. And, oh! what she would have given to have undone it!

But for a time all went well, and the bitter pain of her outraged conscience was lulled and for a while almost forgotten in the pleasure and joy of her new life. Tom was an affectionate and indulgent husband, nor did he ever make the slightest demur to her going to the early Mass on Sundays and holydays. He had taken a pretty little cottage on the other side of the hill, and furnished it in what was to Norah's idea a most extravagant manner, and there she reigned like a young queen. And some months later Norah became a proud and happy mother, the bonnie, blue-eyed boy was given the name of Patrick, and baptised in the Catholic chapel, Tom Marlow merely shrugging his shoulders, and saying: "All right, Norah, but I think you might have called him Tom."

"We'll call the next one Tom," she replied, smiling shyly up into his face, and he, filled with the joy and pride of fatherhood, demurred no further, but let her have her way. And when, some fifteen months later, Norah for the second time became a mother, the boy was baptised Thomas, as she had promised.

Then there came a change: how or when it exactly began it would be hard to say, but from covert scoffs at her religion, it soon developed into open antagonism. He became impatient and angry at her regular attendance at Sunday Mass, and one evening as she knelt at her bedside saying her night prayers, in a fit of temper he tore a picture of the Immaculate Mother of God from the wall and trampled it under his feet, saying: "That! for your superstitious worship. I'm going to have no more idolatry in my house, so understand that once for all."

Dismayed and frightend by his violence, poor Norah rose from her knees, and looking at him with tearful eyes, said: "Oh! Tom, why have you done that? The picture wasn't doing any harm."

"I've told you why I done it," he replied, angrily. "I'll have

no idolatrous images in my house, so there."

"But, Tom, you are breaking your promise."

"Breaking my promise, am I? What promise?"

"Why, you know very well what promise: the one you made before we were married—that you would never interfere with my religion or the children's. You know that I would never have married you otherwise."

"Oh, a fig for that promise, my girl. I daresay I did say something of the kind then, but that isn't now; and if you think I'm going to have my wife running off to Mass every Sunday morning instead of getting my breakfast and looking after the kids, you're very much mistaken, for you don't do it no more, so there."

"Oh! Tom, don't be so cruel; think how happy we have been, and you never used to mind. Besides, I can easily get your breakfast before I go, and I'll take the boys with me, so that they shall not be a worry to you."

"Take the boys, will you? Oh, no, you won't, my girl; I'm not going to be the laughing-stock of my people by being the father of a lot of Popish brats. My religion is good enough for them, and it'll have to be good enough for you too."

And thinking to appease him, poor Norah acted on the principle of "peace at any price," and stayed away from Mass, though she still continued in secret her custom of daily reciting some portion of the Holy Rosary. And eventually her fidelity to this one practice brought its reward: for when was Our Lady ever forgetful of those who seek her aid?

But meanwhile poor Norah suffered bitterly for her past folly and mistake. So close a watch did Tom Marlow keep upon her actions that she was rarely ever able to attend Mass, and when a third boy was born, she feared to have him baptised, for Tom had threatened what he would do if she dared to attempt anything of the kind.

It was nearly seven years since the fatal day on which she had stood in the cold and dismal Protestant church with Tom Marlow and the clergyman had declared them man and wife. Never once had she approached the Sacraments: first, from a sense of guilty shame, then from cold indifference, and now from very fear. For though her heart was filled with bitter remorse and sorrow for her sin, yet she did not dare go near the church for fear of him whom she called husband. And she grew thin and haggard, for she knew only too well that the man for whose love she had sacrificed her Faith had long since grown tired of, and now openly despised, her.

It was the month of November, and a Mission was being given by the Passionist Fathers in the little chapel; and one bleak, dreary

round the parish, striving to induce some of the more negligent Catholics to attend the Mission. They had had a hard and trying day's work, and as they slowly made their way back to the presbytery Father Carey was relating the story of poor Norah, when suddenly the girl herself came round a bend in the lane. She would willingly have avoided meeting the two priests, but it was impossible, and as she raised her head to reply to Father Carey's kindly greeting, Father Paul gazed intently on the sad, weary face, and his heart was touched with a deep and tender sympathy for the erring, suffering soul. He stood silently by as she spoke a few words with the parish priest, but as they were about to part, he made a sign to Father Carey, and turning, walked slowly back at the girl's side, while in a gentle, winning way he spoke of her fatal mistake and then of the Mission, urging her to come that very night and make her peace with God; and before they parted he had won from her the promise that she would try.

Holding her hand with a gentle pressure, he said: "I understand all the circumstances, my dear child, and know how very hard the first step will be, but I will pray God and Our Blessed Lady to help you, and I am confident They will, if only you, too, will seek Their help." And giving her his blessing, he turned and rejoined Father Carey.

On reaching her home Norah went at once to her room, and taking her Rosary from a corner in the chimney, where she kept it secreted for greater safety, she knelt down by the bed, passing the beads slowly between her fingers, her lips moving in silent prayer, while bitter, scalding tears coursed down her thin and wasted cheeks.

She had promised the good Missioner that she would try and go that very night, and she firmly meant to do her best to keep her word; but how it was going to be accomplished she could not imagine, yet as she rose from her knees she felt wonderfully comforted and strengthened, and the thought that the good priest was praying for her inspired her with hope.

Having replaced the Rosary in safety, she ran down the stairs, and by the time Tom Marlow returned home the table was set, the kettle boiling on the hob, and all was in readiness for their evening meal.

Tom was in high good-humour, and when he had finished, instead of drawing his chair over to the fire and lighting his pipe, as usual, he said: "The boys are having a spree at the 'Hare and Hounds' to-night, and I've promised to go, so you needn't expect me home till late; but mind you sit up, for I don't want to be kept waiting half-an-hour when I do come. And see you've got some hot water

handy, too, for two or three of them are coming back with me to finish up the night."

Norah's heart gave a great throb, for she knew that her prayers were answered. The "Hare and Hounds" was a good twenty minutes' walk from the cottage, and she knew that they would not leave until closing time, eleven o'clock, so that it would give her ample opportunity of going to the Mission and getting home again long before they could arrive; so with an inward prayer of gratitude to God and Our Lady, she replied: "All right, Tom, I will be ready and waiting for you."

Soon after Tom Marlow went out, and Norah, having cleared the table, put the children to bed, made up the fire, and taking her Rosary from its hiding place, put on her things, and went off to the Mission.

It was nearly half-past eleven, and Norah sat by the fire, a happy smile on her face, a great peace in her heart, a peace she had not known for years, for she had made her peace with God.

Suddenly there was a step on the gravel path, a pause, and then a knock. Rising and opening the door, she saw Bill Simmonds, one of her husband's comrades, who lived further up the hill.

"It's only me, Mrs. Marlow," he said. "Tom's not coming home to-night. The boys decided to go to Ted Hardacre's instead of comin' up here; so as I was passing, I thought I might as well step in and let you know, in case you might be frightened at his not turning up."

"Thank you, Bill," she replied; "it was very good of you to think of me. How is little Mamie?"

"Gettin on furst rate, thank you; doctor says as how she'll be able to get out again in a week or two." And wishing her good-night, he hurried home.

And as Norah fastened up the door and prepared to go to bed tears of joy and gratitude filled her eyes, for, as Tom was spending the night at Ted Hardacre's, there was no likelihood of him returning till he came to his dinner the next day, so she would be able to go to Mass the next morning, and kneel once again at the altar rails. Oh! what a happiness, and how good God was to arrange things so smoothly for her.

There was no need to secrete her Rosary that night, and she fell asleep with it tightly clutched in her hands.

Next morning Norah rose early, and having wrapped the little lad in a warm shawl, she left the other two boys in the care of a neighbour, and hurried off to the church. When the Mass was over and she had made her thanksgiving, Father Carey, in cotta and stole, came out of the sacristy and passed down the church to

the baptistry, where the mother had the happiness of seeing her last-born made a child of God, an heir to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Once Norah had taken the right step it was wonderful how complete was the change in her. Strengthened by the grace of the Sacraments, she lost all fear, and realising that by her sinful folly she deserved to suffer, she resolved to offer it all as an act of atonement and reparation to the Sacred Heart, and to strive by God's help to keep her little ones in the Faith. She knew that there was a hard battle before her, but she placed her confidence in Christ and His Blessed Mother, and was also much encouraged by Father Paul, who promised to remember her and the little ones every day as he stood at God's Holy Altar, and that he would also pray for her husband's conversion.

Sunday morning came, and while Tom Marlow still slept, Norah rose quietly, and having made up the fire, she dressed the three boys, and hurried off to Mass. And for a few weeks all passed off very successfully, for Tom had been so certain of her complete submission to his will that he had grown less watchful, and as he more often than not took more drink than was good for him on a Saturday night, it was usually late when he got up on the Sunday, and by that time Norah had returned from Mass, and the breakfast was ready.

One Sunday, however, Tom awoke earlier than usual. The utter silence of the house surprised him, for he knew that the boys were always awake early, yet he could hear no sound of their voices, neither in the kitchen below nor in the garden. Partly dressing himself, he descended to the kitchen: it was empty, though the fire was burning brightly, the big kettle was singing on the hob, while the table was already laid for breakfast. Tom Marlow looked around perplexed, but before there was time for a suspicion of the truth to dawn upon his mind, he heard Patrick's voice in the garden, followed by a merry peal of laughter from little Tom; and crossing the room and opening the door, he saw the two boys dressed in their Sunday clothes, swinging on the gate, while Norah, with the youngest in her arms, was coming up the garden path.

Instantly the truth flashed upon him, and his whole soul rose in wrath against the woman who could thus dare to defy him.

Norah's heart sank as she saw her husband standing in the doorway, a dark scowl of anger on his face; but she bravely hastened forward, and raising the little one in her arms, said: "See, Eddie, why here's daddy down already. Eddie kiss daddy good-morning," and she held the little one up to his father.

But Tom Marlow pushed the child roughly aside, saying: "So, you jade, you have dared to deliberately defy me, have you?" and he raised his hand as though he meant to strike her. But just at that moment Pat, who had always been his father's favourite, ran up the path with a shout of childish glee—"Come on, Tom, here's daddy; let's make him come and show us where the toad is," and catching hold of his father's left hand, he tried to drag him into the garden. "Come on, daddy, do show us the toad; you said you would if we was good, and we has been good; hasn't us, mummy?" And looking down at the boy's upturned face Tom Marlow's anger cooled, and surlily bidding Norah hurry up with the breakfast, he took Pat by the hand, and followed by Tom led them across to the flower-bed, where he soon discovered a large toad beneath a tuft of pansies, and pointed it out to the delighted boys, who danced and clapped their hands in high glee.

Although Pat's unconscious yet timely interference had for that day spared Norah a painful scene, there followed a time of hard and severe trial, for Tom Marlow strove by every means in his power to prevent her from going to Mass. But in spite of his anger, his threats, and the terrible scenes that occurred each time on her return, Sunday after Sunday Norah persevered in going, and taking the children with her, till at last he grew desperate. And thinking to get the better of her, one Saturday night, after the boys were in bed, and while she was busy with some sewing in the kitchen, he went upstairs, and collecting together all the clothes and boots, he made them up into a large bundle and took them to a pawnshop. Thrusting the tickets into his pocket, he made his way to the publichouse, chuckling to himself as he walked along. And when he returned home, just before midnight, he flung the tickets on the table before her with a mocking laugh of triumph.

Never dreaming but that he had scored a success, he did not trouble to rise so early the next morning, but when he did so, and on going down to the kitchen, found Norah and the children just returned, for they had been to Mass without hats, and even barefooted, in spite of the fact that it was raining heavily, he lost all control of himself, and in a fit of rage struck her to the floor. Then, dragging her to her feet, and thrusting her brutally into a chair, he said, with a curse: "Will you dare to defy me any more, you brazen —? Promise that you will never go again—promise, I say," and he gave her arm a cruel wrench. But in spite of the terrible pain she answered between her sobs: "Never, Tom, for I will go as long as God and Our Lady give me strength to crawl there." And she faithfully kept her word week after week, not-

withstanding the fearful scenes that followed her return and the terrible blows she suffered at his hands.

Time passed, and Tom Marlow puzzled his brains to devise some means by which to break her spirit and bend her to his will.

One Saturday, when Norah was about to put the children to bed, he looked up from the paper he was reading, and said: "The boys are to sleep with you to-night, for I'm havin' their room."

"But why, Tom?"

"Never mind why; that's my business. Just you do as you're told, do you hear?"

"All right, Tom, if you wish it, of course."

Some time later Norah rose, and, bidding Tom good-night, went upstairs. She was just ready to get into bed, when Tom entered the room. He looked at her mockingly for a moment, then, without uttering a single word, he took the key from the inside of the door, replaced it on the outside, went out, closed and locked it. Then, with a curse, he shouted through the key-hole: "They'll not go to Mass in the mornin', my girl; I reckon I've done thee a clean trick this time." And, laughing boisterously, he went off to the back room and slept.

But Tom Marlow reckoned without his host. For Norah's strong Irish character was not to be easily daunted, and early next morning she rose, and having first prayed for the Divine help she so much needed, she dressed the three boys, then going over to the window she unfastened it, and noiselessly raised the lower sash. Returning to the bed, she took off the sheets and blankets, fastening them together, so as to form a long rope, while the boys stood silently by watching her with curious eyes. Having completed the task, she again went over to the window, and having ascertained that it was sufficiently long for her purpose (for the window was not a great height from the ground), she fastened one end securely under Pat's arms, and in a low whisper told him to release the knot on reaching the ground, then bidding him "trust mother," she lifted him through the window and carefully lowered him down.

Pat, who had implicit faith in his mother, was absolutely devoid of fear, and on the contrary rather enjoyed the novelty of the adventure. On reaching the ground, he at once released himself from the improvised rope, which was quickly drawn up again, and the other two boys lowered in like manner, Pat holding out his young arms to receive them, and unfastening the knot. Then, at a sign from his mother, he led them quietly across the grass, out through the gate, and down the lane, till they came to a corner which hid them from the cottage, and there they waited for their mother.

Once the children were safely out of sight Norah turned her

attention to her own descent, which was by no means so easy. With as little noise as possible, she drew the bedstead closer to the window, making the upper end of the rope secure to the foot-rail; then, crossing over to the door, she bent her head and listened at the key-hole, fearful lest her movements had disturbed her husband; but hearing no sound, she returned to the window, and with a prayer to Our Lady that the knots might hold, she clambered out, and cautiously let herself down. It seemed an eternity to her excited brain, and every moment she was in dread of hearing Tom's voice, or seeing his angry face gazing down at her from the window above, but presently her feet touched the ground, and two minutes later she had joined the boys.

As soon as the Mass was over Norah hurried home, expecting she hardly knew what. Upon coming in sight of the cottage she was quick to notice that the knotted sheets and blankets, which she had perforce left hanging from the window, had disappeared. She knew, therefore, that Tom was up, and had already discovered her means of escape.

With beating heart she hastened up the garden path and opened the door. Tom Marlow sat by the fire, deep in thought. But as she entered the kitchen he raised his head, and looking at her for a few moments in utter silence, he at last ejaculated: "Well! if you're not the very limit! Blow me, if I don't think you are the very devil. D——n it, I don't believe the very old fellow himself could stop you."

But Norah's triumph was achieved: for from that day he made no further attempt to hinder her from going to Mass, nor did he even offer the slightest interference to her religion in any way. Tired of his continual failure to break her spirit and bend her to his will, and, indeed, forced, in spite of himself, to admire the dauntless courage and the spirit of perseverance she had evinced, he had at last begun to wonder what it was in the Catholic Faith that could produce such results. And when the time came for Pat to make his First Communion, the boy's fervour so moved him, that at last he yielded to his earnest entreaties, and went with them to the church. Deeply touched by all he witnessed, of his own accord he went again and again, until at last, becoming convinced of the Truth, he became a most fervent Catholic, and after many years of a most exemplary life died a holy death.

But Norah's patient, fervent, loyal reparation for the false step she had taken, and for which she had suffered so bitterly, was not only crowned by the conversion of her husband, for she had the still further happiness of being present at the ordination of her three sons, who each became zealous Missioners of the Passionist Congregation.

# Because of the Child ; or the Man—and the Woman.

A STORY OF A GREAT STRIKE.

JOHN G. ROWE.

AS John O'Connell, the manager, rose, the Directors could see that he had something of great moment to impart.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the hands have empowered me to address to you a request that henceforth they be granted, in addition of course to their ordinary wages, so many preference shares in the business annually ; the number of shares to be allotted in proportion to the wages earned : the shares might form part of a yearly bonus. Such a system prevails in many firms to-day, and Labour is urging its universal adoption in these islands. For my own part, I strongly advocate the measure, and consider that it will be in the best interests of all parties concerned, both Capital and Labour, to enforce it generally."

"Preposterous !"

"Absurd !"

"Ridiculous !"

"Outrageous !"

The explosives burst, like unto shots from a machine-gun, from nearly all the Board ; and every individual Director sat up stiffly and frowned most witheringly upon the quiet, self-contained manager, who could so voice—urge—so unparalleled a request.

"Mr. O'Connell, this is truly startling—from *you*. For *your* part, you strongly advocate the measure?"

This from Mr. Patrick Hennessy, M.P., the President.

"I have said so, Mr. Hennessy."

Mr. Hennessy looked round the table—at the faces of his fellow-Directors, in a semi-stupified way.

"You have been answered by the exclamations of the majority of the Board, Mr. O'Connell. It is preposterous—absurd—ridiculous—outrageous !"

"I think not, Mr. President. The relations of Capital and Labour have undergone a radical change, thanks to the Great War. Labour is now insisting on a more reciprocal arrangement between employers and employed so that Capitalism may not hold all the reins of power in its hands—that the employer must take his employé into partnership with him, and share with him all profits and the administration of the business. The workingman, the clerk, the employé of

every grade, must be given a fair share in the business which he helps to run.

"Consider, gentlemen, for one moment, how well such a scheme will work! The employé, having an interest in the business, will possess an incentive that he never had before to put his best into his work, to do his very best for his firm, and—strikes, and all the old, foolish, time-wasting friction between Labour and Capital, will be eliminated."

"This—this thing you propose is impossible, and utterly unprecedented, Mr. O'Connell. I think that is all the business, gentlemen; so I declare the Board meeting at an end." And the President rose, pushing back his chair, a signal his fellow-Directors obeyed with either deep sighs of relief or chuckles of grim satisfaction over their facile escape from so unpleasant a *contretemps*.

John O'Connell, the general manager of the Hibernia Engineering Works, did not move a muscle of his countenance, but quietly proceeded to gather up all his papers.

Then he said, even more quietly :

"I am sorry, Mr. President and gentlemen, but I must announce, since such be your decision—not to say cavalier treatment of the matter—that all the hands will turn out on strike forthwith. The shop stewards instructed me to that effect in case of your refusal to accede to or consider their demand. I said their *request* before; I *now* say their *demand*."

"I may add that I myself will resign the managership of the works unless the men's demand be granted; that I resign here and now. Furthermore—furthermore, I will stand for Parliament—oppose your son, Mr. President, for this Division of Ballybeg in the forthcoming bye-election; oppose him in the interests of Labour."

Had the proverbial thunderbolt fallen in the midst of that Board meeting, Mr. Hennessy and his fellow-Directors could not have been more astounded. They gasped, and gaped like stranded codfish at one another and the manager, whose keen, intellectual face remained as immobile as if he had not uttered the words.

"John O'Connell, did I hear aright? You—you mean to stand against my son for this Division?"

"Such is my intention, Mr. Hennessy."

Mr. Patrick Hennessy sank back helplessly in his chair. Was the sky about to fall?

"Ingrate!" snarled a Director at the other end of the table.

"Base ingrate!"

"Viper! To bite the hand that placed you in the position you occupy," added another of the Board.

"My own abilities, gentlemen, placed me in the position which, I would remind you, I have just resigned. I am under no obligation or debt of gratitude to anyone here present. I have *earned* all that I have ever received from the Hibernia Engineering Company. And since I no longer occupy the position of manager in it, and have no wish to prolong this very untoward discussion, I will bid you good-afternoon."

With that, John O'Connell walked proudly out of the Board-room.

The news quickly spread through all the "shops." John O'Connell, the manager, had laid the hands' demand before the Board, which had rejected it with scorn—declined even to consider it, and he had resigned the managership and was going to stand against young Mr. Michael Hennessy as Labour candidate for the Division at the forthcoming bye-election.

The entire works went out on strike when the whistle sounded for five o'clock. As usual, on the following morning, the gates of the foundry were opened, but not a man passed through them, except a few of the clerks.

All the hands assembled on the waste field in front of the works, to hear John O'Connell make his first open-air address to them.

John was not an orator. Very—very few men who think deeply or do things, are. But he could say briefly and succinctly what it would take your "spouter" hours, perhaps, to try and explain. And the crowd, who knew and appreciated the ex-manager's worth, cheered him to the echo when he had said the little he had to say.

"O'Connell for ever! O'Connell for Ballybeg! Good for you, John! We'll put you at the top of the poll right enough!"

"I sincerely hope so," he replied. "Now, men, my advice to you is to separate and go quietly to your homes—do no violence, which will only bring discredit upon our cause."

Obedying him, the crowd dispersed, amid more cheering; and, getting away as best he could from his more zealous supporters, John also betook himself homeward.

As he let himself in at the front door with his latchkey, his little daughter Mary, aged thirteen, came out of the kitchen.

"Daddy," she said, mournfully, "Danny has diphtheria!"

"Oh, my God!"

John O'Connell reeled like a drunken man. He heard a woman's sobbing, and his sister Annie, who kept house for him and had looked after his two motherelss bairns ever since his wife died four years before, came to the head of the stairs.

"John," she sobbed, "you must go at once and make the doctor come and inject Danny with anti-toxin. He said he would 'phone

for the ambulance to take the boy to the Isolation Hospital, but I won't let the lad go. I can and will nurse him."

"No, we won't let the lad go to the hospital, Annie. I will just see him, and then go in search of the doctor."

John rushed upstairs to the sick room. Little Dan O'Connell, his only son, was a handsome, but fragile child of seven years of age. The anguish-stricken father's eyes filled with tears at sight of the beloved little face looking so pale and wan—rivalling the very sheets in whiteness.

"How do you feel, little man?" John asked.

"Not over grand, Daddy—not over grand," the little fellow answered with difficulty.

He had learned the word "over" as a synonym for "very" from his father.

"I'm going for the doctor, acushla. I'll fetch him back."

John tore from the room and the house. The road was a quiet country one: he lived some way out of the town in rather an isolated villa residence—a handsome place enough, standing deep in well cared-for grounds—but he kept no man-servant. John ran his hardest in the direction of the town and the doctor's house. As he drew near a cross-road, he heard the rapid thudding of a horse's hoofs and faint, jerky cries in a woman's voice of "Help! Oh, oh, help!"

John O'Connell lengthened his strides, dashed swiftly forward, and reached the cross-road just as a horse came galloping madly by, with a young lady in riding costume swaying dangerously in the saddle. John saw her pallid, terrified face, and, turning quickly the same way as the horse was going, he sprang alongside the animal and grasped the bridle. He wrenched upon it with both hands, but the frantic horse dragged him fully a dozen yards before it stopped.

The lady slipped hurriedly from the saddle; when, without a word, John collapsed—sank in a limp heap upon the road.

"Oh, you are hurt! You are badly hurt?" gasped the lady, bending over him.

"I have sprained my ankle, I fear. I—cannot stand, and oh! I must—I must get to Ballybeg and fetch the doctor to my little son, who is dangerously ill and may die within a few hours."

"You have sprained your ankle! And on my account! Oh, you were brave to stop my horse like you did! I—I might have been killed. I will run for the doctor, and send you help as well. Where do you live, and who is your doctor?"

"Doctor Quinlan. I live at 'Innisfail'—the house just over the hill there."

"Doctor Quinlan! I saw him driving away from his house as I came past it. He was going on his round, I suppose. But I am a trained nurse, and have studied medicine. Perhaps I can be of service to your son—can do something for him before I find another doctor?"

"You cannot do anything except fetch a doctor. The boy has diphtheria. He must be injected with anti-toxin immediately, or he may not live. Leave me! Find another——"

He did not conclude, for all suddenly became dark: he had swooned. He has sustained more than a sprained ankle; the horse had kicked him and broken his right leg below the knee.

Gazing upon him in horror for a moment, the self-styled nurse turned and looked anxiously about her. She saw a cottage some little way off along the road, and she immediately ran towards it.

She ran, and ran, in spite of her failing breath and strength, reaching the cottage in a state bordering upon exhaustion. Unable to call out, she hammered upon the door with her clenched hands.

It flew open as if by magic. A tall old farm-labourer stood before her.

"Oh—come—quick!" she panted, breathlessly. "My horse—ran away, and a—brave—man—stopped it, but—he—is badly—hurt, and has—fainted."

"Pat, Ted, Jim!" roared the old man promptly. "Come quick!"

Three strapping young men appeared at once from a back room. The old man explained matters; and, without further loss of time, the four men hurried with the lady to where John O'Connell was lying, still in his death-like swoon.

"Why, it's Mr. John O'Connell, who lives at 'Innisfail' just over the hill beyant," said the old man. "We'll carry him to his house for ye, Miss."

She was on her knees beside John, feeling if any bones were broken.

"He is Mr. John O'Connell, you say? Yes, yes, carry him to his house, please. His right leg is broken below the knee. Carry him gently! I am a nurse, and will set the leg in splints when we get him home."

The four men pulled down stakes from the fence alongside, and improvised a stretcher with these and their waistcoats: none of them was wearing a coat.

"It will only take two of us to carry him, father," said one of the sons. "I'll go for a doctor."

"Yes, yes, do, please! If one doctor is not in, try for another. Get one: the case is most urgent. Tell the doctor to bring a tube of anti-toxin. You will remember? A tube of anti-toxin. Not for

Mr. O'Connell himself, but for his little son, who is dangerously ill."

"A tube of anti-toxin. Right, Miss! I'll not forget. And the youth hurried off.

John recovered consciousness as they were placing him on the stretcher.

"I—I fainted, I suppose. Fancy John O'Connell fainting like a woman! But—but never mind me, men! One of you run and fetch a doctor for my little son. He is——"

"It's all right, Mr. O'Connell, a young man has just gone for the doctor. Now don't say anything more. We are going to carry you to your house, where I will see what I can do for your son before attending to you. You have broken your right leg below the knee."

When they rang the bell at 'Innisfail,' John's sister and little daughter came hurrying to the door.

"Oh, Heaven! What has happened?" gasped Annie.

The strange lady quickly explained.

"Oh! oh! and he was going for a doctor to inject his little son, who is very ill with diphtheria. Will one of you men run at once——"

"It's all right, Annie asthore. A man has gone," said John. "And this lady is a nurse and thinks she may do something for my boy."

"Yes, I will see what I can do for your son first, and then attend to your husband's broken leg."

"He is not my husband, but my brother. Yes, see the child first. Come upstairs! Take my brother in here, men," throwing open the drawing-room door. "Lay him on the sofa."

The two ladies went upstairs, and into little Dan's room.

"He is very—very ill, dangerously so. There is no time indeed to be lost, if his life is to be saved," whispered the visitor, after a brief examination of the boy's throat. "Can you get me a glass tube, such as—such as is sometimes inside a baby's feeding-bottle?"

"I have the very thing here," cried Annie; and she flew to a chest of drawers, pulled open one of the drawers and took out a baby's bottle of the old-fashioned type, containing a glass tube.

The nurse extracted the glass tube.

"Now get me a tumbler of clean, drinking water, and a basin. Ah, you have a water-bottle and glass there! And that basin will do. Put them on the table here beside me."

She bent over little Danny again, and told him to open his mouth as wide as he could. When he did so, she inserted one end of the tube, gently thrusting it well back into the throat. Then she applied

her lips to the other end, and—proceeded to suck the deadly virus from the throat and tonsils!

She spat it into the basin, and rinsed out her mouth.

Again, and again, she repeated the operation; and at length, satisfied, washed her mouth out thoroughly and gargled several times with a disinfectant which was in a bottle on the washing-stand.

Annie had watched her throughout with amazed, anxious eyes.

"He is all right now," said the visitor, with a reassuring smile. "I have averted all peril for the present at least. He is no longer in danger. But he must have the anti-toxin injected, to make quite sure. *That* the doctor will inject when *he* comes. I will go now and attend to his father."

"You have saved his life—at the risk of your own! May God and His saints bless you—a hundredfold!"

"Thank you; but did his father not save my life at the risk of his own and what he probably valued far more—his?" pointing to little Dan. "Come, we'll go down now. Good-bye, little boy! No, no, don't speak, my child—don't say good-bye! You were a good, brave little man, and you will be all right now. You feel easier in the throat already, I know."

The two ladies went downstairs, and found John waiting anxiously to hear the verdict as regarded his little son. He was lying on the sofa; the farm-labourers had taken their departure, only too glad to get away on hearing there was diphtheria in the house.

"She has saved your son's life, John," cried Annie, huskily. "She has sucked the poison from his throat."

"What!"

John struggled up into a sitting posture in spite of the agony his broken limb caused him.

"Never mind that! Thank God I knew what to do. Now I will see to your broken leg, sir."

There was the noise of a motor-car coming up the drive, as she uttered the last word. It was a doctor. The young farm-labourer had sent one.

"Miss Hennessy, you here!" he exclaimed at once at sight of the lady visitor.

"Yes, my horse ran away, and this gentleman saved my life at the risk of his own and his little son's as well. The child had diphtheria and he was hurrying to fetch one of your profession."

"Miss Hennessy!" John sat bolt upright again. "Are you Mr. Patrick Hennessy's daughter?"

"I am—his one and only—just returned home from a nursing convent in France."

John said not another word until the doctor and Miss Hennessy

between them had put his leg in splints and helped him upstairs to his sick child's room, which he shared with the youngster, then—

“Miss Hennessy, when you return home, tell your father that John O'Connell withdraws from the contest. Tell him that, and what has happened here at 'Innisfail' this morning, and he will understand.”

John was lying in the bed adjoining his little son's cot next morning, when, about ten o'clock, Mr. Hennessy, senior, called to see him.

“Mr. O'Connell, you saved my daughter's life yesterday, and afterwards, I understand, she saved your little son's. So in a measure we are quits; but I came to tell you that, since you have withdrawn your candidature against my son, you must also withdraw—your resignation of the managership. As President and largest shareholder in the Hibernia Works, I insist on your remaining our manager, and I take it on myself to grant your request that all our employés shall be given shares annually from this on, *pro rata* with their standing and work in the firm.”

Little Dan O'Connell was up and about again before his father was able to put the injured leg to the floor. Mr. Hennessy, junior, was returned, unopposed, to represent the Division of Ballybeg in Parliament. He had represented the Division before, but not as truly as he did now, and he had had to seek re-election through being elevated to a post in the Ministry. He was now most powerful, and he lost no time in bringing forward a measure to make it law for all employers to allot shares annually, in just and fair proportion, as a bonus, to employés.

Under John O'Connell's managership, the Hibernia Engineering Works continued to prosper exceedingly—became one of the biggest engineering concerns in Ireland. John had seen Bridget Hennessy many times since his first fateful meeting with her; he had sat beside her repeatedly, an honoured guest at her father's table; he had danced with her at balls, formed her cavalier at parties, church fêtes, and bazaars, sat with her, and her father and brother, in a box at the theatre.

He was at length emboldened to ask her father for her hand: for he knew from many little, unequivocal signs that he had already won her heart, as she had his. And Mr. Patrick Hennessy, proud aristocrat though the old gentleman was, did not disdain his plebian suit, but rather received him with open arms.

“Take her, my boy! I know that she loves you in return. I am not blind, and I have watched you both for some time, I don't mind

confessing. Yes, I have known how matters stood between you two longer than I can very well say, and I may tell you here that there is no man of my acquaintance to whom I would more gladly give her. You have become a power in the land, John O'Connell. Without question, the firm owes its present great prosperity and high repute to you as its manager, and you have quite won my old heart by your intrinsic worth."

And did Bridget Hennessy turn up her high-bred, albeit very pretty, nose at her lover, when he sought her in the conservatory five minutes later?

Not she. She knew what was coming, and when John asked her to be his wife, to fill the place left vacant by the death of the mother of his two idolised children, she said "Yes" at once in the nicest of ways. And, as he folded her in his arms and kissed her blushing face for the first time, she whispered that she would try and be as good a wife to him as her predecessor, and that Mary and little Danny, the boy whose life she had saved at the risk of her own, would find in her the fond mother whom they had so sadly lacked during the past six years.

At the wedding, which was attended by everybody who was anybody in the county, Annie was bridesmaid, and Mary and little Danny, who were dressed as Erin and a lepracaun respectively, walked behind the bride, carrying her train.

# “Out of Bounds.”

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

A little Boy, of heavenly birth,  
But far from home to-day,  
Comes down to find His ball, the earth  
That sin has cast away.

O, comrades, let us one and all  
Join in to get Him back His ball!

—J. B. TABB.

IN real life time is always deceiving us. Our invention of days and weeks is an aid to prevent our realisation of that ever-present eternity which only breaks upon most of us with great love, or great sorrow, or deep peace. If we had not invented time, the business of the world, the business of living, would never have been managed; mankind would have missed systems of exchange, industrial habits, aeroplanes, newspapers, politics, and war, and death itself would have been a mood rather than a moment. All men feel something of this—love, laughter, or grief catch, we must believe, even the captains of industry; but few men can express the feeling. And in art, though it is expressed in music, lyric poetry, in painting and sculpture and, most consummately, in architecture, it has not the intense reality which it has when it overwhelms one in life.

At many assiduous schools both boys and girls are taught almost everything except how to employ their leisure. Or rather their leisure is so filled with imposed amusements that they do not know what to do with themselves in the holidays when it is not. For no one can really be taught how to employ his leisure; he must learn that for himself. The essence of leisure is freedom; but many excellent teachers have the same notion of it that some devout have of heaven.

In all human beings there is a stubborn and divine individuality which, if suppressed, however kindly and ingeniously, will probably take its revenge in rebellion, conscious or unconscious. It may retire and become secret even to itself, rejoicing in the nearest it can approach to entire absence of thought or any kind of experi-

ence. That is a not uncommon result of over-training, and it is not to be desired. It is well that we should be kept out of mischief when young, but a time comes when we have to keep ourselves out of it by our own choice and initiative. Further, it is important that we should discover what we want to do in life, and that we must discover for ourselves. It may be something that no teacher would have thought of and yet worth doing. If we are drilled and drilled for ever in tasks, no matter how pleasant and gentle, we may from mere habit go on all our lives doing them and never making the great discovery.

Much of this may be imputed to the mental prejudice of an age which prefers absolute attainment in one direction to comprehensive charm in a thousand, which applauds an idea as recklessly as its predecessor did homage to a moral. Possibly those of us who are too scientific to endure an effusive humanity in literature are in danger of overlooking the artistic elements in a most human writer. But the present-day conviction that to mingle and not to mix emotions and ideas is the first rule of an artist's conduct is bound to find in Stevenson an abrupt denial.

The psychology of the hermit is one of the most interesting of all the phenomena of life. It is outside the range of the ordinary mind attuned to the social and domestic aspects of life. Only those who have themselves experienced an overwhelming desire for the society of God alone can hope to approach to an understanding of it. Even so many souls are content to know God only as He is revealed in His creatures: the direct apprehension of Him is something utterly remote from their experience. Nevertheless the hermit-life is an intense reality. The joy of the solitary in the presence of his God is no less real than that of the active worker in the world of men.

Experience confirms the opinion of the psychologists who tell us that most boys of the public school age have a strongly mystic tendency. This is to be expected on account of the great emotional development which is characteristic of that period of life. But it is obscured by the fact that the boy is both unwilling and unable to give any verbal expression to this tendency. He is unwilling because it is something very new and curious in his experience; he is often a little frightened of it and he is exceedingly frightened of other people's contempt for it. And he is unable, because the words he is accustomed to use are valueless in this connection, and feels priggish if he tries to use others. No one would try to talk about Communion with God or home-affection, or any other sacred or intimate thing, if he could use no other terms of approbation except "top-hole" and the like without being a fool. But though unexpressed, the mystical tendency is there, and should be appealed to

and developed. The pity is that this mystical tendency so soon disappears in most cases, partly, no doubt, owing to the failure ever to express it, which he mentions. The thing characteristic of a boy's religion is generosity. It is middle age, not youth, which is likely to be alienated by religion which demands big sacrifices.

What strange alternations youth presents, as the swift currents of feeling sweep so rapidly over the surface of life!—now fearless, now a coward; now full of spirits, now sunk in the depths of despair; now open, generous, courteous, now sullen, deceitful, rude; now so affectionate, responsive, lovable, now so wilful, wayward, disappointing; capable of such high ideals, heroic exertions, lofty aspirations, and yet so unstable, uncertain, capricious—in peril of being wrecked, ruined, marred.

But deeper lurk all breasts within  
The secrets both of grace and sin,  
Each has his world of thought alone,  
To one dread Watcher only known.

Vacillation and decision, impulse and duty, resolution and weakness, sacrifice and selfishness, rebellion and obedience, self-discipline and recklessness, the flesh and the spirit, God and the devil—these are the rival forces contending for the mastery—and which is going to win? As we see them about the home, in their games, at the school, in the club, at their work, it is their features, their form, their behaviour alone that we can descry; but the holy angels discern something more precious behind. To the world they are but so many potential citizens, mere pawns in the political game, a national asset in the conflict with foreign competition; whereas to God and to those celestial spirits they present a spectacle to which our clouded vision is blind. To them they are so many immortal souls "made in the Image of God"; begotten again (it may be) at the font, and united to God's own Son; so many Christs, so many children of God, so many heirs of eternal life; so many comrades (sealed with "the saving token," "the royal sign") of Him Who has espoused their cause and Who has made their estate His very own.

Every child needs a time for day-dreaming, which may seem aimless and idle, but which discovers the secrets of his soul to him. It is dreadful to think that boys like Shelley may be in excellent schools now with no time at all for letting their thoughts wander about the books they have read by their own choice, about the beauties of the earth, or the strange people they have seen. Shelley's mother was puzzled at his way of going out alone, and sent an old

servant after him, who returned always with the news that "Master Bysshe just took a walk and came back again." Nowadays she would probably have sent someone with him to tell him what to look at and what it all meant. Or she might have gone herself, never guessing that he knew best what to look at and what it meant to him. Man, no doubt, is a social being by nature, but the secret of his superiority to the animals is that he is also a lonely being.

The aim of principle is to give the mind predominance over the instincts of the body, not over one instinct in favour of another, but over all alike; and principles have been established by men, and passionately guarded by them, because they wish to attain to freedom of the spirit by a governance of all their instincts. Through principle they assert their desire for this freedom, as a democracy asserts its desire for freedom through its constitution; and principle is made supreme, as the constitution is made supreme, to express the supremacy of that desire for spiritual freedom.

If a man holds a certain metaphysical belief, you cannot prove to him that it is false. But you may be able to prove to him that other beliefs of his are inconsistent with it, so that he will have to renounce either those other beliefs or the metaphysical belief. So, to one who says that he believes only in the existence of matter, one may put it that that belief is inconsistent with his other belief that he has attained to the truth about matter, is indeed inconsistent with belief of any kind, and so even with itself. For if only matter exists, the truth about matter does not exist for us; it is merely an effect produced by matter upon matter; belief is in effect produced by matter upon matter. But he who believes that cannot believe anything else, or even that. Nevertheless, it is obviously true, and it is important to insist, that there can be no true mysticism without asceticism; and this is why so much of what calls itself mysticism at the present day is both futile and mischievous.

Ordinary men, who seek in saints' lives for what may help them, are easily discouraged to find that these holy personages seem to have been canonizable from cradle up, and at the least lose interest in such saints. It may be so, probably it is so in many cases, but it may be doubted whether the feeling is quite so common as seems to be implied. There is a help which comes from the mere perception of a saint's perfect response to grace, and of what great things God can do with a nature that we all know to have been really one with our own. Is it not a fact that ordinary folk who want help against a temptation go naturally and easily to a saint who excelled in the opposing virtue without requiring that the saint ever experienced special need of resisting, still less showed weakness with regard to the same temptation? What does undoubtedly repel

is something that removes far from every saint the vague and shadowy character of the saint and the absence of any recognisable human traits. Not only St. Anthony, but even the highly spiritualized St. John of the Cross, were very human persons, manifestly formed of the same clay as ourselves, and by no means taken out of our nature by their elevation to something higher.

We may have felt curiously antipathetic towards a prim and priggish surpliced piece of perfection for ever concerned with a crucifix and a skull and choosing to look not even his own mother in the face. Such an attitude would not have been justifiable, and no youth of any capacity and with any real Catholic instincts to guide him would deliberately adopt it. Yet an inclination to it must have been in the subconsciousness of many a healthy-minded boy who would realise perfectly the duty of turning his eyes away from the lewd, the suggestive and the morally ugly, and who would fail absolutely to see any commonsense or right feeling in averting his gaze from mother or sister or even his companions' sisters either. And if it were the fate of St. Aloysius to remain beyond the reach of boyhood's sympathy and personal affection, no less did St. Stanislaus Kostka and St. John Berchmans remain remote and inaccessible, mere names of figures far off on peaks of perfect but super-human sanctity.

When the spirit is free in men, they can work in harmony together to fulfil the desires of the spirit, which are common to all and arouse no conflicts among them; and so the essence of a principle, which asserts the desire for freedom, is that a man will apply it to others as well as to himself. Indeed, the whole conception of right and wrong, with all the emotions attached to it, is a conception of principle and arises from the desire for spiritual freedom. Right is right and wrong wrong to us because we see them as right and wrong for others besides ourselves. A man may have his own individual conception of right and wrong, and so far he may be a law to himself; but he must apply the law to others as well as to himself, or it is no law at all.

Lao Tze, being asked, "How are men's hearts to be kept in order?" replied, "Be careful not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal." That is to say, by too much ordering you produce a type trained after a pattern, and violent rebels against that type. It is when we are left to ourselves that we discover ourselves, our own tastes and values; if we are never left to ourselves we take everything, or, by reaction, nothing, at second hand.

# The Mentality of the Irish Gael.

CHARLOTTE DEASE.

A FRENCH writer has said the desert so penetrated the hearts of the Jews during their forty years of wandering that it influenced the Jewish character and helped to shape it. The vast spaces, the loneliness, the wilderness, the perpetual movement onwards, coloured the imagination of the Jews and formed their minds. Isolated from other peoples, their surroundings held them the more, and their mentality reflected the landscape through which they passed, while their thoughts were directed to the ultimate goal that, guiding their footsteps, continually receded from them. Of another small nation the same thing may be said. The Irish, isolated as were the Jews, wandering also in search of a Land of Promise that eluded them, have gathered into themselves the landscape of their island, and the soul of the Gael has been moulded by the soil. The soft breeze, as well as the raging storms, have swept the hearts of the Irish. The subtle changes of light and the gorgeous colours of the sky have awakened their fancy, the mutability of the temperature has made them emotional. The great wastes of bog and solitary mountain slopes have given them a meditative spirit, and the rugged barrenness of the western coast the austerity that underlies their character, and from the immense ocean—symbol of eternity—has come their easy realisation of the Beyond. Ireland's Art, too, has the landscape influenced. The national airs reproduce the moan of the ocean; the *caoín* is inspired by the sob and shriek of the wind, and the song of Nature's elementals comes to the ears of the sensitive in the form of fairy music. All the colours of the Irish sea and sky are reproduced in the ancient illuminations. Thus have the waters, the heavens, the land, the climate, woven themselves into the thoughts and character of the Irish people.

The Irish Gael is a personage of character so many-sided and so complicated that he is difficult to understand and has often proved an insoluble problem. To the Celtic temperament—subtle, visionary, imaginative, logical—he has added qualities and defects of his own, come to him from his history, traditions, environment, and unless these are taken into account he appears an enigma. There is still behind him the background of his ancient civilisation,

and he is shadowed by the vicissitudes of his strange and chequered story. Such varied elements have continued to fashion him that the result cannot be other than surprising.

The Gaelic Irishman is simple on the surface and complex within. He is merry, witty, yet with tears often lurking behind the laughter, outspoken yet impenetrably reticent, generous yet unforgetting, kind beyond ordinary kindness, and hard and relentless, wasteful and spendthrift, saving and close-fisted, long-suffering in great trials, impatient of small things, trusting yet unaccountably suspicious, easily led and at times impossible to move, capable of crime and spiritual as a mediæval saint. Too many-sided and dramatic in himself to act a part, there is a sincerity in his most contradictory emotions. Dr. Douglas Hyde has written of the Irishman of the West: "The same man, who will to-day be dancing, sporting, drinking, shouting, will be soliloquising by himself to-morrow, heavy and sad in his own little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost life, the vanity of this world and the coming of death."

By its natural bent the Gaelic mind ranged over a wide sphere. An Irishman sees in actuality what he speaks of. His imagination paints the picture of all that he thinks and hears and reads about. To realise an event presents to him no difficulty and he can project himself easily into circumstances remote from him. He enjoys flights of fancy and to hear and discuss things that are unlikely to come his way. To his interest there is no limit; his thoughts can carry him anywhere. This power of imagination makes him very susceptible of impression. His emotions rise and fall when they are played on and he responds quickly to every sentiment. But he is not sentimental. The purely sentimental he considers ridiculous. His sense of fun makes him impatient of it and excites his laughter. The very strength of his emotions renders him intolerant of sentimentality, and perhaps the very tragedy of his history causes him to demand something deeper for the expenditure of his feelings. By temperament, as well as from circumstances, the Irishman possesses a fund of melancholy. W. B. Yeats says this sadness belongs to "all peoples who preserve the moods of the ancient peoples of the world." There is a reaction from this tendency to melancholy, or rather there is its counterpart—a keen wit and sense of humour. Many things contribute to the special quality of Irish humour—subtlety of mind, extraordinary quickness of perception, an affinity for the incongruous, a love of drollery and originality of idea. An Irishman has the propensity of looking at the unexpected. His phrases are often full of surprises. He possesses a quaint, fantastic mode of expression and a whimsicality of thought. "The

fresh and remoter way of thinking," as it has been expressed, is his.

Often has it been said that there is an undoubted lack of truth in the Irish mind, and to lie easily is supposed to be an Irish capacity. Perhaps this is true. An old beggarman once, when telling an incident, ended his tale by saying: "It is the truth I'm telling you and no lie. Not but that I could tell a lie if I liked, but I'm coming to that time of life now when I think I had best stick to the truth." To admit the possibility of being able to lie is perhaps a sign of greater fundamental truthfulness than to assert an incapacity for prevarication. An explanation, credited to Cardinal Newman, gives one explanation for the want of veracity—if such there be—in the Irish mind. When an Irishman is asked a question his imagination quickly conjures up on one side eight or nine different answers that are varied and interesting, and on the other side he sees one dull, plain fact. Either he is a hero and rejects the alluring replies and states the one that has only the truth to recommend it, or else he succumbs to temptation. Can those who are only able to see one answer blame him? An Irishman has usually so many ideas in his mind that he cannot express them all. Some of them seem in contradiction and a great deal of explanation would be needed to make the whole truth understood. What appears to be a lie may be really true and only a lie by default. Those who see more than others are speaking their own truth. An Irish attitude towards truth is that it is not for everyone. The ancient Ollamhs spoke in a way that only the initiated could understand, and "great was their high, noble and beautiful obscurity." It was said that the Bardic language served as an armour round the truth to preserve it from those who could not appreciate it. The Irishman often does not say what he means, which is a very different thing from not meaning what he says. As a rule he never gives a direct answer, which to a cruder mind may seem a want of straightforwardness. Whereas it is subtlety of thought and a keen sense of courtesy that guides his mode of reply. The words "yes" and "no" do not exist in Irish. Every race has its own conception of truth and makes its own interpretation which another race may not altogether understand.

"The Celts were always quick to take the mere hint. They avoided the obvious and the commonplace. The half-said thing was to them the clearest," wrote Kuno Meyer in his book "Ancient Irish Poetry." As a rule an Irishman implies his meaning in preference to expressing it baldly. As he is usually dealing with persons as perceptive and quick-witted as himself, what he means is understood. The "half-said thing" is clear. Accustomed to consider what is in the mind of the speaker rather than the actual sense of the words used he jumps quickly to the meaning. His intuition

often carries him ahead of the speaker. On occasions his swiftness of mind has brought him on to another thought, while the slower thinker is still engrossed with the first. The Irishman's extraordinary mental rapidity on occasions leads him astray. He sees so far ahead that his actions are influenced by what may never happen and he misses the obvious things that practically concern him. His swift thought makes him appear inconsequent, for he seems to skip the lines of reasoning that lead to a conclusion. The expressions known as "Irish bulls" are often a result of this mental quickness.

In spite of a vivid imagination the Gaelic mind is naturally logical. Like the French—though less well trained—the Irish work their premises to an ultimate conclusion. They do not possess the genius for compromise that saves some nations from ill-considered decisions. They face the consequences. Something in them that is relentless carries them on to the bitter end. It may be partly this sense of logic that makes it rare for an Irishman to be a Pharisee. He does not assume for himself a superior moral position, nor does he delude himself into thinking he is acting from exalted motives when he is working for his own advantage. He is not a hypocrite and generally shows his worst side to the world. Good-natured, responsive, spontaneous and, on the surface, expansive, the Irishman likes to please and instinctively extends "the hand of readiness." But with all his amiability he is hard-headed. He can drive a bargain and clings to his own tenaciously. As an Irish business man said: "What we give we give, and what we sell we sell." When determined on a course of action the Irishman is capable of carrying it out ruthlessly. His logic, spirit of non-compromise, power of looking things in the face, all tend to make him disregard what lies in his way.

The Celts have always been considered as the idealists of the world, the "dreamers of dreams and seers of visions." The story of the Irish people is made up of the striving after an idea. One of the Gaelic scribes wrote that the Irish heroes always went out to battle and always fell. It did not matter to them that they fell provided they did not relinquish their vision. According to the ancient warrior Goll, "a man lives after his life, but not after his honour." The Gaelic Irish "ride loosely" through life and to trouble strenuously over fleeting things does not seem to be worth while. "It is well that the Irish have the power to banish and despise reality when it is hard and sad," wrote Dubois in his contemporary, "Ireland," "and that they are able to fall back upon the inner life which is more real for them than for others, and forget themselves in the visions of the Beyond." From the very earliest times the mind's eye of the Irish Celt has been fixed in a place of ideal life. Hy

Braisil, Tir na nOg, Tir Taergine have called to Gaelic heroes through the centuries. Though Mr. Yeats overstated it when he wrote, "The Irishman's dream is never entangled in reality," it is true that the realities of life are for him often entangled in a dream. When in the course of Irish history there have arisen occasions for a choice between some material advantage and the seemingly unrealistic idea, the choice has been generally made in the same way. When it has not, Ireland has retraced her steps and there has been "the Celtic reaction against the despotism of fact."

"The Irish Gael is pious by nature. He sees the hand of God in ever place, in every time, in every thing. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the makings of an unbeliever," writes, in his preface to the "Religious Songs of Connacht," Dr. Douglas Hyde. Religious Irish has been the background of Gaelic mentality practically since the days of St. Patrick. It has fashioned the thoughts, coloured the history and permeated the language of the Irish. Still the vision of the Irish Gael is so clear that the spiritual presents for them no difficulty and their habit of worship and religious temperament makes them put in their proper place the things of life. The things of this world do not obscure for them the things of the next. So familiar is the Irish Gael with mystery that he does not fear it, and his mind hovers on the borders of the supernatural. To the Gael, Providence is very near, and he feels he is constantly under a great protection. Hence he is able to bear solitude and to face danger with indifference. There is a directness and a simplicity in the Irishman's attitude towards his religion. He is without religious pose or religious self-consciousness, and he is without the fear of being thought pious. It has been said that the "Celt was too intent on God to pay much attention to the rubrics." Certainly the Irish Gaels are extraordinarily independent of externals—they pass so quickly from the outward to the inward, from the symbol to the thing symbolised, that they need but little intermediary for their realisation of the unseen. The plain they live on is only partly on this earth. This perhaps explains why the typical Irish Gael, no matter how well he is known, remains aloof. There are points in him that can never be touched. As he is instinctively spiritual it follows that the Gaelic Irishman is more or less of an ascetic. Material comforts do not mean for him a great deal. In the Irish language there is no verb "to have," a sign possibly of the lack of the spirit of acquisitiveness in the Irish character—for whether from disposition or from fate the Irish have never possessed great possessions. In his way of life he is simple and even frugal. The traditional national pilgrimages as carried on in Ireland through centuries are the most austere of any that exist in the Catholic world. An easy

form of comfortable religion has not been the Irish habit, and, according to an old writer, the Gael "likes to feel the iron in his flesh."

The attitude of the Irish towards death shows that they have not rooted themselves very deeply in this life. To face the inevitable and not to try to obscure it has been the tendency of the Gaelic mind. "It is blindness for anyone making a tryst to set aside the tryst of death," said the Irish poet Fothard Conan, and this ultimate tryst is never forgotten. Moreover, death itself presents few terrors. From childhood upwards the people of Ireland are familiarised with the thought of dying and the most fervent prayer is made for grace to die well. Death is not looked upon as an enemy, but as a gateway to a better world. "*Tá sé imighthe ar slighe na Fírinne*"—"He has gone on the way of truth," is a phrase used to announce that a man is dead; and "*Ar lámh dheis Dé go raibh a anam anois*"—"On God's right hand may his soul be now," comes the quick response. So clear is the realisation that the life beyond is better, fuller, more complete, and the present life but its shadow, that regrets for what is to be left behind seem superfluous.

Such is the man of the Irish Gael, with his character for good or for ill, shaped by the civilisation of some three thousand years. Too strong a personality to be successfully changed to another pattern he breaks the mould that does not fit him. But left to follow the star of his own vision he makes his way in peace.

# Topics of the Month.

## IRELAND'S PUSH FOR FOREIGN TRADE.

### I. DUBLIN AS A TRADE CENTRE.

THE effort to extend Irish trade is going ahead, despite the state of crisis in which the country is plunged. Both in France and America marked attention has been drawn to the opportunities for reciprocal traffic.

Dublin alone offers a long list of commercial products available for export. The distilling and brewing industries stand, perhaps too prominently, at the head of the catalogue. In fact they overshadow resources of greater economic value which it is well to bear in mind.

Dublin already does a good export trade in mineral waters. The foreign demand brings the City about quarter of a million pounds sterling every year.

Woollen work, at one time a feature of local commerce, has been reviving in latter times. In the County and City it shows signs of steady expansion. The Irish woollen trade as a whole has undergone a remarkable resurrection and has now an output of blankets, rugs, friezes, carpets, chevviots, serges, and suitings fit to compete in any market.

Dublin biscuits have been famous abroad for almost two generations. Unsolicited orders frequently come to Dublin biscuit-makers from foreign firms—an admission of the excellence of the goods.

The manufacture of manures and fertilisers is carried on in Dublin on an important scale, the factories being among the largest in the British Isles. Over 1,000 men are em-

ployed. The export side of the business is considerable, but is capable of much greater development.

The Dublin Poplin industry, which gained medals in San Francisco, Paris, London, and Chicago, continues to flourish. Poplin is a peculiarly Dublin product. No other manufacturing centre in the world supplies it.

### II. THE LIST IS LONG.

The City and its surroundings can point to several other industries. Shirt-making is largely carried on. Hosiery—notwithstanding the burning of one of the great factories of Balbriggan—is constantly exported to Great Britain and the Continent. Carriage-building has been a Dublin speciality since the coaching days. The leather and belting industry, after a long period of decadence, is recovering strength. In recent years some enterprising firms have started ship-building and ship-repairing at the Dublin docks, and the results have more than realised their expectations. Good engineering work is also done by houses equipped with the most up-to-date plants. Two substantial local industries provide matches and pipes. As regards milling, Dublin holds the foremost position in Ireland. Paper-making, printing, even bell-founding and piano manufacture are represented by establishments of sound reputation.

### III. A BUSINESS-LIKE APPEAL.

It would be foolish, however, to exaggerate our industrial position. A great nucleus is certainly available. But it needs strenuous and

patient development. The movement to open up foreign trade should prove a welcome incentive. We have to face the fact that much remains to be done, and we must set about doing it cheerfully. In commercial matters Irish people are said to be too expectant at the outset and too despondent later on. The spade work discourages them. The country has suffered a good deal from two classes—those who overrate and those who underrate its possibilities. Let the individual correct these faults in himself. But it cannot be stated too forcibly that we are appealing for foreign trade on the cold basis of commercial merit. We make no request for preference. Ireland is able and willing to give value. The three facts she puts before the foreigner are these:

Her manufactures are of pure material and good quality.

Her goods are of a nature in everyday demand.

Her prices are reasonable.

## UNEMPLOYMENT, ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

### I. DEMOCRACY UNSAFE.

THE world was to be made safe for democracy. That was not done. And so democracy is beginning to be unsafe for the world. The spread of unemployment in Great Britain, and the means which the men are adopting to emphasise their right to live, are signs that grow daily more serious.

The spokesmen of the people have a rough-and-ready way of dividing the world into two classes—the Haves and the Have-nots. The war gave the owning class an opportunity of vastly increasing its possessions. The rich grew immensely richer. For some years high wages and war work cancelled any dangerous dis-

content in the class underneath. But now the post-war depression in trade has restored the old uncertainty of livelihood for the worker, while the high cost of necessaries renders any interference with his income a menace to his existence. When stoppage of employment withdraws that income completely his plight is a goad to desperation. Under present conditions, without work he must starve.

This reality is causing the workless man to be more determined and assertive than he has ever yet ventured to be. On every side he sees a numerous and leisured set with wealth to lavish on luxury. He is critical of its good fortune. The more so because he was filled with promises as to benefits that would come to him in the new order that peace was to usher in.

Peace has arrived. But the security that he was led to expect has proved to be a myth. The democratic world that he was told about has not been inaugurated. The better distribution of money, which was to give him a fuller share of the comforts of life and a stronger guarantee against old age, appears to him now as a cynical delusion. Although his expenses are going higher, he has the alternative of a reduced wage or no wage. And all the time the spectacle of war-swollen opulence is passing before his eyes.

### II. LET THE MASSES DECIDE.

It is more than two years since hostilities ceased. Those who rule could have used that ample interval to introduce a reform in economic relations which the masses counted on and which is long overdue. The time has been devoted instead to the building up of militarism in different sections of the British Empire. Millions that should have been

applied to social betterment have been spent on warriors and war materials after the battle flags were nominally furled.

It is not far to seek the reason. The reins of power have been handed over to those who cannot change, who cannot advance, and who cannot reform. The people will get advantages only when they themselves assume the functions of government. This is a lesson that adversity has not hitherto succeeded in teaching them.

The franchise makes all things possible if they would turn it to their purpose. But they evince no sense of their class interests when the voting paper is before them. At the last General Election the populace of Great Britain responded to a couple of Jingo catch-cries. The result was the placing in office of a group of reactionaries who subserve the interests of the few as against those of the many.

That group has an instinctive reliance on Force—the tyrant's substitute for Right. Therefore it is militarist to the marrow. It distrusts the people who gave it power. It lavishes their money, not on measures for making them contented, but on the means of keeping them in check. Its policy can be expressed in two words—Squash and Squander. That is why the outstanding public features of Great Britain to-day are Worklessness and Waste.

To hope for improvement under the present regime would be foolish. The growing unrest of the people may make it necessary, however, to let them express their will at the polls. Then if they want to end the present state of affairs they can do it without the shadow of violence. Democracy needs a democratic government. When the British work-

man grasps that fact, good may accrue for himself and others.

## IRELAND'S EXPORT OF GENIUS.

### I. MIND FORMATION.

A CANADIAN has just attempted an analysis of Irish genius. But he has been baffled by the subject. He wanders in generalities, and it is clear that he is unable to come to close quarters with his theme.

Mental qualities are influenced and even formed by certain outside forces. Taking the latter in their order of importance, they probably are—climate, race, environment, epoch, and personal tendency. The personal element—that is the most elusive factor. And it varies so greatly that two individuals subjected to the same circumstances in the other respects may still present an absolute contrast of character.

Nevertheless the four calculable qualities—climate, race, environment, and epoch—play a part that frequently explains the bent of a given mind and furnishes an interesting key to a man's life-work and peculiarities. This branch of psychology has not yet been studied in Ireland. But the time is ripe to begin it.

In these days, when there is so much discussion of regionalism, it would be well worth while to examine the special kinds of ability produced in particular parts of the country. It may be objected that instances, facts, and examples would first have to be gathered. But that has been done. The late D. J. O'Donoghue's "Geographical Distribution of Irish Ability" is one of the many volumes that supply the data.

The annals of two hemispheres show what a continuous accumulation of genius stands to Ireland's

credit. The cases are so curious and plentiful that there is no trouble in citing them.

## II. THE IRISH ABROAD.

County Meath has given the world some men of marked administrative capacity. The finest monument in Chili commemorates the fame of that country's liberator, Bernard O'Higgins. The statue is known to anyone who has visited Santiago. Bernard came of Meath stock. A man of his kith and kin, Ambrose O'Higgins, who began life as a labourer in the same county, rose to be Viceroy of Mexico, his Irish origin becoming obscured under the resounding title of Marquis d'Osorio.

County Clare has a wonderful record. Its men, when they got their chance abroad, proved to be pioneers of admirable judgment and enterprise. Unfortunately their achievements have been somewhat diminished by the popular glamour that encircles the name of a too notorious Clare woman. Elizabeth Gilbert, the adventuress, raised herself up from the kitchen to be ruler of Bavaria. In that high place she made it evident that she had real political skill. But her extraordinary career serves more to astound than to edify.

A good deal of literary genius has been contributed by Tipperary. Most of it was exported, Kickham being one of the few Tipperary writers who addressed himself to his own people. Laurence Sterne was among the Tipperary men who catered for the alien.

Speaking of literary work one must not overlook a grotesque phase of it that emanated from County Kildare. It came to pass that a Kildare emigrant named Waldron

went to the bad in England. His career as a pickpocket ended in transportation. Thus he reached Australia, where he became an exemplary personage and got a high official position. He wrote a prologue for a play in which ex-convicts were the actors. And in that prologue occur the celebrated lines—

True patriots we, for be it understood

We left our country for our country's good.

In latter times Irish talent has taken a new turn. Art has been coming from the most unlikely place—the North. Several southern counties during recent years have contributed notable men of science, a fact mainly due to the efforts of Catholic colleges. Again one has to confess that this efficiency is for the most part exported, the country not being economically ready to absorb its own scientific skill. Many modern Irishmen have displayed brilliant powers as historians, but through lack of the financial aid which historical research demands they have had to devote their energies to more prosaic and practical pursuits. In France such men would be members of the Academy, with handsome endowments to encourage them.

I must cut the list short. It would take too long to enumerate the bebies of Irishmen whose names stand for discovered principles in law and medicine. Numbers of them are quoted daily in American surgeries and British courts.

That so much "mind stuff" should be sent off to foreign markets is the pathetic phase of the matter. The future, fraught with things we do not see, may give Irish mentality an opening on its own soil. So far Irish genius has accomplished more for other nations than for its own.

# An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

Ir dóca go bhfuil Saeúilgeóirí ann inoim sup dóig leo go bhfuil “ téarmaí ” in earpaí oipainn i gcomair cúirai léapanna ir marisairde as baint le talamh, le tíghe, 7c., 7c., aét tá rómplai go leóir agaimn inna siotaibí peo atá agam dá éirí annro ó mí go mí ar an méro do éirí Seamur ó nársadain pí éló céao bliadain ó foin, éum a teapceaint go raibí ar pínreai oílce go maí i marisairtibí den tróirí pan. An ceann atá éugaimn le hagaró mí Máirta .i. “ Suim Cíora Uí Uíam ó Cill Ruir go Cluain Dá Sáo ” tá anacúro eóluir ann i otaob an éeanntair rin agus go móiríóir i otaob oimreandúir na háite—ceapaim go bhfuil bheir ir céao baile fearainn luairde ann.

Níl éanpactanar le ceapadóiraeét “ téarmaí ” marí tá na téarmaí ann le rna cianta, téarmaí ir fearai abfao éiréann ’ná marí atá arí arí gcuimar-na a ceapao inoim. D’éiríir go gceapann ceapadóirí an lae inoim ná raibí éimbeirí ag fearfonuóirí an treacrtíaoí aoir úeas oíra péim, aét táro ríao mealta.

\* \* \*

Bí airte á léigean agam in oíde pé oéiríe, airte náir éainis ra éló fóp ag an bpobul, ó láim Domnail Uí Cíora, um an bpoince rin téarmairdeét. Tá an píora po aise inpa tagairt do pinn pé do píirdeét na Dáirpcoile :—

“ Tá éiréiríe buailte linn in éirínn agus níl pé in arí gcuimar an éiréiríe rin agus gac a mbaineann leir do noctaoí ra teangam pé marí atá pí. Ir fuirir a ráo : cummíngmíir arí an bPléiríoe ; aét bfeairra oúinn maétnam arí na fearaibí a bí inpan dáirpcoil rin. Scoláirí ab eaoí iao, aét má’r eaoí do b’fíli iao leir. Dá mbeaoí gan beirí ionnta aét reoláirí, oíeaoíaróirí eimneaoí, b’éiríir. arí eaoí buoí éeairt oóirí a oéanam, aét arí b’féiríir leó é oéanam? Ir é an bail a bí arí an b’fírainne ná an rómpla éugaoíarí uaéa ina gcuirí píirdeéta beirí arí aon uol leir an oíeagare múineaoíarí marí reoláirí. Níl an bail rin oipainn-na. Tá reoláirí agaimn agus tá píli agaimn ; aét ir beag reoláiríe oíob ina fíle, agus ir beag fíle oíob ina reoláiríe ! agus ir meara ’ná pan an péal ; tá oaoine ann agus níl an reoláiríeét aca, agus níl an píirdeét aca aét éomí beag—agus ina aindéomí rin ríúo iao arí a gcuiríe oídeall ag ceapao ‘ téarmaí ! ’ An féiríir a éirí in iúil oóirí ríúo ná fuil iao ir mó a loiteann teanga ’ná aniomao ‘ téarmaí ’ a beirí inntí. Róluat a beirí arí noóiríin téarmaí agaimn ! Págaríir a leiríro rin o’obairí pé rna oaoimí go bhfuil lúirídeét na Saeúilge arí eóluir aca. Inpa lúirídeét pan tá marí a beaoí tobairí píoirpíre agaimn, agus ir é uirce an tobairí rin a éoimeaoíarí an teanga beoí oúinn. Bí a leiríro rin oe éobairí ag Ronpaoí agus as á éairíobí ; aét tobairí éaoírom ab eaoí é reoéar an tobairí atá agaimn-na. Do bí oíra ríúo focail a táirpíng éúea ón laim ir ón n’fíreirí ; agus ní móirí oúinn-na focail íaraéta do glacaoí éugaimn leir ó éeangéaéaibí an oíomí ; aét cá beag oúinn é rin do oéanamí nuairí a beiríro ra éruaoéar : níl cornuighe i gceairt agaimn fóp arí uirce arí oíobairí péim do táirpíng.”

Do tágarí “ Conán Maol ” don iao céatna le oéiréanaighe in airte Saeúilge do ríiríob pé. agus ir ionann a éomáirle-ream agus éomáirle Domnail Uí Cíora, aét ir baoglaé sup beagrpéirí a éuipíroí luét an laseóluir i gcuimáirle na beirte ; leamfaií den gceapadóiríeét ag oaoine ná raibí oíroí den Saeúilge aca beirí mbliadna ó foin, nó

éúis bliathna ó foim dá n-éarainn é. Aét ip móir an níó an cómairle  
beir ar faðail agus rin é an fáil so scuipim aetelo uiréi annro.

\* \* \*

Seo conmpaó saipio ar an seanleabhar úto; le beirt de muinntir  
Mac Conmáir a baineann pé:—

## XIII.

Ir pe ro cuntopa Donall ois acur Donncha Meic Conmáiró pe  
ceile ro ceann leoceoráman mii do Cill rinn Tinain .i. oet mang do  
tabuirt do Donncáó Macnamaraig mar geall ar in leoceoráma mii  
rin Donncáó Macnamaraig acur aimpri tpi mbliathan on feil Míel  
reo air san fuarlugaó acur muna fuarlugter in la rin, huat aimpri  
tpi mbliathan on la rin ar san fuarluga: acur riat fiaúuin an cuntopa  
rin .i. Muirp Ó Maoilcnaipe acur vup mac Maéghanna Mecnamaraó  
acur fearuopéuró Ó Maoilcane acur Taró Mac Píuib acur Mopcharo  
Ó Uriain acur Donall Ó Uriain ip uirégar acur planais cómail in  
cuntopa rin acurpa.

\* \* \*

## DUAN DUaise na bFíORMAIGHEAN.

Fonn: Caitín deap crúirde na mbó.

## 87.

Seo cómairle tar cómairleáca an traogail  
Mar cómairle beir saeðlaó so glinn  
Do saé ois miiir móómarac máoróa  
So deó lib san péirdeac i scuins  
A oisib dá órúact hup uiréite  
Aét póparó mo géarúmann Cúirt  
Ó! r do geóda ríó coróinn glóimáir do doóarpeact  
So ceólmáir geal naomta 'n-a púogact.

## 88.

Ní beiró bpeóirdeact ná bpión oiaib taob leir,  
Ceó ar bíe ná tréantinneap cinn  
A cómarrair 'r a cómgar ní baogal oib  
Ip rpiórtac hup rcléir fuilte ip ginn  
Ip mó ríó pé cómaéctaid a rceíte  
'Ná Seóirpe ip a faogaltaact fá tpi  
Ó! r mo cómairle so uóéarac déiniró—  
Ip tógaró cum Dé gil hup gpióirde.

## 89.

Ní leóimrío fear móirde do rpiéacáó  
Ná fór fear an éigin san móill  
Fear póirte ip fear póirra cum éirig—  
Sin teópa le méirig an feil  
Ní leóimrío an róir po oiaib rpiéirde  
Ní leóimrío, beiró céile an Spírio Naomh  
Sae nóimeant ubur bpióiréin ubur bpiéacaint  
Ubur reólaó ubur raoráó 'r ubur noíon.

90.

Dìob comhartha an Òrputóra ar buir gcaomhéir  
 Deaghrómpla agus méinn glan nàdur ngníomh  
 Ir cuimh fòghair mar 'n-a rtor cum buir bpearla  
 So córac tircéirveac san maorveam  
 Fasaim trócaireac i geló agus i sceill rib  
 In buir peoirveanna réanmair aS tigeacé  
 Ó! ar rós aS reimm mórdacé an lemmie  
 Sac nóta so néata dá díodacé.

91.

A póparóte fòota le féile  
 Dìob còirghe i mbéara 'r i mbuig  
 A póparóte dótar na naom uile  
 Róto Cjoire Céarta mo Ríog  
 A póparóte i gcóir na réilteann  
 Fòghaim oib glaoúac oita ir suirde  
 Ó! so hómairac consnatac eiaodac  
 Ir beiró glóire asuib taob leó in buir fuidé.

92.

An Ceangal:

A bábaib an átar ná ceilir ceannracé  
 Ar áilneacé ar bheagacé ar mbreiteam, m'annracé,  
 Ir grádmair do ghairfinn ir san leirce d'annracé  
 Ó! 'n-a ádur anáirve dá bfeicinn ann rib.

93.

Ir pábac do párfinn ir cleite im bannra  
 Ir fánneac do ceárfann ir m'eiteall reanra  
 Ir le ghairveacáir ghairfinn i gelor dár bphionra  
 Ó! so hádmrac ar a láim deir dá mbeinn 'n-a éamra.

94.

ASUISÍN do cuiread leir rin:

I bflaitearbhos meirrac gheirnac greanta na nÓro  
 Salmae foillracé fairdighlan éanna na sceól  
 Le meannna a padairc it oighe roir aingil ir ógair  
 So bpaiceam-na a táirg pé meirir tu aS cantaireacé leó.

—Amen.

TUAN AN ÁTAR SÍORRAIDÉ.

Fonn: An Spealadóir.

95.

An uair tagaimn so tigh an tabairne  
 'S do fuidinn ann cum óil  
 Le garra glan gheanmair  
 Da milre sué beóil  
 Dá deaghráinn da áitir liom  
 Veit eatorra so meannracé  
 Ir reanacáir fuit aSaimn-na  
 Punch iungce agus céol.

96.

Inna éileádao ran ba malluighe  
 'S ba meillteac mo meóin  
 San aithe ar an leanó omis  
 Iora, mo dhón  
 Aét carrbhar ip ainbrior  
 San eagla ná aitheacáir  
 Seo na ceatgaib do ceangail mipe  
 I líontair an leogáin.

97.

A acair gíl na n-apolairb  
 Ip a doinnic na hÓige  
 Do'ceannuis rinn le captaínnáct  
 Do éoróe agus do éló  
 Mo éapna i gceoir go peannairveac  
 It peapra mílir beannuighe  
 Déin teapmoin go taitneamhac  
 Do dáome inr gac gleó.

98.

Dearta buile bladaipeact  
 Ip baoinn na n-ós  
 So larta uorta m'áighe  
 Agus m'intinn do éós  
 Sur cailleao me sur meallaó me  
 Sur ballao me sur feallaó me  
 Inna rtao reo as dhipeao t'aitéanta-ra  
 A Rí gíl na gcomáct.

99.

A banaltia máit mártannaac  
 A éaoirfeapic 'r a rtoir  
 Dear m'anam leat go ceanaíail  
 Slan doibinn i nglóir  
 Inna éatair rin do daltá-ra  
 Ioir aingealair na bplaitearairb  
 Ip péit dhatais éirt i dparhatar  
 Seal díon me go deó.

100.

An Ceangal:

A Muamhíe Dé gíl raor ar fad do dáome  
 I gceuaótan naomta éapra i gac na hdoine  
 Fuarcail péin do éreao go peaptao foillpeac  
 Suar ó épaor na péirte it éatair foillpeac.

fiacra eilgeac

# Books and Books.

- (1) *Holy Romans.* Aodh De Blacam. (Maunsel and Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d.)
- (2) *Three Hills.* Eoin Ua Morda. (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. 1s. 3d. net.)
- (3) *Clontarf.* Father Dollard, P.P., Litt.D. (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. 1s. 3d. net.)
- (4) *Waterford Saints and Scholars.* Rev. P. Power, M.R.I.A. (The Waterford News, Ltd. 1s. net.)
- (5) *The Red Redeeming Dawn.* J. Malachi Muldoon. (Duffy and Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

Notwithstanding the fact that our country is passing through a troublous period, it is hopeful to find the art of the writer, and the output of the bookseller, show no signs of weakening under the present critical stress. The advent of *Holy Romans*, from the versatile pen of Aodh de Blacam, is an event of more than ordinary importance to the Irish literary public. The grace and splendour of diction glimpsed in the earlier work of the novelist—*The Ship that Sailed Too Soon*—reaches a bountiful maturity in his latest published work. Since the lamented death of the late Canon Sheehan, Anglo-Irish novelists, with a few notable exceptions, have turned their pens towards the cultivation of the mawkish and unreal in the realm of story writing. Their publications are of the earth earthy; and lack the virility and dignity which stamp the work of the cultured penman. No such fault can be found with *Holy Romans*, the story marches with strength and ease from the opening paragraph to the closing chapter. The tale is told in three books, closely packed with crowded incident, and glowing with life and colour. We follow with enchanted interest the life-story of Shane Lambert, a London-born Protestant of Irish descent. We see his earlier years spent with the narrow-minded inhabitants of Beulah Lodge; his outlook cramped and stunted. Later he parts in anger with the "Bible-seeking" coterie, and seeks his freedom in the circles converging from the Irish-Ireland element in the great metropolis. We note his timid venture into the Gaelic League atmosphere, and there he finds a peace undreamt of heretofore. We are brought face to face with many varying phases of Irish life in Cockneydom. The evils of mixed marriages, the growth of the physical force party, Socialism, clericism, and many modern topics are touched upon and commented on with the ease and grace of a talented pen. Finally, Shane finds salvation and himself by entering the Catholic Church. In the second book, he

comes to Ireland, becomes a journalist, and interests himself in the co-operative movement. Events move rapidly towards that fateful week in the history of Ireland—Easter 1916—and we hear the re-echoes of rifle fire, and cannonade, bringing down the fabric of the G.P.O. in O'Connell Street. The closing book—far too short—pictures Shane as the administrator of a Gaelic-speaking hive of co-operative effort in Donegal. A few little blemishes on pages 104-105 will, we hope, be removed from subsequent editions of the novel. Young Catholic priests do not use the crude expressions imputed to Father Doalty during the Gaelic League outing in Epping Forest. Words like "hooly" and "bake" mar an otherwise delightful book. We also feel that young Levites, fresh from ecclesiastical colleges, are not entirely ignorant of the modern teachings of the so-called Anglican or Orthodox Eastern Churches. But—with these reservations—we confidently commend the novel to Catholic readers, and extend our congratulations to the distinguished and cultured author.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland are to be congratulated on their latest publications. *Three Hills*, from the pen of Eoin Ua Morda, is a treasure. This little booklet deals with that much neglected phase of Irish historical record, the by-path of local history. With the aid of an entertaining and interesting guide in the person of the author, we traverse the hills of Leix and Ossory, and learn from their ruins the story of the peaceful days when Ængus and Canice ministered at Clonenagh and Aghabo. With diligent and enchanting phrase we learn of the hallowed deeds of Rory O'Moore—a name long a bane to the invader, as it was of comfort to the native striving to hold to religion and country against overwhelming odds. By the way of contrast, we are led to the tops of the bare, burrowed hills of sooty Lancashire, and we are acquainted with the unhappy lot of the Irish toiler, who has spent the best part of his years and labour in the thankless task of piling up profits for the merchant princes of England. Tastefully bound, with a splendid concordance, this little book will encourage the study of local history, and be a password to the fair hills of Ireland.

The pages of Catholic Literature are further enriched by the publication of *Clontarf*, from the veteran pen of Rev. Dr. Dollard of Toronto. His art, which has entranced millions of his countrymen and women, grows riper with the years, and the

Irish people will welcome this work, telling in stately verse the mingled glories of the Gael and Gall at Clontarf. The distinguished author best describes the work in a Dedictory Preface ("to the people of Ireland") which says it is "a real Irish drama, expressing the true national and religious feeling of the Gaelic Race, and not tinged with pagan thought and feeling, or with modern decadence, like some other plays written in our time."

An erudite little book by Rev. Father Power, Professor of Archæology in the National University, gives promise of many more essays in the same direction. Within the compass of seventy pages we are made familiar with the records and endeavours of nine eminent sons of Waterford in the seventeenth century. Their names range from the illustrious Father Luke Wadding, O.F.M., to the Rev. Paul Sherlock, a brilliant theologian and scholar of the Jesuit Order. The scholarly essay on Luke Wadding is alone value for the modest shilling demanded for the book.

*The Red Redeeming Dawn*, a drama in three acts, will be found suitable for dramatic societies in search of a play appealing to the present-day opinions of the Irish people. The work is a sequel to *The West's Awake* by the same author.

J. B. O'R.

Catholic readers must acknowledge themselves deeply indebted to Fr. Phelan, S.J., for this volume of *Sermons by Canon Sheehan* (Maunsel and Co.). The occasional sermons published during the life-time of the late Canon have prepared us somewhat for this new revelation—the Canon as a Preacher. Fr. Phelan in his preface warns us wisely that this new work is a volume of Sermons, a record of the spoken word. He is a preacher himself, and a writer, and he understands the difficulty of amalgamating the spoken with the written word, blending together the speech and the essay, uniting oratory with literature. They are different spheres, and demand separate treatment. We are, therefore, not surprised to find the Canon pruning himself of many of those brilliant qualities displayed in his novels, that he might handle with more concentrated energy and simple eloquence his sacred themes. Not, indeed that he has sequestered his faculty of fancy, his mastery of language, his inimitable style. The Sermons on the feast of Christmas and the Passion, for example, reveal them fully, but rather, they are dominated and suborned to higher gifts, for the preacher, a strong passion for christian truth, a pontifical zeal to share with others the sanctities of his own priestly mind and heart. In his novels the

late Canon yields to no one the first place in portraiture of the Irish character. In his Sermons we have a view of the high level of the supernatural character and life of the Irish Church. A few of the Sermons are rather weak, and might have been omitted.

Fr. Ryder's *Sermons and Notes of Sermons* will prove a useful volume for suggesting thoughts to busy preachers.

O. H.

Lovers of ghost-fiction will enjoy this small volume of short stories—*What Father Cuthbert Knew*, by G. V. Xmas (Sands and Co.). Fr. Cuthbert is a real wonder-smith. He has no difficulty in bringing forth from the forge of his experience, or if the truth must be told, striking off from the anvil of his imagination, bodied spirit after spirit. With the ghosts themselves we are not much enamoured. They are mechanical and tame. We much prefer the *hors-d'œuvre*, the spices, condiments—the dialogue, the little cameos of intensive spiritual character, the flashes that reveal real moral worth. We hope the writer will soon again sustain them unto a full meal.

O. H.

*The Banshee*. By Elliot O'Donnell. 6s. net Sands and Co.

A perusal of Mr. Elliot O'Donnell's book *The Banshee*, leaves one in doubt whether the author is unduly credulous or merely a humorous dabbler in folk-lore. The tone of the book throughout is almost oppressively serious. It opens, in solemn orthodox fashion, with the "definition and origin of Banshees," claims that the genuine Banshee is a purely Irish product, and warns all and sundry against the danger of being deceived by spurious imitations. Many of the accounts he gives of Banshee-apparitions are interesting, some of them quite blood-curdling, and to those who enjoy thoroughly startling ghost-stories, the book can be recommended.

The author touches on what might be called the Banshee Literature—both in poetry and prose—follows the activities of the Banshee through its world-wide meanderings, and concludes with a chapter on his own experience of Banshee-haunting. But even after one has read his last chapter, the doubt remains whether the book was intended to be a contribution to the literature of satire or of science.

M. R.

*The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text*. By Rev. Patrick Boylan, M.A. Vol. I. (M. H. Gill and Son. 17s. 6d. net.).

Among the sacred books of the Old Testament, the Psalter is the one oftenest

read. The obvious reason of this is, that every circumstance of our daily lives finds a prayer suitable to itself there. Petitions for all we stand in need of, acts of adoration, love, and thanksgiving,—in a word, more than we can possibly understand, has been expressed by the Holy Ghost. In one of his exquisite passages, Cardinal Newman says we can never know all the holy thoughts of the mind, all the fervent motions of the will, that have had their origin in the devout recitation of the Psalms. Every line of them breathes the spirit of reverence and piety. Hence they are used by the Church day after day, and form so conspicuous a portion of the Breviary, her official prayer-book.

Those who recite it, namely the countless priests and nuns all over the world, know by experience how sublime and soul-stirring these inspired hymns are. At the same time, some among these very persons need an explanation of a word or phrase here and there. And their desire to understand more and more what may be called the chief portion of the Breviary, makes in the highest degree acceptable what enables them to penetrate the hidden meaning of the Psalms. Hence from early times, through the Middle Ages, down to our own day, commentaries on them—in whole or in part—have appeared. Among those written by saints, that by St. Thomas of Aquin holds a high place.

In our own day there are ever so many commentaries composed in various languages. Among them a high place is due to this one, by a learned Professor of Scripture in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. It is in every way worthy of that great seat of learning, in which so many of Ireland's future priests are being educated. The introduction to the commentary is admirable, embodying as it does the results of the best modern scholarship. We could, however, wish that in it St. Jerome had got his S. As regards the exposition of the Psalms down to the seventieth inclusive, for only the first half or volume has appeared, we need only say that the more we read the more were we pleased with Dr. Boylan's work. We can and do, therefore, heartily commend it, and we wish it the wide circulation which it so well deserves.

*The Christian Mind.* By Abbot Vonier, O.S.B. Herder Bros. 5s.

*The Christian Mind*, by Abbot Vonier, is in many respects an interesting book, and must appeal to a wide circle of readers, especially those who are wont to read the New Testament.

It abounds in quotations from St. Paul which are skilfully used by the author to enforce his arguments and illustrate his theme.

We do not, however, think the work deserves to be called in any true sense of the term a "philosophy of the Christian religion," as it is described in the preface to be. Whatever philosophy it contains is sound as far as it goes, but it is altogether too meagre to be really helpful to one seeking light on such problems as the causes of social inequalities and their remedies. Speaking of "Our equality in Christ," Abbot Vonier truly says, "Christ is substantive fulness. . . . He fills up all inequalities. . . . He who is less, provided he be in Christ is not really unequal to him that is more." Again, "the Son of God in His own person has abolished all inequalities of conditions, in things spiritual and natural." "Wherever Christian charity bridges over the gulf between rich and poor," there is "little resentment on the part of the more destitute classes against the rich."

Certainly no Catholic, and probably no member of any Christian denomination, would take exception to a single one of these propositions. To Catholics they are simply truisms. Surely a work purporting to be of a philosophical nature should do more than enunciate principles which everyone takes for granted. Again it grates on one's ears to hear such words as "Divinity communicating to humanity potentialities and vitalities: the divinised humanity, the humanised Divinity," page 21.

A. O'N.

*The Message of Francis Thompson.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W. 2s. 6d. net.

This small and daintily produced book was originally written as a Paper for the Glasgow centre of the English Association, and has that quality of thorough and well reasoned work which we instinctively associate with the Notre Dame order. It should have a wide circulation as being a clear, informative and dispassioned study of and introduction to the reading of the poetry of Francis Thompson, perhaps the greatest religious and metaphysical poet of our age. It is generally recognised that he presents his difficulties to many readers, and this small but valuable book will be a real guide and light to those who find it hard, perhaps, to enjoy a poetic message which has a particular value for our own day of change and growing materialism. Very Catholic is this great poet of sublime emotions, and his love-poetry is on the highest of planes. He has been blamed, says our writer, for "singing so little of earthly passion. Thompson knew, perhaps, better than his critics, that as the radii of a circle draw closer to each other as they draw near to their common centre, so human

hearts draw nearer to each other the nearer they approach to their common centre—Christ; that he who sings of divine love must conceive highly and nobly of human love.”

E. S.

*The Fringe of the Eternal.* By Rev. Francis Gonne. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne 6s. net.

Here is a book the exile from Erin will deeply appreciate as a present. There are a dozen stories in this collection written by a priest of St. Bede's College, Manchester, all having their scene in the West of Ireland. The atmosphere of faith, of simple other-worldliness, the sense of place and, often, of haunting terror, have been caught marvellously, and are strongly depicted for us. In description Father Gonne excels, his storms and his precipitous walks among rocks and mountain upon the errands of God are shudderingly real. Each of these stories, reprinted from the *Month*, the *Irish Rosary*, and the American *Ave Maria*, relates some semi-mystical experience. To the present reviewer's mind, at least, not the smallest of the volume's merits is the priestly capacity for impressing upon the reader's mind, without the necessity of supernatural intervention; but rather by the normal working of Nature over-ruled by Providence, the continual Fatherly care of God over all His children, especially when they make their desires and needs known to Him in prayer. It is a stimulant to confidence in the goodness of *le bon Dieu*. For the rest, they are told both beautifully and with considerable ingenuity, and the quotation at the head of each throws a light often a deep one, upon the tale's significance.

E. S.

*In Mallow.* By Mrs. William O'Brien. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 3s. 6d.

In these charming pages from the pen of the chatty authoress of *Rosette*, *Unseen Friends*, etc., we have a series of delightful idylls of life in Mallow. Their house, the dogs, the birds, the kindly simple folk, dear old women whom it was a pleasure and a grace to have known, beauty natural and supernatural, are all culled from to form a posy of remembrance and affection that will be fragrant to many a heart. The fifteen short chapters are like a pleasant garden wherein to walk and forget one's sorrows for a moment or two. "Believe me, it is very pleasant to live in Mallow!" And then, alas! came sorrow. But God is good, and flowers grow over ruins. And Hope is a wonderful flower.

E. S.

*St. Leonard of Port Maurice.* By Rev. Dominic Devas, O.F.M. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 5s. net.

This book, in Franciscan brown, will be welcome to many and especially to lovers of the Seraphic Order. In five chapters, enriched with three good illustrations, we are told the interesting story of this eighteenth century Saint, so holy and winning a preacher and man of God, and so full of firm common sense that he must have been an invaluable director of souls. Fr. Devas has aimed, and has succeeded in carrying out his aim, at presenting us with a complete Life, not a mere one-sided study of his venerable subject. He tells us it is no learned work, a statement we may accept with some reserve, but that it is a simple Life "of a deeply religious priest, a Franciscan, and a Saint." St. Leonard's methods of "work on himself" are shown clearly to us; the book is well written, in itself no small recommendation. St. Leonard's devotion to the Way of the Cross is well expounded in the Appendix which gives us one of his sermons. His advice to a Duchess penitent of his is so characteristic and so useful that we may quote it: "He exhorted her to allow nothing ever to ruffle her peace of heart; told her not to worry about feelings of love and devotion; bade her aim above all things at sanctifying the little actions of her daily life, that being the truest and shortest road to holiness."

E. S.

*A Scottish Knight-Errant.* By F. A. Forbes and M. Cahill. Burns. 5s. net.

From the pen of these experienced Religious we have a very interesting and quite fresh account of the times, life, and cruel martyrdom of the holy Jesuit missionary of the sixteenth century, Father John Ogilvie. The first three chapters, belonging to the first part of this small but very full book, describes the "Battle-Ground," and supplies us with an invaluable historical view of Scotland and her many sorrows at the time of the so-called Reformation, which it explains. Part II., headed "The Conflict," is an interesting and deeply moving account of the Jesuit's life, ministry, courageous suffering, and joyful death—a death he valued so highly that he declared to his friends that he feared nothing so much as that something "might happen at the last to snatch it from him."

E. S.

# PEARL OF ISRAEL.

By Ethna Kavanagh.

*Abinar the Shepherd tells of Mary in Bethlehem.*

Evening was drawing slowly on to night,  
The soft pure air was blowing from the hills,  
The silver moon-boat rode at ease through sea  
Of cloudless blue; when I with those who watched  
The peaceful flocks, lay down to rest awhile  
I lay against a rock, and 'round me came  
The gentle creatures of my care, whose white  
Faces shone ghostly in the pale moon light.  
My comrades talked awhile, and then a pause  
Came on, and drowsily my eyelids fell  
Half bent to slumber; when with start I woke  
To see the sheep all scatt'ring far and near  
And great light in the sky. I hid my face  
As did some others; for great horror fell  
Upon us of some strange and fearful thing.  
Then, and I know not how, or whence it came  
A form like to a man's all clothed around  
With light stood near us; and strange words we heard  
More with our souls than with our bodily ears  
That bade us go to Bethlehem and seek  
A Child born there who should be Christ and King  
And Saviour of our souls. When he had ceased  
We heard sweet melody break o'er the hills  
And many forms of light appeared, and sang  
Rapturous songs of joy; then all was hushed.  
With wonderment we gazed each on the face  
Of other, doubting if we were awake  
Or dreaming; but if so we all had dreamt  
The self-same dream; so straight we bent our steps  
To Bethlehem and sought the manger where  
That Heavenly One had said the Child lay hid.  
At last we found it after toilsome search  
And much inquiry; a low humble cave  
With faint light streaming through the open door  
We entered and behold! the Child was there  
A Royal Child that spirit had not lied  
O such a lovely Babe! and wondrous wise  
His little hands outstretched as if He longed  
To clasp us to His bosom; eyes that shone  
Like stars in the dim light; sweet rosy cheeks  
Fresh as the wild rose, and His Mother, O,  
Never a fairer Mother has been seen  
Or one so young to be so sweetly crowned



ST. LUCY.  
(*Carlo Dolci*).

# THE IRISH ROSARY.

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## St. Patrick and the Shamrock.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

THERE are iconoclasts abroad who would seek to stamp out the traditional legend of St. Patrick and the Shamrock as "a modern invention." Even Irish authors of repute have not scrupled to state that the "legend" cannot be traced earlier than "the first half of the 18th century," while others more definitely assert that the first work in which allusion is made to the tradition is "in a note to the second edition of *Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards*, published in 1794."

In order to clear the air it may be well to work back from 1790, and to show that the tradition is of quite respectable antiquity. Incidentally, as a specimen of how the iconoclasts got hold of such an experienced writer as the late Dr. P. W. Joyce, it may be of interest to mention that this distinguished authority wrote to me in 1890, that the "Shamrock legend" could not be definitely traced before "the middle of the last (18th) century."

Twiss, in his *Tour in Ireland* in 1775, published in 1776, alludes to the Shamrock tradition as follows:—"St. Patrick is said to have been canonised for having illustrated the Trinity by the comparison of a Shamrock or Trefoil. And, in honour of this apostle *Paddy* is the popular Christian name of the Irish." Thus, in 1775, the tradition as to the explanation of the Holy Trinity by St. Patrick, illustrated by the Shamrock, was at that date widespread in Ireland.

A quarter of a century earlier, or to be strictly accurate, in 1751, the tradition was certainly in vogue. This we learn from a London letter published in a Dublin newspaper, *Pious Occurrences*, dated March 24-28, 1752. This letter is as follows:—"St. Patrick's Day was observed as a Collar Day at Court. The natives of Ireland adorned their hats with *Shamroge*, which are composed of a sort of grass called trefoil, which allusion is taken from St. Patrick's first propagating Christ there, and establishing the doctrine of the Trinity."

Going back another quarter of a century, to the year 1726, the tradition is to be met with as then in vogue, and to have been recognised at the English Court. The tradition is also established by

the statement of Caleb Threlkeld, M.D., in his published work on Irish Botany printed in 1727, as follows:—"The Trefoil is worn by the people in their hats upon the 17th of March, which is called St. Patrick's Day, *it being the current tradition that by this three-leaved grass he emblematically set forth the Holy Trinity.*"

But it would be tedious to quote any further references for the vogue of the tradition in the 18th century, and hence let us see if there be any foundation to back up the legend during the 17th century. At once it will be recalled that, in 1643, on the Confederate coinage, there is a representation of St. Patrick explaining the doctrine of the Trinity by means of a Shamrock. Contemporary accounts of the Confederate period tell us that on St. Patrick's Day, 1643 and 1644, the Irish troops made merry and wore Shamrocks "in honour of the day."

Of course, it is well known that the Shamrock, or Shamroge, is alluded to by Spencer, Stanihurst (1584), Trollope (1581), and Blessed Edmund Campion, S.J. (1571).

No previous writer, as far as I am aware, has noticed the interesting fact that the representation of St. Patrick with the Shamrock on the Confederate coinage, in 1643-1644, was merely a copy of the St. Patrick's coins of Henry VIII., in which the Harp and Trefoil are prominent. In the Irish Crown Groats of King Edward IV., in 1470-1472, the Shamrock is in evidence, as it is also in the Irish coins of Henry VI. (1461). But more remarkable still, the Half Farthings for Ireland, issued by King Henry VI., in 1460, were called "Patrick's," inasmuch as they bore the name of the National Apostle with the trefoil, clearly evidencing that the legend of the Shamrock was in vogue in the middle of the 15th century.

In fine, going back to the 9th century, the tradition of St. Patrick and the Shamrock was evidently known to the Irish monks of St. Gall, and was brought by them from Bangor and other parts of Ireland. The evidence for this is the St. Gall Antiphonary, of about the year 860, in which the Shamrock legend is exquisitely worked into some of the initial letters.

Thus the iconoclasts are defeated on documentary evidence, and there is every reason to stand by the ancient traditional legend to the effect that St. Patrick, when expounding to the Irish neophytes the mystery of the Holy Trinity, found at his feet a homely and striking example of the Three in One in the Trefoil or Shamrock, on which account the Shamrock has ever since been in high estimation with the children of Eire, and will, doubtless, so continue till the crack of doom.

# Philomena the Beloved.

SUNNY GREECE AND IMPERIAL ROME.

E. SETON.

## III.

IT was long ago that there dwelt a golden-haired princess, the apple of her parents' eyes, among the flower-filled gardens of classic and sun-bathed Greece. Owing to the silence of history regarding the Acts of the Virgin Martyr Philomena, who was this princess, there is difficulty in knowing with certainty exactly how long ago it was that she lived her thirteen short years on earth. She was certainly not later than the early fourth century, to which date the three separate detailed revelations concerning her life and martyrdom unanimously ascribe her short but wonderful career; or she belonged to the sub-apostolic age, in the opinion of archaeologists who base their judgment upon the type of epitaph found on her sepulchral stones in the ancient Priscillian Catacomb. Commendatore de Rossi, the celebrated writer, thus formulates his conclusions in a letter to Mgr. Deschamps du Manoir, a prelate who interested himself greatly in the diffusion of devotion to St. Philomena and who wrote a number of books upon her :—

"The inscription, now for ever celebrated," wrote De Rossi, in January, 1882, "*Pax tecum, Filumena*, painted in vermilion on tiles, truly belongs to a special family of epigraphs of the Cemetery of Priscilla, the most recent date of which does not seem to me to descend to an epoch later than the reign of Marcus Aurelius or of Commodus. This is all that from my knowledge and my experience of the Catacombs I can say, not that I think, but that I hold as certain. I do not wish to add more, having no inclination for conjecture or more or less probable suppositions."

Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 121-180) and Commodus (A.D. 180-192) were anterior to Diocletian (A.D. 245-313) by about a century, remarks Mgr. du Manoir, commenting on this. "It follows, then, from the celebrated archaeologist's declaration, that St. Philomena belonged to the second century of the Church instead of the third. Many martyrs, however, were buried in the Priscillian Catacombs during the persecution of Diocletian. Might it not have happened that, for some exceptional reason, St. Philomena was laid in an ancient *loculus* restored for her, and that the faulty arrangement of the three tiles was due to the haste and inexperience of the *fossor*, unused as he would have been to this kind of epitaph?"

We wish, then, to make it clear that, in the following pages the narration of our young Saint's earthly life and her prolonged martyrdom is only offered with a view to satisfying the devotion of many who find that a certain amount of detail gives them a clearer picture and consequently a warmer affection of interest in their heavenly patrons. As purely revelations—which have, however, received the Imprimatur of the Holy Office (December, 1833), a guarantee that they contain nothing contrary to the Faith—only human credence is to be attached to the Ven. Mother Mary Louisa's narrative. It is a story of devotion, of the most touching and heroic constancy, and of the providential and mighty love of God for the souls that love Him *with all their heart and with all their strength*, as the life-story of a young virgin saint who is a true sister of Agnes, Cecily, Martina and Catherine of Alexandria, that this romance of the days of Imperial Rome is now set down.

Of the three different revelations made by St. Philomena to her clients, one was given to a priest of great repute, personally known to Don Francesco di Lucia. The Saint appeared suddenly before him as he was walking in the country, as a woman whom he did not know. Questioning him on his devotion to St. Philomena, she asked him what he knew of the Saint herself, to which he replied that he knew nothing but what the symbols painted on her tomb disclosed, and that in his sermons on the new Wonder-worker he explained these to the people as well as placing before them the virtues of a martyr and the power of this Saint's intercession. She replied with vivacity, "There are so many other things to tell concerning this Saint! When the world hears them, it will not be able to recover from its astonishment. Do you at least know the reason for her persecution and martyrdom?" And as he said he did not, she told him that it was because Philomena had refused the hand of Diocletian on account of a vow of chastity she had made. She after this assured the priest, who, delighted, pressed his visitor to tell him in what book he might find this, that indeed she did not deceive him, that she assured him of the truth of her assertion, and that he might believe her. Saying these words, he saw her disappear before him "with the rapidity of a lightning flash."

Another revelation was made to a pious young working man, who knew nothing whatever of the symbols depicted on the martyr's tomb, and who described a vision of her before Diocletian, whom he saw use every endeavour to bend the young girl's will to his, finally having recourse to torture. These were exactly the sufferings symbolised by the drawings on the tombstones. The tyrant finally had the martyr beheaded—falling into convulsions of fury and

despair when the order was carried out and the holy object of his unhallowed passion had passed beyond his reach. This vision, add the writers of the Italian book and of the *Vie et Miracles de Ste. Philomène*, in which it is recorded, "is in accord with what history tells us of the last years of Diocletian, or at least with what we are given to understand of them." This devout young man was also well known to Don Francesco di Lucia, who, in his famous book on St. Philomena, which achieved an instantaneous and enormous success, "rendered public testimony to his integrity of life and to his solid piety."

Both these revelations took place in the early nineteenth century, as also did that to the Ven. Mother Louisa (that which has received the Imprimatur of the Holy Office), but a brief fourth narrative of forty years' later date may be found in Mgr. du Manoir's scholarly little work, *Sainte Philomène et son Sanctuaire*. This concerns a revelation made by St. Joseph to a young stigmatised girl in the year 1874. This account was sent to the prelate by a well-known doctor, Professor A. Imbert-Gourbeyre, on the occasion of the doctor's having read a copy of the first edition of Mgr. du Manoir's work, and having therein found the Ven. Mother Louisa's revelation concerning St. Philomena, a revelation which confirmed the young ecstasica's vision. This young girl was personally known to the doctor—an authority on the subject of the Stigmata—and she knew nothing whatever of the Saint's history. Her story was the same:—"St. Philomena, the beloved Spouse of Christ, allowed herself to be persecuted by father and mother because she would not betray her dear Spouse. She carried her divine alliance into a dungeon, and died a martyr in the midst of torments in the flower of her age. Her father was with the executioner; angels surrounded her. She was of extreme loveliness, and her parents wished to have her married. . . . She answered them, 'Earthly treasures and alliances are nothing to me. The beauty of the soul is everything.' . . . When she died, bathed in her own blood, the animals came to lick her wounds, and the birds of heaven sang in a circle, like a garland, above her martyred body."

The longest and most important of these narratives is that of the nun to whom we have already alluded. The Ven. Mother Mary Louisa of Jesus was the Mother-General of an austere Order of enclosed nuns which she had founded, Oblate Sisters of Our Lady of Sorrows and of St. Philomená. Her commentaries on Holy Scripture were published by one of the clergy of the Chapel Royal at Naples. She died on the 10th of January, 1875, in the odour of sanctity, aged seventy-six, and about eighteen months later the Archbishop of Naples exhumed her body from the ceme-

tery where it had been laid, in order to place it in a chapel belonging to the *Camposanto del Pianto*. This was in connection with their having passed on to Rome their inquiry into the heroicity of the virtues and into the miracles of this Religious. Her life was written by a Dominican of Naples, Father P. Radente, O.P. She was thirty-four at the time of this revelation, and had already been favoured with many heavenly communications and with spiritual helps and consolations from St. Philomena, to whom she was very devout. A first communication from the Saint, shortly before the full story was given to Mother Louisa, assured her that the actual date of Philomena's martyrdom was the 10th of August, the very day, it will be remembered, on which her body had entered Mugnano in triumph, because her Divine Spouse had desired that she should receive this honour. In this communication a number of details were given to Mother Louisa concerning Don di Lucia's personal intentions and wishes on the subject, and these were submitted by the nun's confessor privately to Don Francesco as a simple and excellent test of the truth of the revelation. This was done for the sake of prudence, and also to satisfy the humble Religious that she was not under any illusion, a thing she greatly feared. Don Francesco replied that all was precisely as the nun had been informed, although no one had been told his ideas at the time or subsequently.

Thus reassured, Mother Louisa's directors saw an excellent opportunity for acquiring some more precise and detailed information of a Saint so popular, so beloved wherever her name was known (although this was only twenty-seven years after her entry into Mugnano), and so efficacious in obtaining favours for all who sought her intercession. The nun, accordingly, was placed under obedience to pray fervently to the young martyr in order to obtain from her some account of her life and martyrdom that the affection and devotion of her numerous clients might be satisfied. Her prayer was heard.

"Dear Sister," one day said the Saint's sweet voice to her as she knelt with closed eyes, heavenly joy and fervour, as she tells us herself, welling in her heart, "I was the daughter of the King of a small Greek State, and my mother was also of royal blood. As they were childless they were constantly offering prayers and sacrifices to their false gods to obtain heirs. In our household there was a Roman physician named Publius, who is this day a Saint in Heaven, but who did not suffer martyrdom. Touched by their blindness and by their sorrow at remaining childless, he felt urged by the Holy Ghost to speak of our Faith to them, and he assured them that their desire would be granted to them if they received

Baptism and embraced the religion of Christ. Divine grace, accompanying his discourse, enlightened their minds and touched their hearts, and they consented. They were instructed and received holy Baptism together with a number of nobles who were their intimates.

"At the beginning of the following year, on the 10th of January, I was born. I was named Lumena or Light, since I had been conceived and born in the light of the Faith to which my parents were deeply attached. At my Baptism I was named Philomena, *daughter of light*" (*figlia della luce, filia luminis*),<sup>1</sup> "of that Light of Christ which reigned in my soul by the grace of the Sacrament. And by the Will of God it was thus that my epitaph was interpreted, even without any knowledge that such had been the thought of those who wrote it at Rome. On account of this favour to my parents many families of the Kingdom also became converts to Christianity.

"As I grew in years I laid up in my heart the teachings of the Gospel. When I was five I received Our Lord Jesus Christ for the first time in the Blessed Sacrament, and from that day there grew in me the desire of uniting myself for ever to my Redeemer, the Spouse of Virgins. And when I had reached the age of eleven, I consecrated myself to Him by a vow of chastity.

"And so I reached my thirteenth year. But the peace of Christ, which until this time we had enjoyed in my father's house and Kingdom, was disturbed and broken, for the proud Emperor Diocletian unjustly declared war upon my father in order to manifest his own supremacy and power. My poor father, recognising that his own forces were too small, decided to go to Rome to arrive at some treaty of peace with the Emperor.

"My parents showed me always the utmost tenderness, and so great was my father's affection that he could not bear to be without me for an hour, and for this reason I went with him on the journey to Rome. My mother also came with us to be company for me.

"When we reached Rome, he sought audience with the Tyrant, and having obtained it, he brought my mother and me with him to the Palace of the Cæsars. Great and inexplicable are destinies. Who could have foreseen mine? When we came into the presence of Diocletian, he fixed his eyes upon me, while my father justified

<sup>1</sup> Don Francesco di Lucia remarks on this etymology, that in his first edition of his book she hesitated considerably in giving it credence, but that an interior movement constantly caused him not only to write it, but to have it repeated in all subsequent editions of his work. It would have seemed more natural to find the derivation of the name in the Greek language where the particle *Philonmene*, beloved, is the literal etymology of the name *Philomena*. Both names are admirably united to our Saint, however, for her particular gift is enlightenment, and she is singularly beloved of her clients—a very noticeable fact.

himself with heat and with distress, showing the injustice of the war proposed against him. The Emperor interrupted him, saying, 'Banish your distress, your trouble is at an end. Be comforted, far from being directed against you, all the strength of the Empire shall be at your disposal, on condition that you consent to one thing only, that you give me the hand of your daughter Philomena.'

"My parents immediately accepted the condition, and when we had returned to the house, they endeavoured to persuade me of my great happiness in becoming Empress of Rome.

"Without hesitation or weighing the matter I refused the alliance, answering that I was betrothed to Christ our God since my eleventh year, by my vow of virginity. My father said that, taking my age and my condition as his child into consideration, I had not been capable of disposing of myself, and he endeavoured to use all the weight of his authority to compel me to obey. My Divine Spouse gave me the strength to oppose to all this an absolute refusal. This the Emperor took as a deception and an excuse, veiling an act of bad faith. 'Bring the Princess Philomena here,' he said to my father, 'and I will see whether I cannot persuade her.' My father thereupon came for me, and seeing that neither threats nor caresses shook my resolution, he cast himself on his knees with my mother, saying to me, 'O! my daughter, have pity on thy parents, have pity on thy country, and on the kingdom!' And I replied, 'I put God and the virginity I have vowed to Him before everything. My kingdom and my country are in Heaven.'

"We had, however, to obey the Emperor and present ourselves at Court. Diocletian had recourse to promises and to every kind of allurement, without, however, succeeding in winning anything. He then descended to threats, and he succeeded no better.

"Then, in an access of fury and rage, he said to me, 'If thou wilt not have me as a lover, thou shalt feel me as a persecutor.' And I made answer, 'I do not care for thee as a lover, neither do I fear thee as a persecutor.' Still more infuriated, and inspired by the demon of unholy passion, he had me cast into a dungeon below the arsenal of the Imperial Palace. There I was loaded with chains, and irons were put on my hands and feet to compel me to accept the marriage for which the Enemy of souls had filled this heart, ruled by him, with extravagant and inordinate desire. And daily Diocletian came to renew the struggle. He caused my chains to be removed that I might take a little bread and water; then he tormented me anew; but my Heavenly Bridegroom sustained me. I never ceased recommending myself to my Jesus and to His Immaculate Mother.

" This misery lasted for thirty-seven days, and then the Queen of Heaven appeared to me in the midst of a bright light, with the Divine Child in her arms, and she said to me, ' Yet three days in this dungeon, my daughter, and on the fortieth after thine arrest thou shalt leave this sorrowful place.' At this news my heart thrilled with joy. ' Leaving it,' Mary continued, ' thou wilt have to sustain the assault of terrible sufferings for my Son.' This announcement caused me to tremble with fear, and I seemed already in the anguish of death. ' Courage, beloved daughter,' added our Queen, ' daughter beloved above all the rest, for thou bearest the name of my Son and my name. Thou art called Lumena or Light; is not my Son, thy Spouse, called Light, Star, Sun? And to me are not the titles of Dawn, Star, Moon and Sun given? I will sustain thee. This is the hour of nature, of weakness and humiliation; then thou shalt have the strength of grace, and thou shalt have at thy side, besides thy Guardian Angel, the Archangel Gabriel, whose name signifies the Strength of God, and who was my Guardian on earth. I will send him to the aid of my beloved child.' These assurances reanimated me, and the vision disappeared, leaving the dungeon filled with a strong and vivifying perfume.

" Diocletian, despairing of compelling me to his will, had recourse to torments to affright me and to decide me to violate the faith I had sworn to Heaven. He caused me to be bound to a column and cruelly scourged, saying, ' As this person obstinately refuses an Emperor like me for a Malefactor condemned to death by His Own nation, she merits that my justice should treat her as He was treated.'

" Seeing that at last my body was one bleeding wound, while my resolution remained invincible, the tyrant gave orders that I should be taken back to prison so that I should breathe my last there. In desolation and agony I lay there waiting for death that I might repose on my Spouse's Heart, when there appeared to me two shining Angels, who poured a precious balm upon my wounds, and I was healed.

" The next morning this news cast the Emperor into stupefaction. Seeing me stronger and more beautiful, he endeavoured to persuade me that I owed this benefit to his Jupiter, who destined me to wear the Imperial diadem. The Holy Ghost assisted me, and I victoriously refuted his sophisms, just as I resisted his caresses. Furious as a raging lion, he ordered that an iron anchor was to be suspended to my neck and that I was to be thrown into the Tiber to perish in its flood, that so my name and my person should be forgotten. But Jesus, to manifest His power and to confound idolatry, sent His two Angels again to me. They severed

the cord, the anchor fell to the bed of the river, where it still is, buried in the mud, and the Angels bore me back to the shore upon their wings, without a single drop of water having moistened my robe.

"This miracle converted many of the crowd who witnessed it, and there was great murmuring. Diocletian, desperate with fury and more obstinate than Pharaoh, treated me as a sorceress, and had me dragged ignominiously through all Rome, and then condemned me to be shot with arrows.

"Wounded, fainting, and dying, I was cast back into prison. Instead of the fearful death which I awaited there, the Most High sent me a sweet slumber, and on my awakening I was more beautiful and stronger than ever. The Emperor, learning this, was seized with an access of such rage that he commanded the same torment to be renewed until death should ensue. This time the arrows would not leave their bows. Diocletian cried out that it was magic, and hoping that my supposed spells would not be able to resist the action of fire, he commanded that the arrows should be made red-hot in a glowing fire.

"But my Spouse saved me from this torment. I was hardly bound once more to the post, when I went rapidly into ecstasy, and the arrows, instead of wounding me, returned upon the archers, of whom six were thus killed. I saw nothing of their death, being in ecstasy.

"At the sight of this new miracle very many more were converted, and the whole populace commenced to rise in favour of the Faith. Fearing that worse would happen, the tyrant had me immediately decapitated. And thus my soul, all glorious and triumphant, flew into the heavens to receive from my Divine Spouse the crown of virginity which had cost me so dear, and which, together with the palms of those many victories, so adorns me in His divine sight. He granted me a high place among His elect. That day, so happy for me, was the 10th of August, a Friday, and the hour was three o'clock.

"And thus it was, as I have said, that the Most High willed that my Translation to Mugnano should take place on the 10th of August, and why He signalised it by so many miracles and wonders."

In another revelation the Ven. Mother Louisa tells us that, at a priest's request, she had inquired of the Saint whether she had been frequently at the Holy Table. The martyr replied, "My first Communion was made at the age of five, and from that time I communicated daily until we went to Rome."

Another day she told the nun, "When I was cast into the Tiber

I was sure I should die, and I embraced the anchor as Jesus embraced the Cross. But because my Spouse saw that I was not satisfied with offering Him one life only, but would have wished to have a thousand lives to offer them to Him, He preserved me from death once more, this time in the river, and He has given me as much glory as if I had really sacrificed a thousand lives to Him." A wonderful illustration of the Church's teaching of the value of Desires and Intention!

On yet another occasion St. Philomena instructed the Ven. Mother upon essential glory and accidental glory—the most striking and consoling part of this revelation is the following assurance: "We, comprehensors, are before God as so many vases of perfume, some larger, some smaller. The vases of our souls are dilated according to the measure of the desire to love God which each one of us had whilst on earth." Surely a most beautiful and consoling truth; and a truth of great depth. She taught Mother Louisa, in another vision, of the great value of asking the Saints' prayers, always given to their suppliants, and recommended, as a devotion acceptable to herself, the offering of the Credo three times. The first was to be for the perseverance of the just; the second, for the conversion of sinners; the third (her favourite) was to be for the conversion of heretics and the heathen. With these prayers, she, like other Saints when approached by their clients, would unite her own most powerful prayer in Heaven.

We shall conclude these citations with the mention of a vision in which our Religious beheld Our Lady gloriously vested as with the sun, wearing a mantle full of living stars, which moved of their own accord, to whom St. Philomena, like a maid of honour, came, presenting petitions from persons on earth. Our Lady said to her, "To Philomena nothing is refused; let all the favours be granted." The Angel Gabriel wrote this in a book with gold letters, and then the martyr, turning to Mother Louisa, said, "Dost thou see how it is? I ask favours from Mary, and through Mary they are granted to me." Mother Louisa had been specially assigned by Our Lord to Philomena's care, and one day she beheld Our Lady seated on a throne of clouds in her cell, Philomena with her, recommending her client to her maternal care. Thereupon Our Lady—the story is like one of the exquisite incidents in the life of the Dominican, Henry Suso—with a loving look, lightly raised her mantle, and Philomena, lifting it up and drawing the nun close to her, covered her head with it (another Dominican touch), counselling her the while this symbolic action was being performed, "Remain steadfast under the protection of Mary."

To conclude—no other belief is asked (unless the Church should

officially pronounce on them) for revelations made to saints or holy persons than purely human faith; we are free to accept them or not as we find them helpful to us or not. That revelation has at all times been one of the modes by which the intercourse between God and man has taken place, will be denied by no reader of the Sacred Scriptures—*God, Who, at sundry times and in divers ways, spake in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son* (Heb. i.), as we read in the Epistle of Christmas Day. That such revelations, to pure, tried and elect souls, to the humble and the childlike in heart, continue even to our own day, the wonders of Lourdes and of Pellevoisin testify. But the Church hedges around such communications with consummate prudence, and with the surest wisdom, and she binds none of us to accept them as being of divine faith.

But where the evidence in the favour of such revelations is satisfying to reason, where the character of the person to whom it has been given is of the highest type and is distinguished by that intellectual strength and balance which we call common sense, and where the teaching of the revelation is conducive to greater spiritual development, should we not be losers by any spirit of over-critical captiousness? So at least the great Doctor and Pontiff, Benedict XIV., would seem to have thought, for in his work on the Canonisation of Saints, he lays it down that "visions and revelations may figure in the Canonical Processes of the Servants of God if the revelations are pious, holy, and profitable to the salvation of souls. *Si revelationes sunt piæ, sanctæ, et animarum salutî proficiuæ, admittendæ sunt in Processu.* (De Beatif. SS. lib. iii., i., vii. Cap. 3.)

It may be added that the three (or rather four) persons to whom these revelations on our young virgin martyr were made were all totally unknown to each other, they lived at a distance from one another, and their narratives agree perfectly. These narratives also are in perfect accord with the symbolism of the drawings on the martyr's tombstone, viz., a palm, a lily, a scourge, an anchor, and three arrows, two of which point in different directions and are, moreover, differently drawn, and the third of which has two waved lines below the feathers, possibly indicative of fire. It is noteworthy also that the first of these three arrows exactly resembles the arrow preserved in the basilica of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way. It will be recalled that this martyr was also shot with arrows by order of Diocletian. The many miracles of healing and preservation in St. Philomena's story can be paralleled from the stories of SS. Agnes, Agatha, Catherine of Alexandria, and Martina, the last named of whom was marvellous in her sufferings and her constancy.

Thus in Mother Louisa's narrative we have a spiritual romance of great value to the lovers of the First and Only Fair, as beautiful to-day to the hidden saints of Carmel and to the missionary martyrs of the twentieth century Church as He was to His Theclas or His Laurences long ago; in it we have the vivid picture of a strong and beautiful personality, of a loving heart and a very elevated mind and soul. It seems little wonder that to a heart so generous as this young Grecian maiden's, the King of kings should have given a world-wide empire of power to help and heal, and the warm love of thousands upon thousands, in return for the world-wide empire she sacrificed centuries ago for love of Him, for, *giving all the substance of her house for love, she despised it as nothing.* (Cant. viii. 7.)

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## Violets.

The woodland ways of wak'ning earth to-day  
 Are jewelled o'er with light;  
 In amethystine beauty shine those gems  
 From Nature's crown so bright.

Sweet violets! sweet firstlings of the Spring!  
 What promise glad ye hold,  
 Of flow'r-decked days, whose ev'ry hour shall be  
 Lit all with sunrays gold.

Show ye not forth, meek heralds purple-clad,  
 Earth's Summer joys to be?  
 Aye! like are ye to Martyrs, for whose blood  
 Christ gives a harvest free.

For ah! the Church's seed is e'er the Martyrs' blood,  
 And death leads on to life;  
 Then may we shine, in Virtue's panoply,  
 The children of their strife!

DOROTHY WAYLAND.

# St. David—Patron of Wales.

VENERATED IN IRELAND.

JOHN B. CULLEN.

**I**N many of the Calendars of the Irish Saints the name of St. David, patron of Wales, is inserted under the date of his Festival—March 1st. It is unusual, in our national martyrologies, to find a saint commemorated who was not connected with our country by birth, or had not made Ireland the scene of his missionary labours. However, this great Apostle of the early Celtic Church, although he may not have spent any time in this country, was associated with it by lineage and family ties of a very remarkable kind. Moreover, the celebrated monastic School of Menevia, in Pembroke-shire, of which St. David was founder and abbot, was largely frequented by scholars from Ireland, and most of the great Irish Saints in the sixth and seventh centuries spent some time in this monastery studying the sacred Scriptures and in pursuit of a more profound knowledge of the practices and discipline of the Religious life. In fact, relations of a most intimate kind seem to have existed between the Irish Monasteries and Menevia down to the Norman period. The birth of St. David is assigned by most authorities to the year 445. His father—named Xanctus—was a British prince who ruled over the territory of Cerectica, which is said to have corresponded with the present Cardiganshire.

The mother of the future Saint was of Irish descent and a member of an illustrious family whose name figures conspicuously in the military history of Wales in the fourth and fifth centuries. She was a most devout Christian, and such was her reputation for pre-eminent sanctity that soon after her death she was popularly acclaimed a Saint, and her name enrolled on the sacred calendars of the Church—as St. Non. Her shrine—one of the lateral chapels—in the mediæval cathedral of Menevia, may still be seen. As it was owing to his maternal ancestry that St. David is classed among the Saints of Ireland and venerated in several parts of the Province of Leinster, as a local patron, we shall touch briefly as we can on this phase of the Saint's family history. Some incidents connected with it serve to establish, or at least to shed considerable light on, the question referring to the existence of Christianity in some parts of Ireland, for a century or more previous to the coming of St. Patrick.

Among the "Lives of the Cambro-British Saints," to be found

in the Cotton Manuscripts, preserved in the British Museum, is the life of St. Brenach, who, apparently, flourished in the early part of the fifth century and made Cambria, or Wales, the scene of his missionary labours. In the "Triads" (Welsh Chronicles) he is expressly styled "*Brynach Gwyddel*," meaning *Brenach the Irishman*. He was a prince by birth, but when he was converted to the true Faith he laid aside all his claims to worldly honours, and became a hermit in one of the mountain solitudes of his native country. Later on he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, and on his return, spent some years in Brittany, whence he crossed over to South Wales, where, not far from the confluence of the Rivers Cleddan, he erected a little hermitage and church close to the present Milford Haven. Here he was joined by some companions, probably countrymen of his own, who, desiring to follow his saintly example in forsaking all for Christ, became his first disciples. Finding after some time their life of solitude was disturbed by predatory bands of lawless men, the little community moved on to the banks of the River Gwain and settled for a time near the town, now called Abergwain. However, being admonished by a heavenly sign that *this* was not to be their final resting place, they eventually directed their steps towards Pembrokeshire, where, in the valley of the Caman river, they chose a solitary spot, surrounded by mountains, and erected a monastery. Their missionary labours among the hillside tribes were crowned with success, and by their teachings and examples numerous souls were led to abandon superstitions and idolatry of their Pagan forefathers and accept the truths of Christianity. The heaven-directed mission of St. Brenach was the means of establishing the Faith in Pembrokeshire, and was also, we may assume, the origin of that long and remarkable connection which existed between the Celtic Churches of Wales and of Ireland.

Among the conversions wrought by the missionaries was that of an Irish (Pagan) Chieftain, named Brecan, from whom Brecknockshire derives its name. Aulach, the father of Brecan, was the son of an Irish King—Cormac MacCarbery—and became the leader of a band of colonists, who left their country shortly after the middle of the fourth century to seek their fortunes in Wales. Aulach, having established himself, by his valour and military prowess in that country, eventually won the hand of Marchella, the daughter of Tewdrig, who was then chief ruler of South Wales. Brecan, the child of this marriage, having reached man's estate, succeeded, on the death of Tewdrig, to the chieftancy of his family.

On his conversion this great warrior became a most enthusiastic Christian. With such earnestness did he devote himself to the

training of his numerous children that the family of Brecon is styled in the "Triads" as "*one of the three holy families of Wales.*" The wife of this illustrious prince was the daughter of a Saxon King, named Theodric. She was also eminent for her sanctity and is described in the Irish martyrology of St. Aengus of Tallaght "*the mother of ten holy sons.*" Most of these, having entered religion, became identified with the infant Church of Leinster, in pre-Patrician times. Several of their little ruined churches' crumbling remains may still be traced along the sea-coast on the peninsular portion of South Wexford, from the mouth of the River Slaney to the estuary of Waterford Harbour. St. Non, the mother of St. David, to whom we have previously referred, was one of the seven daughters of St. Brecon. She and all her sisters became saints. Their names are commemorated in the calendars of Ireland, Wales and Brittany.

Here we may remark that the inhabitants of these three countries were, for the most part, of kindred origin, a fact that is still strongly attested by the affinity of language which exists in the Celtic dialects—the Breton-Ahmerican, the Irish, and the Gaelic of Wales. These peoples were united in a kind of racial fellowship, strengthened by intermittent intercourse. From these circumstances naturally arise the singular uniformity of proper names, the similarity of traditions and social customs, as well as the folklore which characterises the history and legends of these countries.

This rather lengthened digression—"a story within a story"—so to speak, is made in order to explain the claims of St. David to Irish nationality, since, we see, he was the descendant of an Irish King, the grandson of an Irish Chieftain, and the nephew of a household of saints of the native race.

To return to the main trend of our narrative.

The birth of St. David is said to have been predicted by St. Patrick many years previously when he visited Wales.

For some years during the early life of the future Saint his mother, apparently, resided in *Vetus Menevia*, a small town that lay at some little distance from the present episcopal city. Through the anxious care of his saintly parent the child was trained in the paths of holiness and virtue. When he came to the years of understanding, David was confided to the care of the Abbot Iltud, whose monastery was situated at the City of Caerworgan, which was then the capital and chief seat of the Kings of Glanmorgan. St. Iltud's monastic school was one of the most celebrated in Wales—and was a fruitful nursery of saints and scholars, many of whom, like

Gildas the Wise, were of the Irish race. Manifesting a desire to enter the religious state, David commenced his preliminary studies for the priesthood at the age of fourteen years. The example and instructions of his pious preceptors made a deep impression on his tender soul—while his fervent piety and excellent abilities foreshadowed the career he was destined to fill in the Church of God, and in securing the salvation of souls. Being desirous of perfecting himself in the knowledge of Philosophy and the sacred Sciences, with the approval of his superiors, David—after a term of probation—proceeded to the College of Whitland in Carmarthenshire, then presided over by its founder, St. Paulinus—a disciple of St. Germanus of Auxerre. Here he spent ten years, during which period he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. After his ordination he continued his sacred studies, devoting himself particularly to the perusal of the writings of the Fathers of the early Church and of the lives of illustrious apostolic saints, whose zeal and fervour he longed to imitate. To his fellow-students he was a model of humility, obedience and meekness, practising at the same time austerities that seem almost incredible, which he continued during the rest of his life. Nor were miracles wanting to shew the favour his profound faith had secured for him in the sight of God. It was at this period the following legend of the Saint's life is narrated. His master, St. Paulinus, had now grown old and, as we are told, from his constant prayer and weeping for his faults his sight began to fail, till he became totally blind. One day whilst wrapt in sad contemplation, he was inspired to ask the blessing of some of his young disciples on his sightless eyes. One by one they came, obedient to his wish. At length, as if by a divine intuition, the holy man exclaimed: "But where is David? He has not yet come." The young priest was at once summoned, and when with great humility he acceded to the request of his master, making the sign of the Cross on his tear-dimmed eyes, the old man's vision was restored! Other miraculous privileges were vouchsafed the predestined Saint—these, however, the space at our disposal in these pages precludes our touching on.

The vast scope of David's literary attainments and his profound knowledge of the principles of monastic life led to his being appointed to the position of lecturer in Whitland. The remarkable lucidity he displayed in explaining the divine truths and the wonders of the works of God, made a lasting impression on his pupils. Whenever he preached to the faithful in the abbey church or in the open air multitudes assembled to hear him. His biographers tell us that such was his power of oratory that his words often incited

his hearers to tears and touched the hearts of the most hardened sinners with sentiments of compunction and contrition for their sins. Moreover, he was gifted with a clear and melodious voice, a natural endowment, which more than once in the Saint's after life was so far-reaching in its power as to be deemed miraculous. After the ten years of his sojourn in Whitland, it was revealed to Saint Paulinus by an angel that David was destined by Almighty God to go forth—like the Apostles of old—and preach the Gospel of Christ. Though sad at heart when parting from his revered preceptor, and leaving the peaceful retreat, endeared to him by the associations of so many happy years, he submitted to the decree of Divine Providence. Zeal for the conversion of his native land, which was still, for the most part, enveloped in the darkness of Paganism, sustained him in his hour of trial and sacrifice. Journeying towards the West, David is said to have restored twelve churches or monasteries, partially destroyed in the incursions of the Saxons. Apparently, he did not confine his missionary travels to the limits of Wales, since we find he crossed the Severn and visited Glastonbury, Bath, and other centres of religion in Somerset, and other places in the southern parts of England. Glastonbury is especially named in connection with his apostolic memories.

After some years of religious missionary activity, David resolved to found the monastery and school which immortalised his name in the pages of ecclesiastical history. The spot chosen at first for his monastic *civitas* was the brow of an iron-bound promontory on the south-eastern coast of Pembroke-shire (now known as St. David's Head). The place was sacred to Irish memories, since it is related, when St. Patrick visited Wales in the year 428, he founded a church there. It is further told that on this occasion the future Apostle of Ireland had a vision in which the hills and plains of Hibernia were set out before him, as in a panorama, when he heard the voice of an angel of God saying: "*This is the land marked out as your inheritance for evermore.*" During his stay in Wales he visited the Irish colonists who had settled along the coast and, being familiar with their language, applied himself to instructing them in the truths of Christianity, for many were still pagans. Though the visit of St. Patrick was of brief duration, so great was the success that attended his efforts that he would have desired to make Wales the scene of his future apostolate, had not God ordained otherwise. It is interesting here to remark that during his cursory mission he made the acquaintance of the Chieftain of Brecknockshire, Brekan, and the members of his worthy family. Later on, when the Saint was organising the staff of the assistant missionaries for Ireland,

Cynog, the eldest son of the saintly household, was one of the first who volunteered to accompany him.<sup>1</sup>

Although David was attracted to the site of his projected monastery—owing to its earlier associations, while marking out the boundaries of its enclosure, he was divinely assured by a messenger of God that *there* few of his disciples would merit heavenly rewards: “Further on,” the angel said, “is the spot chosen by Heaven, where few shall be lost if they persevere in the faith.” He and his companions then removed to a little town about three miles distant, called by the Romans Menapia—now known as Menevia (or St. Davids). For centuries after the time of which we write it gave its name to the metropolitan See of Wales and was also spoken of as a city. It is at present only a quiet, unassuming village of a couple of thousand inhabitants.

When St. David took possession of the site of his future settlement—as was customary with the early monks, he erected a rude Cross and kindled a fire, the smoke of which seemed to envelope a great part of the surrounding country. The ruler of the district was named Baya—a pagan and a druid. Furthermore, we are told, he was an Irishman, one of those successful colonists who had established for themselves territories on the Welsh coast and continued to hold them by the sword. Baya, when he saw from afar the clouds of smoke that arose from the mysterious fire—being filled with terror cried out to those who were with him: “The enemy that has lit that fire shall possess the land as far as the fumes have spread.” Immediately the chieftain and his followers resolved to slay the intruders, but their attempt was frustrated by a miracle of God, whereupon Baya hastened to meet the Saint and, falling at the feet of the holy man, expressed his desire to become a Christian. He, moreover, made a grant of Menevia, with the surrounding lands, to St. David, whose monastery quickly arose—its after fame spreading far and wide through Britain, Ireland and Gaul.

St. Aidan, patron of the Diocese of Ferns, was one of the first who entered the School of St. David. He spent many years there as a student and, according to the records of his life, was ordained a priest in Menevia. Many times after Aidan had returned to Ireland, and founded the See of Ferns, he visited his former master, as the shores of Hy-Kinsellagh were distant only a day’s sail from the Welsh coast. On a clear summer’s day the hills of Pembrock-

<sup>1</sup> St. Cynoc was then a priest and a missionary in his native country. He is venerated at Gallen in King’s County. During his stay in Ireland he visited the southern district of the present Co. Wexford. The place-name “Ballyhack,” (*recte* Bally-Canock) is derived from him. His two brothers, SS. Allog and Dubhain, are the patron saints of the adjoining parish—Templetown. They evangelised this part at a much earlier date. After his return to Wales he was murdered by the Saxons and is only martyr in the early Irish Church.

shire are distinctly visible from the opposite sea-coast of the County Wexford.

Among the great Irish saints, associated as students with St. David's School, we may name Finian of Clonard, Scothin and Senanus, patrons of Ossory; Gildas the Wise and a host of others, but Aidan of Ferns was the dearest of St. David's disciples, in whose arms the holy Abbot breathed his last sigh. Brendan, the Navigator, too, as recorded in his life, came to Menevia, for a while, after his seven years' voyage over the trackless ocean in search of the "Island of the blest"—the earthly paradise of his dreams.

At this period the Welsh were still an independent and unconquered people, but even then the aggressive Saxon looked wistfully on the little principality, and longed to subdue it. Hence it was that incursions over the borders and mountainous defiles of Wales were frequent and sanguinary. Once, it is related, on the eve of battle St. David told his countrymen to wear "leeks" in their helmets so that they might easily be distinguished, in the fray, from the ranks of the enemy. At the time St. Aidan was at Menevia. Knowing the miraculous power of the latter, the Cambrians besought the Abbot to ask the Irish Saint to bless their standards and pray with uplifted hands—like Joshua of old—for their success in the conflict. Rudely prepared as they were and rather unequal in numbers as compared with their foes, victory fell to them! From that day to this Welshmen wear the "leek" as a national emblem on St. David's Day. And, moreover, it is said that as long as Aidan remained in Wales the Saxons abstained from aggression, so much did they dread the efficacy of his prayers with the God of the Christians.

When Dubritius, who was styled "Father of the Church of Wales," resigned his See, he named the Abbot of Menevia, *who was his near kinsman*, to be his successor. From this we infer that the clan system, which prevailed so remarkably in the appointment of abbots and bishops in the Celtic Church of Ireland, must have existed, to some extent in Wales, at the same period. The seat of the Primatial See was at Caerleon, which was then the capital and chief residence of the kings of Monmouth.

St. David, who entertained a life-long wish to visit the Holy Land, resolved to carry out his desire before assuming the responsibility imposed on him by his ecclesiastical superior, whose command he looked upon as the voice of God. Taking with him, as companions, St. Teilo and St. Padarn (patron of Llanbadarn) he set out on his journey. A visit to Palestine in those early times involved a long space of time and was attended with difficulties and much fatigue, since most of the journey had to be made on foot.

Passing through the various countries of the Continent the pilgrims preached as they went along and it is recorded that they were miraculously given the gift of tongues (like the Apostles after the first Pentecost) and spoke fluently the languages of the different nations through which they travelled. It was when in Jerusalem that St. David was consecrated a Bishop, at the hands of John III., Patriarch of the Holy City. This will have been about the year 516—when our Saint must have been well over sixty years of age.

As a parting gift, when setting out on his return to Europe, the Patriarch of Jerusalem presented St. David with a precious altar stone of sapphire adorned with gold and costly gems, which the Bishop afterwards deposited in a church which he erected at Glastonbury Abbey and dedicated to the Mother of God. In his history of Glastonbury the learned Cardinal Gasquet says "this precious gift survived in the possession of the Abbey to the end. During the contests between Saxon and Dane, which caused such havoc and destruction throughout the length and breadth of the land, this 'Sapphire Altar' was concealed, and for a time its hiding place appears to have been forgotten. Subsequently, however, the stone was discovered in a recess of the old church, and it appears as one of the Abbey's most treasured possessions in the inventory drawn up by the Commissioners appointed by Henry VIII. to seize the property of the monastery in 1539. 'Item'—The inventory recorded '*delivered unto his Majestie . . . a superatare garnished with silver and gilt, called the great saphire of Glasgon-burge . . .*'"<sup>2</sup>

After his return to his native country, one of St. David's first acts was to convene a Synod at Brefi (Cardiganshire) to revise certain matters of discipline and custom hitherto prevailing in the Welsh Church. Later on he summoned another Council at a place, whose Welsh name is translated "*Lucus Victoriae*" (519)—in order to take measures to stem the tide of the Pelagian Heresy, whose blighting influences were, for a second time, permeating the British Church. Many Bishops and learned ecclesiastics attended, and amongst others St. Aidan, accompanied by several Irish students of Menevia, took part in the deliberations. So vast was the assembly of the clergy and the faithful that the voices of the speakers failed to reach the ears of numbers of those present. This immense convocation was the occasion of one of the most familiar miracles recorded in the acts of the Saint's life. When St. David was called upon to address the vast concourse, it is related, the ground on which he stood swelled up till it took the form of a gentle

<sup>2</sup>The Greater Monasteries of England.

mound which overlooked the whole surrounding plain, while a snow-white dove descended from the sky and alighted on his shoulder. The clear tones of his voice reached the uttermost fringe of the encircling throng of eager listeners! So powerful was the unction and eloquence of his inspired words—it is recognised in the Christian Annals of Wales (*Annales Cambriæ*)—that the Heresy of Pelagius was never more heard of in this part of Western Christendom.

The miracle we have described has been perpetuated by artists since the Middle Ages to the present day—in painting, statuary and stained glass—St. David being always represented in a preaching attitude, standing on a little hillock, with the symbolic dove resting on his shoulder.<sup>3</sup>

The acts of those two Synods were confirmed by the Holy See, and became, so to speak, the rule and standard of the British Churches.

Very soon after the introduction of Christianity into Wales, Caerleon, an important station of the Romans (called in the period of their occupation "Isca Silurum") became the seat of a bishopric, and was, as we have already noted, the capital city of Monmouth. At the close of the Council of Brefi referred to, St. Dubritius, who had resigned his See to St. David, suggested that the Primal Chair would be changed to Menevia. His proposal was unanimously approved of by the suffragan bishops present; hence, St. David had *not* to sever his connection with his beloved monastery, and there filled the dual position of Abbot and Bishop for many years. Of this apostolic Saint, Giraldus Cambrensis tells us: "he spoke with marvellous force and energy," and adds that "his example was more powerful than his eloquence." Such was his fame among the ecclesiastics of his time that he was styled "*The head of the whole British Nation and the honour of his fatherland.*"

St. David appears not to have limited the circuit of his episcopal activities to Wales, since we find his name associated with the restoration and spiritual revival of monasteries in the South of England—such as Repton, Crowland, Bath, Wells, Raglan and Glastonbury. The last named was for centuries one of the most famous monasteries in the Western Church. It is said by many authorities that the Abbey was the site of the first Christian church built in Britain and tradition assigns its founding to St. Joseph of Arimathea, who came thither with twelve companions by the direction of St. Philip, the Apostle, when the latter preached the Gospel in Gaul shortly after the Ascension of Our Blessed Lord. This

<sup>3</sup> In the Cathedral of Menevia, now beautifully restored, St. David is thus depicted,—a charming window, by Hardman (Birmingham).

holy tradition of Joseph of Arimathea's connection with Glastonbury seems never to have been doubted, and historians in different chronicles refer to the place as "*the first ground of God*"—" *The first ground of the Saints of England* " and "*the rise and foundation of all religion in England.*" About the year 530 St. David, accompanied by seven of his suffragan Bishops, visited Glastonbury, and expended large sums of money in adding to the church. On this occasion the Archbishop of Menevia founded a votive chapel, beside the Abbey, in honour of the Mother of God. Previously he had intended to restore the Lady Chapel, which tradition asserted was raised in the days of St. Joseph of Arimathea, but was admonished in a dream that the whole church of the Abbey had been originally consecrated under the invocation of the Queen of Heaven and to erect his *special* chapel separate and apart. Therefore it was that St. David's little shrine was built, in the precincts of the monastery. This, it is recorded, was of wood,<sup>4</sup> sheeted inside and outside with lead, the interior being adorned with costly decorations and ornaments. It was on the altar of this chapel that the altar-stone of sapphire, brought from Jerusalem, was deposited—as an offering to Our Blessed Lady, to whom St. David was especially devoted through his whole life.

Here it may be remarked that St. David was uncle of the renowned King Arthur, who in his time (A.D. 543) having been mortally wounded at the Battle of Camlan, was carried to this Abbey, that he might receive the last consolation of religion at the hands of the good monks, and be interred "*amongst such a number of saints as had reposed there from the beginning of Christianity.*" Accordingly on his death King Arthur, after "*life's fitful fever,*" was laid to rest in Glastonbury Abbey.

Although St. David's increasing years now weighed heavily upon him, he still continued almost to the end ever watchful of his flock and made frequent visitations over the vast districts entrusted to his pastoral care. As chief Bishop of Wales—(Primate, as we would say now)—his episcopal jurisdiction extended over the whole Principality. Nevertheless, he followed the same humble and penitential way of life which he had observed within the walls of his monastery. Perfectly detached from earthly things, he devoted the whole of his revenues to works of charity and the service of the Church. At the same time he gave himself up with unremitting assiduity to the instruction of his people, whom he earnestly strove to preserve from the inroads of schism and heresy. Almighty God blessed his efforts with great success, and his teachings and miracles were the means of

<sup>4</sup> "*As was the custom of the British who were not wont to build of stone.*" vide St. David.

gathering innumerable souls to the fold of Christ. Having founded many monasteries, and been the spiritual father of many saints—both British and Irish—he finally withdrew to Menevia in order to prepare for his approaching end—revealed to him by a Messenger of God.

During the last days of his life St. David sent messengers across to Ireland to summon his beloved friend, St. Aidan of Ferns, to come and visit him ere he died. It was in the arms of the latter that he breathed his last sigh. Previous to their parting on earth St. David gave to St. Aidan the staff of his monastery, his sacred bell and Book of Gospels—the most valued of his personal belongings. The bequeathing of those symbols of the abbatial office was tantamount to appointing St. Aidan his successor—according to the custom of the time. Hence, we learn that for some years after St. David's death the saintly Bishop of Ferns ruled the monastery and See of Menevia conjointly with his Irish diocese. The death of the Patron Saint of Wales, according to the "*Annales Cambria*," is said to have taken place on March 1st, A.D. 601. Other authorities state that it occurred at a much earlier date (544). Although the former date implied an almost incredible length of days—it is now more generally accepted by historians.

St. David was interred in the Church of St. Andrew, Menevia. After the Saint's death this monastic church came to be called St. David's—as was also the whole town and district around—which designation is continued to the present day. In fact the whole Welsh nation is frequently styled "Dewiland." During the reign of the Anglo-Saxon King, Edgar, in the year 962, the relics of St. David were translated with great solemnity to Glastonbury Abbey. He was canonised during the Pontificate of Pope Celestine II. (1120), being the only servant of God, belonging to Wales, raised to the Altars of the Church.

As we stated in the earlier part of this biographical essay, St. David is commemorated in many of our national martyrologies and venerated in Ireland, chiefly, as we have noted, in the south-eastern part of the Province of Leinster. In the present County of Kildare he is honoured as the patron of the county town—Naas—where a Welsh colony settled in the twelfth century and introduced the cult of their national Apostle.<sup>5</sup> Again, in Southern Ossory, St. David is venerated. Here, likewise, a colony of Welsh immigrants settled and gave their name to a range of hills in the barony of

<sup>5</sup> In the Protestant Church at Naas the east window, presumably, erected to represent the figure of the local patron, by a curious error contains, in stained glass, a representation of "King David playing on the harp."

Iverk—known as the “Welsh Mountains.”<sup>6</sup> From this locality down to the more southward barony of Ida, bounded by the River Barrow, the Christian name “David” was very common some years ago, among the families living in the district.

However, in the County Wexford, more than elsewhere, we find memories of St. David preserved in the traditions of the people, while the Saint is local Patron of many parishes. The reason of this more special veneration is not far to seek. The sea-board portion of the southern portion of the Kingdom of Hy-Kinsellagh (now County Wexford) had been evangelised by a company of Welsh missionaries (all brothers) previous to the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland. These pioneers of the Gospel, in this remote part of our country, belonged to an earlier generation of St. David's maternal kindred. One of them founded a little monastery close to the Tower of Hook. Hither, it is related, Prince Brecon, the grandfather of our Saint, came at the close of his days to prepare for Heaven and died at an advanced age in the abode of his saintly son—A.D. 450.

Some years ago, at Bally-na-Slaney, in the parish of Oylegate, St. David's Holy Well was reopened, and since has become a famous pilgrimage place. Several cures are said to have been wrought there—through the efficacy of the Saint. A generous benefactor presented a statue of the Saint and had it erected in the vicinity of the sacred spring.

This sketch of the remarkable incidents of the Life of St. David, Patron of Wales, may perhaps serve to revive a deeper interest in the career of one of the most illustrious of the sages and saints of Erin's Golden Age—who in his day was styled : “*The Head of the whole British Nation—and the honour of his fatherland*”—Ireland.

<sup>6</sup> Here, and in many parts of the Co. Kilkenny, there are several families named “Walsh” and “Brennan.” The surnames are synonymous, “Brenach” in Gaelic means “Welshman,” and is identical with that of “Brennan.”

## The Divine Office of the Kitchen.

"GOD walks among the pots and pipkins."—*St. Teresa.*

Lord of the pots and pipkins, since I have no time to be  
A saint by doing lovely things, and vigiling with Thee,  
By watching in the twilight dawn, and storming Heaven's gates,—  
Make me a saint by getting meals, and washing up the plates.

Lord of the pots and pipkins, please, I offer Thee for souls  
The tiresomeness of tea-leaves and the sticky porridge bowls!  
Remind me of the things I need, not just to save the stairs,  
But so that I may perfectly lay tables into prayers.

Accept my dirty hands, because I made them so for Thee!  
Pretend my dish-mop is a bow, which, heavenly harmony  
Makes on a fiddle-frying pan! (It is SO hard to clean,  
And ah, SO horrid!) Hear, dear Lord, the music that I mean!

Although I must have Martha-hands, I have a Mary mind,  
And when I black the boots, I try Thy Sandals, Lord, to find.  
I think of how they trod our earth, what time I scrub the floor:  
Accept this meditation, when I haven't time for more!

Vespers and Compline come to pass by washing supper things.  
And mostly, I am very tired, and all the heart that sings  
About the morning's work, is gone before me, into bed.  
Lend me, dear Lord, Thy tireless Heart, to work in me, instead!

My Matins are said overnight, to praise and bless Thy Name  
Beforehand, for to-morrow's work, which will be just the same;  
So that it seems I go to sleep, still in my working dress;—  
Lord, make Thy Cinderella soon a heavenly princess!

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and light it with Thy Peace!  
Forgive the worrying, and make the grumbling to cease!  
Thou, Who didst lay the meals for Twelve, forgive the world which  
saith

"Can any good thing come to GOD out of poor Nazareth?"

CECILIA ROSEMARY HALLACK.

# The Message of St. Thomas à Becket.

MILDRED O. F. EVANS.

**T**IMES of stress and upheaval have at least the advantage of bringing into prominence certain moral aspects in public affairs which periods of material tranquility tend to obscure. In the penal days Catholics in England were under no delusion as to their relations with the State. The fundamentally anti-Catholic character of the British Constitution was driven home in so crude and realistic a manner that even Anglo-Saxon Catholics felt constrained to resist that spirit of compromise which is the fatal heritage of their race. As the Christianity which emerged from the Catacombs challenged the Roman Empire so the Catholicism surviving the Reformation in England constituted a force opposed to the country's policy. Catholics were separated from their neighbours, not merely by attending a different church or chapel, but by an invisible influence, which, going to the heart of things, coloured their whole attitude and placed them in direct conflict with England's pagan materialism. To them the Holy See and the Protestant Empire represented two antagonistic principles, the successful reconciling of which was manifestly as impossible as the serving of God and Mammon:

But just as the bloodless triumph over pagan persecution which Constantine's conversion gave Christianity was speedily followed by more subtle dangers to the Church, so the relief from civil disabilities which English Catholics owe (whether they admit it or not!) to an Irishman, has gradually involved them in an atmosphere fraught with temptations to which they are peculiarly prone. Once the State had thrown off its executioner's mask, and with benignant smiles invited to a share of its spoils those who would do its bidding, it was too much for the average English Catholic to resist and he fell. Here, he may have argued, much in the strain his ancestors adopted with regard to the King's supremacy, was not question of infidelity—only a little conformity to modern ideas, a trifling concession to diplomacy in his public dealings which need in no way affect his private conduct and spiritual life. And thus, from the same spirit of compromise which caused the great bulk of his nation to apostasise in the 16th century, the English Catholic of post-Emancipation days saved his conscience with Government gold and accepted State "honours" for carrying out England's

Imperial policy, even though it ran directly counter to Christian principles in fundamental matters of justice and morality. Sometimes he was required to uphold England's supremacy in some far outpost of the Empire, with a total disregard of the rights of the unfortunate native and of the Ten Commandments generally, when these were thought to clash with England's interests. But as likely as not he was invited to "maintain her glorious traditions" nearer home, by using his newly-acquired official authority in a drastic manner on the very race to whom he owed it—the Irish! And if his conscience still pricked, he had but to recall that favourite adage of his Protestant compatriot's, "Keep religion out of politics," and the cleavage between his standards of public and private conduct was completed. Thus was evolved the mentality of certain English Catholics with which we are all familiar—or perhaps it would be more correct to describe it as the natural brutality of the Anglo-Saxon gaining the upper hand in spite of their higher profession. Seeking to effect a compromise between two forces fundamentally opposed, they became in time (and perhaps unconsciously) traitors to a kingdom greater than England—spies in England, spies in "the household of faith," and implacable oppressors of its most faithful members. And the terrific cataclysm of recent events in Ireland has at least served the purpose of clearly revealing to the majority of Catholics, even in England, the impossibility of continuing to support her policy there and remaining thoroughly loyal to Catholic principles. No longer will it be the fortune of those who stand on Orange platforms to be labelled "good" Catholics, even by their countrymen! English Catholics realise at last that they are faced with the choice of two alternatives: adhesion to the patriotism-run-mad of the British Imperialist system, or fidelity to their Greater Allegiance.

It is at this juncture that the thoughts engendered by the 15th jubilee of St. Thomas of Canterbury's martyrdom come with peculiar force. The event of 750 years ago conveys a striking lesson to present-day Catholics in England. St. Thomas's life and death may be regarded as an epitome of the whole religious struggle in this country. In the principles which controlled his actions and the cause for which he died was embodied that which has ever been the crux of this question—the conflict between the things of Cæsar and the things of God. The question of State domination has always exercised a subtle fascination over the English mind, and, whether aimed directly at the Church in open attack or more insidiously through man's lawful rights and liberties, or manifested within the fold itself by readiness to compromise, the danger of State encroachment is always present in England. Here it is

that this mediæval Saint touches so intimately the modern life of the land of his birth, and his method of facing this danger is full of significance for those who desire its conversion. A wonderful combination of courtier, diplomat, ascetic and saint, he met the world on its own ground by never undervaluing its strength, and finally conquered it by his martyrdom. While the possibility of such a testimony may be remote to-day, without the same unflinching fidelity to Catholic principles and the same lofty scorn of concession and compromise, the re-claiming of pagan England will never be accomplished.

St. Thomas has been called the Proto-Martyr of the Reformation, and what his courage gained for the Church and people of his day may best be realised by briefly comparing his attitude towards Henry II. with that of a later Thomas who thought it no shame to occupy the chair of St. Augustine as the tool of a royal tyrant. The similarity of Henry II.'s aims with those of his 16th century namesake have been little dwelt upon in popular histories, but though their inspiring motives may have differed, they were identical in striving to destroy the Church's freedom as the greatest curb on despotism. In both cases the Primatial See was occupied by a King's favourite, elected for the readiness with which it was presumed he would carry out the royal policy. St. Thomas, however, while neither the first nor the last Primate of England to suffer persecution and exile, by virtue of his victorious death shines out among the victims of kingly exactions and tyrannies as the very personification of ecclesiastical liberty—and through this of the rights of the people—vindicating the honour of Christ first in the persons of His Ministers and then in those of His poor, and sealing the sacred charter of spiritual and temporal freedom with His blood. How scrupulously, on the other hand, Cranmer adhered to the character assigned to him is seen in the ease with which he adapted his ecclesiastical policy to suit his royal master's ever-changing matrimonial fancies. Had St. Thomas been equally subservient in the matter of the rights of the clergy, there is little doubt but that England would even then have been severed from the Unity of the Faith. When Henry found that not only was it impossible to bend his erstwhile favourite to his will, but that the Pope himself upheld Thomas, he actually contemplated schism. In 1165 he pledged his word to the Emperor that he would "bring 50 Bishops to obey" the anti-Pope; and in the following year he wrote to the Archbishop of Cologne, who had espoused the cause of schism:—"I have long wished for an opportunity to recede from Pope Alexander and his perfidious Cardinals, who dare to uphold against me the traitor Thomas, once Archbishop of Canterbury."

Those who have made the most of Thomas's splendour during his chancellorship have failed to find a flaw in his morals. Surrounded by the corruptions and temptations of the court and peculiarly sensitive to the attractions of luxury, he was as yet as one standing unconsumed amidst fire. His intimate associates bear witness not only to his spotless purity of life, but to the wonderful interior devotion which he preserved even when most immersed in this world's affairs. He appears to have had an artist's eye which delighted in colour and magnificence, and his expenditure was lavish beyond description. But the poor as well as the rich were feasted at his table and none went hungry from his door. In the Church's future Champion the people already recognised their own, and his popularity at a time when the tyranny of King and nobles knew no bounds, and the subsequent veneration paid to his name are the most eloquent tributes to his justice and charity. Ever on the side of the down-trodden and oppressed, Thomas was never a worldling, and even as the magnificent Chancellor possessed the rudiments of saintship. He was then only in deacon's orders, and probably had little thought of rising in the hierarchy. After he became Archbishop, though at first his style of dress gave scandal to the monks, he subjected himself to severe penance for his former ostentation.

The bursting of the storm at Clarendon produced one of the typical situations in English Catholic history. Through the wholesale defection of the native Bishops, in their characteristic eagerness to conciliate the civil power, the whole burden of maintaining the Church's honour in England devolved on the Primate of foreign blood. Neither threats from the King nor desertion by his compeers could have caused the Archbishop to waver where his right course was apparent, but, while he never swerved from his main principle of maintaining the rights of the Church, there were moments when his soul was full of doubt as to the particular points on which his battle had to be fought. In themselves they may not have been vital, but at that time they were the symbols of that which was—the freedom of the spiritual power. To take a false step in this direction was far more excusable in the 11th than in the 20th century, for the searching test of the Reformation was yet to come, and this question of the relations of Church and State was not the clear-cut issue it is for Catholics now. There were many conflicting influences which weighed upon St. Thomas, and some self-questioning was inevitable in the face of so much opposition from his fellow-ecclesiastics. To their pleading was added the natural affection born of his long and intimate friendship with Henry, which prompted him to conciliation where possible. To

such causes must be attributed that which he called "his fall"—the promise to sign the Constitutions of Clarendon when unaware of their true purport—by which Protestant writers have endeavoured to prove him a vacillating character instead of the tower of strength he proved himself to be.

But at Pontigny all uncertainty as to his course was removed by the Vision of Our Lord which revealed to the Saint that the Church should be glorified in his blood. Henceforth the ultimate issue was clear. For the last five years of his life, through all the King's wiles and endeavours to break his will, he remained calm and immovable till the fatal day dawned which his prophetic soul had long foreseen. Some thoughts of flight that came with the gray winter's dawn were quickly banished, and in the stormy hours that followed the only calm member of his household was he who awaited the sure coming of his Calvary. "Here, here you will find me," he had said to the knights in the Palace, placing his hand on that part of his head anointed by the sacred chrism which he knew by revelation would also receive the crown of martyrdom. To their cry as they entered the Cathedral for Thomas, "traitor and Archbishop," he replied, descending a step to meet them—"Here am I, Archbishop, but no traitor," and willingly, like a bridegroom going to his nuptials, yielded his head to the blows, and, on the steps of St. Benedict's Altar, in his own Cathedral, died that the Church in England might live.

For once St. Thomas was removed from his path, it is almost certain that Henry would have carried his schismatic designs into effect had they promised for him the untrammelled power he coveted. But the prelate who withstood him in life was also instrumental after death in frustrating so great a betrayal of his kingdom. In the storm of popular anger raised by Thomas's martyrdom, the King was glad to make what peace he could by submitting to the Pope and performing the penance imposed upon him. His visit to Ireland in 1171, *ostensibly* to carry out its "subjugation," was, in reality, to escape this raging tempest of his people's wrath. And so the English rule in Ireland began as it has continued, in mingled cowardice and tyranny, set up by a ruthless enemy of Catholic Freedom in England.

What limitless scope for reflection lies in this fact! Would that it might open the eyes of English Catholics to the object-lessons of their history, and their ears to the message of that martyred Archbishop who, in proving with his blood the victory of the things of the Spirit over those of the flesh, purchased for England nearly 400 years' respite from that robbery of the Faith, which, had Cranmer been a second St. Thomas, she might conceivably never have suffered.

# One Florentine Easter.

E. SETON.

IT was all in the April sunlight. The thicket or small wood of leafy trees, grass growing under foot, that was so near the peaceful Dominican cloister of San Marco, had a very fascination for me. Yesterday the bells in that white campanile had rung so glorious a peal at the *Gloria in excelsis* of the first Mass of Paschaltide that all the Sunday air seemed pulsing with it still. Far, in the intense blue of the vivid Italian sky, a thousand larks throbbled, like hearts of song, filling the atmosphere with a kind of subdued ecstasy.

At my feet, scattered richly, the flowers of an Italian spring shone like jewels. There, beneath the trees of my sylvan retreat, my favourites blossomed—violets, large primroses, white anemones, purple ones, red ones, and narcissi in the sunnier spots, shaking in the breeze like butterflies or like a cloud of dancing stars. Outside, on the hill, red and gold and blue flamed radiantly in bud and bell; and away in the Dominican garden I knew the earliest roses would already be showing and the tall Madonna lilies would almost have a mind to blow.

It was early, early Easter morning. Within that silent cloister, where wind, sunlight, and the shadows of trees made a continual procession of beauty, where the peaceful, austere, yet poignant frescoes of Fra Giovanni, Beato Angelico, still unveil the contemplations of his pure spirit to us, there the white-habited Friars, I knew, were keeping festival with their Risen Lord. Presently I would go up the rest of the winding path to the summit and enter the Priory Church for the last of the Masses preceding the High Mass of Easter Day. Down in the "Lily City," Florence, the great organ in the Duomo would thunder as with the sound "of many waters" from its mighty throats, the *Vidi aquam* and the Paschal Alleluias would be marvellous. But here on the quiet hill-side, here with Il Beato, among the incense, the stately simplicity of the monastic chant, the sweet herbs and the fresh flowers, here, surely, one might catch a gleam of the Risen Christ's robe. . . .

So I dreamed, sitting down on a fallen tree-trunk in my wonderland of waving green branches and sun-and-shadow flecked green-sward decked out bravely with Easter flowers. The flowers looked like the notes of the Paschal carillon of yesterday, flung upwards to Heaven and descending again thence in a cloud of blossoms. Like the vision Florentine Dante had, I thought, dreamily, the

lady half seen because around her was cast continually a mist of flowers from *manibus . . . lilia plenis*.

Now in my little wood there was a large grey stone or rock at a distance. Up one side of it wild vines and clematis ran, and narcissus and violet grew larger-blossomed in its lea, sheltered and flourishing. Behind it a group of trees closely huddled lent a deep green darkness to the spot. I had seen it a hundred times before, but it was like the Sepulchre of Arimathean Joseph's garden this morning. As I looked at it wrapt in this new thought a gleam in the distance caught my inattentive eye. I saw it without reflecting upon it—it was one of the Friars from San Marco in his white habit. How it gleamed and glistened in the sun!

He left the Convent enclosure, wending his way slowly down the hillside road. Yet his pace was faster than it seemed, for, almost immediately after, he had entered my little wood and was making his way towards the grey rock. And there he knelt. He seemed not to have seen me at all, and my first impulse, as he knelt, was to rise and hasten softly away. It was not for me to intrude upon his sacred privacy—though indeed I had never dreamed the Friars came here, nor that any of them would be out on early Easter morning.

But I could not rise. Some spell seemed to hold me fast. There was a strange hush in the air, even the constant soft cooing of the doves had ceased. The Friar was kneeling facing me, his hood thrown back revealed a face of austere beautiful, grave gentleness. It was a face familiar to me, yet not one of the Fathers of San Marco, I was sure. My memory searched busily . . . I knew that holy countenance so well, surely.

And now it was as if a million Angels had filled the whispering wood. The flowers trembled suddenly amid the long grass and then stood still. The dancing leaves and boughs overhead were stilled for what appeared an indefinitely long moment: the sunlight waxed suddenly dazzling. An extraordinary sense of awe and expectation filled me. And then I saw.

A Figure in white, a soft glory all about it, was standing by the grey rocky boulder, looking at the Friar. The upraised face of the religious seemed to have the sun full upon it. He was transfigured, changed, beautiful as an ageless Angel might have looked, his expression of rapture was past words to tell. I might have been looking on Magdalen, or Peter, or John—it was a soul at its Easter Communion. And at the same moment as this vision flashed upon me a soft, deep-voiced sound broke the stillness. It was the bell that told the Elevation in the Church of San Marco so near.

For one instant I looked upon that Paschal scene. And then once more the spring breeze shook the blossoms and leaves and woodland boughs as before, the golden sunlight broke and glowed and trembled in living mosaic with the shadows again, I heard the doves anew, and, now and then, the cuckoo's bell-like note. The green tendrils of the creepers blew about the grey rock. I was alone in the wood.

After a long time I rose and went up to San Marco's for Mass.

It was later when, standing with the Prior before Beato Angelico's fresco of the Resurrection in the silent cell where more than the play of sun and shadow recalled the little wood outside, he said quietly, "Yes, it is a rare picture. . . . Not so much a picture or painting, as we usually understand the word, but a contemplation, thought expressed in terms of colour. These are Angelico's prayers."

I ventured on a bold stroke—for at last I recollected that large-eyed, contemplative Dominican face seen in the wood as Fra Angelico's own, seen long ago in a painting and never forgotten.

"Does he not haunt this place, Father," I said, "as his genius does these walls?"

"So it has been said," replied the Prior with a slow smile. "And who knows, indeed? Even though he walks the garden ways of Paradise, have we not Paradise enough to draw him here, where Our Lord dwells? If the Risen One will come fleet-footed at the Consecration, may not His Saints come after Him?"

## Our Lady's Violets.

Oh, rich and royal you may find the purple violets spread,  
When April's sun shall glint again along the woodland way!  
But I sing the flow'r that blossom'd first beneath an angel's tread—  
The snow-white violet that blows so fair on Lady Day!

A golden wealth of daffodils shall crown the Easter-tide,  
And June shall offer roses to the King of Love ador'd!  
But best the snow-white violets besem the snow-white Bride—  
Lowly violets that greet the lowly Handmaid of the Lord!

Still their fragrance tells the story of the Maiden full of grace;  
As her hidden life and holy, still they sweeten all the way!  
Mary, make my heart like thine, that was God's chosen dwelling-place—

Pure and humble as the violets that blow on Lady Day!

CLARE STUART.

# The Silver Cup.

A STORY OF ST. BRIGID AND ST. PATRICK.

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

**F**IONOLA, the daughter of Ronan the silversmith, was ill nigh unto death with a strange fever, and her father was sorrowful. He had sent for Ængus, the physician, who came in haste over the plains of Druim Criaidh, and made secret potions of herbs for her healing. But his tendance and simples availed not against this sickness, the like of which he had not known until now.

Thereupon Ronan, staring in bitter melancholy at the perplexed physician, called a messenger and bade him go with all speed for the magnus. But the unhappy physician glided across to the silversmith and spoke to him in low tones, with a look of cunning on his sombre, lean face.

"Stay a little," he said, "I have thought of the cause of this strange fever that wastes the beautiful Fionola. It is a punishment, Ronan. It is a punishment. Mark how she speaks foolishly in her sickness of this young woman, Brigid, who has come to lead our children from the gods of our fathers. Look: yonder are her houses set in pride upon Magh Liffe. Beside the oak tree, as if deriding the strength of our druids, stands the temple she has raised to the God of Padraig—a slave who herded swine upon Sliabh Mis! But this Brigid is young and beautiful and gentle——"

"She is young, and she is beautiful, and she is gentle. I have seen her," said Ronan. "She is not like other women. Her beauty shines about her like a soft light. She is gracious as a queen. It is a great pity that she has been false to Crom Cruach and the gods we love."

"She and all her like, who followed Padraig, the priest of the Gall, will turn again to Crom Cruach, Ronan. Such fevers as this, . . . ." said Ængus, pausing with meaning in his look.

Ronan scarcely heeded him. He beckoned to the messenger, who stood waiting, and told him to go to the arch-druid himself, and to bring him speedily.

"He shall have choice of the richest treasures in my workshops," he added, as the messenger flashed forth.

With a sign to the attendant, the silent Ængus went once more to the chamber in which the sick girl lay. For some moments he stood with her worn hand in his, and strove to soothe her. But she continued to toss her head uneasily upon the silken cushions of her

couch. Her delirious crying and crooning abated not. She snatched her hand from his cool clasp, and struck at him; then waved her frail arms about her, clutched wildly at the purple and green tapestries, and shrank away from him, twisting and moaning, hiding her face in the confusion of her loose tresses, that fell about her stricken loveliness like a shower of gold.

With a troubled countenance, the old man left the room. He met Ronan the smith in the outer apartment, and glanced uneasily at the grim features of him.

"In truth it is a punishment," he said. "Brigid, or the false Nadfraoich, or perhaps Clonlaedh who is Brigid's chief counselor,—one of these has cast a spell upon the fair Fionola. She has been drawn to one of them in her childish wishing and unwise curiosity, not understanding her folly. Even now—but listen! Listen, Ronan: she is singing in her wild fever of Brigid of Cill Dara!"

The silversmith frowned quiet scorn on the physician, with whose impotency he had scant patience.

"She is dying in her wild fever," he said slowly, "and you cannot heal her for me."

"Unless we offer sacrifice, beseeching our gods——"

"I have offered sacrifice, and besought all our gods," snapped the smith, without reverence. "I have spoken to the druids that are left us, but even they in their wisdom have failed me. And now I have sent to the grove of the arch-druid—ah!" he said, listening an instant, "Fionola is singing the song that I made!"

"The song that you made?" said the physician, wondering.

He watched the smith grasp the silver-spun tassels and draw the heavy saffron curtains a little apart. Then he was listening to the weird voice of the sick girl. The room, with its pagan tapestry and rich-hued curtains, its ornaments of silver and bronze, its shaggy rugs, and oddly-fashioned couches, faded from him. He could not see Ronan, who was very still and mute. Groping blindly, as if a mist enshrouded him, he struck against a harp. There was a musical crash, and he stood motionless, amazed, hearing the girl's wild song, which was eloquent of desolation; of shadows; of despair.

The darkness passed from him, and upon his vision there broke now a very glory of light. Countless shining figures seemed to move before him. There was a flashing of white wings. There was the gleaming of bright faces. He heard music of triumph; voices of gladness, giving praise; and he shook to the delicate might of them.

He became aware all at once of a change in the voice that sang. It was tranquil and happy, very tender and clear in its tones, dying

away at last in a tremulous cadence that was awed and yearningful. There was silence for a time, during which he realised that the singing of Fionola had been the cause of those imaginings which had so strangely bemused him. He heard the silversmith's voice, quivering a little :

"It was the song that I made of her chaste beauty," he was saying. "While I wrought in my workshop one day, carving flowers of gold to set in the silver girdle of the druid, Erva, she went by in her chariot with others of the virgins from yonder cloister. And seeing Brigid, more stately than the swan upon Loch Darvra, more gentle than any other maiden I have seen——"

"She is not more lovely than Fionola of the golden hair," said Ængus with a suave gallantry.

"My daughter is beautiful. But this Brigid, for all her disbelief in the truths of old, is more fair to see, as though some power of mystery had touched her. And seeing her when she passed by, I was moved to song. Unbidden, to my lips came happy music, and while I graved the gold, I sang like a poet in her praise. And——"

"And now," cried the physician, "now, for your chastisement, Fionola is stricken. The child suffers for the father's deed; and, until you repent your treachery to our gods, the witching fever will possess her."

"Perhaps it is my chastisement," said Ronan, subdued a little. "Yet, as I tell you, Ængus, the song came unbidden. It seemed but my innocent tribute to one who shone wondrously fair. I forswore not a word, not a hope, of my ancient creed, which is yet, I say, as proud and lasting as your own, my good man. Nor did Fionola turn from the worship of our true gods. Only, like myself, she has looked upon Brigid passing by with her virgins, one stainless blossom, tender and bright amongst the clustering of other blossoms nigh as fair as she. And now Fionola has added to my little song, that came I know not why, and has wrought a gentle, sad magic in my heart, winning me to kinder thoughts of Brigid's faith——"

"O Ronan, Ronan, you grow pitiful because of your visions when Fionola sang! I also had visions of darkness and of brightness; but know you not that our youngest bard can work such enchantment with his voice and harp? Why, but yesterday," said the old physician, craftily, "I heard Diarmaid, the son of Jarlait Mór; and, as I listened to his music, I saw again the Battle of the Ford. I heard the cries of challenge and of death. I saw the strife of warriors. I saw the blood steam red along the grass. Music brings dreams, Ronan. It soothes our griefs. It fires the brain to passion.

So the harp of Diarmaid, and this strange chaunting of Fionola, brought the visions that were as changing dreams."

"I heard her sing, and saw the world in darkness. I saw a King, forgotten by his people, returning to them, cleaving the shadows that had hidden them. I saw reviled," said Ronan, speaking like one whose memory strains for the utmost truth, "I saw reviled One of boundless kingly glory, Who died, for the sake of His people, upon a great cross raised amidst the darkness. And then—and then, behold! I saw a white brightness shine upon the world, and One whose Face was more beautiful than the light of the sky seemed to speak and bless His people. So the wonder of it passed from me, in the strange thanksgiving of Fionola's song."

Ronan gazed long and earnestly at the physician, who returned the pondering look with a stupid amaze. Then into the dim eyes of Ængus there came a quickness of deceit. And he said, shrewdly-seeming:

"O my friend, I also had such visions while the poor Fionola sang. I saw darkness, and I saw light in which strange figures moved. And the darkness is this house of Brigid overshadowing Druim Criaidh. And the light is the joy that will fill your heart when your child will be healed because of your ceasing to praise the goodness of Brigid. And the moving figures are the followers of Padraig and of her, fleeing before the wrath of our gods."

"And the cross on which died the King?" said the silversmith, looking rapt, gazing afar off.

"I did not see a cross. I did not see a kingly One," said the physician. "Read these signs yourself, Ronan, as you deem wise and true. The greatest of our druids will tell their secret meaning when he comes to you."

"Wanderers have told me of the faith that Padraig preached," said Ronan, reflecting. "And Brigid believes as Padraig believed. They spoke of a cross . . . of One who died . . . of One who rose up, casting the cromlech aside . . ."

"They spoke: and so memory brings their light words to shape a lighter vision, Ronan. If you had not heard them speak——"

"I saw it not like this before. I saw not such wonder and such sacrifice."

"Because a maiden, uplifted in her fevere, sang enchantment! I shall bring Diarmaid Og with his harp," said Ængus, bondsman in allegiance to the druids; his calling, too, being close akin to theirs. "I shall bring Diarmaid of the cunning fingers to work his music-spells on your troubled brain—perchance to work, besides, a wholesome change in the girl's fever."

"You call it fever," said Ronan. "If it be so, why does it not

come with you to cool its burning? Where is the magic in your herbs and secrets, that cannot cure a fever as of old?"

"It is a wicked and strange sickness, like to a fever, and yet unlike. I know it not. But look, Ronan: here comes Mornac, driving like the wind in his chariot!"

"It is Diarmaid Og who drives the black horses of Jarlaid Mór."

"He brings his great harp in the chariot."

"Noble is he of look, and masterful with the proud steeds. He hastens for Fionola's sake," said Ronan, going to the bawn, urging the attendants in their welcoming of the arch-druid and the young bard.

Ængus bowed low as the great Mornac swept past, in grave speech with the sad Ronan. The place became silent. In the bright workshops, where the tinkle of silver and instruments had hinted busy pagan craftsmen, there was now a hush. In the household awe grew more and more: the sonorous voice of the druid rose and fell in mystic chaunt, vibrating weirdly as he wrought his spells. Only in the spacious banquet-hall was there a sound, while serving-women moved swiftly hither and thither, setting forth fruit in silver dishes, wines and meads in fine-carven goblets and meythers, venison and game, and delicate little cakes in abundance.

Then, breaking that respectful silence, there rang an anguished scream. The druid was compelling the stricken girl to partake of the magical posset which he had mixed with his own hand. She refused to drink it. He touched her with the slender, gold-tipped wand that he bore. He laid his palm upon her brow, and droned druidical incantation, making odd wizard-signs with his slow wand. Crom Cruach, and all the lesser gods, he invoked in solemnity of beseeching; Dagda, and Ængus of Brugh, and all the magi of the Tuath. But the sorcery and supplication proved vain: Fionola refused the magician's cup; grew, indeed, more violent in her distemper because of Mornac's presence.

"It is the coming of this daughter of Dubhthac and Brocessa. She and her virgins have cast new spells into the winds that sweep Magh Liffe. But we shall vanquish their enmity, and the gods aiding us, as they aided our fathers . . ."

Mornac's vibrant deep voice broke murmurously. His handsome and venerable face worked as if to the confusion of very fierce emotions. For some moments, driving his long fingers through the snowiness of his locks, from the big brow to the hood of his cloak, he looked wild and repellant. Presently, uttering a low cry to his gods, he snatched at the leathern wallet that hung from his cincture on a gold chain, and unclasped it. From his robe he drew forth a parchment which, when he had opened the wallet of dried herbs, he

studied with frowning eagerness, peering now and then keenly at the herbs in the little compartments into which the pouch was divided. At last, turning away from Ronan, who was anxiously contemplating Fionola and him, he moaned within himself, and appeared to be more grievously confounded than he had been.

At that moment a silent messenger touched the silversmith on the arm, and whispered him :

"Diarmaid the son of Jarlait Mór begs urgent speech with you."

Ronan went out at once, and met the handsome young chieftain in the ante-chamber.

"Great Mornac delays long," said Diarmaid. "What wondrous deed has he done for our beloved Fionola?"

"He cannot lessen her sickness," said Ronan, gazing in melancholy on the solicitous face of his daughter's noble lover.

"Listen then, O Ronan, my true friend," said the young chieftain. "I fear that I may deserve rebuke, and I would confess a secret to thee quickly. When I came to woo the beautiful Fionola, she returned not my love. And because she did not love me as I had hoped, I sought the aid of Mornac, who pledged to me the strength of all his love-potions in my cause, which I had deemed just and worthy. And Mornac, going to Slana, who makes the little golden honey-cakes that Fionola loves, bade her mix with the wheat and honey a fine powder ground from herbs of great magic. So did Mornac tell me for my good cheer. But now, Ronan, this fever—this lasting sickness—it troubles me, and I feel, even as I speak to you, a secret surge of shame."

They had moved slowly across the threshold while Diarmaid spoke. Hearing of this hidden tampering with his daughter's food, the silversmith was sorely smitten with misery, and stood silent for a space, wringing his hands, striving to control the rage that he felt rising within him. Standing there in the sunshine, the two men heard sweet voices near them; and wheeling a little, they perceived a group of gentle, calm-browed women moving to them; bearing to them, it seemed, a very radiance of youth, and mildness and beauty. And having saluted them, the fairest of the women, whom Ronan recognised as Brigid of the Church of the Oak, spoke to the silversmith, and said :

"Erca, the daughter of the shepherd, who came to us yesterday, has told us that your daughter is ailing with a dangerous fever."

"She is ill nigh unto death," said Ronan quickly. "And in her sickness she has sung of you, and made songs in your praise."

"Truly, it is a strange fever which afflicts her, that she would be making songs in praise of me," said Brigid cheerfully. "But be of good heart, O my friend, for the Bishop, Conlaedh, has offered the

Holy Sacrifice for her, and we have prayed long and humbly. Now we come to see her——”

“A thousand welcomes before yourself, O generous maiden, and before the noble maidens who are with you,” said the silversmith, with childlike fervour.

And bidding them follow him into the house, he went tremulously within. Diarmaid remained in the bawn, where he lingered for some minutes beside the chariot—from which the horses had been unyoked—considering without pride the great harp that had been brought because Mornac wished it. And of a sudden, as he waited alone, there came to him a joyous voice.

“O Diarmaid,” cried Fionola from the threshold, “O Diarmaid Og, I am cured of my poisoning!”

“Great Mornac and our gods be praised!” said Diarmaid, hastening to her. “O Fionola, a mhuirnin, there is great gladness——”

“Mornac poisoned me, and could not stay the fever that sprang from his evil. It is *she*,” said Fionola in happy triumph. “It is *she*, the noble Brigid, who healed me through the great power of her One High God—the Saviour God—the Three-in-One that Padraig preached!”

“Then praise, O Fionola, to the God of Padraig and Brigid! Praise to that God for ever!” said the young chieftain with reverence.

“Bring your harp into the house, and let us make a great poem of praise,” said Fionola, and she turned to send an attendant for the beautiful instrument in the chariot.

Within doors the druid and the physician were disputing with Brigid, whose power and its source they questioned, seekly subtly after that which they lacked, pretending to be dissatisfied with her answers, but finding their arts futile before the wisdom and simplicity which were of Truth alone.

The silversmith had hurried to his workshops. He returned with a massive silver cup, very graceful of line despite its solidity, chased delicately to a design of intricate, but artistic interlacing of wolf-hounds and snakes, and studded with eight circular facets of highly-burnished gold, whose plainness but enhanced the beauty of the engraven polished silver. Ronan had wrought this cup with his own hand, as a gift for Fionola on her marriage festival. He offered it now to Brigid as a token of his gratitude and veneration. But although sensible alike of the silversmith’s kindness and of his exquisite workmanship, she preferred that he give it to Fionola as an espousal gift.

“For Fionola has whispered to me a holy whisper,” Brigid said

with a sweet seriousness, "and in a little while she will make her vows to the Son of God. In marriage of the spirit He will be her Heavenly Spouse, and her great blessing will be shared with you, O Ronan of the shining gift."

The silversmith glanced for an instant toward Diarmaid, who had heard this speech where he stood beside his harp.

"I have come to make a poem of praise," the young bard said simply, and his clear eyes moved from Ronan to Fionola in a calm gaze that betokened understanding of all that had happened.

"Sing in praise of a King that died upon a cross for His people, and rose again to bless them," said Ronan.

He beckoned to Fionola, and having kissed her on the forehead, presented his gift to her.

"Drink from this, O my daughter, of such holiness as *hers*," he said in low tones of affection.

Then Diarmaid Og struck the strings of his harp, and sang his song in praise of God, the King. And it was majestic, it was beautiful, and it was holy, as befitted the King. For Diarmaid, the son of Jarlait Mór, was a great bard, and of noble blood.

And while the young musician played, Ængus arose and strode rudely out, praying evil prayers, begging of his gods swift vengeance on Brigid, and Fionola, and Ronan, and Diarmaid. His face was dark and vindictive as he halted without, to await the coming of Mornac the druid.

But the old druid did not come. He had heard of Padraig; and now—he had seen Brigid, in whose virtue he saw God.

His wand snapped into two pieces. In the glory of the young chieftain's music the sound of its breaking was unheard. Only Brigid, indeed, saw that it had been broken.

# The House Problem in the Sea.

JESSIE A. GAUGHAN.

**P**ERHAPS you never thought it existed there? Or perhaps your personal roof problem so engrossed you that you could think of nothing else? But it is there, this house problem, in all its acuteness, though materials are free and time is of no value and empty houses lie on every side.

Long before man built for himself houses and shouldered all the burdens they bring, the small creatures of the sea—protozoa, molluscs, and crustaceans—were building, extending, and repairing their dwellings; and they are still hard at work.

In many ways these creatures are better off in the matter of houses than we. It goes without saying that they run no risk from fire, and, of course, they pay neither rent nor rates. Nor are they compelled to search wearily through the lanes of sea-weed when they require a new dwelling, which is a lucky thing for them since any creature seeking a home in the depths of the sea would find himself accommodated immediately and quite finally. But they are not immune from burglary, eviction or malicious injury.

Some of these creatures live in houses which are part of themselves and which they naturally cannot leave. Others use houses as we do, changing when the old one ceases to please. But to all of them periodically there comes the necessity for more house room. They are bigger and can no longer fit comfortably in their old shells; so in various ways they acquire larger habitations. Some low forms of marine animals simply let themselves overflow their dwellings and build what may be likened to mud walls to enclose the surplus. Molluscs and echinoderms enlarge their existing dwellings without altering their shape. Crustaceans discard the old and grow entirely new mansions. There are even some sea creatures which, coveting occupied houses, seize the tenants, pull them out and take possession, dining comfortably in their new homes off the recent occupiers. But as things are with us, we have not come to that yet; though there is no telling to what lengths necessity may drive us. Our ancestor, the gentle cave man, apotheosised in filmland, used sometimes to slay a brother aboriginal and take over his cave and entire domestic staff.

There are phases of sea householding more bitter than anything the land can show us. What, for instance, would we do if, on our

return home some day, our house was gone bodily, vanished whither we could neither guess nor learn? This little contretemps might easily happen to *Pinotheres Pisum*, the Pea Crab.

In general, marine animals regard one another with unfeigned and well-founded suspicion; but conditions of life in the sea have driven some of them to share their houses. One can scarcely imagine that voracious creature, the crab, which, in his feeding, never troubles about the Plimsol mark, being viewed by any weaker thing save in the light of a dangerous foe. That a soft, unprotected animal should be willing to live in the closest friendship with such a murderous individual seems incredible; but there are two well-known examples of crab partnership in houses. In one case, the crab is the householder; in the other, he is the lodger.

Consider the lodger crab first. His English name, the Pea Crab, gives a good idea of his shape and size, for he is almost round. Though very small, he is quite as crab-like in disposition as his big brother, *Cancer Pagurus*, whom we meet at table sometimes; but we can imagine that burly giant looking down upon him with the obvious contempt a mastiff on occasion shows for some minute toy dog, yet with a subtle difference in his regard. Dog does not eat dog; but crab devours crab with gusto.

The Pea Crab's little carapace being very fragile, he is forced to seek shelter in the strong dwelling of a creature of another race. His own relatives would put him up with pleasure to be sure, but the pleasure would be all theirs; so he takes up his abode with a mussel, an oyster, or even a large cockle, within the valves of whose shell he is safe from the very personal interest that would otherwise be taken in him by quite a number of his neighbours. He goes out every day to catch his food, which he brings home to eat. What he is unable to finish, he gives to his host, in some sort paying for his lodging. He never goes far from home. He likes to secure his retreat. Besides, though an oyster could not run away, a cockle or a mussel might disappear in his absence, leaving him homeless in a place more fruitful of snares for the unwary than a wicked city.

The Pea Crab's kind protector and all his brother molluscs are to be envied as the possessors of houses that grow with their growth, and automatically decorate themselves with most beautiful colours; but they have no security in their homes. Any day their roofs may be pierced and themselves devoured by the whelk, a cannibal mollusc that lives for the most part on his own kind. But even the whelk, strong robber as he is, has no lease of the premises he has built for himself. When he least expects it, his residence may be commandeered by a soldier crab in approved military fashion.

The soldier or hermit crab, whose armour ends at the waist, is under the necessity of protecting the rest of his body in an empty shell. Sometimes he finds a suitable shell already vacated, but he is a fastidious fellow, this soldier, and frequently tries several empty shells only to discard them in favour of an occupied whelk or periwinkle house which he thinks might better fit him. "Might is right" is the law of the sea. The mollusc threatened with eviction has no remedy, can obtain no stay of execution. Direct action in the worst form imaginable results in his death and the confiscation to the soldier of his house and person. All very sad for the mollusc, but where the victim is a whelk, we cannot pity him, for he made many a shell-house tenantless in his day.

It soon becomes known that part of the soldier crab's new house is to let, a sort of "come-into-my-parlour"-said-the-spider-to-the-fly proposal one would think; but the soldier quickly gets a lodger, a beautiful sea worm called *Nereis Bilineata*, which, unlike many of its kind, is unable to build a house of any sort. It solves its little problem by taking shelter with the soldier on board-residence terms and appears to get on swimmingly with its fierce entertainer, eating at his table and actually snapping choice morsels out of his mouth without being called to order; so even the soldier must have his good points.

How would we feel if, every time our house required repair or renewal, we were forced to retire from society while we grew out of our own substance the material necessary either to mend the new house or form an entirely new one? We would vote it an intolerable nuisance, but that is what crustaceans must do. If a crab loses his fighting claws he can grow others, but must hide while doing so. Also, he and all his kind must seek a quiet place for their annual or biennial change of house.

On the whole, in view of these few examples of the housing difficulty in the deep, things might be very much worse with us!

# The Oaken Cross.

(A ST. PATRICK'S DAY STORY.)

RICHARD GRANT.

DICK TRAYNOR leaned back in his chair, puffing a cloud of delicate blue smoke from the cigar he was smoking, and for the hundredth time he contemplated with comfortable attention the ornament that stood on his mantelpiece. He had not had it many months, but it was not the novelty of the thing that occupied him. Neither was it only its artistic beauty, although the richly-carved bog oak Celtic cross, a replica of the famous monument at Clonmacnoise, was an unique addition to his stock of *lares et penates*. Nor, again, were they invariably thoughts of the giver—his cousin Maurice, who had carved the cross himself and sent it to Dick in London with a line stating that it was “a bit of the Old Sod.” There was, in a word, some mystery about that cross.

There was distinctly what psychologists, like his friend Father Anderson, styled “atmosphere” about that Celtic cross of his. Only to him and to his cousin had Dick ever said anything about his feeling on the subject. And from neither could he get much satisfaction.

“Have you any idea, my dear fellow,” he had written to Maurice, “from what particular part your bit of bog oak came? Was it, perchance, from some corner of Ireland where the air is still heavy with memories of an over-full past; thronged, maybe, with ghosts; more than ordinarily full of history? Don’t think me a dreamer or sentimentalist, but that cross of yours seems to have brought *something* with it; an atmosphere, a past of some kind, and it is, really, as plain as a perfume in the room. I’ve been thinking and thinking just what causes all the odd sensations it gives me, and I have come to the conclusion that it is not at all a warm Celtic imagination, nor the fancies of a homesick exile of Erin, nor even an unsuspected vein of poetry in myself! No—it’s quite objective—I am sure of that. So I have decided it must be too much history clinging around it. What part did it come from, can you tell me, and thus throw light on my psychical research problem?”

But Maurice had sent him rather a teasing letter in return (although it was easy to see that he had been pleased by Dick’s experiences), and he had assured him that he knew nothing about the origin of the great black mass of half-petrified oak from which he had carved the cross. A little later, having made inquiries, he

told Dick that it was probable that the wood had come from the Bog of Allen, perhaps even from the neighbourhood of Tara, at least originally; "so it would not be wonderful if some of your feelings should be justified, for there was plenty of both pagan and Christian history made there in the long ago. And oaks, as you know, abounded so in ancient Erin—can't you picture Brigid with her cell of the oak, and Columba among his beloved oak woods at Derry, where every leaf hid an angel, as he averred. I had a few ideas of your kind myself when I was working it; but I put it down to the romance of the occupation. Perhaps there is more in it, though."

Father Anderson, Dick found, had some interesting things to say about the atmosphere he had noticed in places like Lourdes and Rome,—“of course at Lourdes it is the atmosphere of faith and prayer, the supernatural, in fact,” he remarked, “and in Rome it’s something else altogether, sometimes. I have heard many people comment on the feeling the Coliseum inspires in one, for instance: and then, you know, in the British Museum itself, some of those Assyrian sculptures have an uncommonly strange influence on one. One thinks of all the tragedies they have looked coldly upon, of their impassivity while the hugest destinies were fought out around them, of the intense tides of human feeling that have eddied about them. It would not be surprising, somehow, if that emotion had some power of clinging even to material objects—rather like a cloth steeped in a perfume or essence. Whether the feelings those sculptures stir is purely of one’s own imagination, or whether they really have some weird old force of their own, like the influence people sometimes ascribe to Egyptian mummies, you remember, I really do not know. I recollect very noticeable ‘atmospheres’ in one or two houses and places I have visited here at home. One was an old Tudor house—there was some tradition, some ghost, I believe. No, I never saw it. Another place is a certain idyllic spot in Epping Forest—if you never felt diabolic influences, due to the old Druidic and pagan worship, of course, just go there and you’ll be as uncomfortable as if you were at a spiritistic *séance*. Fact.”

And the priest looked grave. Then he smiled. “Anyway, Dick,” he said, rising, “your Celtic twilight does not distress you, does it?”

“No, not in that way, Father,” returned Dick, smiling also. “The distress *I* feel comes only from not being able to analyse my ghost, or atmosphere, or heavy lingering of history, whatever it is that wraps that cross about. And that isn’t exactly enough to deprive me of a night’s rest! It is just a pleasantly teasing exercise for my evenings.”

“Well, I’ll tell you what!” remarked the Father merrily, as he

descended his host's front door steps. "In another week or two it will be St. Patrick's Day. I predict that you will solve your Celtic twilight mystery then. And I shall be round immediately after to hear all about it! Good-night."

Well, here it was, St. Patrick's Eve, and everything apparently as humdrum and prosaic as ever. Supper had been as usual; Satan, the large black cat, had been more than usually demonstrative in his affection—and Dick laughed as he wondered whether, considering pussy's inauspicious name, he had thus had any warning of portentous events to come! The thought quickly passed, however, as he recollected that his piece of oak had had Christian centuries of life, and had now become a sacred symbol.

None of his friends had dropped in to-night, so he had resolved upon an evening among his books. But, oddly enough, he could not concentrate on anything; his mind was always wandering off to that black cross on the mantelpiece. He had laid aside his novel, at last, in sheer despair of being able to read at all and, bending forward, flicked his cigar impatiently into the glowing fire. As he did so there was a sound—the distinct sound of a tree branch creaking in the wind. There were no trees near the house. He was petrified for an instant, listening intently. There was no room for doubt, it was clearly that sound. And it was in the room—whatever might be the cause of it.

Dick sat bolt upright. The swaying, creaking sound was just overhead. Nay, more, he felt a breeze, soft and gentle, but fresh and with a current of great strength, blowing unmistakeably through the room. He looked hastily round—doors and windows were all closed. But the leaves of his novel, *Cleopatra*, lying beside him, were fluttering.

Dick's cigar dropped unheeded into the fireplace. Half in fright, half mechanically, he lifted his eyes once more to the carved black cross on the mantelpiece. Surely it had grown larger, taller; was, indeed, momentarily expanding before his eyes.

The wide, dark stem widened; the carving dulled and dimmed to a mere furrowed roughness like that of a huge tree's bark; the cairn-like base of the cross—or what had been, a moment ago, the cross—was now a great dark mound of earth and stones, over which green creeping plants and small flowers luxuriated. Dick stood in the shade of a great oak tree.

It was a lovely glade in which he found himself; a place entirely unknown to him. In the distance there rose the singing voice of a happy little river, noisy as it splashed on its hurried way over pebbles. Sunlight filtered through the emerald canopy of oak leaves overhead, and birds flitted from branch to branch, piping and carol-

ling merrily. Immense sylvan avenues opened out before the young man's astounded vision; practically every tree he could see was an oak. Some were but saplings; some, lusty trees in all the vigour of their prime; many were hoary, lichened, and overgrown by the sacred mistletoe. Involuntarily Dick shuddered as he gazed upon the brilliantly emerald scene. It was Ireland, he knew, though it was no spot that he could recognise; yet there was a strange, unfamiliar atmosphere, a kind of chill in the air. He caught himself wishing that he might hear the tone of a church bell, if from ever so far distant. Yet even as he formulated his wish he knew that it was one that could not be granted, *since he was in ancient, pagan Eire.*

He leaned against a tree for support as this conviction came suddenly, coldly, upon him, and then again recoiled with a Catholic instinct. For were not these unhallowed trees, trees of sacrifice, of unholy worship? Looking up, he saw with relief that the tree beside him made a perfect cross, between rugged trunk and large, outstretching boughs.

The sound of footsteps, light and quick, drew his attention. It was a young girl of some twenty summers, dressed in white linen confined with a dyed girdle, a narrow gold ornament keeping her flowing and very fair hair in place. She was beautiful and innocent of face—like a wild flower, Dick thought, she looked. He wondered what her thoughts would be when she should see so strange a sight as himself, and endeavoured to slip behind a large flowering bush that he might not startle such a wild child of nature. But her eyes were on his cross-like oak, and she knew nothing of his presence. For, as he soon found, he seemed invisible to all, though himself seeing them. The maid cast herself on her knees before the oak, taking from her bosom as she did so a small object which proved to be a roughly-carved cross. "O my Christ," she prayed, "my White Christ who hast given me Cormac to be the mate and love of my heart, Who hast taught me Thy Truth through him, and didst teach him during those years of his in the southern land, bless us, bless him——"

There was a crashing, a splintering of branch and stem, and with heavy, hasty footsteps a young Druid, his dark face convulsed by some strong and bitter emotion, burst through a natural enclosure of shrubby undergrowth and woody bushes.

"Eithne, Eithne!" he cried, hoarsely, catching the dismayed and terrified maiden by the shoulder. "Long have I pressed my suit with thee, and, hard of heart that I thought thee, thou carest not for all my words. Have I not prayed to the Lord that ruleth all; have I not made offerings to the wise and sacred serpent, and

paid honours, double of those that were due from me, to the venerable mistletoe, and what hath it all availed me? Stay, I blaspheme!—for now indeed I have the answer to my tormented, ardent petitioning. Thou art not heart-free and cold to me, as I believed, Eithne! There is another whom thou lovest!”

His grip tightened convulsively on the girl's slender shoulder until she winced with pain. “Mobhi, good friend Mobhi,” she answered, tremblingly, yet with a firmness of accent that astonished Dick, “thou must not say all these things. I can never love thee as thou desirest, but thou wert my childhood's friend, and I shall always bear thee in my kindly thoughts, aye, and in my prayers——”

She broke off, appalled at the expression on the young Druid's face. “False one!” he said in a low, concentrated tone of terrible fury. “Listen, girl. Thou hast given thy heart to that coward, that renegade, that apostate Cormac—nay, *silence*,” and he shook the maid so cruelly that Dick would have sprung to her assistance, but found himself rooted to the spot, unable to move or to make a sound. “And I tell thee this, thou follower of that White Christ Whom men say is to end our venerable Druidic reign, our long, sacred rule of century on century, that unless thou dost consent to marry me, I will sacrifice thee a victim myself on our altar when the sacred mistletoe is cut this very day. Cormac shall never have thee—hearest? Nay, nor thy White Christ, for thou shalt be a sacrifice to our gods: aye, and Cormac, too, for I shall never rest until my life has drunk his black heart's blood!”

“Thou art distraught,” replied Eithne, with spirit, when she could command her voice, shaken as she was. “And I tell thee, Mobhi, that had I any faintest ember of feeling for thee, thou hadst trampled it out this hour. Thou mayst kill me if no better may be, but if thou dost I die a sacrifice to Christ, and to Him alone, the White Lord of my heart.”

All seemed blurred for a moment—Dick did not know whether they were tears that had sprung to his eyes and blinded him—but when again he could see, the scene had changed. It was still the pagan beauty of a heathen country (though nature surely tried to speak of God, he reflected, glancing up at his cross-shaped oak), but the day was now far advanced, the young moon's crescent reminded him with a pang of the golden Druidic sickle, and the green avenues of the oak grove were thronged with people. Dressed in dyed woollen garments, some with rich gold ornaments, the varied colours of their robes lent a flower-like charm to the green aisles in which they stood. All had awed faces, as though assisting at some sacred rite. Ah! there is the distance, on a green grassy mound, there was

a stone altar, beneath a giant hoary oak. Draped about it and hanging over the cairn-like altar the sacred mistletoe, with its pearly clusters of berries, grew luxuriantly. Dick's blood ran cold as he looked. A victim lay bound and motionless upon that altar, a young girl, clad in long flowing robes of white, her luxuriant golden tresses unbound and sweeping over the altar's side to the grassy ground. It was Eithne. Paralysed and speechless as before, he watched dizzily. The officiating Druids were three, one old and white-haired, the other a fair-haired young man who appeared ill at ease, and the third the scowling-browed Mobhi. The rite of cutting the sacred mistletoe with the golden sickle was gone through. And Dick, whose heart was beating thick and painfully and who was sick with horror as he watched every least movement of the priests, saw that the clear, pale sky was now piling up rapidly with black clouds. Mobhi now stood forth to take his part and to sacrifice the victim that the reign of the Druids might be prolonged in Eire despite the danger foretold by their *ollamhs* to be brought by a man, whose name signified nobility, in raising over their land the Standard of the Christ. Eithne turned her head once, and Dick saw that her face was perfectly composed and even wore a peaceful smile. Mobhi made a powerful address to the assembled and grave-faced crowd, and then turned back to the altar.

He raised his arm high. Dick, shuddering, would have closed his eyes but that he could not. A fearful flash of vivid red lightning suddenly tore the sky zig-zag and, piercing the oak grove, shattered the hoary oak before which the altar stood with a terrific crashing and splintering. At the same moment a shriek rang out. The knife fell nerveless from the upraised hand, and Mobhi the Druid collapsed suddenly at the altar foot. He had been stricken blind.

Then, amid the long, rolling and majestic reverberation of the thunder, Dick heard another sound. It was the voice of men raised in the Church's chant, that slow, glorious music that is the very voice of Prayer itself. A band of men came slowly into sight, the crowd giving way respectfully, and Dick's heart gave a thrill, for who was that most stately Bishop leading his clerics, and all intoning a Latin psalm together, but his Father Patrick himself? Ah! yes, and he had never noticed, the little sacred shamrock grew thickly in the grass, clustering, it seemed, about those holy feet. It was as though a nightmare had been dispelled by some holy, exquisite benediction.

Overhead the skies were clearing—that was surely dawn. And from the quiet white figure on the altar was there not a light streaming, softly, yet unmistakeably? The glorious Patrick went slowly

to the altar foot alone, his priests waiting in a ring at the foot of the mound for him. He raised the maiden. "*Our help is in the Name of the Lord,*" he said. "*Who made heaven and earth,*" returned the voice of Eithne, clear and joyful as a bell. "O glorious holy one," she continued, as the Saint raised her, "and art thou the messenger of the White Christ unto me? Have I, then, reached His Heaven? I never knew it was so sweet to die for Him; I never even felt the death-stroke. Yet am I surely in Paradise."

"Nay, my daughter," said the great Bishop, smiling, "thou art not yet there, but thou art very dear to His Heart, and thy sacrifice shall surely win for thine Eire great and wondrous blessings." As he spoke, he severed the bonds on her wrists and ankles, and she stood erect and unharmed. With a great cry a young man leapt into the grassy space, and fell sobbing at the Saint's feet, kissing his hands. It was Cormac. And there and then, after the maid had been baptised and a few eloquent words had enlightened the throng, Eire's first Christian marriage was celebrated. The stars of dawn were in the sky.

His oak seemed jubilant with joy, Dick thought, quaintly. A breeze had sprung up, and to its brisk and lively stimulus the green branches responded willingly, so that the friction of the boughs and the rustling of the leaves made a symphony that seemed to grow louder and louder. A green mist passed before Dick Traynor's eyes, blurring every impression save that of a world of dancing emerald oak leaves.

It passed. He was still beneath the same oak, but the scene was different. The grove was not so extensive as it had been; there were clearings through which one caught glimpses of smiling countryside, and—oh, quite distinctly—the spires and towers of churches. Wooden buildings, but certainly churches. Cottages, huts, and more ambitious dwelling-places also dotted the landscape. There was the sound of church bells, distant, melodious, and many. And the beautiful morning sun was rising momentarily higher in the glowing sky. As he looked, captivated by the spell of Christian peace that lay upon the emerald land, Dick saw two figures leave a cottage near by. They were women, the one elderly, the other a young matron, carrying a carefully-wrapped infant in her arms. Anxiety was depicted upon their faces. Then he caught sight of another figure, coming from the opposite direction, all three bending their steps towards the oak grove. This was a tall man, ruddy-fair of complexion and hair, with brilliant blue eyes and of commanding and magnetic personality, a leader of men and yet plainly a saint of no undistinguished order. He wore the white dress of a monk, and as he walked it was easy to see that his thoughts, if not his very

eyes, saw Paradise. The younger woman ran forward, kneeling at his feet. "Holy Father," she cried, "look on my helpless babe—he hath been so delicate from birth that hour by hour I have feared to lose him, and even now, behold his weakness. O give him the sacred waters of baptism, so that if indeed I lose him, I may find him in the Gardens of Son of Mary."

Colm-cille (for so Dick instinctively recognised him to be) looked compassionately on the sickly child and on his anxious mother.

"We have no water here, daughter," he said.

"Thou hast but to ask, holy man, and God will refuse thee nothing," she replied with all the fervour of undoubting faith.

Colm-cille hesitated no longer. Raising his staff, he struck a rock that stood close by the cross-shaped oak, and immediately a stream of crystal water gushed forth. Dipping into the bubbling tide a large shell which he always carried with him for emergencies such as the present, the Saint baptised the child. A lovely colour flooded the babe's pale face, and Colm-cille smiled. "See," said he to the red-cloaked mother, watching the sacred rite with eyes so eager, "see how our Lord and Saviour hath given to thy little Eoin health of both soul and body. Fear nothing, the child shall live and wax strong, and he shall be a light in the House of God." And as he ceased speaking there was such a burst of song from lovely-voiced birds that it seemed as if the whole oak-tree must be filled with them. And indeed the branches were white as an orchard in April with blossoms, white with flocks of snowy birds. They all rose suddenly, scattering cross-wise and singing like nightingales in June, the sunlight on their glittering plumage causing such a brilliance of light that Dick was too dazzled to see any longer.

Again the scene had changed, nay, was changing as he looked. Against the familiar oak, grown older and mightier, there stood a hermit's wattled cell. Angels surrounded the solitary's dwelling-place; the birds of the air brought him his food, a small loaf daily. Now the cell was gone, the grove had become still smaller, and a large church stood close by where the hermit had lived. The cross-shaped oak still stood, very near to the rounded apse of the church, close to the dwelling of the Most High. It sighed music there all the windy days and nights through, and the daintily-fashioned leaves pressed themselves against the stained glass of the windows, through which the constant glow of the altar lamp could be seen.

Once more the scene passed, and Dick caught a fleeting glimpse of a wide, purple bog, desolate under skies of heavy rain, the figure of a flying man, a fugitive priest seeking refuge—and finding it—in a bog-hole, until the immediate danger was past. Dick felt—he did not see, yet he knew nevertheless—that that cross-branched

oak whose history he had seen was lying there now, sunk deep in the peat-water of the lonely bog, and that by some strange, occult sympathy, the hunted priest was taking refuge there now, close to that oaken heart, that Christian tree.

The striking-clock on the mantelpiece sounded sonorously. One, two, three, four . . . it was twelve o'clock. Midnight! And, yes, it was St. Patrick's Day. Dick Traynor stood up suddenly, intensely alert and so alive that there could be no question of sleepiness. What had happened in the last three hours?

His Celtic cross stood, black and familiar, before him on the mantelpiece. Was it fancy?—he could still hear the faint rustle of leaves in the wind, the soft swaying of branches. But now all was silence again, broken only by the loud ticking of his clock. The fire had died down to a mere fading glow, all but hidden by white ash. Dick lifted his cross and kissed it respectfully. "In you," he murmured, half-aloud, "I salute St. Patrick's own work, and the history of the Old Land."

"Dream, or telepathic force of some kind, or trance, whatever it was," said Father Anderson, when he heard the tale. "I think you have the history of your cross truly, Dick. After all, isn't it the history of Ireland, too? And didn't I tell you," he added with a mischievous smile, "that you would solve the mystery on St. Patrick's Feast?"

# Irish Saints in March.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

**S**T. PATRICK'S place of birth was for long a matter of dispute among learned men; but the most painstaking of authorities now agree that the future apostle of Ireland was born at Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, in Scotland, where the Saint's father, Calphurnius, was engaged in some service for his country. The Saint's mother was Conchessa, a sister, some say, but at any rate a close relation to, St. Martin, Bishop of Tours. To this day certain little religious customs are common to the natives of some parts of Ireland and the people of the French diocese.

So much has been written of St. Patrick that one need not enter closely on the events of his long life. He was carried off by some marauding bands of Irish when only sixteen years of age and, on his arrival in Ireland, was sold as a slave to an Antrim chief named Milcho. During the six years of his toilsome captivity he prayed hundreds of times daily, as he himself tells, and his love and fear of God increased more and more. As he herded the sheep of his master on bleak Sleamish he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Celtic tongue, which was to prove of incalculable value to him in the far-off years. Probably he learned something of the pagan rites of the Druids.

When this knowledge had been gained he was told by an angel to seek the sea-coast and return to his parents. Though quite ignorant of the way he at length reached the western seaboard, and at some port found a ship about to sail. The captain refused to give him a passage, but when the vessel put to sea it was several times blown back to land. The unusual circumstance induced the captain to offer the strange youth a passage; and, once Patrick was aboard, the sails filled. Soon he was welcomed by his relatives, who had given up hope of ever meeting him. One can imagine the joy of the mother, whose many other children have obtained places in the Irish festiologies. Conchessa is venerated as a saint, and is the patron of the wind-swept Island of Valentia, off the coast of Kerry, and the point from which the American cables are laid.

Patrick's great desire was to become a priest, and he studied first with his uncle, St. Martin of Tours, and then with the learned and famous monks of the Island of Lerins, in the Mediterranean Sea. Later still he became one of the disciples of the great St. Germain of Auxerre, and it was from the hands of this prelate that he received the dignity of the priesthood. It is a commonly accepted

tradition that he accompanied the Bishop to Britain and witnessed the famous Alleluia victory. It is, also, said that he visited the tomb of St. Alban and the monks of Glastonbury. But ever and always Patrick heard the voices of the Irish calling him. At last, by the advice of the holy Bishop, he set out for the Eternal City, where Celestine filled the Papal chair. Before this Palladius had been sent to convert the Irish; but Patrick received the blessing of the Pontiff and many precious relics, and departed from Rome on his mission. On his journey he heard of the death of Palladius and turned aside to Turin, where he received episcopal consecration from the hands of St. Maximus. Then he sought his tutor, and, fortified with the advice and blessing of Germain, he set out for the land of his captivity.

In Ireland his long mission was, from start to finish, an unbroken success. Not that he escaped trials and even dangers, for once we are told his death was planned, and he was saved by his faithful charioteer, Odran, taking, unknown to the Saint, Patrick's place. With this solitary exception the Irish nation received the faith of Christ without bloodshed or violence.

Patrick failed to land in Wicklow, but after two or three attempts—one was at the mouth of the Boyne, where he wrought his first miracle—he made his way to Sleamish, seeking his old master. On his way he was stayed by a chief named Dichu, but the arms of the chief became rigid, and their action was restored only by Patrick's word. The chief gave the Saint his barn, where the Divine Mysteries were celebrated. The old master of the Saint proved obdurate to the pleading of his former slave, and finally perished in the flames of his house.

It was on Easter Eve, 443, that Patrick reached the Hill of Slane, and just opposite, on the Hill of Tara, the high-king, Laeghaire, had gathered Brehons, and Druids, and chieftains, in order to celebrate his birthday. A royal proclamation had been sped that no fires should be lighted in the land till the glare of the first fire should show at Tara. Patrick lit his Paschal fire on Holy Saturday, and the Druids rose in terror. "If that fire be not extinguished it shall live for ever," they said, and the king sent a guard to bring Patrick to the palace. Evil, too, was plotted against him. Twelve soldiers were concealed on the way Patrick would come, but as the Saint passed their eyes were blind.

The murderers stood by close on the way;

Yet they saw naught but the lambs at play.

When the Saint and his companions were seen approaching the king issued a command that none should rise to do honour to the

strangers. In spite of this two among the crowd rose. One was a page named Erc, the other was the chief bard, Dubtach.

It was thus that Erin, then blind, but strong,  
To Christ through her bard paid homage due :  
And this was a sign that in Erin song  
Should from first to last to the Cross be true.

Then Patrick spoke to the vast assembly, and, in discoursing on the Trinity, plucked the little shamrock, which is still Ireland's emblem, to illustrate his remarks. The king would not forsake his old gods, but he gave the newcomer full permission to preach and teach. His own two daughters, Ethnea and Fethmea, were baptised, and passed in their baptismal innocence to Heaven.

For over sixty years the Saint laboured incessantly to spread the Faith through the island. Soon after leaving Tara he touched the great pagan idol, Crom Cruach, with his staff and it fell to pieces. This idol had been erected centuries before by a king and was venerated greatly by the people. King Cormac, though, had in his reign probably acquired some knowledge of Christianity, and had disapproved of idol worship.

"Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,"  
Said Cormac, "are but craven treene;  
The axe that made them, haft or helve,  
Had worthier of your worship been."

This wise king had died prior to the coming of the Irish apostle, but he had ordered that he should not be interred with the pagan dead, but at Rosssnaree, facing the east. His people took his words as the ravings of the sick, and bore the kingly corpse to the banks of the Boyne for interment. But the river rose in flood and, strive as they might, the bier escaped their sinewy hands and drifted to Rosssnaree.

At morning, on the grassy marge  
Of Ross-na-ree, the corpse was found;  
And shepherds at their early charge,  
Entombed it in the peaceful ground.

But of the Patrician legends not one is more beautiful than that of the baptism of Ængus, the King of Munster. St. Patrick performed the ceremony with the Staff of Jesus—a staff or rod said to have been used by the Saviour, and given by Pope Celestine to

Patrick when leaving Rome—in his hand. Inadvertently the Saint placed the sharp spike of the staff on the king's foot. When Patrick saw the ground red with blood he cried in horror, and asked the newly-baptised monarch why he had kept silent. Ængus replied that he thought the piercing of his foot part of the baptism in slight reparation for the sufferings of Christ.

Manghold, who in after life was Bishop of the Isle of Man, was a robber chief who had gathered around him a wild and turbulent band. As Patrick once journeyed through Ulster the chief heard of his preaching, and at first thought of putting the Saint to death. On reflection the robbers thought they should find more amusement in playing a trick on the stranger. They placed one of their number on a bier as if dead, and waited on the road for the arrival of the Saint. When Patrick came they begged that he would restore the seemingly dead man to life, but the Saint was made aware of their plot and moved on. The covering was removed from the bier, and the robbers were astounded to discover their comrade really dead. They followed Patrick and, kneeling at his feet, implored him to pardon them for what they had done. The Saint forgave them, and, going back, restored the dead robber to life. The chief of the band became a Christian and besought Patrick to give him a severe penance; and finally the Saint, understanding that great grace was at work in the sinner's heart, told Manghold to divide his substance among the poor, and, proceeding to the coast, enter a boat that he would find there. Then he was to manacle his feet and lock his chains. The key he was to throw into the sea. The repentant robber obeyed, and the rudderless boat drifted to the Isle of Man, where two holy missionaries lived. On the day that the manacled chief reached the island one of the missionaries had found a key in a fish which he had opened for the evening meal; when the missionaries later discovered a bound man in the rudderless craft they remembered the key. It immediately unlocked the iron bonds, and Manghold told his story and began to share their prayers and austerities. In course of time he was ordained priest and, on the death of the Bishop of Man, he was compelled to become the Prelate of the little principality. In confirmation of this strange story the ancient arms of Manxland bore on one of their quarterings a small boat bearing a pilgrim, and overhead a key and glistening star.

The long vigil of prayer and penance kept by St. Patrick on Croagh Patrick is recalled yearly by the pilgrimage to that mountain. While he fasted and prayed he won many graces for the Irish people; often the angel Victor told Patrick that God could not grant his requests, but the apostle persevered till his prayers were granted. He himself shall be the judge of the men of Erin at the Last Day.

St. Patrick died at Saul—his barn-church—on the seventeenth of March, 493. At the last he was troubled lest the people he loved should fall away from the Faith of Christ; but an angel came to assure him that his apostolate should never fail. To the uttermost ends of the earth his children have carried the Faith; the Irish priests have preached and taught in all lands; and Ireland may well be called “the light of the west.”

The Saint's remains were interred in the chief's dun near Saul, where subsequently rose the Cathedral of Down. The shroud he wore in death was spun and woven by St. Brigid.

Another Irish saint who is commemorated in March is the one known variously as Finnian, Frigidian, and, in Italy, Frediano. He was born at the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century in Ulster, and received his early education in the monastery of Nendrum, on an island in Strangford Lough. The monastery had been founded by St. Mochal, of whom a beautiful legend is still remembered. Once this Saint went out to collect firewood, and, as he gathered bush and brake, he thought much of Heaven and its joys. Suddenly a bird began to sing the sweetest song, and Mochal listened till the song was ended; then, taking up his load, he returned to his monastery. But the rush-roofed dwelling was strangely altered, and the monks that met Mochal were all strangers. He told that he had been away a little while gathering wood, and at length an old, old monk recollected that he had in his youth heard of a former Superior of the house who had gone out on some errand and had never come back. That monk, investigation proved, was Mochal, who had learned something of what the bliss of Heaven might be from the song of a bird. From the Irish school Finnian passed to Candida Casa, in Scotland, and there he heard so much of the beauty and splendour of Rome and its shrines and churches that he set out for the Eternal City, where he was received kindly by Pope Pelagius, who placed him under the charge of the Canons Regular, to acquire knowledge of ecclesiastical laws and apostolic customs. When he left to return to his own land he carried with him a copy of St. Jerome's corrected Vulgate and the Rules of the community he had lived under. From this manuscript Columba made, by stealth, the copy that Finnian claimed as his, and which led to a bloody battle and the subsequent exile of Columba to Iona. The manuscript transcribed by Columba is at present in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

Many miracles are preserved of the Saint. When he had founded his monastery at Moville it was seen that no stream was nigh for supplying the wants of the community. The Saint prayed, and from a spring on a hill near the waters flowed and gathered to-

gether, till they furrowed a bed and flowed past the monastery. Marianus Scotus, the pride of Fulda and Mayence, was a pupil of this monastery, as well as Columba. Filled with the desire of making converts, the Saint passed to Scotland, where memorials of him yet remain; finally he went to Italy, and settled near Lucca, to spend the remainder of his life in penance and prayer. Such was not to be. The Bishop of Lucca died, and warfare, famine and plague had left the district in poor plight. Pope John III. knew something of the Irish hermit, and Finnian was obliged to quit his retreat and take up the laborious work of the diocese. For the lengthened period of twenty-eight years he toiled valiantly, and passed to his reward in the March of 588.

The miracle of the turning aside of the River Serchio is the subject of a fresco on one of the walls of the Cathedral of Lucca. Once when the melting of the wintry snows of the Apennines had swollen the river to such an extent that the ruin of the fields and vineyards near the town seemed imminent, the Bishop, after prayer to the Almighty, took a rake and marked out a new course for the turbulent stream. The river miraculously followed the course indicated by the holy Bishop.

On the sixth of March the Church honours St. Fridolin, the sixth century founder of the monastery of Säckingerg, Baden. Fridolin first laboured as a missionary in his native Ireland, but later passed into France, where he erected a church to St. Hilarius, who told him in a vision to repair to an island in the River Rhine. Clovis gave him a gift of the unmentioned isle, which the Saint recognised when he beheld Säckingerg. There he founded his monastery, which continued to be an important foundation down to the ninth century and after. The Saint is the titular patron of the Swiss canton of Glaris.

The feast of St. Kiaran, or, as he is called by the Britons, Piram, is on the fifth of the month. He is said to have been born in Cork towards the middle of the fourth century, and, having acquired in some way a knowledge of the true Faith, he went to Rome when he was about thirty years of age. There he studied, and there, Irish writers say, he was ordained. Indeed, some authorities assert that he was raised to episcopal dignity in Rome, though others say that he was consecrated a Bishop by St. Patrick. At any rate he preached and taught in his own locality, and had the joy of giving the religious veil to his mother. When very old he retired to Cornwall, where he lived an eremitical life, the better to prepare himself for death and judgment. A Cornish town yet bears the name of the Irish Saint, whose mode of life induced many disciples to join him in his last years.

St. Finian, surnamed the Leper, to distinguish from other saints of the same name, was son to a Munster king. He studied under the care of St. Brendan, and in later life founded the famous Abbey of Innisfallen, which stood on an island of the same name in one of the beautiful lakes of Killarney. He founded other houses, and bore with patience and resignation the grievous malady from which his surname was given him. His memory is commemorated on the sixteenth of March.

Such undisputed authorities as Cardinal Moran, Archbishop Healy and Canon O'Hanlon say that St. Cuthbert, the apostle of the Lowlands, was certainly not only of Irish descent, but of Irish birth. His mother crossed over to Scotland while Cuthbert was very young, and the boy earned his bread by tending sheep near the monastery of Melrose. In his youth he had a keen desire to become a monk, but the troubled state of the kingdom of old Northumberland caused him to become for some period a soldier. However, he in time joined the community at Melrose, and soon became eminent among the novices for his holiness, and for his efforts to amass learning. When the monastery of Ripon was founded he was there as guest-master, but he, along with other Irish monks, returned to Melrose when the vexed question of the Roman usage in keeping Easter came up. Many stories are told of his gift of instructing the hardy peasants of the northern realm. Once one of the listeners told him of the impossibility of continuing his missionary journey. "The snow blocks the way by land, the storm the way by sea; but the path to Heaven is still open," Cuthbert said. No labours tired him, no dangers daunted him, no untoward happenings appalled him. He succeeded Boisil as prior of Melrose, and when the Synod of Whitby accepted the Roman time for Easter he sadly agreed, and became prior of the island monastery of Lindisfarne. There he loyally supported St. Wilfrid in introducing the Roman customs; and the fact that one so famous for sanctity and for attachment to the Celtic usages did this was of great help in settling the question of Easter and the tonsure. In the desire of attaining greater perfection he, after a time, retired to a little islet near Lindisfarne, but, after a long resistance, he was consecrated Bishop by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. For two years he acted as Bishop of Lindisfarne, labouring for souls unceasingly. Feeling death was nigh, he begged to be relieved of the cares of his See, and again retired to his lonely retreat. He received the last Sacraments from Abbot Herefrid, and died on the twentieth of March, at the same moment that his friend, St. Herbert, passed away.

Scott, in *Marmion*, has written much of St. Cuthbert, and of the

wandering of his relics in search of sepulture. At first his bones were laid to rest at Lindisfarne, but, when the Danes came to burn and pillage, the monks carried the holy relics of their Saint with them in their flight.

How, when the rude Danes burned their pile,  
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;  
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

The monks would fain have buried the holy remains at Melrose, but the stone coffin floated downward. Nor would it rest at Ripon or Chester-le-Street. But a miracle indicated that the remains of the Saint should repose in Durham. There they remained in a rude chapel formed of boughs till removed to a wooden, and, eventually, to a stone church. In 1104 the body was found to be incorrupt. In the coffin were some remains of St. Oswald also.

The shrine of the Saint was one of England's "holy places" down to the evil days of the Reformation. Ere the shrine in 1542 was robbed of all its treasures the monks had removed the body of the Saint and deposited it elsewhere. Scott speaks of the tradition that the secret of its burial place is known to the Benedictines, who pass the secret on from one generation to another. Several learned divines have expressed opinions one way or other. Some conclude that the remains of Cuthbert and Oswald are in the present Cathedral of Durham, while others hold different views. In the College of St. Cuthbert, near Durham, where most of the priests of the North of England are trained, the episcopal ring of the Saint is to be seen, with a bright sapphire glistening from the gold.

# Modern Irish Missionaries.

DENIS GWYNN.

**A**N Irishman who has mixed in the high politics of various countries for many years has frequently said to me, in discussing the possibility of obtaining a permanent Irish settlement from any British Government that is likely to come into power under the present conditions of English politics, that there is only one way in which a real settlement can be reached : either Ireland, with her 4 million people, must become Protestant, or England, with her 35 millions, must become Catholic, and so change from being the chief anti-Christian power in world politics to being a great Christian power. And in thus formulating the convictions gained in a life-time of crowded political activity and acute observation, my friend does not imply that the Catholic Church in Great Britain is necessarily an agency of Irish propaganda, even though a majority of the Catholic clergy there would probably always be Irishmen, as the overwhelming majority of them are now. But a Catholic England, if it were not definitely pro-Irish, would at least cease to be characteristically anti-Irish. For the root prejudice against Irishmen in England springs, perhaps unconsciously in most cases, from an inborn distrust of Catholicism, not only in its theological and moral, but also in its economic principles.

It being unthinkable that Ireland should relinquish its Catholicism, is the second alternative altogether impossible? It might seem, at any rate, to require a miracle. I have heard the principal pioneer among English Catholics of the crusade for the conversion of England to Catholicism described as an "impossible man with an impossible idea." Yet no Irishman who lives in England can fail to be impressed by the silent but unfaltering progress of that movement. I do not even know what proportion of the total population of Great Britain is shown by the official statistics to be Catholic. One hears often that more Catholics lapse from the practice of their religion than the number of converts in any ordinary year. I must confess to blank ignorance on such matters. But what does strike every Catholic who travels at all through England is the amazingly rapid growth in the number of Catholic churches, and, scarcely less, the fact that the pioneers of these new churches are almost invariably Irishmen.

On a first visit this Christmas to industrial Yorkshire these facts were brought home to me with unusual vividness. I spent Christmas Day in Halifax, where factory chimneys are dotted, as though

set out for a fantastic game of ninepins, throughout a long valley shut in by hills almost as steep as the slopes of Glenmalure, where streets beyond streets of coal-begrimed labourers' cottages climb up precipitously on either side. Halifax is the home of Mr. Asquith, and as typically English as any industrial town of the North Country. Like every English town, it contains its fair percentage of Irishmen, but no distinctively Irish quarter, nor even any substantial "Irish vote." But it has two large Catholic churches, both of them built originally by Irish priests, who came as missionaries to a population mainly composed of Englishmen.

I went to the larger and more modern church to hear midnight Mass, tracing my way through a labyrinth of little by-streets up a hill which no vehicle could climb, to find a congregation of working men and women thronging the whole large building, with many people already standing in the aisles. I had expected to find myself among a host of familiar faces, but the vast majority of them were stolid Yorkshire people. Watching through the glare of the electric lights, I presently saw a chance to squeeze myself into a crowded pew; and as I thanked an old grey-haired working man for making room for me, his reply, "You're very welcome," brought back memories of Donegal or Kerry, while the Parish Priest's accent recalled the most easily identifiable of Irish districts. But to outward appearance the whole congregation lacked even in isolated groups any distinctively Irish characteristic.

But it was not this English appearance of the congregation that made me realise so forcibly how securely the work of the Irish missionaries in industrial England has taken root. I was thinking of the little red-brick church, built only five years ago, in the suburb of London, which I had lately left, where, at the same hour of midnight, another Irish priest was to announce the progress made since All Saints' Day in reducing its capital debt. And here I found myself listening to the announcement that there is henceforth to be a third Catholic church in Halifax, the Parish Priest having just bought a building suitable for immediate conversion into a church.

So the work of the pioneers continues. Only a few weeks before I had heard of a similar enterprise in opening up another London slum, whose people were so poor that they said they were ashamed to face going to the magnificent church of their own proper parish. In a few years these new offshoots of churches, built by men who are themselves not yet aged, will have become the centres of full-fledged parishes and will be opening up yet new districts.

Who are the Catholic congregations of Great Britain? In many cases they are not even predominantly Irish. Any Catholic parish

in London abounds in English converts. I went to a later Mass on Christmas morning to the other church in Halifax, and here my surprise at the character of the midnight congregation was still more remarkably confirmed. For instead of the familiar sight of an Irish priest preaching to a congregation, the greater part of which might have been transported straight from almost any Irish town, here was a young English curate, speaking with the marked accent of his own people, to a congregation composed almost entirely of Yorkshire men and women. More remarkable still, most of the names written up in these churches and read out on the altar lists of the dead were not Irish, but English.

I could not help recalling Dr. Walter McDonald's conception of Maynooth as the centre of the whole English-speaking world. The Irish missionaries have indeed done their work well when they can hand over to disciples born and bred among the people to whom they have devoted their lives, the administration of parishes that they themselves have founded. Meanwhile their own missionary labours are transferred to other and still undeveloped fields. Go into any Catholic church in England and you will either see Irish names on the confessionals or hear unmistakable Irish accents, whether of Kerry or Dublin or Belfast or Waterford or Longford. No part of Ireland but has contributed its quota of recruits to the army of Irish missionaries. And it strikes one that perhaps the Irish Saints and Scholars of the early ages went about their business of converting and educating the benighted with the same absence of self-consciousness, and with as little noise about the wonderful success of their labours, as do the tireless legion of Irish priests in Great Britain to-day.

# The Turn of the Wheel.

JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro’ sunshine, storm, and cloud.”  
(TENNYSON—“Idylls of the King.”)

## I.

SIR ANDREW MACFARLANE knew that he had nearly reached the end of life’s journey; Dr. Fraser had told him so plainly, when he had asked to know the real truth. Old age, rather than any definite disease, was carrying him off, and as he lay on the bed, with its solid mahogany posts and fringed canopy, in the rather shabbily furnished bedroom that he had occupied for sixty years or more, he felt no desire to escape the verdict, nor any wish for its speedy fulfilment; he was just weary of life, and indifferent about everything.

With soft footfall an elderly woman entered the room. His only sister, Mrs. Culburnie, was many years his junior. She had been born when he was already in early manhood, so there had never been much real intimacy between the two. Now that she was a widow of about sixty, their relations were no more cordial. He had married when she was still a child, and after her early marriage to an Indian officer, and long separation from her brother, they had met again almost strangers, when she came to take up residence with him at his desire.

Robina Macfarlane had never been reckoned a beauty, and Robina Culburnie, now that she was old, was positively ugly. For she was of a jealous, suspicious nature, always nursing some cause for discontent, and given to envy the lot of others, rather than rejoice in her own real good fortune. Her character was to some extent disclosed in her outward appearance—a thin, sallow, deeply-lined face, little peering eyes, and restless lips, and an habitually sour expression, joined with a stooping, flat-chested figure, always clad in dingy-hued, trailing garments of nondescript fashion.

There was something cat-like in the stealthy way she moved across the room now, and stood by the bed, waiting until her brother showed signs of being awake; he had only closed his eyes when he heard the door open—as a matter of fact—for he was inclined to resent the intrusion of visitors sometimes. But when his sister, in her whining voice, had spoken his name two or three times, he gave her his attention.

“She has come, Andrew,” she whispered, “and has brought

Denis with her. I think she might have left him at home—especially as you did not invite him, and have never set eyes on him.”

The old man smiled grimly.

“It makes little difference,” he said, “whether either or both of them choose to come. I merely told you to write to Jean and tell her what the doctor had said. There’s room enough for them both in the house, as long as they do not bother me.”

He closed his eyes again to indicate the close of the interview, and Mrs. Culburnie glided away.

Sir Andrew, however, was by no means inclined to sleep, especially after the information just received. Through the opening at the foot of his bed he could see through the window the roofs of the village houses, half shrouded in trees, clustered round the foot of the height on which his family mansion stood, and the further rising ground beyond, where arable and meadow land swept up to the wooded hill which closed in the picture. Many a time had he lain there looking with pleasure upon that portion of his possessions and enjoying the sense of ownership of a domain to be proud of.

But to-day thoughts and feelings to which he had been long a stranger rushed upon him. More than twenty years had flown since Jean—his Jeannie—had left him, and he had never set eyes upon her face since that day. She was not to blame—he was ready enough to acknowledge that now; but he still felt sore to think that a foreign Papist had more power over her heart than the father who had always—though undemonstratively—loved her very deeply, for she was his one child, born after twelve years of wedlock. Pride had kept him silent, when many a time he had yearned for a sight of her, or a word from her; but he had sternly refused her first overtures for forgiveness, and thus built up with his own hand a permanent barrier between them.

It was from Robina that he had learned—by persistent questioning, in spite of grudging reluctance on Robina’s part—all that he knew of his child’s later life. She was a widow now, with one son, who must be over 21. What were their circumstances he knew not; Robina either could not or would not afford any information on that head. Her own son, Roderick, a youth of expensive tastes, had spoken rather slightly of his cousins as “quite third-rate.” He had come across them in London, and it was through him that their address had been found.

Sir Andrew smiled to himself as he reflected upon Robina’s evident fear of Jeannie’s reinstatement in her father’s affections. He could guess the root of that fear: covetousness. Yet whatever Jeannie’s circumstances, Robina was well provided for, apart from any expectations from him.

Well, they would all know what he thought of them—and very soon too! He could not count on many more weeks, Fraser had said.

## II.

Mrs. Culburnie was well enough satisfied with the tone of Sir Andrew's reception of his daughter. He would see her alone, he had said; so after introducing her niece into the sick-room she had stealthily retired. But she had contrived to witness the somewhat cool greeting afforded by the old man to the evidently highly-wrought Jean—a still pretty and graceful woman of forty.

"Well! Did you have a good journey?" was the first word spoken; and that in a rough, unemotional tone.

Jean's answer was unintelligible. The listener dare not linger, but closed the door reluctantly.

There was no lack of emotion in the broken voice, or in the sudden outstretch of the feeble arms, as Sir Andrew cried tremulously:

"Jeannie! Jeannie! Welcome, dear child!"

Father and daughter clung together in a long embrace, and for the moment the past had fled entirely.

There was little attempt on the old man's part to excuse his cruel treatment, nor any desire on his daughter's to listen. Both hearts were, full of joy at their reunion; nothing else mattered. The few feeble words of sorrow for the past were checked by Jean's impulsive kiss.

Soon they were able to talk of present things. Sir Andrew learned that Denis had inherited his father's artistic talents, and was doing well as a black and white artist and poster designer. His mother kept silence about the dreary years of poverty, when there had been little to look for, beyond the scanty savings her husband had gathered and her own heroic efforts by work as typist-secretary, to keep them above water and enable the boy to finish his education. When she spoke of Denis, enthusiasm seized her; she forgot her father's antipathy to her marriage, and in praising the son spoke of his inheritance of all the charms and virtues of the husband she had idolised. Yet Sir Andrew showed not, either by word or sigh, the faintest displeasure at the allusion.

"I must bring Denis up to see you, father," she concluded, "when you feel inclined to make his acquaintance."

"Surely, Jeannie," was his ready answer. "But perhaps not to-night. You must come again, though, before you go to bed."

Sir Andrew's valet appearing, the interview ended.

Down in the dining-room, where the preliminaries of a meal had been prepared for the two travellers, Mrs. Culburnie was absent-

mindedly doing her best to entertain young Denis Aubanel until his mother should return. She had nothing in common with the bright, cheery lad, with his vivid southern colouring, dark eyes and curly locks, who did his best to keep up a conversation. She had resented the necessity of summoning his mother, and was doubly incensed at the appearance of this attractive youth. He would undoubtedly appeal to his grandfather, if only on account of his utter dissimilarity to her own sandy-haired Roderick, with his father until the morrow. (It is not unlikely that Sir Andrew had undisguisedly expressed his amused contempt for Roderick and all his works.)

But Jean appeared at last, and Mrs. Culburnie's mind was relieved to hear that Denis was not to be presented to his grandfather until the morrow. (It is not unlikely that Sir Andrew had his sister's interpretation of that fact in view when he made the arrangement.)

### III.

The satisfaction with which Mrs. Culburnie had welcomed her brother's apparent want of interest in his newly-found grandson was destined to disappear. It would be accurate to say that Sir Andrew fell in love with the boy at first sight. Denis—tactful, respectful, full of charming kindness towards the poor old invalid, whose affections had been chilled for lack of the little thoughtful attentions so dear to age—grew daily more attractive to the old man. If Denis or his mother did not spend much of each day in the sick-room, Sir Andrew complained querulously, until Dr. Fraser, bold from years of intimacy, scolded him for selfishness.

"The lad needs exercise and recreation," he had said. "You must think of others as well as yourself."

And Sir Andrew meekly acquiesced.

When Mrs. Aubanel hinted, after a week or two, that Denis ought to be back again at his work, the old man indignantly dissented.

"He'll have no need to work for his living in future," he declared, to Mrs. Culburnie's chagrin (for she happened to be present when Jean and her father were discussing the point). "I shall not allow him to leave Inchally as long as I am master!"

To Denis, when the lad grumbled—smiling the while—that he should lose the little skill he had gained unless he could keep up his daily sketching, yet he was without the simplest tools of his craft, the old man at once sent him off to the nearest town to purchase whatever he might require and give directions for the bill to be sent to himself.

An extract from a letter written by Mrs. Culburnie at this period to her fondly cherished Roderick will give some idea of her state of mind :—

“ You did very wrong in refusing to come here when I urged it, before these interlopers put in an appearance. But you have no one except yourself to thank for the turn things have taken. Your grandfather is absolutely *infatuated* with your cousin and her son. *Nothing* is too good for them. He is always asking that prying valet of his to enquire about meals, etc.—as though I did not know how to keep house ! And this for two persons who must have lived literally like *beggars*—from hand to mouth—before they found themselves in clover here !

“ Oh ! if only you had shown some sense, you would have been master of Inchally—a property well worth having ! Not that you really need it ; but what a position it would have given you, even though the title died out—as it will, of course, when your grandfather goes. Now everything will pass to this half-French Papist jackanapes of a painter ! I am really *angry* with you, Roddy, dear, for missing your chance in such a way. (The boy has actually fitted up a “studio” in the house !)

“ You must, *of course*, come to the funeral. It cannot be far off now. We must not let these others think that we *resent* anything.”

Mrs. Culburnie’s forecast was fulfilled. A week later Sir Edward Macfarlane passed away, mourned unfeignedly by his daughter and her boy, and to all appearance by his only sister also.

#### IV.

The funeral was over, and Mr. McInnes, the family lawyer, met the relatives in the library to make known Sir Andrew’s testamentary disposition. Mrs. Culburnie (in sweeping robes of unmistakable black) was less inclined to depression, on the ground, apparently, of Sir Andrew’s omission to change any will he might have made years back—“through forgetfulness, poor thing !” she confided to herself. (“All the better for Roderick, perhaps,” she probably added, subconsciously.) For the lawyer had not been sent for since the arrival of the new favourites.

Roderick’s greeting to his cousins had been little less than disdainful. He resented their almost certain good fortune, all the more that his mother kept dinning into his ears her querulous complaints whenever they were alone together. He now assumed an appearance of listless unconcern as to what would be revealed.

Jean Aubanel’s real distress at the loss of the father she had but so recently learned to love unrestrainedly was tempered by a grow-

ing fear that the Culburnies—mother and son—would accuse her of intriguing for her father's renewed favour for financial reasons. Denis was wholly absorbed in the regret consequent upon the loss of one whom he had come to know so late, yet had learned to love and respect very deeply. He was troubled by no anticipations of difficulties arising from his grandfather's will; for his mother had prudently abstained from mention of the remark Sir Andrew had let fall concerning future prospects.

The lawyer, with the proper mixture of business-like method and deferential restraint proper to the occasion, prefaced the reading of the will by one or two necessary remarks. He was afraid that the terms of the will would not meet with general approval; but it was well to bear in mind that the testament in question was drawn up as much as twenty-two years back, and, in spite of diligent search among the papers of the deceased, no other had come to light.

He then proceeded to read the document.

To say that the listeners were astonished would be to put it feebly. The Culburnies were furiously annoyed; Jean, bewildered for a time, became deeply troubled. The testator left the house and estate to his heir-at-law, including the furniture of the mansion. The whole of the ready money and investments, with the exception of legacies to servants and £100 each to his sister, "Robina Culburnie or Macfarlane and her son, Roderick Andrew Culburnie," went to various charitable institutions.

"And who is regarded as heir-at-law?" asked Roderick superciliously, after silence had brooded over the assembly for a few breathless moments.

"Mrs. Aubanel, as Sir Andrew's only daughter," was the reply.

"He had forgotten the old will," Jean Aubanel assured herself.

"He never dreamed of bringing trouble upon us, poor dear!"

For it was evident to anyone that the gift of an estate and a mansion, without the means of working the one or keeping up the other, was a burden to be dreaded rather than welcomed.

Mrs. Culburnie restrained herself from uttering the thoughts that filled her mind as to her brother's mental capacity. And it was well she did.

A knock at the door and the entrance of a footman broke in upon the untoward situation. Jamieson would like a word with Mr. McInnes at once, if he would be kind enough to see him. Jamieson had been Sir Andrew's valet. Begging the relatives to remain for a few moments, as he wished to make some further remarks, the lawyer left the room.

In a moment or two he was back, his face flushed with excitement. In his hand he carried a large folded paper.

"A most unexpected event has completely changed the state of affairs," he exclaimed. "I have received from the late Sir Andrew's personal attendant a document which has just come to light. It proves to be another and more recently effected will."

He paused for a moment to give his amazed listeners time to grasp the situation. All eyes were bent upon him in astonishment, but no one spoke.

"I am informed that the document was found at the back of Sir Andrew's bed, having apparently slipped into a crevice after the testator had hastily thrust it there. I will now proceed to acquaint you with the contents of this important paper."

The will was dated about a week after the arrival of Mrs. Aubanel and her son at Inchally; its terms completely reversed the former disposition. With the exception of one thousand pounds to be paid annually to the testator's "dearly loved only daughter, Jean Andrewina Macfarlane, widow of George Denis Aubanel," the entire property—estate, mansion-house, and all other possessions whatever, were bequeathed to his "dear grandson, Denis Andrew Aubanel." The small legacies to the Culburnies and servants remained unchanged.

The lawyer explained that the document, being what Scots law terms a "Holograph Will"—one written entirely by the testator—had needed no witnesses, and its existence had been probably known to the late Sir Andrew alone.

Jean Aubanel's thankfulness was enhanced by the assurance that her father had entirely vindicated his memory against any possible accusation of either injustice or mental disability by this act of generous—if tardy—reparation.

But it was to an ever-watchful Father in Heaven that the loving gratitude of both mother and son was daily expressed.

# Topics of the Month.

## AMERICA WANTS IRISH CHURCH GOODS.

### I. WHAT IRELAND CAN GIVE.

PROOF of what the Catholic Press can do for Irish trade has just been afforded. The IRISH ROSARY has repeatedly called attention to the great possibility of opening up a trade in Catholic church requisites with America. Several American papers, under the generous lead of the National Catholic Welfare Council at Washington, have followed up the subject. And the first practical result has been a definite request addressed from America to the Dublin Industrial Development Association for particulars of the church goods that Ireland could supply. Irish manufacturers now have their chance to respond.

About twenty years ago Ireland herself was importing practically everything required by her own churches. About that time, however, an effort to provide for such needs out of home products began to be made. Progress was rapid. Support was readily given. And in a few years Ireland was largely catering for the church demand as regards stained glass, mosaic, furniture, metal work, marble decorations, lace, embroidered cloths, vestments, and sacred plate. As far back as fifteen years ago it was possible to erect a church and furnish it throughout by Irish hands. The resources were such as to suit any taste, whether elaborate or simple. and the Irish articles showed an admirable sobriety of taste.

Since then this branch has gone on developing. Oil-painting of a high order is obtainable in Ireland

for church purposes at a more reasonable cost than prevails elsewhere. Sculpture is also well represented. In these two spheres, perhaps, the home products are being more slowly accepted. There is a tendency to compare them, to their detriment, with more highly-finished creations imported from Italy, Belgium and France. This is an error of judgment. Rugged treatment is not in itself an artistic blemish—in fact the most modern painters and sculptors of eminence are returning to it for the sake of its striking impression. But if subtle delicacy of touch is thought essential, Irish water-colour art leaves nothing to be desired, and it is time to overcome the strange reluctance to avail of it as a religious medium.

This, at any rate, is to be remembered. Religious art is addressed not merely to the eye, but to the mind and heart—and native art is always better understood by a home congregation than the most classical foreign conceptions.

### II. WILL THEY ADVERTISE?

The Irish are the church builders of America. The Italians and Poles in the United States use the churches, but the Irish erect them. Mark Twain, who was not always complimentary to Catholics, makes the acknowledgment:

“What a passion for building majestic churches the Irish hired girl has! It is a fine thing for our American architecture. But too often we enjoy her stately fanes without giving her a grateful thought. Instead of reflecting that every brick and every stone in this beautiful edifice represents

an ache or a pain, and a handful of sweat, and hours of heavy fatigue contributed by the back and forehead and bones of poverty, it is our habit to forget these things entirely and merely glorify the mighty temple itself without vouchsafing one praiseful thought to its humble builder, whose rich heart and withered purse it symbolises."

It is an old rule that those who pay the piper can call the tune. The Irish emigrants who are building and decorating churches in America, the Irish priests who are the pastors of those churches, are free to choose Irish materials for the work. The inquiry received by the Dublin Industrial Development Association shows that they wish to do so.

To secure this valuable trade the Irish manufacturers have only to satisfy three conditions: good workmanship, prompt supply, and reasonable charges.

There is one other point which it would be a melancholy error for them to neglect. That is—publicity. Through the efforts of the IRISH ROSARY and the American Catholic Welfare News Agency they have, to their own surprise, been widely brought under notice in the United States. They must now do something to keep themselves in the public eye. As well as giving support, the Catholic Press must get it. In a word, Irish makers of church requisites would need to advertise their wares in Catholic papers and periodicals.

This magazine reaches many Catholic centres in America. And the news agency just mentioned distributes its news through the whole field of Catholic journalism in the United States as well as in several other countries. Through the same channels the Irish manufacturers can, separately or collectively, con-

tinue to address the best purchasers beyond the Atlantic. A good deal has been done for them. It is now their turn to do something themselves.

## NO GOOD IRISH PLAYS.

### I. THE YEAR'S RECORD.

THE Irish year, from the literary and dramatic standpoint, has been unremarkable. Seldom has the domain of Irish drama been so sterile. The subjects treated were stale, and they were handled in a stale way. Seemingly the men who are trying to write plays in Ireland and on Ireland cannot rise above the prosaic. They exhibit all the symptoms of commonplace minds. And they are insufferably gloomy—it is so much more easy to be tragic and dull than it is to be light and cheerful.

To cite a single case in point. One of our playwrights could imagine no more inspiring theme than the unjust dismissal of a teacher by (of course) a clerical manager. The subject was bodied forth with every circumstance of unreality, involving a three-cornered fight between the manager, a curate, and their worthy Bishop, the teacher's fate being the stake in the game. To enhance the artificiality of the whole business, the managerial P.P. spoke throughout the piece in the pompous language of a street preacher. One couldn't associate him for a moment with the priests one knows.

### II. A FALSE START.

Unhappily, Irish drama, and the principal Irish-life theatre, fell into the wrong hands at the outset. The movement made a false start. It jumped back to the pagan period and attempted a pagan renaissance. Great fuss was made about pre-Christian legends and the culture of the Druidical age. To foster a semi-

superstition on the vestiges of that vanished time seemed the main object of the writers then. One of them observed in a preface :

"We Irish should keep these (pagan) personages much in our hearts. For they lived in the places where we ride and go marketing. - And sometimes they have met one another on the hills that cast their shadows on our doors at evening. If we but tell these stories to our children the Land will begin again to be a Holy Land as it was before men gave their hearts to Greece and Rome and Judea."

This propaganda was a little too far-fetched and foolish. And the box-office results made the fact pretty clear.

### III. CRUDE REALISM.

Thereupon the little coterie took a wild jump in the direction of realism—very crude and stodgy realism. The authors showed colossal incapacity for seeing the engaging side of the life they tried to portray. If they attempted a pleasant play it was invariably a sordid dispute about land, ending in a murder. This model became standardised. The writers copied themselves and each other. And they never got out of the rut.

Even the verbal technique was all wrong. Peasant idiom was exaggerated and worked to death. The dialogue moved in a constant tangle of ignorant imagery—as if that could have any literary value.

But the most deadly sin of the stuff, even to this day, is dreariness. The object of a play should be to provide relaxation. For that purpose it should tell a story—a bright story. If it aims at real life, it should show life with the dull parts left out. The great quality in which the pagan-cum-realistic clique has

perpetually failed is — interest. Perhaps it is just as well. Its objectionable characteristics have thus failed to get a hold.

Philosophers say it would be better for the world if theatres were never invented; but, once presented to mankind, they can never be abolished; so it only remains to make the best of them. That is a different thing from making the worst of them. In theatrical work there is always a strong inclination to decadence. Certain Irish dramatic productions show it. There is room—there is positive need—for a dramatic movement racy of the soil, with a cheery, healthy, sensible outlook on humanity. It is slow about making its appearance. But when it comes it will have no trouble sweeping the present simulacrum into the limbo of exploded shams.

## POINTS OF PRESSING IMPORTANCE.

### I. HINTS FOR CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

IN the drafting of an agenda for the proposed Irish Catholic Congress there are a few subjects that ought not to be omitted. The influence of Masonry in Irish affairs is a pressing topic just now. We have seen that in the new Government of Ireland Act, which divides North and South, the Masonic Order is specially protected. The organisation which, in the past two decades, sought to destroy Catholicism in France is playing a sinister rôle in distracted Ireland to-day. The Masonic body wields a power out of all proportion to its numbers. At the time of the persecution of the Church in France, the Freemasons in that country did not number more than 25,000. Yet this number working as a compact machine, dominated the French Government

and set the will of the French people at nought.

It was a feat of organisation. And only by counter-organisation can such formidable action be checked. It looks as if the day were at hand when an International Union of Catholics will be necessary to combat the world-wide forces of Masonry which are marshalled against the internal peace of Catholic lands.

Another matter for deliberation ought to be the establishment of closer links with the Press. The great Irish newspapers, to their credit be it said, are Catholic in their tone. Yet a good deal has still to be done in the development of Catholic news features. The Catholic news of the world at large is at present supplied to Irish journals by anti-Catholic news agencies. To take an example: a confused message from Italy was recently included in the news service of the Irish Press. It told in a vague and incoherent manner a story about priests shooting down people in Italy and being attacked by the irate populace in consequence. The despatch had all the intentional obscurity of falsehood. But it fulfilled its design of leaving the impression that priests were criminals and that a foreign population had seen through them as such. The moral for Irish readers was obvious.

American Catholics, by the way, are now gathering the Catholic facts of the day, both home and foreign, and distributing it to the Press through an agency of their own.

## II. LOOK AFTER THE WORKER.

Among the most urgent question for any Catholic Congress at this juncture is the method of keeping

Catholic principle prominently before the working classes.

Everything betokens that working end of humanity will soon be in the thick of a crisis. The fight to reduce wages is already opening. Unemployment has stepped in to complicate the workers' outlook. The situation will have endless possibilities of turmoil and evil.

At times of exasperation, in the past the toiling masses have been easily misled into thinking that Christian teaching was merely a means of keeping them down and training them to docility. The doctrinaires of the French Revolution filled the people with that idea, and particular schools of socialism are eager to repeat the same tactics.

It is none too soon to strengthen the lines of communication between the Church and the working classes. On them it was originally built up. And because it appealed directly to them and promised the Kingdom of Heaven to the poor, it was oppressed for centuries by the patricians and aristocrats who read in the new Gospel their own overthrow. Slaves were among the earliest of the martyrs through whom it conquered. And it has never swerved from its guardianship of the poor and the heavy-burdened who were its first adherents.

The truth must be put before the worker. He must be told that Catholic principle upholds his right to a wage that will buy him a reasonable share of what the world has to offer. It must be made clear to him that Catholic principle condemns and abhors the proposal to lock him out from work till he gives way in his demand. The Church is on his side in his battle for a secure and comfortable livelihood. It is not too soon to let him know it.

# An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

Rubánac Omáir Canáin fé éulaíe Saeólae riné an leabair nuao Saeóilge ip véirdeanaige agaimn. Torna do punn é airtreugao ó Ueapla Eadbaire mic Seapailt, agus Mártan Ierter a punn é “Eadairt amac.” Tá sac éinne as molaó paotair Torna ar an leabair ran, aet tá coib agamra do cuireao fé élo i Sarana Noú éuis bliadóna deas ó poin agus an té do punn an obair an uair rin ní draao fé an “rémaó leabair” úo do léigean duit. Seallaim an méio reo don léigtoir,—ná tuigfir fé an reéal ina éeao éuairt i leabair Torna, mar ba deacair ar iuto an gnó é an oán ran to tionntóó, tá deacaireaet ann inpa Ueapla féin, bíor go leigean sac don dailtín air féin go bfuil bun ip baip an reeil aige—rin é fairean an lae inoiu! Ip faoó éuir Torna Saeóilg ar an airté rin an éeao uair i “Sinn féin” agus ip mó uair a léigear féin an iarraet ran ó poin.

Tá an tEóipacáir dá molaó as a lán na laetanta ro (Urópacáir! ip mó a éugair air), aet ceapaim gur Eóipacáir imtígte cum fiaóantair LXXXVIII do éuir or cionn ianna i mbl. a 1921: págam le huadaet gur breair liom féin “88” éanlá pa treaetmain, aet bíonn an Rómánaeair reirdeamhail!

## DUAN NA TRÍONÓIDE.

101

Éirteao sac eólae 'ran Eóipair go héaetac  
Iem reeólta go reeírtreao don traosaí san rpár  
Donnae uil' éomaetac na trócaire gur éreigear—  
    Ar nglór uile ar ngeairreair do paor rinn pa páir  
    Ar geobaire bronntac, bile mair,  
    Cabair an domhain a glaine gile  
    Fonn na bpaon ar gcomneal omis  
    Réitcean na nglár,  
Ugair na féile agus péapla na díodaeta  
    Ar gcomneumann íora do reaoitgear ar gear.

102

Cé léanao do leónao do comairtáó do éaoeao  
Do córtáó do traosaó i rreéplinn me im páir  
Glaodraora ar élo mo Crutóra do réiróis  
    An mó ro na naom dam go réanmair 'n-a bár  
    Ar gceann ar ngeann an buinne ip binne  
    Ar bpreannra ar lonnraó gem na rpríoe  
    Ar n-annraet ceannraet leim Muire  
    Ar bPhénix i oirpáe—  
Déuarcail go daonnaetac deaprac plioet íbe  
    'n-a éeapao ar an gcomneoir Dé hdoine le gnáó.

## 103

Na méirliis ip mó aḡaimn fé lóḡra na ḡréme  
 ḡac meóin uile ip éirliis 'n-a ṽrḡéite le faḡail  
 Mo léirḡeac tar beóluit na cóirḡe céaṽna  
 Móḡcórta claona mo éḡaoréuirp 'r a cáil  
 Ip fallpa ṽall me im ṽuine ṽuile  
 Ip clampḡac cam ṽo túillear teime  
 ṽream na nṽeamān, 'r a ḡcoirpe nime  
 Ina éaorṽam ḡan trāḡaṽ,  
 Dom ḡfiorṽoracṽ, 'om reólaṽ 'r 'om ṽóḡaṽ-ra aḡ ṽaolaṽ  
 I bpóna na péime 'r na péirt nime 'om éḡaṽ.

## 104

Déanam le ṽóḡar ṽeigṽeóḡac ṽeigṽéinneac  
 Deaḡṽómplac ṽeigṽéarac trḡi trḡeantuite ḡráṽa  
 An raotar an rṽóḡmar ḡo éḡóinneac ḡo éḡaṽac  
 A éḡḡar i réim rinn ar éaṽ na ṽeapṽáime  
 Ár ṽṽiaḡna cúḡra éúm an éine  
 Ár nṽia ar ḡconḡnaṽ ṽúinne cuirṽo  
 Diaṽal na éḡṽibe aḡ lúṽaṽ i liorṽacṽ  
 'S a éurṽeacṽa ṽá ṽṽnāit  
 Lucifḡer aḡ ualṽairp 'r a éuallaṽt aḡ reḡeácais  
 An pluāḡ ṽub ran réalaite réanam ḡo brāṽ.

## 105

Tá an t-aonḡerṽeam ṽ'óḡruis ṽo cómaḡliis ṽo ḡréamuis  
 Mo rṽór-ra ḡo réaṽac aḡ blaomaṽ ḡo bréāḡ  
 ṽá tréaṽa ḡo éḡóṽa ḡo hóḡṽa ḡo héreacṽ,  
 Ip ceólḡar a éṽeip 'r ip Té Deumaṽ ḡac lá  
 Forṽuis rṽoi ip reól ḡan tuirpe  
 ṽo ḡobul ṽóṽar cóip na éḡoipe  
 'S le roilṽḡóḡar rṽóḡṽac reinneam  
 Salmaṽ i brāip  
 Trḡi ṽúṽḡacṽ ṽār nṽlan ḡeal ḡo huaral ḡo haṽṽinn  
 Ip buaṽṽoṽo ḡo brḡoḡḡar linn ṽora ar ár námaṽo.

## 106

## An Ceangal:

Ip éḡac tar éḡac an éḡac ro élaṽoṽ ḡaṽla  
 Éḡac ṽo éḡac le éḡeacṽ a ḡḡic éḡeann  
 Éḡac na ḡeḡeac aḡ clanna an élaṽṽṽaḡail  
 Ó! mo éḡac níl meap ná blar ar ṽliḡe Dé ḡil.

\* \* \*

Do ṽ'é teacṽ an trḡaḡail é! Áṽt trḡi cinn ṽe leaḡḡaṽ nuṽaṽa  
 ḡaṽṽilge aṽ aḡ teacṽ ón ḡclá na laṽanta ro aḡ Connḡaṽ na  
 ḡaṽṽilge .i. ḡaṽe ḡréme 1., Scéalta Trḡúip, Scéilíní Anall.  
 Ceapaim ḡo ḡḡuil an ṽara ceann ṽioṽ ran ar ṽiol éana réin; tá  
 an éaṽ éann ullam aḡ na clóṽóipṽ, muna ḡḡuil fé inḡna rṽoḡaṽ;  
 aḡur tá an trḡíomaṽ ceann ullam cóḡ maṽt, aḡur buṽo cóip ḡo mbeaṽ

na trí cinn ar faigáil as saé n-aon rai a rroirre na linte reo an pobul. Airtí Oipeactair na bliadna 1919 tá i nSaete Spéime, agus tá airtí Oipeactair 1920 ar láim as na clódoirib fé látair i gcár go mbeir léigtoipeact go leór asainn san moill. Seaparcéalta ar n-a n-ionntóir ó teangtaeair iapaeta atá inra leabair pan Scéilíní Anall féir mar éalluigeann an teirdeal atá air. Sin leabair eile atá ar láim as na clódoirib, na hupéluici Seapra ar n-a n-ionntóir ó teangtaeair iapaeta i gcomair Oipeactair a 1920. Tá, agus a tuillead fór, aet ir leór tagairt don méir pin go fóill; beir lá eile asainn éirge-pin. Agus ir coitapaé an iuto é leabair do éur fé éir na laetanta po.

\* \* \*

Ir clor dam gur Seapra go mbeir leabairín Uirnaigte an átar Peodair ar faigáil. Tá píce róir leabair Uirnaigte ra Ueapra le faigáil, agus níor b' éirioigbáil leatopaem róir ra Saéóilz do beir asainn. Ceapaim go mbeir ceann eile as teact go luait ina áirio ro. Tá píge ann dóir go léir, agus ceannaé.

\* \* \*

Cloirim go bfuil céim ar asair dá tabairt maidir le clódoiréact an Uioibla i nSaéóilz, agus beir píil asainn go léir leir an leabair tádaetaé pan. Ir treire an buanusaó é ar éail ir ar éil ir ar acmuinn an átar Peodair 'ná éirleact nó éancapir do tóspair leir an intinn pin. Níl Saéóal gur píil tráet air ná tabairtáir pirtúir éum na hoibire pin do éur éum éirce, agus ní dóir liom gur sáda don luét éuraim a beir éitail ná reatmair maidir le teact or comair an pobul as éileam cadraé airio.

\* \* \*

### suim cíosá uí bríam:

As ro ruim éirpa uí bríam o Cillpóir go Cluain Dagaó ar an taob amuir do Uir Connallain, in a bfuil da buipel éirleacta ra bliadain ac ua bríam ann .i. trí marz go leór acur da .xx. marz ar an otaob a muir da buanna acur da Silla con: agus ir iad ro na fearainn in a fuil an éiric pin .i. da uinge acur trí marz a cCillpinne do éir acur do éumuir acur .xx. ríillings a oTullairz Cíainn, acur .xx. ríillings a nDoir an Cíopain, acur uinge doir a cCeóramuin na lizi laptapuirz, acur .xx. ríillings a ceóramuin Oíoma Deasra, acur uinge doir a Cluainapair, acur uinge doir a mBaile 1 Sáoira, acur píil ríillings pan da Baile Anada, acur uinge doir pan Mettanairz, acur uinge doir a Cluain Cianle, acur uinge doir pan Éirball, agus uinge doir pan léirman, acur .xx. ríillings pan da Seandae, acur uinge doir as Caéair da éon, acur .xx. ríillings a ceóramuin Cúilimin, acur .xx. ríillings a Ceóramuin Cluana Huallao, acur uinge comao acur uinge doir ra Círeacair acur a Cluain Sneachta acur .x. pingint comao acur uinge doir a Cluain Ceirt, acur pingint comao acur uinge doir a mDoir Luáera, acur .x. p. comao acur uinge doir a cluain Doirne, acur uinge doir a nSlinn Canann acur .x. p. comao acur .xx. ríillings a mBaile 1 buatáetáin clainn Cemneoa, acur .xx. ríillings cira acur uinge comao a mBaile 1 buatáetáin li rleacta Taroz Meic Macgáirna, acur uinge doir a

Cepnapefnos, acur rìlling acur naei nuings a Cucced Inre Meic Uaithe, acur rìlling acur naei nuings a Cucced na nSpat, acur rìlling acur nae nuings a Leacuin na Sinnae, acur oet p. dec comad a Lior Conallain, acur da rìlling comad a Cuirbreacain, acur da bono a mBaile 1 leatam, acur .xx. rìlling cira a mBaile na Cearba, acur .xx. a nliur moir, acur mays a Rorepe acur a mBaile na Caillige, acur .xx. rìlling a lir Cealla O Caola acur .xx. a lir Cealla ua nuirp, acur tpi nuings a Chapoiz, acur oet nuings .x. a tpi leocetramnaib Inre Tuiread, acur uings doir a leocetramuin na lice Mec Duiain genge.

Ag ro ruim cirpa i Duiain o tpaiz riap a Corca D. iartapuis .i. nae mapee cirpa acur .xx. rìlling comad ar an taeb a muig da Duanna acur da Sillaib con .i. da mapee ran da Maò min acur mays a ceoramuin na paolen acur mays ran Ceoramuin bain, acur mays a Trois rliab, acur mays a mBile acur a leocetramuin in Sappain, acur oet .p. acur uings doir a nUactar Airt, acur .xx. rìlling a Fotra. Agus ipat fearuinn comad Duiain ip in tpi rin:—vi. p. a Cill Beitech acur da uinge ar na Cealla Beaga, acur ceitpi bùno a Reiche iartapuo, acur ceitpi .p. .x. ann pa da otman acur ann pa Caille acur a cetar .x. ann pa Rethe oirteapac, acur a cetar .x. .vi. pa Cpoir, acur .vi. p. acur tpi nuings a Cuirpienn cuille, acur rìlling a Cluain Capann, acur rìlling a Cill Fiabna, acur a cethar .x. a mBaile 1 Eoganain, acur cetar .x. a Cilleairdi, acur da rìlling a lirr lomeadain acur a lirr Duibin acur bonn a Cill Cuirinn, acur uings a Cillin Clochar, acur .vi. p. a Romn Meic nOirs, acur rìlling a Cill Cnoine.

[A fùglac ran le teact.]

FIACRA ÈISEAC.

## List of Books Received.

- SCHMIDT, REV. GEORGE T. *The Principal Catholic Practices.* \$1.50 net. Benziger Bros.
- GOGARTY, REV. H. A., C.S.Sp. *In the Land of the Kikuyus.* M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d.
- DRIVES, REV. F. M. *A Joyful Herald of the King of Kings and Other Stories.* Sands and Company. 3s. 6d. net.
- MURPHY, JAMES. *In the Days of Owen Roe.* M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. 7s. 6d.
- Almanach Catholique Français pour 1921.* Preface par Mgr. Baudrillart de l'Académie française. Prix net, 6 fr. 50.
- Journal d'un Converti. Traduit du Hollandais par l'Auteur.* Introduction par Leon Bloy. P. Tequi, Editeur, Paris.
- Directoire Pratique pour le Clergé d'après le Nouveau Code Canonique et les Décisions récentes des Congrégations Romaines.* Pierre Tequi, 82, Rue Bonaparte, Paris.
- Vie de la Mère Marie-Madeleine Ponnet. 1re Supérieure de la Visitation de Lyon-Vassieux.* D.S.B. P. Tequi, Paris.
- Les Reconstructions Nécessaires.* Mgr. Gibier Evêque de Versailles. Tequi, Paris.
- Le Mystère de l'Eglise.* R. P. Humbert Clérissac, O.P. Préface de Jacques Maritain, Professeur à l'Institut de Paris. Tequi, Paris.

# PEARL OF ISRAEL.

By Ethna Kavanagh.

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*Abinar the Shepherd tells of Mary in Bethlehem.*  
(Continued.)

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*We entered and behold! the Child was there  
A Royal Child that spirit had not lied  
O such a lovely Babe! and wondrous wise  
His little hands outstretched as if He longed  
To clasp us to His bosom; eyes that shone  
Like stars in the dim light; sweet rosy cheeks  
Fresh as the wild rose, and His Mother, O,  
Never a fairer Mother has been seen  
Or one so young to be so sweetly crowned  
With joys of Motherhood, a little queen  
Our hearts were sore to see the poverty  
To which she was reduced; not one of us  
But had esteemed it honour to have shared  
His humble home with such a family  
For sad it was to see them share with beasts  
That little stable, though they seemed content  
Nay joyful. To my eyes the father looked  
To be a man of a great dignity,  
Gently he spoke to us, his brow serene,  
Most grave and touching words that pierced our souls  
And then we all knelt humbly down and gave  
Our hearts and lives into that Christ-Child's hands.*

(To be continued.)



*Murillo.*

ST. ANTHONY.

# THE IRISH ROSARY.

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[APRIL, 1921.]

## “The Spirit of the Legends.”

DIARMUID.

“**W**HAT the modern world wants more than anything else, what Ireland wants beyond all other modern countries, is a new birth of the heroic spirit.” Those words, to my mind, contain the history of Padraig Pearse’s labours and ideals. To accomplish that ideal, to bring back the haunting glamour and splendour of Ireland’s heroic age, to bring back the Idealism and nobility of the early Celtic civilisation and to make us to-day in this degenerate period in some dim way realise the heroic dignity of man and the beauty and virtue of woman, to make us recognise the mystic potencies of Nature and to rise above the sordid materialism of to-day, he devoted all the passionate zeal and untiring energy of his thoroughly Celtic nature. To accomplish his ideal he imbued himself with the spirit of the legends. To him they were living, breathing realities, glorious voices of a noble past, when to amass wealth was not the be-all and end-all of existence, and having made himself one with his subject, he sought to impart their sublime message to us. A finished scholar, a lawyer and a poet, he might have won fame for himself at any of the shrines at which the devotees of the world worshipped, yet he preferred the calm retreat of solitude, and alone, unknown and unbefriended he bent him to the task of uplifting a nation. A life of continual toil and trouble it was, which was finally consummated by that grim tragedy enacted in the grey dawn of that eventful May morning. Fit ending to such a career. He himself would not have wished it otherwise. It is the way of history: all those great and noble figures in the world’s history, those who have a mission from Above, pass thus. Renunciation is the one word that expresses all. Columba knew it, that gentle and refined scholar, whose grey eye would ever and anon turn from the bareness of wild Iona to rest upon the gentle home of learning and culture; Columba, who might have been a king and chose to be a beggar! It is only the expression of the One Great Figure of history. A poor, despised life He led. Men passed by and shook their heads at a doctrine that was too sublime, too transcendental for the sordid materialism of the age. He had a mission, a divine mission which was to be accomplished by a Sacrifice. He, too, was

to the world a Dreamer, an Idealist, yet withal such a One whose folly was to leaven the wisdom of a scoffing world. He was the Divine Idealist who first wrote with His Blood and perpetuated for all time the glorious mandate: "That greater love than this no man hath than that he should lay down his life for his friend."

We have seen that Padraig Pearse's life was coloured and dominated by the spirit of the legends. To him the present and the past were one, and his constant Ideal and daily endeavour were to make that spirit felt all through the country. St. Enda's was a masterpiece of human ingenuity; no one could be otherwise than impressed at the suggestiveness that was everywhere apparent. There the language was Celtic, the whole atmosphere was reminiscent of a purer age and pictures, pageants and plays all contributed to make the boys' outlook on life intensely national. As Pearse said himself: "My hope is that it will come to be regarded as a rallying point for the thought and aspirations of all those who would bring back again in Ireland that Heroic Age which reserved the highest honour for the hero who had the most child-like heart, for the king who had the largest pity, and for the poet who visioned the truest image of beauty." Now the only key to this pre-eminently Celtic atmosphere is through our legends. As another great patriot said—they furnish us with every material for hope and pride. In a certain sense the spirit of the legends begot Easter Week. Some great sublime inspiration was wanted then, some sharp antidote against the prevailing atmosphere of materialism. A sacrifice was needed, because nothing but blood could save a nation that was sunk in such moral apathy. A century of talk had done its work: it had succeeded in lulling the intellect of the country to comparative ease; we were puppets in the hands of our leaders, and they talked, yes, endlessly talked, till we became a byword among the nations. Then Pearse came to preserve the glorious tradition that in every generation there are those "who make the ultimate sacrifice with joy and laughter." His mission was a glorious one—to vindicate God's goodness in His grant "to Adam and his poor children for ever when He sent them from Eden in His wrath and bid them go work for their bread." Like that other Great Figure of history, he, too, was to accomplish his mission by a sacrifice; he, too, was to taste of the sorrow of Gethsemane, and it was only fitting that he also should taste of the bitter sweet of Calvary: "One man can free a nation as one Man redeemed the world. I will take no pike, I will go into battle with bare hands. I will stand up before the Gall as Christ hung naked before men on the tree."

The weird beauty and haunting glamour of the legends have already been recognised as important literary assets. Since the

*régime* of McPherson's forgeries their titanism and melancholic strain have been known over Europe. The Ossianic lays threw aside conventionalism and made way for spontaneity. They were the forerunners of the Romantic Movement, and undoubtedly loomed very large before the vision of such men as Lamartine, Goethe and Byron. In our own country they are the source of that great distinct branch of literature known as Anglo-Irish. If their influence was restricted to literature alone, it should still be very considerable. For us, however, they have a more surpassing interest, a higher destiny than that of being the happy hunting grounds of poets and the chief inspiration source for happy faerie-like conception and *naïveté* of expression.

They are brimful of the magnetic personality of the early Celt. His romantic idealistic spirit is everywhere apparent. Cuchullain, warned by the Druid of an early death, replies: "I care not if my life have but the space of a night and a day if my deeds be spoken of by the men of Erin." The legends reveal the early Celt to us as a lover of the beautiful in every shape and form. He delighted to indulge in rapturous sounds, and in the sublimity of his native mountains his poetic soul found fit expression. He intensely realised Nature's secret; she did not merely affect him, but formed an integral part of his very nature. So dispassionate a judge as Matthew Arnold says about this question: "The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style, his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion, his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with a wonderful felicity the magical charm of Nature."

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of all was his sense of hero worship. Being of a mystical and spiritual turn of mind, he believed that the spirits of the honoured dead, the spirits of those whom he loved and worshipped on earth, were always present. Nature herself seemed leagued with him to keep their memory green, and in the low keening of the wind, in the crash and roar of the rolling billows he heard the "voices of the spectral past" ever pointing the way to higher, nobler things.

The early Celts were a mighty passionate race, and yet all their grandeur and nobility was compatible with the simple innocence and sweet simplicity of a child. "We are the Fianna of Erin who never told a lie and to whom falsehood was never imputed." They were a mighty, colossal race who went forth to war "with strength in their hands, truth on their lips and cleanness in their hearts." In all this we must never forget that the Fianna were a happy band of brothers, banded together for the sole purpose of defending their motherland. What a doctrine here for the cultured politicians of a

later age? What an antidote to the refined teachings of Oxford, Paris, or Berlin?

So far I have touched, however inadequately, on some of the main features of the legends and on their application to us. I shall deem myself adequately compensated if my remarks succeed in prompting some of my readers to take a more kindly interest in our most treasured possession. Unfortunately at the present time there is an ever-recurring tendency, especially on the part of "beginners," to throw up their hands and sigh at the perpetual sameness of those "Fiannian Tales." The general demand is for matter of a more up-to-date and interesting character. Now no one joins more heartily than I do in voicing the latter demand. An increase of books on more topical subjects is absolutely essential if we are to bring the language up to the standard of modern requirements, but at the same time we should not do so at the expense of our legends. They are our most treasured possession. They are the voice of the glorious past, of that heroic age when men's gods were not empire and ambition. They are synonymous with nationality itself and typify all that is best and purest in the race. It is they who, finding fit homes in gentle, kindred souls, have kept the lamp of patriotism burning right down through the ages, and, as long as their message is treasured, so long will the divine spirit of freedom inflame the hearts of each and every one of us. Seen in this light, the cultivation of the legendary spirit becomes a duty, becomes part of the ordinary work of the nation building of to-day. Because, mind you, nation building is ordinary and commonplace. Some there are who seem to be always spending themselves in passionate yearnings and in dim visions of a great day that will never come. No amount of sentimentality will build a nation. Let the Irish boys and girls of to-day try to realise the message of the legends and the wonderful influence possessed by them over men of the Pearse and Casement type, and let their aim be, as in the case of Pearse, to further the spirit of those legends by all the means at their disposal.

By so doing they are doing a little towards bringing back the heroic grace and manly dignity of Cuchullain, symbolical of Ireland's heroic age; they are bringing back the gentle asceticism and sweet self-sacrifice of Columba, characteristics of the period when Ireland was the home of sanctity and learning; and not only are they labouring to fulfil poor Padraig's ideal of an Ireland "not free merely, but Gaelic as well," but above all, on a transcendently higher plane, they are, in a world of hate and blasphemy, doing a little to promote the reign of Christ, a little towards the realisation of that Ideal voiced by the Master: "Little children, love ye one another."

# A Dublin House.

PATRICIA LYNCH.

TALL and narrow for its height, the old house looks down upon the noisy tramcars where once it witnessed the dignified passing of Sedan chairs. Many houses of the kind have sunk into squalor and decay, but this, although it harbours as many different kinds of humanity as a tenement-house, has preserved its dignity and decorum. Its splendour is not tarnished, but faded.

The hall and stairs have remained the same since the furniture, no more highly-polished than to-day, came new into it, though the carpet has worn thin, and the paper on the walls, the heavy curtains and the painted woodwork, have all, whatever their original colour, become toned down to one vague dim hue. But within the rooms complete change has come. The old grates, which once burned princely logs, are now fitted with gas-fires. There are gas-cookers, carpet sweepers and mops in general use. It reminds one of a prim old lady, convinced that the days of her youth were the best, yet willing to accept the discoveries of a newer generation, especially where they make for comfort.

There is another way in which it is reminiscent of an older time—a time when patriotism was considered hardly correct in certain circles: here are neither photos of rebel leaders nor pictures of historic scenes, but delicate little water-colours overshadowed by huge, gloomy oil-paintings.

The house is a veritable cosmos. In every room are different views expressed. There are almost as many nationalities and religions represented. Among the birds of passage who pause here for a while are students up from the country to take an exam. at Trinity; foreign law students, many of them Indians, grave, courteous, and wonderfully learned; actresses and singers on tour; visitors spending a few weeks in the capital. The higher one ascends the more revolutionary and artistic are the inhabitants. The revolutionaries favour the front of the house, where one can see news in the making; the artistes the back, where long gardens, with tall, spreading trees, are divided from one another by moss-grown stone walls. "The Soldier's Song," hummed defiantly, mingles with snatches from the latest London musical comedy success, or even a trill or two of a dainty French *chanson*. Lower down, grand opera is favoured, and it has the advantage of being accompanied on a spinet-sounding piano.

From the front windows, by straining one's neck considerably, it is possible to see the corner of St. Stephen's Green.

"Over there," you point out to visitors, "round that corner you come to the Sinn Fein offices. Just there is the University. Oh, yes! there was fighting about here. Yes! Kildare Street is at that other side."

Sometimes a man plays a harp outside the old house, or a beggar woman rests upon the steps. Soldiers or a military waggon always create a sensation, and occasionally the noise of firing, a menacing sound even when harmless, startles the quiet night air. But the most constant excitement is when the newsboys rush along, shouting and waving posters and jumping up steps to sell news of the latest raid or shooting.

The artistes never buy papers. When they are not working they sit at their windows, singing like birds, and watching, with a tender, bewildered melancholy, the nuns pacing the walks of the convent garden.

Here, in a land whose passions and energy are concentrated on the affairs of to-day, two of the things eternal—religion and art, have their enthusiasts.

Yet, in front, the boys are running along the street, calling out the newest records of trouble and of violence.

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## Ireland's Tears.

DENIS O'DONOVAN.

Weeping, she has wept unheeded on the night  
Her sorrows proud and still petitionary tears,  
From those star-wearying eyes whose lonely light  
Beacons across the loom of withered years.

Ever alone she weeps; and with her weeping stirs  
Old memories of hope triumphant o'er the fears  
Of shameful death. Her prodigal grief endears  
That too much lovèd loveliness of hers  
To all whom dear distress has led Love's prisoners.

No reckless holocaust of darling youth can stay  
The passionate, proud heart's expense of tears:  
Desolate, she waits the Dawning of the Day,  
When God shall rear her throne upon the withered years.

# A Memorable Donkey Ride: or the Miller's Donkey.

ALFRED A. HARRISON.

A CERTAIN priest, now deceased, was known to his intimates by the name of Joe, or Joe Fanaticum. This by no means resembled his real name, and was, to a certain extent, self-conferred. As a boy, a student at one of our Catholic colleges, he was caught by a certain miller, riding his donkey round a field. The badge on his cap told from whence he came; for further identification the miller demanded his name, which, with great politeness and a very serious face, he gave as Joe Fanaticum.

"How do you spell it?" inquired the miller, taking out his pocket-book.

"J—a capital J, sir," began our friend.

"Yes, yes; I know all about that; it's the other—the long name—I want. I suppose it's Latin, or something."

"F, sir—a capital F—-a-n-a-t-i—my uncle spells his with a y, sir, but dad says it's i."

The miller by this time had more or less muddled up the spelling and was getting impatient. "Well, i, then; go on."

"Where was I, sir? Oh, I know, sir; cum—that's all."

"How do you spell it?"

"C-u-m, sir. May I go, sir?"

"Yes; and, don't forget, I shall be up to see the Doctor about this almost as soon as you are."

The Doctor was busy writing in his study when a servant announced that Mr. X. (the miller) desired to see him.

"Show him into the dining-room, Mary, and I will come."

Mr. X., somewhat impressed with the seriousness of his errand, and more so at interviewing such a potentate as the Head, made a polite bow, and began:

"I am sorry, Doctor, to have to——"

"Oh, don't mention it, Mr. X. I had written out your cheque and should have sent it down this afternoon. If you will come with me I will give it to you now."

"Oh, it's not the cheque at all I came for; I'm too sure of that—I wish all were like you. It's about one of your young gentlemen." (It would probably have been *boys* but for the cheque looming in the distance.) "He has been riding my donkey, and I took his name. I am sure he was very polite over the matter, and I don't

want him to be punished, only cautioned—just a few words from you, you know, Doctor.”

The Doctor pulled a very straight face and appeared deeply impressed with the enormity of the offence, although he assured me, when telling me the story in after years, that it was all he could do to repress a smile—for what boy won't ride a donkey if he gets the chance. True, he was possibly out of bounds—then school laws are not always as serious as they seem, and a slight talking (“jaw,” the boys called it) or a few lines would cover everything if the culprit happened, as in this case, to be found out.

“Sit down, Mr. X., and tell me all about it.”

The Doctor rang the bell and, on the parlourmaid's appearance, ordered her to bring glasses, etc. Mr. X. accepted the Doctor's hospitality with evident satisfaction, and related his story. Finally producing his pocket-book, he spelt out the name much after the fashion that it had been given him, not forgetting to remark on the impudence of the boy in suggesting his ignorance of where to place the capitals.

The Doctor, who had some difficulty in restraining his amusement at the fraud, ventured to suggest that there must be some mistake.

“Not at all, Doctor, not at all. I have it just as the lad spelt it. He certainly did say his uncle used a ‘y’ instead of ‘i,’ but that's all; it's perfectly correct.”

“But, Mr. X., I have no boy of that name, or anything like it, in the college. Excuse me a minute”—and he left the room, really to give vent to his feelings and reassume the necessary command of countenance requisite to his position.

On his return he inquired of Mr. X. if he could identify the culprit.

“Certainly; without doubt, Doctor.”

“Very well,” continued the Doctor. “I hear the dinner-bell ringing; so when the boys have settled down you shall go round the refectory with me and point out your man. Help yourself to another glass, and I will be back with you in a few minutes.”

Mr. X. fortified himself against the coming ordeal with rather more than one glass and, on the return of the Doctor, accompanied him to the refectory. The boys rose, as usual, to visitors: the Doctor motioned for them to sit and continue their meal. The promenade commenced. Twice they went round the tables, but either Joe Fanaticum was absent, or the Doctor's wine had blinded our friend the miller.

They returned to the dining-room and, over a parting glass, the miller came to the conclusion that he had made some sort of a mistake; that, so far as he was concerned, the matter should be dropped

for good and all; and that they were, on the whole, a good set of lads and, if they pleased, they might all ride his donkey in turn if they chose.

The mystery of the non-appearance of the culprit, Joe, was this :— The Doctor, when he left the miller to “ help himself,” had gone to the refectory and, assuming his most serious and injured manner, informed the boys that Mr. X. had come to him with a complaint, etc., etc. . . . That it was a serious matter to create ill-feeling with neighbours by, etc., etc. He informed them that Mr. X. had not obtained the culprit’s correct name, so he would pass round the tables and point out the boy he accused. In an altered tone, which could not be mistaken, he added : “ I hope Mr. Joseph Fanaticum will not be found.” Mr. Joseph took the hint, obtained leave of the Prefect, and was *not* found.

The name, however, stuck to him to the day of his death. An occasional chaffing from the Doctor and Masters was, I believe, the only penalty he paid for his ride.

## Cherub Artists.

G. F. C.

The Guardian Angels have charge of the souls  
 Who throng the Courts above,  
 And each soul has his special task to do—  
 A task of joy and love.  
 But the little children spirits play  
 Round in the gardens there,  
 And their special treat is to paint the clouds  
 At sunrise and sunset fair.  
 So every morning and evening,  
 The gladsome, frolicsome things—  
 Little cherub spirits—  
 Come flying on cherub wings,  
 Attended each by his angel,  
 And shouting aloud with glee  
 For his own little special cloudlet  
 To “ come and be painted by me !”  
 And the little cherub fingers  
 Hold colours rich and rare,  
 And they paint their little cloudlets  
 And toss them into the air.  
 And so the varying colours are thrown  
 Right up into the sky,  
 Where they float and they shine and mingle till  
 The sun comes out, and they die.

# The Friendship of Saint Catherine.

ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

THE age of faith and chivalry in Italy was, externally, an age neither of chivalry nor of faith. Murder and treachery were abroad in those days, and men feared not to offer a poniard even at the truth of Christ. It was an iconoclastic generation, threatening as it did alike the ancient sway of the Church and the most venerable institutions of the secular power. For the Signoria of Florence were flouting the sovereign mandates of the Vatican at the very time when the might of the Genoese Republic was rending in the golden fangs of the Lion of St. Mark.

But this is only the times' superficial aspect. Faith was still there, though obscured by the fierce passions of the age. Even the very paganism of the Renaissance was but superficial, for the veins of Christ's Mystical Body were still fed from the Sacred Heart. Lust and sin lived side by side with heroic repentance. The poor, by their patience, made heavenly capital of their troubled lives; the princes did penance in sackcloth, and doubtless found Jesus Christ a less pedantic guardian than a privy council. Hence it was that in those days sanctity was begotten of distress; out of the seething surges of their politics, as the foam-born goddess from the waves of the ocean, was brought forth a royal generation of saints.

Noteworthy is the part played by these saints, especially those of the Friars Preachers, in public life. The streams made by the lives of St. Dominic himself, of St. Catherine of Siena, the subject of this essay, of Savonarola and Pius V., have left an ineffaceable delta in the destinies of modern Europe. One would say they had set out to illustrate in themselves the paradox that an unworldly man may yet be a man of the world. For it was an age when the Church was militant, not merely in the mystical sense, when her warfare was as well against lance and arquebuse as against powers and dominations.

When the world thinks of Catherine Benincara it calls to mind a character of singular complexity, wherein angelic contemplation is united with shrewd practicality, stately courtesy with prophetic wrath, the wisdom of a serpent with the simplicity of a dove. But to those who know her best she will ever bear the single name of Catherine, the perfect friend. Charity is indeed the breath that has inspired all the saints; their love of man is the necessary reflection upon the shades of outward things of their love for Christ.

And Catherine, too, loved men primarily for the sake of the Blood that had won them. But she was drawn very close to them also by her depth of human pity. For charity took in her the specific form of friendship, and it is this unique gift of friendship which is at once the key to her labyrinthine personality and the source of her unwaning charm.

The account of how this *popolana* gathered beneath the wings of her grave spirit the hot-blooded young nobles of the *Quattrocento*, or advised with equal authority her aged peasant mother and the infidel Queen of Naples is a twice-told tale. There is no longer need to speak of Fra Raimundo of Capua, nor of Stefano Maconi, her beloved in Christ, nor of that other whom, despite himself, she rescued from the powers of darkness, nor of all that wondering monastery of which she was less the superioress than the incarnate spirit of fervour. These things are not unknown; for the world which has buried the empires of the past in the dust of oblivion has revered the memory of St. Catherine, the dyer's daughter, and has raised up for ever even her little and most unmomentous acts above the rolling currents of the immemorial ages.

Such was her affection for men; what, then, of her affection for man? And here we touch a loftier species of friendship; for the lure of an individual friend's gratitude may mingle self-love even with self-denial, but no man has ever complained of a surfeit of gratitude from the public. And Catherine greatly served the public. She aimed at consolidating the feudal sovereignty of the Pope, and howbeit the principle involved therein was destined to remain in history only a half-realised ideal it was notably forwarded by her and even in these days of canonised democracy is yet a latent factor in political thought. It is the ideal pursued by the wisest of the ancient sages in the philosopher-king, the ideal of which constitutional monarchy is the modern compromise, wherein doubtless the king, in lieu of a conscience, is provided with a parliament.

For Catherine pledged her fealty to no faction, nor even unreservedly to any one nation. She was most truly a cosmopolitan in politics, and to her eyes thus unveiled of all prejudice came a breadth of vision and a keen insight foreign to all the forsworn statesmen of her day. It is by virtue of these acts and still more of the consuming charity that enkindled them that she may fitly be hailed the mother of her generation. Indeed she is an aftertype of Mary, for what Mary was to Jesus, Catherine was, in great measure, to His Mystical Body, and to him whom she never ceased to call the Christ on earth. She it was who guided his counsels at all times, and when the world had deserted him she shrank not from standing beneath that crucified spirit in the sight of all men with the words

of exhortation on her lips. Then, after his lying entombed in the deadly luxury and corrupting sunlight of Avignon, was not she the first to cry "Hosanna" to him who had arisen upon that later Easter in the streets of Rome? And when thereafter the tribulation of false doctrine scourged the consciences of men her prayers ascended to heaven on their behalf as formerly the prayers of Mary had gone up out of Ephesus to invoke the dew of benediction on the labours of the infant Church.

Like Mary, too, though only as the shadow to the substance, was she in her intimacy with Christ Our Lord Himself. Veritably words here are weak and vain. Perhaps none of the saints have left us so simple and complete a narrative of their mystical idyls, and yet one so fraught with mystery. With features clearly outlined against the vast turmoil of mediæval society, practical as she was in the affairs of every day, she yet rises before us in her spiritual aspect like the memory of a dream. She is veiled in luminousness, a sun hidden in the intensity of its own brightness. Invested with the halo of an epic heroine, she seems, like Joan of Arc, to bear more affinity to Brünnhild or Queen Maeve than to the almost aggressively human personality of St. Teresa. And so her retrospect, like that of the Holy Grail, hovers dimly athwart the misty bourne that divides the world of history from the regions of romance.

Yet her soul only followed a common law of spiritual physics. As Our Lord once foretold in other words, Calvary is the moon that draws the tides of all our souls. The soul is not raised to God by man; it is released and flies to Him of itself. Yet men are barred at times from this union by the burden of the body that binds them to the ground. And so most of them, feeble and irresolute, unable to cut off one love or the other, to be wholly foolish or generously wise, spend their lives in listless ebb and flow between the two poles of heaven and of earth.

But the lionhearted spirit of St. Catherine never professed the philosophy of mediocrity. In her abnegation she reserved nothing and soared without effort into those uncharted coasts where a strange soul-sence latent in man beholds spiritual things in their essence as the grosser senses of earth perceive material things by their accidents. It is a state where, as St. Teresa says, the eyes close involuntarily and the ears hear no more. Deep called on deep, Catherine on Christ, and in an instant she traversed all the infinite expanse that severs matter from spirit, earth from heaven, and entered into that embrace of Christ that passes understanding. She became almost a metaphor of Christ; she seemed transfigured into Christ. Even her letters upon earth are signed not with her own

name, but with the words "Sweet Jesus, Jesus Love,"—the words as it were of a private secretary whose lips are held in fee by another. Nor is that dread incident without significance wherein Fra Raimundo of Capua one day asked her for a warrant of the truth of her words, and all at once the pale features of Catherine were changed to the thorn-crowned brow divine of the Man of Sorrows.

So in the service of these three friendships—of her disciples, of all mankind, and transcendently of Christ—she passed her days. And at last, fordone with the hard travail of the years, when her life was drawing to its close, the consummation of her sacrifice was demanded of her. She who had lived in light was to find death in darkness, pierced, like her greater prototype, with a sword of seven dolours. As Christ had forgone the sight of His Father on the Cross for the love of men, so now Catherine consented to be bereaven of the vision of her Friend of Friends that peace might again make whole the wounded Church. Princess of the blood of suffering, she proved her royal lineage from a crucified King, and, on the 29th of April, 1380, died, leaving to the world the memory of a dedicated life, the renown of heroic abnegation.

Folded now are the hands that shed healing upon men, level with the dust is the wan sweetness of that countenance, and the lips that uttered the *arcana Dei* are sealed for ever. But death, which has laid the body to rest for a space nor permitted its hallowed members to be dissolved, has translated the soul into an everlasting kingdom. She has but changed life for immortality, and even upon earth her words still burn with insistent flame. Brave and tender heart, virile in her hardihood, childlike in the spontaneity of her love, she looks out upon us from the midst of her vivid, but unchastened generation with those mournful eyes wherein broods the light of old and deathless things, setting in her single self a token that they who for the love of God have cast their bread upon the running waters shall draw it once more in measure unstinted from the deep in the far regeneration of the world.

# Philomena the Beloved.

E. SETON.

## IV.

### A WORLD-WIDE EMPIRE.

“THE chief miracle which distinguishes and glorifies S. Philomena above other Saints, is the astonishing rapidity with which the devotion to her has spread. Saints are generally invoked and honoured more in certain places than in others; in the land of their birth or death, or on the scene of some of their most glorious works; but the love and veneration felt for this youthful Virgin Martyr knows no distinction of nation, it reaches to the bounds of the earth,” says the *History of S. Philomena*. “Her pictures, statues, the books that relate her miracles, have been carried by zealous missionaries to France, Spain, Belgium, Sicily, Algiers, Syria and Turkey, to all parts of India, to China, Japan, and America; from the North to the South, from the rising to the setting of the sun. In Europe, devotion to her is ever increasing, not only in country villages, but in the most populous cities and celebrated sanctuaries.”

The seal of Rome was officially set on the great devotion to S. Philomena in 1836, after repeated applications had been made to the Holy See by both the Bishops and the faithful. It was the marvellous and celebrated cure of Mademoiselle Jaricot, the foundress of the Living Rosary (which is under the patronage of S. Philomena, a title given her by Gregory XVI. and confirmed by Pope Pius IX.), and of the world-wide work of the Holy Childhood for abandoned and dying Chinese infants. She was the friend of the Blessed Curé d'Ars, and to him she communicated her own ardent devotion to the young Virgin Martyr who had miraculously cured her of a terrible complication of diseases at her own shrine in Mugnano. This saintly soul had suffered for years from an inward disease, the seat of which was in the heart, whose fearful palpitations had raised the ribs and had caused an internal wound so grave that she could hardly swallow even a few drops of liquid nourishment and to counteract which the physician had established two large exterior wounds. In this condition she had been confined to her bed, hardly able to move, for a couple of years, and her death was expected at any moment by her doctor, who only continued his visits to her out of personal friendship, knowing that he could do nothing further for her. It was while in this state that, after having had some improvement in her suffering state

granted her after novenas to S. Philomena,—of whom she had but newly heard—she was inspired with the daring idea of setting out on the long, long journey to Rome, in those days a serious undertaking even for those in good health. Tentatively, she one day asked the doctor whether it would be possible for her to go any distance. The poor doctor, thinking she was delirious, would not reply at first, but on being pressed, gave it as his opinion that as nothing had explained her prolonged existence for some time back, she might, strictly speaking, satisfy her desire for change if she liked. A little later he endeavoured to retract this half-permission. But Pauline had made up her mind. Without disclosing her whole plan, she arranged to travel, lying on a couch, in a post-chaise, taking with her a couple of attendants and her chaplain, as far as the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart and of S. Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial. Here she spent a whole day in holiest devotion in the sacred chapel where Our Lord appeared, and then, instead of returning home, proceeded farther on her way. . . At length, *via* Annecy and Chambéry, and across the Alps, by very slow stages, as the motion distressed her so much (she was unable to speak, in these circumstances)) she at last reached Rome, where the Sacred Heart nuns at the *Trinità dei Monti* (where the famous *Mater admirabilis* fresco is), received her with all respect and affection. To this convent the Holy Father, Gregory XVI., knowing her devotion and her good works, came personally to see her, granting her all the blessings and favours possible. Mademoiselle Jaricot besought him to take up the cause of the formal canonisation of the miracle-working Virgin Martyr, asking him if he would promise her to do this should she return to Rome cured from Mugnano. And the Pontiff, looking on the wasted and suffering invalid before him with the gentlest compassion, answered that he would certainly do so, “for that would be a miracle of the first class, my child,” he said. And he added, to the Superioress, in Italian, “How ill our daughter is—we shall never see her more. She will never return.” The Ven. Pauline heard him, and she smiled, for she understood.

The history of her slow journey to Mugnano, outside Naples, is a record of the utmost faith and heroic patience, for many a time they thought she would die. She was at length carried to the holy shrine in a large chair, and there she spent some days, happy with the bliss of heaven itself. And there, after Holy Communion, one morning, her cure was granted to her, accompanied by physical pain and spiritual joy so great that she thought herself dying and entering Heaven. It was a public festival to the good people of Mugnano who had vied—noisily enough, at times—with one another in insisting on the “cure of the holy French lady who has come so far

to see thee, Philomena," as they said. And two months later, Pauline, full of strength and vitality, presented herself at the Vatican to show in her own person the marvellous power of the great Virgin Martyr of the Roman Catacombs.

Nothing could exceed the joy and astonishment of Gregory XVI. He gave her permission to fulfil her vow of building in Fourvières (where there is a celebrated miraculous shrine of Our Lady) a chapel to her Patroness, and promised to proceed without delay to the definite examination of a cause dear to all Catholic hearts. She was made to tell him every detail of her visit, and he told her to walk up and down the hall before him that he might know "it is no apparition, but truly my dear child from Fourvières." He lavished fresh spiritual favours upon her, and desired her to remain a year in Rome that the miracle of her cure might be thoroughly investigated and seen to be permanent.

After this miracle Gregory XVI. requested the Sacred Congregation of Rites to debate whether or not a Decree authorising the public worship of S. Philomena should be promulgated; their reply was in the affirmative, on September 6th, 1834. Yet even then, the Holy Father kept silent for two years longer, only giving judgment "when he had prayed much, had seen with his own eyes the extraordinary cure worked by the Saint on Pauline Marie Jaricot, already described, and had heard authentic reports of the many prodigies of the Saint."

Thus on January 30th, 1837, a Decree authorising devotion to S. Philomena and granting leave to the clergy of Nola (the diocese in which Mugnano is situated) to say in honour of the Virgin Wonder-worker the Office and Mass from the Common of a Virgin Martyr with the prayer *Deus qui inter cætera* and a Proper Fourth Lesson. This Lesson, revised by Cardinal Pedicini (Prefect of the Congregation of Rites) and by the *Promotor Fidei*, was officially introduced into the Roman Breviary in the Supplement *Pro aliquibus locis*. It forms the whole of the First and part of the Second of the three Lessons afterwards (January 11th, 1855) granted in honour of the Saint.

Shortly after, many other Bishops sought and obtained for their own dioceses the favours granted to that of Nola. The Saint's feast was inserted in the Calendar of the Roman clergy and her Office placed in the Proper *Pro clero urbis* for August 19th. In March, 1839, the same Pope, by a decree of the Congregation of Rites, gave leave to the Mugnano clergy to observe the festival as a greater double, and "in like manner on January 1st, 1841, he raised it to a double of the second class."

In 1854 (January 11th) the Decree *Etsi decimo sexto* of the Sacred

Congregation of Rites, approved by the Pontiff, granted the clergy of Mugnano leave to celebrate the Saint's feast with the Proper Office and Mass, which was also approved by the Sovereign Pontiff. It should be noted that this is *the only instance of a Proper Office being granted in honour of a Saint from the Catacombs of whom nothing was known except her name and the fact of her martyrdom*. S. Philomena's chief Feast is August 11th, fixed for this day by Pope Gregory XVI. by Decree; the feast of her Finding in the Catacombs is kept on May 25th; her Patronage falls on the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension; and the devotion of many, notably in France and at the Wonder-worker's already famous shrine at S. Monica's Priory, Hoddesdon, Herts., also celebrates with public novenas the Virgin Martyr's birthday, January 10th. "This day, as well as August 10th, the anniversary of her martyrdom," says an Irish priest of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, Father Braughall (himself favoured when in Italy with a vision of the sweet Saint), in his *Reminiscences*, "is signalised by God with many miracles and favours for her clients."

Pope Leo XIII., after reading Don Francesco di Lucia's book on the Saint's many marvellous miracles, was filled with admiration for her. He authorised the erection of chapels in her honour and blessed the Sisterhood of vowed women who lead the lives of religious in their own homes and who are known as the *Monacelle* or Little Sisters of S. Philomena.

Pope Gregory XVI. never spoke of her other than as "the great Saint," or "The Thaumaturga of the nineteenth century." He it was who named her Patroness of the Living Rosary; he blessed a beautiful picture of her for public veneration at the Caravita in Rome; and he presented a large silver and gold lamp to her sanctuary at Mugnano. Pope Pius IX., who had been cured by S. Philomena while he was still Archbishop of Imola, made a personal pilgrimage to Mugnano as Holy Father, in memory of which the Rectors of the famous Church of Our Lady of Graces there have the privilege of wearing the dress of prelates and of officiating in pontificals. He also granted many indulgences to all visiting the sanctuary, and other privileges. In 1863 this saintly Pope named Philomena, Mary's well-beloved Child, the Patroness of the Children of Mary—a fact too little known. Pope Leo XIII. made many gifts to the sanctuary and enriched S. Philomena's Confraternities with numerous Indulgences. Our late Holy Father also, Pope Pius X., presented a valuable ring to the sweet Saint on the occasion of the Centenary Celebrations in 1905.

Enough has now been said to show the solid foundations upon which the universal Catholic devotion to this lovable Virgin Martyr

is based, and that this worship, with all its marvels, has its accredited and important place in the Church of God. Before solemnly canonising S. Philomena, as we have seen, Pope Gregory hesitated long, and, to quote the *History*, "treated this affair with the maturity and prudent circumspection which preside over all the decisions of Rome: because it was an important matter, requiring to be carefully and deliberately weighed, on account of its novelty in the Church and the marvellous circumstances accompanying it."

"The teaching of our Mother the holy Roman Church," observes S. Philomena's devoted client, Mgr. Deschamps du Manoir, who has written many books upon the Saint and her innumerable marvels, "is limited to this—that S. Philomena is a Virgin, a Martyr, and a Thaumaturga or Miracle-worker, and these three words circle her brow with a three-fold aureole and a threefold garland."

From Italy devotion to our wonder-working Saint—to whom many bear witness that she is never prayed to in vain, whatever be her clients' necessities—spread, through Mademoiselle Jaricot and the Blessed Curé d'Ars, very widely in France. Commencing in Fourvières and Lyons, it spread to Ars, where the holy Curé propagated it wonderfully, obtaining countless favours from "his little agent or Consul in heaven," as he was wont to style her, for his flock and for all who recommended themselves to him. To Mgr. de Brésillac, founder of the Society of the African Missions, when everything and everyone, including the Holy Father himself, considered that his project of evangelising the natives of North Africa could not be carried out at the time, since "establishing the mission and sending missionaries to Dahomey and the inhospitable coasts of Guinea was condemning them to slaughter," he assured success and exhorted him to perseverance. These predictions were verified in a very short time, and the Holy Father showered down blessings on the numerous company of apostolic volunteers. This counsel was given to the Blessed Curé by S. Philomena, after he had made a novena to her concerning the matter on which Mgr. de Brésillac had consulted him. So that she is in a sense the foundress of this holy Society which has accomplished such mighty works.

Cures, money for his needy flock, the extinction of a fire in his house by means of the Saint's relic, all were obtained by the holy man. Mademoiselle Jaricot had said to him, when giving him a portion of the relics she had obtained at Mugnano, "Have full confidence in this great Saint, she will obtain you all that you ask." This is a testimony borne by many—Pope Gregory XVI. said to the Ven. Pauline and the Living Rosary Associates, "Pray to S. Philomena, whatever you ask from her she will obtain for you":

the Blessed Curé frequently exhorted his hearers to have recourse to her, "S. Philomena has great power with God," he said, "and she has a kind heart; let us pray confidently to her, her virginity and generosity in embracing her heroic martyrdom have made her so dear to God that He will never refuse her anything that she asks for us": Père Rigaud, a missionary in the Island of Dominica in the West Indies, preaching at a First Communion and Confirmation which had been followed by a Consecration to Our Lady and to S. Philomena (and who had himself been cured by the Saint), said, "You must love Philomena and pray to her, for no one invokes her in vain": and a priest of the writer's acquaintance also testifies, like Pope Gregory, "Whatever you ask S. Philomena for, she will obtain for you."

The Blessed Curé d'Ars distributed an immense number of the Saint's medals, and these were the channel of many blessings. The present writer knows personally of innumerable cases in which the Saint had bestowed favours, sometimes the most striking, on those who testify their devotion and confidence by carrying in their purses a medal of her, thus placing their temporalities under her care. She has multiplied proofs of her sympathy and watchful care for poor widows, for harassed mothers of households, for young men, for girls earning their livelihood,—for each and all she has some mark of friendship, some providential help, great or small. "Since I commenced devotion to S. Philomena," wrote a Dublin Knight of the Blessed Sacrament in 1920, "everything has gone well with me, notwithstanding the times in which we live": "I find S. Philomena *wonderful* for giving me money when I require it," is a nurse's testimony, coming from Liverpool: "I had to undergo a serious and costly operation and feared the loss of my position, owing to my absence; I had recourse to S. Philomena and not only did the doctor reduce the fee considerably for me, but the firm gave me six weeks' holiday and £10 towards my expenses," wrote a business girl in London: "I keep the dear Saint's medal in my purse and you may be sure it is very rarely empty now, though before I had recourse to her I often did not know where to turn for a copper," is a Bootle working-woman's testimony: from the same place a grateful acknowledgment of help out of pressing debt, after prayer to the Saint, was also sent: a young journalist in London warmly thanks the Saint for entrance into the pages of a periodical with which it seemed impossible to achieve any success, also for wonderful monetary assistance: a poor Convent also thanks the Virgin Martyr for her help to them, "without which I do not know what we should have done last year."

The Blessed Curé d'Ars consecrated himself to the Saint's ser-

vice by a special vow; his exhortations were full of her praises; his modest church, where he enshrined the relic which had been given him and which "soon became the instrument of thousands of miracles, both cures of body and conversion of souls, as did the Oil which burned in her lamp," was eloquently adorned with thousands of crutches, mute witnesses to the power and kindness of the Virgin Martyr. "It has justly been said," observes the *History*, "that the holy Curé of Ars owes in part his celebrity in the Catholic world to S. Philomena, while the Virgin Martyr, on the other hand, owes the rapid and universal spread of the devotion to her in France partly to the zeal of the Curé of Ars."

All France is now covered with the Saint's sanctuaries and churches, no diocese is without one, her pilgrimages are frequent, "and produce great amelioration in the masses." The records of the foundation of very many of these sanctuaries, some having the most modest beginnings and being helped financially by the Saint in a remarkable manner, are striking and full of consolation. Every year fresh statues of "the invincible S. Philomena" are erected, also her confraternities, and in the country parts of France the people themselves frequently organise processions from a number of parishes, walking to any church which may have a statue of her and there proffering their requests. Her three festivals are kept with public novenas: she was a great protectress to them during the troubled times of the Commune and in the Franco-German War; she was the inspirer of the National Pilgrimages for which France is famous and one of which carried with it a large statue of her to be erected by the celebrated Father Herman Ratisbonne in the Basilica of the Ecce Homo at Jerusalem.

Only a couple of years ago S. Philomena bestowed a signal instance of her protection upon the holy Carmelites of the poor Carmel of Florence. During a socialistic riot the crowd, which had been plundering the city for several days, came out to where the Sisters lodged (their convent having been turned into a military hospital during the war), shouting, "Let us go to the nuns!" Terrified, the nuns, who lodged in a lonely place outside the town, invoked Our Lady of Mount Carmel and affixed a little picture of S. Philomena to their turn or Enclosure door, praying her to "keep away those who do not love Jesus and Mary from our house." When within a few yards of the gates the howling crowd suddenly quietened, and then peacefully dispersed, leaving the house and Sisters untouched. S. Philomena has also protected her clients from danger during the Irish military raids.

Not only Italy and France (which both possess Sisterhoods under the invocation of S. Philomena) know and love Philomena the

Beloved, but Switzerland, Ireland, Spain, Germany, Poland, England, Austria, all re-echo her praises. In the East she is well known—a beautiful chapel is dedicated to her in Constantinople and there are pictures of her in five parish churches there; she is also very kind to all who invoke her: devotion to her was introduced into Damascus in 1838: her fame was widely spread in the Holy Land owing to her miraculous cure of two Franciscan lay brothers at Jerusalem in 1840: at Aleppo she astounded the Turks and Syrians by curing a sick lady and raising to life a little dead child—this latter belong to a class of miracles in which our Saint's power is authentic and has been repeatedly shown: in China there is much devotion to her and the *Tesoro* at Mugnano contains two charming pictures of her painted by her clients of the Celestial Empire: in Africa a number of beautiful and popular shrines of her have been raised in the churches: in Kurdistan she is known: in America, North and South, she has signalised herself by miracles and cures, spiritual and temporal, the improvement of parishes in towns where vice was rampant (in Demerara, by the introduction of confraternities in her honour whose members made a public monthly Communion), and by favours of every kind, too numerous to mention. She was introduced into New York by the fame of a cure instantaneously bestowed by her upon a lame cripple on his receiving a medal of her, and so great did the devotion to her become that the Vincentian Fathers (who have the privilege of blessing her Cord) obtained leave from the Holy See to celebrate her feast with Proper Office and Mass. Pittsburgh is another centre of devotion to her; Canada knows and loves her; in New Hampshire a house of Sisters of Mercy (who conduct the monthly known as *The Magnificat*) have received great favours from her; in Chili, Dominica, Venezuela, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Cayenne, she is loved and her Cord much worn. Her fame is in Australia, in Buenos Ayres; in Molokai, Father Damien found a chapel to her among his poor lepers.

The Saint's Cord, one of the four authorised by the Church, was solemnly approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and in April, 1884, Pope Leo XIII. issued an Apostolic Brief granting many indulgences in perpetuity to this devotion, giving the faculty of blessing them to the Vincentian Fathers, to whom, four years later, he also gave power to delegate this faculty to other priests. Many Cords of the Saint had been in use even before this solemn approval, and many had been distributed by the Blessed Curé d'Ars. In the Form of Blessing the Church prays *Liberet te ab omni malo*, and, says the *History* (edited by the late Father Bowen of the Oratory), "many see in it a means of grace to protect

them against every ill of soul and body—a confidence which might be deemed excessive were it not founded on two very secure bases, the credit of Holy Church and that of S. Philomena. . . . If the Church deigns to attach the favours indicated in these prayers” (favours for soul and body), “none will dare to affirm that our hopes are in vain. This is not a question of faith, but of sight, for the marvels worked by the protection of this holy Virgin have been so striking, so multiplied on every side, that she has rightly earned the glorious name of *Thaumaturga*. . . . Death itself retires . . . a word from her stills tempests, extinguishes fires, even the devastating torrents respect (her).” Greater miracles than He Himself had worked were promised by Our Lord to be in His Apostles’ power, and to each one of us at our entry into bliss He has promised to say, *Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord*. Is it not one of His joys to do us good? And to the faith and humility of His needy children He has at all times vouchsafed to grant helps and favours through the medium of physical and often trifling objects—as with the river water which cleansed the leprosy of Naaman, and the mud with which His own divine hand deigned to touch and enlighten the blind man.

These Cords have been—and still are, even to the present writer’s knowledge—the means of very many great blessings and protections to those clients of the Saint who wear them devoutly. Red and white, in memory of the Saint’s virginity and martyrdom, they are worn throughout the world, particularly by members of S. Philomena’s innumerable Confraternities and Associations, notably the great Paris one, *l’Archiconfrérie Universelle*, and the already very numerous *Little Company of the Blessed Sacrament and S. Philomena*, established at the Augustinian Canonesses’ house of Perpetual Adoration, S. Monica’s Priory, Hoddesdon, Herts. This Association, having ecclesiastical approbation, has very simple Rules and deserves to be widely known.<sup>1</sup> From this house also the Saint’s Cords (duly blessed), her Chaplets, and the Oil which has so constantly proved miraculous, may all be had; and here at S. Philomena’s well-known shrine, petitions may be sent to lie at any time, particularly during the three public novenas of the year, in which so many are glad to join by letter and prayer with the “White Nuns of the Altar,” and to share in the benefits of the Mass offered for the intentions of all. “A book might be written,”

<sup>1</sup> Membership entails merely registration at S. Monica’s Priory, a daily *Gloria and Aspiration*, an annual offering of one shilling for the needs of the Altar, S. Philomena’s Lamp (burning perpetually for Associates), and the Convent, the wearing of the Cord, and Communion when circumstances permit. Associates have a monthly Mass, daily prayers, the Lamp, and share in all the Community’s good works.

observed one of the nuns recently, "compiled of the letters of thanksgiving we receive for favours received through the Saint and for cures obtained through prayer to her and the devout use of her Cord and Oil." May this *Little Company* of the martyred Spouse of Jesus-Hostia, who is said to have revealed that her vocation to Virginity and consequently to Martyrdom also, was a First Communion grace, quickened and brightened by Daily Communion, may it increase and multiply. Other shrines of the Saint in England are those at the Augustinian house at Newton Abbot, at the Servite Priory in Stamford Hill, in the Catholic church at King's Lynn, and there are statues to her in at least two London churches, one being S. Joseph's in East Greenwich, and the other the Brompton Oratory.

From all parts of the world our Saint's clients have come to visit her shrine at Mugnano, and the roll of honour includes royal names—we may mention Ferdinand II., King of Naples, two Queens of Naples and one of Sardinia, Queen Marie Amelie of France, consort of Louis Philippe, an Archduke of Austria, an Infant of Spain, who painted a picture of the beheading of the Saint which hangs in her *Capella Sepolcrale*, the Empress of Brazil, Cardinals innumerable (including Weld and Acton), Archbishops, Bishops, heads of Religious Orders, priests, religious (amongst the latter one of the favoured children to whom Our Lady manifested herself on the mountain of La Salette, little Melanie, was there). Among the eminently holy souls specially devout to her may be named the Ven. Mother Barat, foundress of the Sacred Heart nuns; Père Varin, the celebrated Jesuit; the Ven. Père Eymard, founder of the Priests of the Most Holy Sacrament; M. Dupont, the fellow-worker of the Ven. Sister S. Peter in the popularising of devotion to the Holy Face and known as the "Holy Man of Tours," and the proto-martyr of Oceania, Blessed Peter Chanel.

The miracles wrought by the Saint's relics, or any little piece of cloth which has touched them, even by her pictures and medals, are innumerable. I shall cite only three, all having occurred in the last year or so. An acute case of blood-poisoning in the hands of a poor Irish woman, for which hospital treatment had proved useless, occurred in the North of London. She was unable to use them to do anything for herself or her baby. What made her case harder was that she was dependent on her hands for the means of livelihood, as she was a charwoman. She and some friends made the novena for the Saint's August Feast, the 11th, and though the hands were in terrible pain, and were a mass of festering sores when she began on the 2nd, on the 11th she was scrubbing out a large

college in the North of London. She and her friend waited until Christmas before making any acknowledgment of the favour, in order to see if the cure were permanent. She has had no recurrence of the trouble.

A little relic of ribbon which had touched the Saint's relics was given to a devout Catholic girl in Bolton. Her father, a non-Catholic and an invalid, being very ill with nose-bleeding which could not be stopped and which the doctor said must end fatally, as it came from the heart, had the relic held to his head while the Saint was invoked on his behalf. After a little the bleeding entirely ceased, and the relic was left under his pillow. A few days later he asked of his own accord to be received into the Church, and made his First Communion with the utmost joy. He died, some months later, a holy and happy death. The girl herself had previously been cured of a twist at the back of the nose, for which the doctors said an operation was necessary, by prayer and the use of the relic; after an X-ray examination the surprised physician declared that everything was perfectly normal.

The third case shall be quoted in the words of the Dublin widow who related it: "The little girl is quite well and has been at home for a week. The night I received the little relic for her she was unconscious in hospital and the doctors were expecting her death at any moment. I sent in the relic that same night by her brother, and she seemed to recover from that moment, thank God. The doctors said it was a most miraculous recovery, as she was suffering from the worst form of heart disease. She hiccupped twice, and the last time brought the heart into its proper place."

S. Philomena helps priests, missionaries, nuns, hospitals, devout enterprises of every kind. Schools, orphanages, works of charity, all are placed, and efficaciously, under her patronage. She brings joy to the sorrowful, provides food for starving religious and requisites for needy churches—the writer was recently given a striking instance of this latter kind, which took place some years ago in an English parish. Devotion to her in Ireland is great, and everywhere rewarded by wonderful response. She is powerful in obtaining peace of mind for the scrupulous and uneasy, as well as help for the hungry and needy. Theologians and priests of standing have said of her what is said in higher degree of the mighty S. Joseph: *To other Saints is granted the power of helping us in one necessity or another, but to this Saint, in all.* She is a Saint with a special mission to our twentieth century, when, as in her own third one, men run after pagan and occult things, an age whose strange, foolish philosophies and blank unbelief pave the way for the diabolic wiles of Spiritism. For Philomena (as the fiends them-

selves asserted in a case of possession in which an exorcist had been called in) is terrible to the devils.

This world-wide domain, this universal power wielded by one of the faithful children of God, one of His great Virgin lovers, surely manifest to us the royalty of God's recompenses. If the story of her life and martyrdom be indeed her authentic record—and there is much reason to suppose it—she surrendered generously into the hands of her divine Spouse a world-wide sway, the limitless empire of the Cæsars, an unbounded power of doing good to the needy and sorrowful in the vast dominions which, for one little word, could have been hers. She cast aside the purple of Imperial Rome for the purple robe of blood which her Spouse had worn on Calvary; she threw down the sceptre of the whole earth at His feet—could He be outdone in generosity? Had she become Mistress of that ancient classical world, she could not, with all the treasures of Rome, the art of Greece, the luxury of the East, have cured an incurable disease, mended a broken heart, or converted a sinful soul. But now she may, and she does, pour out, for uncounted years, the very treasures of God. Is He not, after all, her Spouse, and has not so faithful and loving a heart every claim upon her Bridegroom's omnipotence and love? *Scio cui credidi!* cries the great Apostle and Martyr S. Paul, enraptured as he thinks upon the Faithful Heart of Christ.

Our heavenly Princess is truly named the Beloved; she awakens the warmest affection in her clients' souls. "The cause of all this is not far to seek," as the *History* assures us, "it lies in the extraordinary graces and favours which she showers down in profusion wherever she is honoured and invoked."

# Voices From Out the Past.

M. J. CAREY.

THE story I am about to tell is a true one in all its details. It was told, and retold, more than once to a friend of mine, when she was a child, by an old servant who was born and grew up in the village attached to "O'Harabrook," and this friend has lately told it to me. Some time towards the middle of the last century, the O'Hara family, or that portion of it which had settled North of the Boyne, was in the condition in which so many of the old Irish families were then to be found—that is, it was divided into two branches; one, which had conformed to the State religion, prosperous and honoured; and the other, which had clung to the Faith of their fathers, poor and almost unknown, living humbly, thankful to be allowed to cultivate in peace the little bit of land they were still able to hold as their own. It is with the representative of the first-named house that this little tale is concerned. Squire O'Hara, of O'Harabrook, a jovial and imposing person, had reached the age of forty, and was yet unmarried; indeed, until then he had shown no inclination whatever to change his state of bachelorhood. Devoted to an outdoor life, his long days in the saddle, varied by an occasional sitting on the magisterial bench, or a meeting and a dinner with his fellow-magistrates of the county, had hitherto given him an all-sufficiency of world-interest. But now, at forty, a touch of "rheumatism"—he would not call it gout—added to an unaccustomed stiffness in mounting his horse, and a quite undesirable discomfort when mounted, caused him to look more and more at home for ease and peace; but in his house they were not easy to find, for a crowd of women-servants managed its internal economy in the happy-go-lucky fashion peculiar to the time and country, and not one among them would brook a man's interference or direction.

So the Squire, one day after kicking a great pot of boiling water down the front staircase, and saving himself from following it only by a desperate socket-wrenching clutch at the bannisters, sat down at his desk in his untidy study and wrote out an advertisement for "a housekeeper to manage a gentleman's house," etc., and sent it forthwith to a London paper. Several replies were forwarded to him in due course. Of these the one which pleased him best was from a young French girl, evidently a lady, very simply and modestly worded, to the effect that she had come to London from France a few months before with her father, who had since died, after a short illness, leaving her quite unprovided for, so that she

was obliged to seek a situation somewhere; and, being a Catholic, she was delighted to find an opening in Catholic Ireland, where, after her beloved France, she would feel most at home. Mr. O'Hara did not consider that he himself was obliged to enlighten her with regard to his own religion, or want of religion, so he wrote saying he wished to engage her, and enclosed a cheque for travelling expenses, adding a word that the sooner she arrived the better he should be pleased.

A few days later a tall, gentle-looking girl entered the never-closed door of O'Harabrook and took up her abode in the great house to which, since she had read Squire O'Hara's letter, she had looked forward as a peaceful home, at least for some years to come. For was not Ireland a Catholic land, and so twin-sister to her own beautiful country? No slightest doubt that her employer might differ from her in Faith crossed her mind. And the mental picture she had sketched of him, the inspiration for which was derived from the kindliness of his written word, was very agreeable and reassuring. He was kind and warmhearted, like all true Celts, and had frank blue eyes and beautiful white hair, like her own dear father, and while she faithfully managed his housekeeping she could look up to him as a protector and guardian. Disappointment met her, therefore, upon the very threshold of her new life; but as Mr. O'Hara was really very kind to her, and she had come so far to enter his employment, she thought it would be well to stay and try to make the best of the circumstances in which she found herself placed. In a short time the interior of O'Harabrook was completely changed; order and refinement replaced the rough and haphazard manner of life, which the household had been accustomed to deem "good enough" in the past, and "Mamselle," as she was called, was happy in the knowledge that her efforts were appreciated. That no one in the neighbourhood called upon her, or made any advances of friendship or acquaintanceship, did not trouble her at all; but she could not help noticing that people looked coldly upon her, or averted their eyes, and seemed to whisper remarks about her as she passed, till at length the evident and unexplainable disfavour with which she was regarded reached such a pitch that she was driven to consult her one true friend, the parish priest, about it. The conference with Father O'Reilly was long and intimate, but the decision arrived at was certain, and on the following morning Mamselle presented herself before the Squire in his study and regretfully informed him that she must leave for London immediately.

In vain the O'Hara raged and stormed and pleaded. Mamselle remained firm; she must leave O'Harabrook. Then the Squire tried his last resort. Go she must not and should not. Remain,

then, as his wife; marry him, and become the lady of his house—in fact, as she had been by courtesy. To the friendless girl, the offer seemed too good to be true. Still she hesitated. Her religion was everything to her. She could never be married by any other than a Catholic priest, and, if God sent children, they must be baptised and brought up in her own Faith. O'Hara, admiring her all the more, no doubt, for her constancy, willingly agreed to all she desired. In a few days therefrom they were married in the little Catholic church of the village, where, before another year had passed away, her good friend the priest had baptised a baby boy, the heir to the name and property of the O'Haras of O'Harabrook. Then followed several years of utmost content and happiness, but, all unknown to her sweet mind and heart, a storm was gathering that was destined to wreck her earthly hopes for ever. Her husband had fallen, little by little, under the evil influence of a low-born and insolent woman, who did not fail to remind him that his marriage, not having been ratified by the ministrations of a clergyman of the "Church of Ireland," was null in the eyes of the law, and she plainly intimated that she herself would supply the place of the "Frenchwoman" in his house. So quickly did the poison, instilled into his mind by her, work, that the Squire shortly informed his wife of the unfortunate defect in their marriage contract, and that she must leave him, but that he would make her a yearly allowance, sufficient to keep her and her child in simple comfort.

Stunned and crushed as she was by this sudden and most cruel blow, she still had courage enough to refuse to accept a single penny given to her under such conditions. She had made friends among the tenants and villagers, and as she possessed a certain skill in embroidery and fine sewing, she would endeavour, by exercising it, to earn a livelihood for herself and her boy; and this she did. The humble people among whom her lot was now cast, knowing her story, were very kind both on account of it and because of her own gentle self's sake: they treated her with courteous consideration. "Mrs. O'Hara" they might not call her, since that title had now been given by the Squire to the woman who had so basely wrought her undoing. Her own family name they did not know, and if indeed it had ever been heard by them, they would have found it too difficult to pronounce; so "Mamselle," the first name by which they had known her, continued to be hers, but never was it uttered except with the greatest respect. Her boy, as he grew up, showed that he had inherited his mother's gentle and refined nature; but want of culture and the grind of poverty told upon him, so that he did not rise above the class to which he now belonged, and the heir of the O'Hara's might be seen carrying the hod of a mason's

assistant. While he still wanted several years to man's estate, his gentle mother faded away from a world in which she had known little but sorrow, and soon after her death her boy left the neighbourhood. Whither he went no one seemed to know exactly; there were those who thought that he had emigrated to America, leaving behind him for ever a land in which his childhood's joys had been so few.

And what of the Squire of O'Harabrook? It was mere poetic justice that the second "Mrs. O'Hara" should have turned out a perfect termagant, and the life O'Hara led with her was a sort of earthly purgatory, till her sudden death released him from her coarse companionship and iron sway. Then a broken man, he closed up his house and went to live in England. Before two years had passed away, news reached O'Harabrook of his death, and a letter from a London priest to Father O'Reilly testified that he had been received into the Church, and claimed for him Catholic burial. Bigotry was too strong, however, to permit of his being laid to rest beside his fair and only true wife. His Protestant friends mustered in numbers round his coffin on its arrival by the Irish Mail Packet steamer, so that the priest, who also went down to meet the body, could only follow at the end of the funeral *cortège*, which he did till it reached the Catholic church; there he left it and entered the sanctuary to pray for the repose of him who had been gathered into the one true fold at the very last hour, a grace won for him no doubt through the sufferings and prayers of his holy and loving Louise, who through all her trials was never heard to complain, and who never ceased to hold in her heart him who had once won a place there by his affection and kindness.

# A Dandy of the Reign of Charles II.

EDYTHE R. PAEN.

THE Diary of that pleasant gossip, Samuel Pepys, is one of the most remarkable ever published, being not only a comprehensive history of the times in which he lived, but also a minute record of his private affairs and a personal confession of his own frailties.

Judging from the picture he has presented of himself, he had much of the dandy and coxcomb in his composition, and displayed undisguised vanity in his extraordinary love of dress. This was, undoubtedly, fostered by the costume of the period, and it may also have been because he was the son of a tailor. When the gay and frivolous reign of the "Merry Monarch," Charles II., was introduced at the Restoration, the dress of the people became a subject of much importance.

Could Samuel Pepys mingle in the sombre-looking crowds of our streets to-day, how he would wonder at the change of tastes which had banished from male attire all the rich variety of material and colour, all their shining embroidery and jewelled arms; and he would, surely, think us grown a very dull and spiritless people. However much we may scoff at dandyism, there is no doubt it is useful in keeping up the standard of dress.

At the outset of his Diary—January, 1660—we find Pepys married and in rather indifferent circumstances, being then a clerk in some public office connected with the Exchequer, at a small salary :

"Jan. 1 (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but these."

Through the interest of Sir Edward Montagu, Admiral of the Fleet, and afterwards created Earl of Sandwich, he was installed Clerk of the Acts of the Navy. From this date Pepys began to thrive, and his expenses kept pace with his income. On the 1st July he tells us :

"This morning came home my fine Camelott cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it."

And four days later we read :

"My brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons."

He was quick to notice the changes of that whimsical, fantastic being, Fashion, and he records that on October 7th, Lord's day, he called at his father's—

“to change my long cloake for a short one—long cloakes being now quite out.”

At the end of his first year's Diary his position seems to be still further advanced, and he is living in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and on February 2nd, 1661, he writes :

“This day I first begun to go forth in my coat and sword as the manner now among gentlemen is.”

And thus with his hat, cloak and sword of the newest fashion, our dandy would lounge and saunter through the places of general resort. Although Pepys was ever ready to spend money on making himself “mighty fine,” we do not find that he was equally liberal towards his wife, for he tells us with refreshing candour that :

“My Lady Sandwich did mightily urge me to lay out money on my wife.”

And this leads to his resolving to “bestow a lace on her.” But that he was not a cheerful giver the following entry will show :

“My mind very heavy at this my expenceful life, which will undo me I fear, for now I am coming to lay out a great deal of money on clothes for my wife, I must forbear other expenses.”

Later on, there is another entry further illustrating his lack of generosity towards his wife. On examining his accounts he finds himself to be £43 worse than he was the previous month :

“But it hath chiefly arisen from my laying out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about £12, and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforth to go like myself. And also two perriwigs, one costs me £3 and the other 40/-. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing.”

The antique simplicity and candour with which he makes this statement is highly entertaining, although it shows him to be a singularly selfish man. He was a regular attendant at church on Sunday mornings, where he went, perhaps, more to show his fine plumage, and to observe the pretty wives and daughters of the citizens than to listen to the “dull sermon” which he so often records. His vanity, however, suffers a great disappointment on the following Sunday when he goes to church in his new perriwigg

and fails to make the sensation he had anticipated, having thought "that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me." Three weeks later, being Lord's day :

"I put on my best black cloth suit trimmed with scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons."

Pepys was shrewd and sharp in seizing all opportunities of making his way in the world. He was not exactly avaricious, but had a great fondness for money, and was most diligent in keeping his accounts, rejoicing greatly at every additional hundred pounds, which he seems to have thought came to him through a special dispensation of Providence. Much of his money, however, came to him through crooked channels in the form of bribes and prize-money, and out of the Tangier settlement Pepys made quite a good thing.

After examining his accounts on the last day of the year, to his "great joy" and "for which the Lord be praised!" he finds himself to be worth above £4,000. This, probably, encourages him to launch out more money on clothes for himself, and he goes to his tailor, where he finds his wife, who has chosen—

"two rich silk suits for me which is fit for me to have, but yet the money is too much, I doubt, to lay out altogether, but it is done, and so let it be, it being the expense of the world that I can best bear and the worst spare."

One of the suits was brought home two days later. Pepys pronounced it "noble and the best that ever I wore in my life and costing me £24." In this he went with Creed to Goldsmith's Hall to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner, Lord Mayor of London, "which Hall," he tells us—

"was so full of people that we were fain, for ease and coolness, to go forth to Pater Noster Row to choose silk to make me a plain ordinary suit."

Pepys's love of dress seems to have known no bounds, for only ten days later than the above entry we read :

"Up, and expected long a new suit, but, coming not, dressed myself in my new black silk Camelott suit; and when fully ready, comes my new one of coloured ferrandin, which my wife puts me out of love with, which vexes me."

His next choice had a better reception from his wife, for he writes :

"Up, and put on my new stuff suit with close knees, which becomes me most nobly, as my wife says. At noon put on my first laced band, all lace."

On July 31st, 1665, he attends the marriage of the eldest son of Sir George Carteret with Lady Jemima Montagu :

"I being in my new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine."

The year 1665 is memorable for the great plague which raged in London, reaching its deadliest point in August and September, and although Pepys was not a particularly brave man, and was exceedingly fearful of exposing himself to unnecessary risks, he remained in London at his post until the month of August, when he removed to Greenwich, remaining there until the end of the year, when he returned to London.

On September 3rd (Lord's day) the record in his Diary is as follows :

"Up, and put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new perriwigg, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to perriwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague."

As a handsome wig was necessary for everyone admitted into good Society—being, besides a sword, the principal badge of gentility—every expedient was adopted to prevent its lustre from fading, and so Pepys gives his barber £1 a year to keep his wig in order.

Passing on, we find the next notable entry in his Diary on November 4th, 1666 :

"My taylor's man bringing my vest home, and coat to wear with it and belt and silver-hilted sword. So I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily and so do my wife."

On March 27th, 1667, Pepys received the news of his mother's death, which set him "a weeping heartily," but it must have been with a sorrow that endured but for a moment, for on the 29th he writes :

"To a perriwigg-maker's and there bought two perriwiggs, mighty fine indeed; too fine I thought, for me; but he persuaded me and I did buy them for £4 10s. the two."

On the 30th he goes "to see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's called "The Humourous Lovers." And on the 31st :

"To church; and with my mourning, very handsome, and new perriwigg, make a great show."

December 16th was a day of reckoning, when Pepys went :

“ To my mercer to pay for my fine camelott cloak which cost me the very stuff almost £6; and also a velvett coat—the outside cost me above £8.”

We can picture him in the following year, in the month of May, fluttering in the Park on his way to church, being “ Lord’s day,” and in truth he cut a gallant figure, decked out in his—

“ new stuff suit, with shoulder-belt according to the new fashion, and the bands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace the colour of my suit; and so very handsome.”

Pepys was possessed of a restless love of change in dress, and only a fortnight later than the above entry his Diary shows that he “ put on a new black bombazin suit.”

The height of his ambition was reached early in 1669, when he set up a coach of his own—

“ which,” he says, “ do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray Him to bless it to me and continue it.”

In his way, Pepys was a very able public servant, keeping within the range of Court and having a due diplomatic acquaintance with its modes and fashions. James II. must have felt more than ordinary attachment to him to do what he did. The news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to him as he sat to Kneller for his portrait, which was to be given to Pepys; but instead of hurrying away, he bade the artist finish the picture, that his friend might not be disappointed. Much as this must have gratified him, there surely was no prouder man in the whole of his Majesty’s dominions on May the 1st than Samuel Pepys, when he and his wife made their first appearance in the London streets in their new coach, and he describes their dress and their triumphal journey to the Park with characteristic vanity :

“ Up betimes, and here first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, and I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year which is now repaired, and so did go to the Office in it. At noon home to dinner, and there found my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty, and indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon, we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses’ manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and standards gilt with varnish, and all clean,

and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us, and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty than ours all the day."

These curious little realistic touches, given with such refreshing *naïveté*, take us back to that old-world life of colour and movement, and surely, we must admire the elegant coach as it passes along the narrow streets with the picturesque hanging signs which keep up an eternal creak overhead. But there were some drops of bitterness in Pepys' cup of joy, and he acknowledges that he and his wife set off out of humour :

"I, because Betty, whom I expected, was not there to go with us; and my wife, that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine."

In addition to this, the weather was unpleasant, and the Park so full of hackney coaches as "spoiled the sight of the gentlemen; and so we had little pleasure."

The great errors of our common humanity are in its extremes, and Pepys in his love of show and admiration threw prudence to the winds, and committed the mistake of making himself extravagantly fine and has to suffer some humiliation in consequence. On Lord's day, May 9th, his vanity cannot resist the best suit with gold trimming, which he dons and goes to the office in, and—

"When church time, to church with my wife,"

where he shows himself with all the pride that comes before a fall; and the following day he makes this last reference in his Diary to his clothes :

"To White Hall to a Committee of Tangier. Thence walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it; which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, being what I feared; and Povy told me of my gold-laced sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off as it is fit I should."

Alas, poor Pepys and all his fopperies! In the very hour of his triumph to receive such a check must have made him realise that all is "vanity and vexation of spirit."

# The Castle and the Playhouse.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

WHEN we come to consider what were the precise circumstances which led to the establishment of the drama in Ireland, it is by no means surprising to find that for more than a century and a-half the grim shadow of Castle rule hung over the Dublin playhouse. Much of the West British tone of Irish society in the days before the Grattan Parliament was due to the subtle influence of the theatre. Beginning as a Viceregal appanage, it soon developed into a proselytising institution. No early Dublin playhouse could hope to succeed without the Lord Lieutenant's patronage, and none ever did succeed that was situated more than a stone's-throw from the Castle. As a matter of fact, the first in order was also the closest in contiguity, for it was built in 1634, in Werburgh Street, by John Ogilby, Wentworth's shrewd Scotch factotum. There is significance in what Thomas Wilkes wrote of this house in 1759: "I have been informed it had a gallery and pit, but no boxes, except one on the stage for the then Lord Deputy, the Earl of Strafford, who was Ogilby's patron."

How closely the Castle and the playhouse were associated throughout the seventeenth century is indicated by the fact that the first Irish theatrical manager figured at the Viceregal Court as "Master of the Revels," and held both offices until post-Restoration times. Not all succeeding Viceroys, however, looked with a kindly eye on the players, and the unpopular Lord Robartes went so far as to silence them from September, 1669, until the hour of his secret and ignominious departure from the country seven months later. But his successor, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, lost no time in reinstating Melpomene and Thalia, and on May 3, 1670, delighted the Smock Alley players by going in state to see them act in "The Loyal Subject." Later Viceroys were astute enough to recognise the value of the drama as a distractor of the public mind in moments of gravity, notably Viscount Sydney, who, on proroguing Parliament in 1692, saw to it that both gentle and simple had a sufficiency of amusements to keep them healthily occupied for some time.

Not long after the building of Smock Alley it became customary, on certain royal anniversaries, for the Lord Lieutenant and his train to repair to the theatre in high state, where, before the play began, they were treated to an exuberantly loyal prologue, fresh from the quill of one of the abounding poetasters of the time. These

sycophantic effusions were generally printed on broadsides and sold in the streets. The curious will find a few exemplars by seeking sedulously in the British Museum. One sample will suffice. Here are the opening lines from the address delivered by Joe Elrington at the Aungier Street Theatre on January 20, 1737, in celebration of the Prince of Wales's birthday :

“ Tho' George's virtues all our souls engage—  
 The pride and the example of the age;  
 Our thoughts, tho' ceaseless, his perfection fill,  
 For gratitude renews the idea still;  
 Yet for one day in each revolving year,  
 The monarch but obliquely we'll revere.  
 Think what his councils and his hand have done,  
 As we behold his image in his son.”

It must not be taken that these addresses were spontaneous tributes on the part of the players. They had no option in the matter. The provision and recital of these adulatory prologues on “Government nights,” as these anniversaries were ominously styled, was compulsory. Proof of this comes to hand in the curious advertisement emanating from the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, in November, 1748 :

“ As the prologue which was ordered to be spoken in honour of his Majesty's birthday was, notwithstanding, omitted, their Excellencies the Lords Justices, in order to show their disapprobation of any neglect on that occasion, ordered that the guard should be withdrawn from the theatre; but upon application made by the manager, and upon showing that it was not through any fault of his, but through a neglect of the person who wrote the prologue in not sending it in time, their Excellencies were pleased to give orders that the guard should attend at the theatre as usual.”

In those turbulent times, the presence of a military guard during the performance was imperative, if any sort of order was to be preserved, and the withdrawal of the guard was rightly deemed by the authorities a deterrent against future lapses. The Lords Justices were usually the two or three members of the Privy Council, who, in the frequent absences of the Lord Lieutenant from the country, were sworn in to exercise his prerogatives. This system was abolished early in the last quarter of the eighteenth century owing to the fact that the average Lords Justices, being native and to the manner born, were more apt to pay attention to the interests of their own country than to those of the predominant partner.

There were generally about four of these "Government nights" every year, and on these occasions the manager of whatever house happened at the time to bear the style and title of Theatre Royal was compelled by agreement to admit all ladies of rank and fashion free to the boxes. As a set off, he received out of the National Exchequer the annual sum of £100. In all probability this modest subsidy did little more than compensate the manager for his losses over these nights. But the Government, in paying it, evidently thought it had acquired a proprietorial right in the theatre. Will it be believed? In 1747 there were no fewer than ninety-two Castle officials who claimed the regular freedom of the house on the strength of this subsidy. This was so manifestly unfair that on the complaint of Tom Sheridan, some revision of the entire system took place. A decade later, instead of the fixed annual subsidy, payment was apparently based on the exact number of free seats occupied on "Government nights." Thus, at the close of the Crow Street season of 1759-60, Barry and Woodward received the sum of £112 15s. for four State performances, and of this the proportion of £22 odd was paid for the performance of June 4th. In 1776, the subsidy had risen to £120, and later on a marked advance took place. In 1779, it was stated in a petition relative to theatrical affairs, presented to Parliament by the Irish nobility, that Frederick Jones, the patentee of the Crow Street Theatre, was then receiving from the Government the annual sum of £350, and (which was certainly true) that this sum had been paid to managers for the previous sixty years.

Little by little, however, the institution which had been for long a Viceregal appanage, became steadily democratised. Writing in 1788 of the "Government nights" of earlier days, Hitchcock, the Irish theatrical historian, says:

"And here I must observe, they were then in a quite different style to what they are at present; from the earliest time they were considered as the most fashionable nights of the season, and constantly honoured with the presence of the Lord Lieutenant or Lords Justices for the times being; and so essentially necessary was the Chief Governor's appearance deemed on such occasions that, November 4th, 1714, the anniversary of King William the Third's birthday, the tragedy of 'Tamerlane,' always appointed for that evening, was, by command, not to be given till an entertainment given by the Lord Mayor and city, at the Tholsel, to the Lord Lieutenant, nobility and gentry, was over, that they might have time to repair from thence to the theatre. The boxes were, as I observed, free for the ladies, but only those of the first rank and distinction ever availed themselves of this compliment."

In Hitchcock's time the "Government night" had ceased to be an exclusive function, and had fallen sadly from its high estate. The Viceroy rarely, if ever, condescended to attend, and Demos had begun with foreshadowing significance to rear his head in the boxes. The consequence was that on these subsidised nights, the manager, being assured of his receipts, generally put on the most threadbare of displays and permitted them to be murdered by his poorest players. It is not, of course, surprising that the nobility and gentry should have got sick of the machine-made loyalty in the enlightened days of the Grattan Parliament. On "Government nights" it became an increasingly difficult task to whip up a decent-looking audience; and, reading between the lines, there is a note of despair in the announcement made in connection with the performance of "The Beggar's Opera" at Crow Street on October 25, 1781, in celebration of the anniversary of the King's accession: "N.B.—No ladies but such as are properly dressed will on any account be admitted into the boxes."

The Union drove the last nail in the coffin of the old, outrageous West British practice. Gradually the nobility and gentry ceased to maintain their town houses, and there was nobody left of any particular consequence to celebrate royal anniversaries. Aristocrat to the finger-tips, "Buck" Jones, the Grand Panjandrum of Crow Street, refused to become reconciled to the new conditions. He was all for pomp and ceremony, and could not abide this shocking lowering of the tone in the playhouse on "Government nights." So he promulgated an edict that all ladies desiring free admission to the boxes on these occasions would require to make personal application for vouchers beforehand, and that even then, none would be admitted unless in regulation evening attire. Nothing could have been better calculated to achieve "a beggarly array of empty boxes" on these obsolescent anniversaries. Result: the fastidious "Buck" Jones and the long-despised "Government night" disappeared from public ken for ever with the closing of the old Crow Street, exactly a hundred years ago.

A curious episode in the life of "Buck" Jones, admirably illustrative of his sycophancy, is told with gusto by an anonymous wag in the century-old pages of the now-forgotten *Cyclopædian Magazine*. Somewhere about the period of the Union, Jones had been seized by the brilliant idea of embellishing his theatre with a steeple, "in order," as his tormentor puts it, "to announce to the inhabitants of Dublin, by a noble ring of bells, the Viceregal visits in Crow Street, and other events of national importance. Considering the frequency of popular rejoicings in this country" (he continues), "it was certainly a happy thought. A complete set of

bells, each of them furnished with its proper wheel and sustaining timbers, was ordered! procured!! and paid for!!! by an agent despatched to Bristol for the express purpose. The weight of metal amounted to many tons; the expense was several hundred pounds, and, by the time this unwieldy mass of lofty loyalty had got landed at the Custom House Quay, the playhouse architect—*O! coelum in terra!*—had declared the body of that elegant edifice incapable of carrying either the bells or the steeple! Thus, dumbfounded, the former were confined to the subterranean silence of Temple Lane (where they remain buried to this day); the latter of course, was never put in requisition from the quay."

"Government nights" aside, old-time Viceroys went to the theatre just as the humour took them. Hence, as the Castle led the *ton*, a drama-loving Lord Lieutenant generally proved a godsend to the players. One here says "generally" rather than "always," given pause by the knowledge that circumstances alter cases. For instance, my Lord Buckingham was known distinctively during his term of office as "the theatrical Viceroy," an epithet bestowed on him by *The Hibernian Journal*, because of the frequency of his attendance at Crow Street. But, possibly because he made himself too cheap—Dublin has never warmed to the familiar, easy-going Viceroy—Buckingham proved a sort of Jonah to the players. The nights he attended in 1778 ranked among the poorest nights, financially speaking, of the season. Towards the close of May, a Command performance was given at Crow Street on behalf of the Distressed Manufacturers and Artificers, when the great Henderson played his famous part of Falstaff, but, despite this attraction and the fact that Buckingham defrayed all the expenses of the house, the charity only benefited to the tune of a poor £70. A week later, Henderson took his benefit in "King Richard III.", and wrote afterwards of the occasion to a friend: "I carried thence no more than fourteen pounds, three shillings, though the Lord Lieutenant did me the honour of his presence."

Some of the most striking episodes in the history of the Dublin stage occurred on these Viceregal Command nights. Time out of mind, the playhouse has invariably proved a trusty thermometer for testing the precise degree of public warmth felt for the reigning Viceroy, and more than one Castle autocrat has been made the subject of a hostile demonstration while seated in high state within its walls. Perhaps, however, the oddest playgoing experience ever meted out to a representative of royalty was that which befell the aforesaid Lord Buckingham on visiting Crow Street on the evening of May 22, 1779. "The Fair Penitent" had been duly announced for performance "by Command," with the great tragic actress, Mrs.

Crawford, as Calista; but the internal affairs of the theatre had long been in a state of disorder owing to arrears of salaries, and the players suddenly made up their minds to take advantage of the presence of a large and distinguished audience to give their grievances a public airing. All unconsciously, they had arrived at the potent principles of the modern strike. Once the Lord Lieutenant had been ceremoniously ushered into the theatre and the English National Anthem had been sung, Larry Clinch, the tragedian, presented himself before the curtain as spokesman for the aggrieved players, and regretfully informed the house that as no salaries had been paid for some weeks, the company positively refused to act unless handed something on account and solid security were given for the payment of all arrears. No response to this was made by the manager, and, as things seemed in a deadlock, the offended Viceroy and his suite departed from the playhouse in high dudgeon. And then, as Rudyard Kipling would say, a strange thing happened. No sooner had the Castle crowd withdrawn than some compromise between Ryder and his players was effected: with the extraordinary result that the performance was given after all. What my Lord Buckingham said when he heard of this remarkable right-about-face deponent sayeth not.

# "When the Morning was Come: Jesus Stood on the Shore."

E. SETON.

Mist o'er the face of the sea,  
And pearl of the morning light,  
Mists that so tenderly melt  
Into dawn's silver and white.

Salt o' the sea on their lips,  
Hands that are empty and tired—  
Lightly the boat rocks and dips,  
Where are her spoils so desired?

All thro' the night have they toil'd,  
Netting and fishing in vain—  
Lo! on the beach, is that Mist?  
Is't not the One Who was slain?

Silverly come a far call,  
Bidding them let down once more—  
Laden, the boat sinks with spoil,  
And they draw in to the shore.

Goldenly, rosily flamed,  
Flickers the fire on the sands;  
Freshly prepared lies a meal,  
Nigh it the white-robed Host stands.

Mists and the darkness of Life,  
Empty and tired are our hands—  
Yet on Eternity's shore  
Sweet still the White Master stands.

Ever where red like the dawn  
Flickers the Altar's warm fire,  
There may we break Bread with Him  
('Tis His own dearest desire).

Thence will He guide us and bless,  
Filling our boats with *His* spoil—  
Till, drawing in at the last,  
Feasting, we rest from our toil.

# Margery Daw.

ANNIE M. SMITHSON.

## PART I.

ONE person could live on thirty shillings a week in comparative luxury during pre-war days, especially if that person was possessed of modest tastes and a not too fastidious appetite. But in these days it is not such an easy matter, and anyway Margery Grey, as she sat one cold morning in her rather comfortless "digs," and partook of a hasty and decidedly plain breakfast before departing for business, was beginning to feel that life was but a poor affair after all.

It was the beginning of November, and already the nip of winter was in the air, and Margery, glancing at the empty grate, found herself thinking wistfully how comfortable a fire would be, and thinking, too, with sudden dismay, of the awful price of coal. Fire and light in the winter would certainly cost her five shillings a week, and her little bed-sittingroom was another seven—a good slice out of thirty shillings before anything in the way of either food or clothes—not to mention footwear—could be even thought about.

Thinking of boots, she glanced at the pair she was wearing. They were very much in need of repairs, but although she gazed at them sadly she knew that they would have to wait for at least another week before being mended. "For I simply *must* buy a pair of gloves this week, the cheapest things I can get, of course!" she said, as she drew on a worn pair that were already darned to the utmost.

Altogether she felt rather more depressed and worried than usual as she entered the solicitor's office in which she was employed, and yet when she left for home that evening at six o'clock she looked back upon the girl of the morning as an individual very much to be envied, and thought that never again would she feel grumpy or discontented if only she was in the same circumstances once more.

For Margery Grey had received a week's notice, and had been informed that her services were no longer required. "Not that we have any fault to find with your work," said her employer kindly enough as he noticed her quick look of dismay, "but business is not what it was, and we are compelled to economise all we can."

The weeks that followed were never forgotten by Margery—a time of mental anxiety and worry and of physical weariness—her

days being spent in answering advertisements and half her nights in wondering what she would do if she did not get work soon. To save anything out of her meagre salary had not been possible, and now that she found herself unexpectedly thrown out of work her whole available capital amounted to but a couple of pounds. It would be impossible to live for long on that, and even if she had been willing to get into debt for her rent or food she doubted very much if she would be given credit by either her landlady or the little huckster's shop at the end of the Square, where she was in the habit of leaving her modest custom. She spent her mornings in searching the "Wanted" columns in the daily papers at the Public Library, but no one seemed to want a girl clerk, even one who was such a good shorthand writer and typist, and day by day her shillings grew less. Grew less, until one morning she stood at the window of her shabby, little room and looked at the last of them lying in the palm of her hand.

And just then some children on their way to school went by singing in their shrill, young voices :—

" See Saw ! Margery Daw !  
Sold her bed and lay upon straw ! "

And the queer, old doggerel carried with it painful memories and wistful thoughts to the girl who was listening. She was a child again in the old home in Co. Wicklow—that quaint, rambling house of grey stone, set in the midst of green fields and tall trees, and where she had been born and spent her childhood and early girlhood, until tragedy in the form of a railway collision in which both her parents and her only brother had been killed, had in one fell sweep taken all from her—parents, home, and money.

The remembrance of that terrible time came back to her now, and back, too, came the memories of other and happier days, back with the sound of the children's voices as they sang the old song of " Margery Daw " on their way to school.

For that had been her pet name in the old days at home, when as a gay-hearted child she had played and sang and done foolish things.

Done foolish things ! Yes ; and it had been the doing of those very same foolish things which had caused her brother Brennan to cry one day, when she had exchanged a whole half-crown with another child for six separate pennies, quite under the impression that she was making a good bargain :—

" See Saw ! Margery Daw !  
Sold her bed and lay upon straw ! "

that's what you will come to some day, Margery, you are such a little idiot—always doing foolish things.”

And the name had stuck to her.

Yes; she had been foolish, and very foolish, too. She knew that now. And yet, perhaps, she had not been altogether to blame, for her parents had not been very sage themselves, and only for certain far from wise speculations on her father's part she would not have been left to fight the world with no assets save her own brains and health.

But after all she would not even have had to fight the battle of life single-handed but for another of those foolish deeds, of the doing of which she seemed so prodigal. For it had been foolish indeed to send Roger Sheridan of the honest grey eyes away from her for the sake of the handsome but fickle and selfish Jack Merridew. And when her troubles came she realized that she had added one more to her long list of foolish deeds, for Jack came near her no more, and honest Roger had left for America before her loss came.

And so poor Margery had once again—

“Sold her bed and lay upon straw.”

She had taken a fancy to learn shorthand and typing during her father's lifetime, and before she thought that such things would ever prove of real use to her; but after his death, when she discovered that he had died in debt and that a few pounds would be all that would come to her when everything was settled, Margery was very glad that she had learned something which might help her now to earn her livelihood. Coming to Dublin she had succeeded in obtaining a position as clerk in a solicitor's office, in which she had remained until her recent dismissal. But now no one seemed to want her. She had no relatives in Dublin, and had never been one to make friends quickly, and had always lived very much to herself, so that now she felt, in this time of trouble, really alone—and very miserable, too.

As far as religion went Margery Grey had never been very much influenced or affected by spiritual matters. She was a Catholic, and attended to her religious duties fairly well. By that it may be understood that she never missed Mass on Sundays or holy days of obligation, and that she committed no grievous sin, and went to the Sacraments every few months. But of real spirituality there was as yet but little in the girl's personality.

On the contrary she often found herself wishing—in some queer, restless way—for a rather pagan existence of ease and luxury. For her it was not healthy that she should live so much alone, and

having no friends and no hobby with which to pass the evening hours, she had acquired the habit of frequenting the Picture Houses, and sitting there quietly by herself, enrapt in the stories passing on the screen, she would imagine herself one of the heroines and try to realize what it would be like to wear such beautiful clothes and to be loved by so many, and to go through such exciting and highly improbable adventures. This had been her only relaxation, and, of course, since her enforced idleness the Pictures had seen her, no more. She missed them very much, and if sometimes the thought would enter her head that if only she had now all the shillings they had cost her the sum total would be fairly large, she still never really regretted the money she had spent at the "Movies." They had been the "one bright spot" in her life, the only way in which she could escape for a few hours from sordid reality to scenes of that picturesque and fascinating romance—with a capital R!—for which her soul yearned.

And if she had only known it, she looked extremely like a movie star on this cold morning as she stood at the window of her lodgings and gazed dolefully at the last shilling in her possession. She was a pretty girl in her early twenties, and not even the shabby boots—worse than ever by this—which she was wearing could hide the shape of her slender feet.

And like a scene on the screen, too, was the advent of the postman coming along the road, his familiar knock, and the landlady's appearance at Margery's door with a letter in her hand. (Unlike the well-known landlady of the films, however, she did not rudely demand her rent, only two weeks being due to her, and perhaps her heart was not really that of the proper landlady.)

"A letter for you, Miss," and Margery took the envelope with a hand that was a bit shaky—she had had so many disappointments of late.

On the back of the envelope her eyes caught the words "Henry Galland & Son, Solicitors," and her face lit up as she tore it open. Surely at last here was a chance of work. But when she began to read her expression changed from one of half-fearful hope to that of amazed incredulity, and she stood like a statue with wide open wondering eyes while she read the following:—

"Henry Galland & Son, Solicitors,

"Dame Street.

"Nov. 7th, 1918.

"Miss Margery Grey.

"Madam,—By the terms of the will of your late uncle, Mr. George Grey of New York, you are left his sole legatee. You may be

aware that the late Mr. Grey emigrated to the United States while very young and there amassed a considerable fortune. He died unmarried and left all his estate to his brother Roger, and in the event of his death to his children. His solicitors communicated with us, and from your father's cousin, Mrs. Poole of Wicklow, we learned of the death of your father, Mr. Roger Grey, and of his son. From her also we secured your present address. There are a few conditions to be accepted on your part before you inherit, and we would be very glad if you would call at this office at your earliest convenience.

"We are, Madam,

"Yours," etc.

No wonder Margery Grey stood in dumb amazement staring at the typewritten letter in her hand. To think that she was rich at last—the possessor of a fortune! A fortune to spend as she liked, which would give her ease and comfort, good food and dainty clothes. She glanced round the lodginghouse room, at the remains of her bread and margarine breakfast still on the table, and at her shabby frock, and lastly her gaze wandered down to her pretty feet in their old boots. It seemed too good to be true that she would soon be able to change all this—to change it in a flash—to become, like her beloved Picture heroines, suddenly lifted out of the mire of poverty to the sunshine of wealth.

She glanced again at the letter in her hand.

"I wonder what the conditions are?" she thought. "I hope that my Uncle George hasn't left any absurd directions for me to marry some protégée of his, or something of that sort. I know he never married, so it can't be his son. Fancy Uncle George after all these years! And I believe father and everybody else thought he was dead as they had heard nothing from him for years and years. Oh! well, I don't care *what* the conditions may be, I'll fulfil them and have finished with this wretched life of poverty once and for all!"

And in sheer excited delight she waltzed round the small space between her table and the bed, while tears of joy stood in her shining eyes.

A few minutes later she was vigorously brushing her faded costume and polishing her ancient boots to try and hide their glaring shabbiness.

"Not that it matters now," she thought exultantly, "I'll soon change all *that*!"

By 10 a.m. she was in the tram on her way to the office of Henry Galland & Son, Solicitors, Dame Street, having recklessly changed

her last shilling to pay for a twopenny fare. The very thought of being able to do this filled her whole being with delight, and lit up her pretty face with such a radiance that a young fellow on the opposite seat found himself wondering what it could be that caused the shabby girl with the big eyes to look so happy.

"I'd say that she had come in for a fortune, only that she's *Reality*, and not a novel or a Picture play!" he thought, with youthful cynicism, little dreaming that he had chanced on the truth for once.

Alighting from the car when it reached Dame Street she soon reached the office of which she was in search, and found herself confronting a very junior clerk in the outer office, whose supercilious glances swept over her shabby appearance with disdainful insolence.

But Margery hardly noticed him.

"Is Mr. Galland in?" she asked eagerly, "I want to see him."

"Mr. Galland is not seeing anyone this morning except by appointment," replied the supercilious clerk, and turning his back on her he went on with his writing. For the moment Margery Grey felt as if she was still engaged in the fruitless tasks of the past terrible weeks, still intent on wearying interviews in search of work, and still receiving for her trouble nothing but curt and often insolent answers.

Then she remembered on what business she had come here, and her courage returned to her—and a bit of her temper, too. That this boy should dare to keep her—a rich client—waiting like this! She knew from her own years of experience in a solicitor's office how such people should be treated, so she rapped sharply now with her knuckles on the table and the clerk looked around in angry surprise.

"Kindly let Mr. Galland know that Miss Grey is here," she said in loud, clear accents, "and ask him if he will see me as soon as possible?"

As she finished speaking the door of an inner office opened and an elderly man came out.

"Did I hear you say that you were Miss Grey?" he asked, adding with a quick change in his voice as he glanced at the clerk, "Roberts! why are you not attending to this lady? Will you come this way," with suave deference as Margery came towards him, "come into my private office; it is very kind of you to have come so promptly and I can assure you I am very pleased and honoured by your visit. I hope I may be allowed to congratulate you on the news contained in our letter?"

So talking he conducted her into his private office, leaving the clerk gazing after them in bewilderment.

"The governor must be going dotty," he murmured, "or else she's some blooming heiress in disguise!" and returned with unsatisfied curiosity to his work.

Meantime inside Mr. Galland's private office and seated in his most comfortable chair, Margery Grey was listening to the various details of her uncle's will. When the solicitor had finished going over all the many legal terms and so forth, it appeared that she was left in sole and undisputed possession of some £6,000 a year, and that she also inherited a quantity of valuable old furniture and silver, and antique jewellery.

"It seems that your uncle, the late Mr. Grey, was quite a connoisseur about such things," said Mr. Galland, "and of late years, having made his pile—as our Yankee friends say—and retired from business, he had leisure to collect these antiques, and I believe he has quite a marvellous selection. Of course they will all be forwarded to you from New York in charge of some responsible person. They would realise a fortune if sold, but there is a clause in the will to the effect that this is not to be done."

"Oh! I wouldn't dream of selling them," cried Margery eagerly. "I love that sort of thing and always wished I could collect myself. But never"—with a tremulous laugh—"never did I think that I would ever be able to do so."

Mr. Galland smiled benignantly at her as he leant back in his padded chair, the tips of his fingers together, and regarded her over his glasses.

"Ah! well, now you will be able to do as much of that kind of thing as you wish," he said, "you are a very rich young lady. And that reminds me," he continued, glancing involuntarily at her shabby clothes, "you must permit me to be your banker for a while. There will be many things that you must require, and there is no need that you should wait while our firm and the New York people are settling up matters between us. Permit me to fill in a cheque for you. What amount would you wish? £150; £200?" Margery gasped for a moment and then smiled back at him radiantly.

"Oh! for £200, if you don't mind, Mr. Galland," she cried. "I want to buy—and buy—and *buy!*"

The lawyer laughed as he took out his cheque-book and fountain pen.

"Oh! by the way," he said, then, "I nearly forgot to mention the condition on which you inherit your uncle's estate."

"Oh! of course," said Margery. "Why, I had forgotten, too. What is it, Mr. Galland? Not anything very serious, I hope?"

"Oh! no," said Mr. Galland casually, as he idly turned over

the leaves of his cheque-book, "not to you, at least. Your uncle, as perhaps you may not have heard, was of late years a very pronounced Agnostic in religious matters. He was opposed to any form of Christianity, but especially so towards the Roman Catholic Church. The condition under which you inherit is that if you had been a member of that Church you would have had to renounce all connection with it. I happen, however, to know that you are a Protestant."

Margery's eyes gazed wide open at him in puzzled bewilderment at his mistake, but Mr. Galland was looking at his pen and did not notice her, while he went on:

"Your cousin, Mrs. Poole, is known to friends of my wife, and through these people we heard of you. They had met you in Wicklow several times. Their name is Hooper. You may indeed remember them although you were very young at the time?"

So the mystery was solved at last for Margery. The Hoopers had been friends of her cousin *Margaret* Grey, who belonged to the Protestant branch of the family, and, of course, they had thought she must be the girl they had met in Wicklow some years ago.

She inclined her head and murmured that she knew them.

"Ah! you remember them?" said Mr. Galland, smiling. "Well; I'm sorry to say that you won't be able to renew your friendship with them at present, for they have all gone to South America for a considerable time. Well, now, my dear young lady, let us return to business. I must tell you, too, that if after you inherit your uncle's money you should ever at any time join the Catholic Church you at once lose absolutely every penny. However," with a genial smile, "these are mere formalities, of course, in your case, and I don't suppose there is much danger of such a thing happening. I may take it, therefore, that you are a Protestant and intend to remain such?"

For one second Margery Grey hesitated, and if she had only hesitated a little longer—long enough to send up one short prayer for help—she might still have withstood the temptation. But she did not delay so long—the material side of her knew that Mr. Galland's suspicions must not be awakened; and at the same instant her eyes went back to the cheque-book in his hand, and she thought of all it meant for her, all that which it represented.

In one infinitesimal fraction of time Margery seemed to see before her eyes the ideal house for which she had so often longed, the furniture and gardens, the motor and servants. Frocks, too, and lingeries as dainty and lovely as possible, ease, comfort—all the real joy of living realized; all on this earth for which she knew now that her pagan little soul had often longed.

And on the other side? Suppose she gave all this up? What remained? Just the Cross—the Cross of self-denial and poverty which she would have to carry always. “Oh! no, no. It’s too heavy!” she thought, and turned shudderingly away.

“I say I suppose that I may take it that you are a Protestant and intend to remain such?”

Mr. Galland’s genial voice—how utterly oblivious the good man was to the soul’s struggle that was taking place so near him—broke in upon her chaotic thoughts, and Margery Grey sat suddenly upright.

“Yes,” she said jerkily. “Yes—I am a—Protestant, and intend—now—to remain such.”

“Very good,” said Mr. Galland, adding complacently, “I must say that I was glad and relieved when I learned that you were not a Catholic; I know a good many, and although I don’t profess to know much about their religion, still I do know that they generally stick fast to it through good or ill. You look pale, Miss Grey. All this has been very trying for you, of course. Well now, will you just put your name to this document—first reading it over—in which it is stated that you belong, and will continue to belong, to the Protestant Church. It’s just a mere matter of form for you, I know. Then,” with a smile, “I will make out your cheque for you, and I would advise a good lunch and a rest before you start on that wonderful shopping. You have read the paper? Well, just sign your name here—on this line.”

And with pale face and shaking fingers Margery Grey signed as directed, and signed away her birthright of Faith.

Once more, alas, poor Margery Daw had sold her bed to lie upon straw!

*(To be continued.)*

# England's Need.

MILDRED EVANS.

EVERY heresy, starting under the guise of truth, obscures, and eventually obliterates most effectually, that very aspect of it which ostensibly it purported to develop and reveal. In the present chaotic state of England's spiritual affairs a remarkable illustration of this may be found. The great Apostacy of the 16th century, confining itself to no particular doctrine, claimed to be a return in general to "pure religion," a sweeping away of all "obstacles and excrescences," and a means of providing direct access to the Divine Source of Christianity Himself—little short, in fact, of a new Revelation. From this it might have been confidently augured that whatever storms of error might damage it, English religion would find an anchorage from ultimate shipwreck in an absorbing personal devotion to Jesus Christ. But after nearly four hundred years of this influence on its destiny, facts seem to prove exactly the reverse. Not only have the great mass of people in this country ceased to practise the outward observances of Christianity, but they have lost the true conception of it, and the Divine Image of its Founder has faded from their minds. The idea of religion, so far as it exists for them at all, represents a cold and formal system created by man—a part, as it were, of the national machinery, and in the eyes of the majority neither a very necessary nor very effective part—or a garment to be worn only on certain days and occasions.

The conception of religion as the bridge between the things of time and the things which endure—as the central fact in existence—the inspiring force of the soul, from which all other activities proceed—the light illumining man's heavenward way, yet colouring all his earthly relationships, just as the sun is the source of all natural light—as nothing less than a life, whereby he may rise above his fallen nature—is completely absent, because the English nation has lost sight of that Divine and All-pervading Personality, through Whom alone this Ideal may be sustained.

If false doctrine was the bane of the 16th century, the danger to-day is rather an utter absence of definite belief, whether true or false, and even the growing toleration so welcomed by some is a danger-signal of the time. Men have ceased to quarrel about Christ because they have ceased to care sufficiently for Him—or, indeed, to think about Him at all if they can help it. As His Image recedes, the things of the world advance, and they become the

slaves of materialism and pleasure. There is nothing more pathetic than the attitude of the average Englishman or woman, claiming to be of "the modern mind," when suddenly confronted with the claims on their allegiance of the Divine Personality of the Man Christ Jesus—the studied indifference of the practised sceptic, the sharp impatience of the less hardened, anxious to stifle a call, of which they are still dimly conscious, but which they have never understood, because the Real Christ has never been revealed to them. The late Mgr. Benson depicts something of this inner struggle in his novel, "The Conventionalists," when a young Protestant, who eventually becomes a Carthusian monk, gives vent to the feelings of the natural man, aroused by his first visit to the monastery, in one brief but forcible sentence. A typical English girl said the other day: "I know I ought to be a Catholic, but I don't want to give up my pleasures!" Apart from the fact that Catholics are not necessarily called upon to forego innocent pleasures in moderation, what an infinite *pathos* such a remark contains—weighing the fleeting attractions of earth against the peace of the House of God—and yet it bears witness to some remaining spark of consciousness of the Divine claims still unextinguished in the heart of a worlding. Might not such sparks be fanned into living flames, and even re-kindled in hearts where they have actually died out, by simply re-illuminating to the mind of the English nation the Divine Image of the God-Man?

It is said that the nation is turning its back upon God, but the words of Our Lord, "They know not what they do," may well be applied here. How shall they love Him Whom they have not known; and before we accuse them of turning their backs upon Him, let us remember that it is a false conception of Christ that has been presented to them.

It is unreasonable to expect men and women in a luxurious and pleasure-loving age to obey the precepts of Christianity without first setting their hearts on fire with the love of Christ Himself. It is here that English Protestantism has so notoriously failed. It strove to maintain the Christian standard while it obscured the motive-force—union with the Incarnate God. It professed the Religion of the Cross, while it trampled on the Crucified Figure!

The clamour for easy divorce is but one of many logical outcomes of this system. Only by an influence stronger than themselves—that of Divine Grace—can human passions be held in check. In cases where the marriage bond no longer coincides with their inclinations and desires, is it not only natural that the Christian law on this subject should be swept aside by those who already totally disregard its Author?

We, Catholics, who see the destruction for which England is heading, are ready enough to criticise, but have we no obligation in the matter, no remedy to offer? Do we of the household, having in our midst the Living God, and at our disposal those tremendous supernatural reserves which flow from His Presence, make such good use of them and realise so truly the Christian Ideal, that we can expect others to practise Christianity without Christ? How can the yoke of Sacrifice and the Burden of the Cross be chosen save for the sake of Him Who trod that Way for us, and Who alone can make them easy and light? Is it not our sacred duty to proclaim Him afresh to those who know not Whom they reject?

Missionary efforts, which produce invaluable results among those who already give some thought to religion, appear to leave the great pagan masses cold. Is not this because, for the most part, they start with definitions of Faith and Practice for which the latter are not yet ripe? Until the Foundation-stone of Christianity—the Godhead of Our Lord—is firmly laid in their minds, it is useless attempting to build the superstructure. This would appear from the precedent of Scripture—for while the Gospels portray the God-Man, and establish His Divinity, they contain far less detail of other dogmas than the Epistles, and little or no definite instruction for intending converts. Until convinced of the central Truth, the modern mind in particular appears unable to assimilate other dogma, the name of which, moreover, repels rather than attracts them; for they have been taught to regard it as a man-made invention, which will cripple their so-called freedom, and give nothing in return. But it is another question as to whether they are so blinded and deafened by the sights and sounds of the world that they can resist the appeal of Him Who, if He be lifted up, shall draw all men unto Him. They have not yet heard the Divine "Follow Me," for which the disciples left all, long before they had heard one word of His life-giving doctrine, but simply and irresistibly drawn by the impelling and alluring attraction, which later brought the Magdalen in penitent tears to His Feet.

It may be argued that certain Protestant sects have constantly preached Christ Crucified without effect on the multitude, but is not their failure due to two very obvious reasons? First, their preaching of the Atonement became, generally speaking, reduced to mere emotionalism through their false teaching of "justification by Faith alone," Faith here being used to denote trust in Christ for mercy and pardon, without any other disposition being necessary, instead of in the Catholic and Scriptural sense of belief in His Divinity, from which belief comes the readiness to accept—*namely, the necessity of accepting*—all else that He taught. The

second reason is practically the outcome of the first—even when the sincerity and personal holiness of the preachers enabled them to sow good seed, this soon withered away for want of its Divinely-appointed nourishment.

If the Church, which, with its Infallible Doctrine and Sacramental System, alone possesses the means of this spiritual sustenance, could but lift up and re-illumine this Divine Figure before the mind of pagan England as clearly as in the days of her first conversion, perchance she would hear again His "Follow Me," and, leaving her false gods, be content to sit at His Feet and learn of Him afresh. Then, having felt the sweetness of His Presence, as the tremendous Mysteries of the Faith are unfolded before her, she will no more turn back, but be ready to say with St. Peter: "Lord, to Whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

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## Dream Castles.

MABEL B. WILLISON.

Have you ever builded a Castle of Dreams  
 And planned all the things you would do—  
 The food you would eat and the dresses you'd wear,  
 And whether the rooms would be yellow or blue,  
 In your beautiful Castle of Dreams?

Have you pictured a peacock with wide-spreading tail,  
 Majestic, parading the lawns;  
 And far-spreading woodlands, close-rimmed by blue hills,  
 Where fairies foregather with elfins and fauns,  
 Round your wonderful Castle of Dreams?

Have you thought of the books you would read by the fire,  
 In the long winter evenings; or caught  
 In your soul the faint echo of music you'd make,  
 As the strings of your violin gave life to the thought  
 That haunted your Castle of Dreams?

Oh! it's well when you live in a mean little street,  
 With scarce any beauty around,  
 To be foolish sometimes and build castles for fun,  
 And to live in them, too—so I've found, so I've found,  
 Won't you, too, build a Castle of Dreams?

# The Little Swiss Valley.

E. M. WALKER.

AS he lay on the couch in his little bedroom, he looked out over the hill. It was not a bad hill for the confines of a great city. From the window, Gerard commanded the diminutive plot of ground which his parents called "the garden," and, beyond it, a small nursery with some half-dozen greenhouses. Beyond again were streets huddled, sordid, slummy, but on the other side of them rose the hill, and above that a really fine stretch of sky. Much that the dwellers in the little mean streets could not see, Gerard could see from his first floor bedroom window.

Of an evening there were sunsets, and in lurid, stormy weather the clouds massed behind the tree-tops on the hill. The cackle of the nursery gardener's hens rose above the shrill shouting of the children in the crowded area, and when it was in leaf, the plane-tree on the other side of the fence obscured the view of the aggressive factory chimney belching forth black smoke. The neighbourhood was proud of its surroundings. Clerks and workmen hurried home at close of day to their allotments on the hill, and almost felt that they were in the country. The local newspaper recorded how a pair of owls had taken up their residence in a certain leafy road.

Once Gerard, too, had been proud of it all, but that was long ago, or so it seemed to him now, though he was still scarcely more than a boy. He had come whistling back from the great city to his humble but comfortable home, and because he did not care for gardening he had started learning golf. But that was in the past, the happy, careless past, when he was well and strong, or what seemed well and strong to a townsman. Yet, for all his spirits, for all his rattling and vivacious tongue, hidden within the slender, narrow-chested frame lay the germs of disease. They grew, and fought with his vitality, and conquered. Not, however, before his leaping spirit had put up a good fight. Besides, he had more chance than most. His parents, though not rich, were not altogether cramped for means, and by scheming and self-sacrifice had managed to send their only boy first to a sanatorium and then to Switzerland. There, for a time at least, he forget the threatening danger. In the keen mountain air his vigour returned. He led the winter sports in the little Alpine village; he grew so strong that he came home and went back to work. That was the pity of it. But it is hard to abandon a position with good prospects when one is keen to grasp

at the good things of life—those good things, innocent in themselves, which can only be had by earning.

Gerard was past all that now. He was too weak, and listless, and apathetic. Health, he saw, was the one thing needful, and that, he had come to realise, was for ever beyond his reach. Yet there were days when recovery still seemed possible, when he cherished the wild dream of getting back to Switzerland. There he had felt well—for a time. Surely, among the mountains, he would feel well again.

Men come to love the places where they have been well and free from care. They cherish the illusion that if only they could have stayed on in them, things would have been so always. Perhaps it does them no harm to have an oasis to look back upon and help them keep their faith in happiness. And then this boy's ancestors had once been mountain folk. Strange and mysterious is the unconscious call of the past. Gerard's people forgot their long-ago family history when they thought his attachment to Switzerland unreasonable.

And yet it is not difficult to understand how the memory of that little Swiss valley came as a vision of Paradise to the pale and short-breathed lad imprisoned in a small town bedroom. Because he had had more chance than other sufferers, perhaps he suffered more. People do not miss what they have never had. Many, it is certain, are not tortured by his intense longing after the pure exhilarating air that prevails five thousand feet above sea level. Their eyes are not aching for a glimpse of the snowy Alps, or their ears on the stretch for the ceaseless tranquil roll of the pine-woods in the breeze. And Gerard was not old enough to shut his eyes and be content to possess it all in memory, whispering to himself that his time for trial could not last for long. He thought of himself as always an invalid, he never thought of himself as dead—and free. Those who loved him gave him all they could of comfort and distraction; it did not occur to them that a little plain speaking might ultimately have proved the greatest comfort of all. But then they belonged to those countless numbers whose religion, if they ever had any, has dropped from them like a useless garment, and such people are helpless when brought up against the eternal facts of life and death; they can only try not to see, or at least pretend not to see. Job, amid all his calamities, could at least call upon his God; Gerard could not. Poor victim of this strange, de-civilised modern world! Clinics he had known, and they had failed to help him, but in any case they were only designed to meet the bodily needs of a few years, of a tale that is soon told. And "the soul has a long life before it—a life long enough to awake from every dream."

Autumn passed and winter came, and with it fogs and coughing. Gerard's window was still open, but to counteract the damp and heavy air a big fire had to be kept up. Very often now he stayed in bed all day. And sometimes he was too tired to talk, and besides, it made him cough, and so, little by little, the friends of his own age ceased to come to see him. His father, when he came home from business, used to read to him some of the more arresting paragraphs of the daily paper; his mother told him of the doings of the neighbours. The doctor was the most help. He at least knew Switzerland, and he described to the boy the long sleigh-ride up to St. Moritz, with feet tucked up in straw, in the old days before the mountain railway had been laid. Well could Gerard picture it to himself. Happy patients! Flitting through the cold air on a sleigh! When his father asked him what he would like for a Christmas present, he muttered something about a sleigh and bells, and his mother went away tearfully under the impression that he was light-headed. Yet he was only dreaming—dreaming of many things.

As he lay there hour after hour his past life unrolled itself in pictures before his eyes. In particular, he thought of the fellow-sufferers he had known. There had been many of them, and some he had come to love. More especially he remembered a buoyant, fresh-coloured young Frenchman, whose spirits had never failed him, and who had managed to delude himself into the belief that he was getting well until a few days before he finally went over the edge of the great abyss. How pitiable, Gerard had thought. Others had recovered, but not he. He had been very pious, and always wore a medal of the Virgin, and he used to kiss it and say: "*La Sainte Vierge* will cure me—she always helps, *ma mère Marie*." And Gerard used to laugh at him, though not unkindly, and rightly as it turned out, since he had died in spite of his prayers and his confidence. A pretty dream, but what was the good of dreams? He had told Gerard about Lourdes, told him about wonderful cures—but Gerard, of course, did not believe all that. Yet now in his weakness and his misery, in the undeniable bankruptcy of all human aid, his mind reverted to the thought of miracles. There was certainly something consoling about the idea, some hint at a possible escape from the iron chain of impersonal circumstance; even if one did not get cured, if one had no luck, it would be nice to think that miracles did happen. Gerard was not a sceptic by nature, as you see, only he had had no chance. Confusedly he grasped at the possibility that Some One was there after all.

Just before Christmas the first snow fell—not of the purity and

lasting whiteness of that of Switzerland, still, snow. Nothing could dim it in its first hours. They piled the fire higher in Gerard's grate and put more blankets on his bed, for every now and then he shivered painfully. All the same, when they had gone and left him for the night, he slipped out of bed, pulling his quilt around him, and groped his way with difficulty to the window. It was only a step or two, but he hardly knew how to get there, so weak was he with fever. For all that, he managed it somehow, and as silently as he could, for they were within call and would come if they heard him, and he wanted to be alone with the snow and the night.

The window was open at the top; cautiously he pushed it up at the bottom too, and collapsed in a half-kneeling posture on the floor, his head resting on the sill. The moon was shining very brightly upon the narrow nursery garden and the glass roofs of the greenhouses. The sordid dwellings beyond did not look sordid in the cold, unearthly light. The hill seemed very near, for visibility was extraordinarily good, and above the line of bare trees that crowned its height the stars shone steadily. The purity of the night made him sad, and gave him a feeling akin to home-sickness. The world was beautiful enough, but he was in it and not of it. He did not belong. The monotony of suffering weighed him down. The face of his French friend, merry, assured, recurred to his mind. Gerard had laughed at him, but after all he had had the best of it. "*Marie, la Sainte Vierge*, always helps," he had said. Perhaps she had.

"Mary," murmured Gerard softly, pronouncing the name this time in the English way; "Mary—Mother!" He felt soothed and comforted as he repeated the name, and his mind began to work with preternatural quickness.

"If you can cure at Lourdes you can cure here," he reasoned. "Mary—help!"

He raised his head. The moon was shining down undimmed upon the glass roofs of the greenhouses, making them gleam like the waters of a little lake. Beyond, the small, mean houses shrank into smaller proportions still—smaller, but less mean, no longer uniform and ugly. Their roofs and chimney-pots huddled more closely together under the protecting hill, their tiles covered with snow, their shapes curiously irregular. Behind them rose the factory chimney, for all the world like the chimney of an Alpine chocolate factory. Some trick of light caused the hill to look bigger than its wont, and undoubtedly there were pines upon its summit. And over the long line of the hill clouds had massed themselves gravely—great snow mountains that towered towards the stars, immense,

majestic. Awed by so much beauty Gerard gazed up at them, gazed up at "all the fire-folk sitting in the sky," and then lowered his eyes to the snug little hamlet nestling in the narrow valley below. It was too great a loveliness for him in his weak state, yet it was just the loveliness that he could understand. "Oh, Mary!—oh, Mother!" he gasped, striving in his ignorance, surprise and happiness to find appropriate words of thanks. But the billowy roll of the pines swelled ever louder in his ears, voicing the gratitude which he could not express, and to their solemn music the lights were lowered upon the panorama, and all was dark and still.

"How, sad, and at Christmas time, too," they said when they found him. They did not know that Mary had passed that way and had appealed to a Greater than Mary, and that Love is stronger than death and the blindness and ignorance of men—infinately more pitiful, immeasurably more resourceful.

# The Heart of the Singer.

MAUD ISIDORE DOUGLAS....

LIKE a man in a dream Noel Silvio gazed up at the long poster outside the best concert hall in London—it didn't seem real, he could hardly believe the evidence of his own eyes.

Was it really *his* name set forth there, in a prominent place—

NOEL SILVIO,

PUPIL OF THE CELEBRATED SIGNOR GILLIO.

(First appearance in this country.)

"Or any other," he laughed scornfully to himself, for he had had a bitter time, and drunk very near the dregs of the cup of despair. He knew that his voice was good—he knew that if he could once get his "chance" his fortune would be made; and on the morrow that chance would come!

NOEL SILVIO,

PUPIL OF THE CELEBRATED SIGNOR GILLIO.

He winced as he read the lie staring him in the face on that flaming placard—the mean subterfuge of winning a race by springing up unfairly on another man's shoulders!

Yet self-preservation is the first law of nature, and starvation is so hard to bear, that surely almost anything might be forgiven one in such desperate circumstances, for making that supreme effort to save himself from going under?

Noel Silvio knew by bitter experience what hunger meant! One at a time his poor possessions had been sold or pawned to buy bread to eat, and to pay for his attic under the roof. Now he was face to face with utter destitution—unless the morrow brought salvation!

For three days he had lived on bread and water, but it was only the artist, not the man, which rebelled against such poor fare.

For himself he did not complain, if only his voice did not suffer—he *must* sing well to-morrow or his great chance would be lost forever!

He went into the hall, where the rehearsal for the next day's concert was being held, and hid himself in a quiet corner until his turn came. Being practically unknown he was last on the list, and, for the same reason, none of the other artistes thought it worth while to remain to hear him. He was glad of that when he noticed in

what poor voice he was—it seemed as if his tone were dull and wooden, without life or verve.

“Hum! quite off colour to-day,” grunted the conductor, gruffly; “hope you’ll make a better show to-morrow.”

The criticism was true, and Silvio stepped from the platform without uttering a word of explanation or defence!

How could he tell these careless, well-fed people that he was weak with hunger, and sick with anxiety?

Wasn’t it a vital article of the profession to sham prosperity, whether you were starving or not? But excitement would carry him through the concert! When the lights were all on, and the hall full of enthusiasts, everything would be forgotten except music!

He lounged aimlessly about the West End after the rehearsal until four o’clock, when he called on his only friends in London, Mrs. Clare and her daughter Nina—Nina, the girl he loved with heart and soul and strength—Nina, who was his “inspiration.”

He hadn’t told them about the concert—he could not trust himself to speak of it—not that he wasn’t sure of their interest and sympathy, but for a reason he tried to forget—the one thing in his life that he was ashamed of—the *lie*!

Nina’s eyes spoke the welcome that was in her heart, and glad smiles curved her lips as she greeted him.

“Why didn’t you tell us?” she began eagerly. “I’m just wild with delight, Noel—I’m more pleased about it than I’ve ever been about anything.”

He flushed and bit his lip, regretting now that he had risked the call.

“Yes, indeed, we are very glad at your good luck,” put in Mrs. Clare, half-reproachfully, “though if Mr. Greenburg hadn’t dropped in accidentally this afternoon, it might have been over before we heard of it at all.”

Carl Greenburg shrugged his shoulders and uttered a half-laugh as he said:

“Naturally, I thought you would know all about it, and I really came to you for information. Silvio is certainly lucky, and it is better to be born lucky than rich.”

“I have never considered myself particularly lucky,” replied Noel Silvio hurriedly, “though, of course, the concert to-morrow is——”

“One that every professional in London would give years of life for the chance of appearing at,” put in Greenburg, suavely; “but indeed, my dear Silvio, you are too modest—or incapable of making the most of your assets. The idea of a pupil of the great Gillio hiding his light under a bushel all this time! The mere mention

of the fact would have secured you first-rate engagements from the moment you decided to enter the profession. Or was it vanity that made you suppress the fact? Were you so sure of success for your own merits that you disdained to use Gillio's name until—well—now?"

He was on the rack and his enemy was turning the screw. Greenburg had always hated him, always envied him, even before they became rivals for Nina's love—since then the venom showed itself in every word and look, so that it was difficult sometimes to prevent an open quarrel.

Greenburg had a splendid baritone voice, but his mannerisms were pronounced, and his singing far from finished.

The critics spoke of him as "coarse," "boisterous," and so, although engagements were plentiful, he found it impossible to force his way into the highest musical circles—into which Noel Silvio had flown for, his "first appearance."

Such a concert as he was to "come out" at was worth waiting for, and Greenburg's soul was sick with envy. He knew, perhaps better than anyone else, how near his rival was to "going under"—he realised what success would mean to him at this precise juncture, and if he could foul the points he meant to do so!

To be doubly beaten in love and ambition by the same man, at the same time, was maddening!

How he had pestered the people responsible for that special concert to give him a place on the programme—and how decidedly they had refused to have him!

When he still persisted in offering his services the impresario told him bluntly:

"Fact is, Greenburg, you're not quite up to the standard of the other artistes who are appearing—you lack style and finish."

And now that same critic had accepted Silvio, thus ranging him, novice as he was, far higher than Greenburg, in the fine art of the profession!

Not from merit, though! scoffed Greenburg, bitterly; no! but simply because he chanced to be the "Pupil of Signor Gillio," who was admitted to be the finest singer in the whole world!

It was just a bold, very clever dodge on Silvio's part to force himself upon the musical world and compel a hearing. Once heard, Greenburg realised that success would follow, for Silvio had a glorious tenor voice, of exquisite tone and rare finish! But the "unknown" artiste would have as much chance of becoming famous on the summit of Mont Blanc as in London if his pockets were empty, unless he had influence—or a card like "Gillio's name to conjure with."

Possessing that card, and playing it well, would most certainly make Silvio.

But *not* possessing it, and attempting to palm it off on the fashionable world, would most surely hurl the cheat down to uttermost ruin!

"I'm awfully interested in this Gillio stunt, old man," Greenburg observed, in one of the intervals of afternoon tea. "How quiet you have kept about it! Sporting chap he must be to help on a future rival. I didn't even know that he took pupils."

No reply. Silvio drained his cup feverishly.

"I suppose his terms are terrific? He gets £1,000 for singing three songs which take less than five minutes each; so the lessons must be short and sweet?"

Still no reply. Silvio might have tried to bluff if Nina hadn't been there, but he couldn't tell a lie in the presence of the woman he loved!

"Do you know, I've always thought your singing resembled Gillio's," put in Mrs. Clare, meditatively. "I've heard him three times—twice in Paris and once in Milan, and you are always reminiscent of him. I didn't tell you so before, because I was afraid you might think I was flattering you——"

The mocking look in Greenburg's eyes almost frenzied him. He rose and made his adieux with sudden haste, pleading another appointment.

"With Gillio for a last lesson, perhaps?" scoffed Greenburg. Then, when the door closed upon his rival, he said with a curious laugh:

"The thing I admire most in Silvio is his nerve! Just think of his *daring* to try to pass himself off as a pupil of the most famous singer in the world! And what fools the promoters of that concert must be to be so easily taken in. But I don't envy him if they find out the lie before to-morrow night——"

"Mr. Greenburg," cried Nina, rising to her feet, breathless in indignant protest, "Noel Silvio is our dear friend—you *can't* mean that you are accusing him of——"

"Inventing the pleasant little picture that Gillio ever gave him lessons in singing? Why, my dear Miss Clare, the statement is a lie on the face of it! Silvio is in desperate straits for money—he simply can't get a hearing in London, so this expedient occurred to him, and he reckons on getting his show over, with favourable criticisms, before Gillio, who is in Italy, hears of it."

"Signor Gillio is here—in London," cried Nina passionately. "He arrived yesterday—see," snatching up a newspaper from the table; "apologise instantly for daring to reflect upon the honour and credit of my friend."

Greenburg's eyes flashed with triumph as he read—the Signor had arrived unexpectedly and was staying at the Ritz Hotel!

Now indeed his enemy was delivered into his hand, and he could crush him as he would an eggshell.

"I will reserve my apologies until after the concert," he replied significantly. "If all goes well I will kneel in the dust to you; if, however, there's a hitch in the programme, I shall expect you to apologise to me—and close your doors for ever after to a trickster and a liar. Good-afternoon."

"Come in."

Noel Silvio was alone in the sky-attic which served him as bed-sitting-room. Though frost was in the air there was no fire in the grate; though fashionable people were at dinner and humble ones at supper, the only food on his table was bread; the only drink, water.

His attitude was one of utter despondency. Should he carry out the fraud to the bitter end, with all its luring bait of success to follow, or should he, even at the eleventh hour, make confession and withdraw his name from the programme?

He thought it was the landlady knocking at the door, so he called out "Come in" without rising from his seat or raising his head.

"Mr. Noel Silvio?" asked a wonderfully musical voice, and Silvio sprang up in dire distress!

Who—which of his enemies (he had so few friends) had tracked him to his miserable lair?

The next instant he knew, and recoiled back—back to the farthest wall, white with horror, sick with shame.

A fine, handsome-looking man, in the prime of life, clad in a priceless sable coat, was standing in the doorway regarding him with stern, questioning eyes, in the depths of which lurked an infinite pity. The soul of the artiste had taken in every detail of the poverty, misery, the remorse of the solitary figure, even the despair which harshness might turn to madness!

"You!" breathed the novice; "*you*—Il Signor Gillio!"

"You have the advantage of me, sir; for though you evidently recognise me at a glance, you are a stranger to me—Mr. Noel Silvio?"

No reply save the laboured breathing of the younger man, and something like a smothered sob.

After a pause the Maestro went on again—

"Of course, you know why I am here?"

"I know."

"I had a natural curiosity to see my unknown pupil."

Another pause.

"And to receive his explanation?"

Again no answer. The Signor advanced into the room and laid a firm, yet gentle touch, on Silvio's arm.

"When I first heard of this affair I was very indignant," he said quietly. "You see, it is a serious liberty for anyone to have taken with my name. The individual who brought it to my notice was even angrier than I—so angry that it suggested to me private malice more than a desire for public justice. He—a Mr. Carl Greenburg (also, I believe, a member of our profession)—wished me to communicate at once with the promoters of the concert, and disclaim all knowledge of the person claiming to be my pupil. I decided to see you first, to hear what you had to say—and the instant I entered this room I received that information.

"My poor boy," almost tenderly, "I am angry no longer, only infinitely distressed. It is things like these which wring the soul of the artist, and make our hearts shed tears of blood. Do not be afraid of me—regard me as your friend. You need not even tell me your story—let me tell it to you, for once it was my own—at some time or other it has been that of nearly everyone who later on carves his name on the Roll of Fame. You have music in your soul, and you sing—perhaps well, perhaps indifferently, and you have ambition! But strive as you will, you cannot make headway—you sink until destitution stares you in the face—then in a mad moment you do a foolish thing—that is what we will call it—a very foolish thing—in the hope that it will achieve for you what your own talent has not done.

"Now this has also failed—yes," gravely. "I am very sorry, but you see that it *must* fail. I, Gillio, cannot deceive my world—I cannot pass a spurious coin. I love my public—it is good to me—I have never broken faith with it, and I never will! If I allowed my name to draw it to hear you sing, I should be deceiving it—you understand that?"

"I understand—but——"

"And so I will leave it in your own hands to withdraw from the programme to-morrow."

"I go at once to obey you, but——"

"When you have done that, call and dine with me at my hotel. I will wait dinner for you, Mr. Silvio."

"Stay—just a moment—my *master*," cried Silvio in a strangely repressed, yet vehement tone, "for you are my master, I your pupil, though not as the words are generally understood. You, Signor Gillio, have taught me, unknown to yourself, how to sing! I have worshipped you from afar all my life—I was a little choir boy at St. Peter's when *you* came every Sunday to sing there. Do you

remember? Two years you were in Rome. Then you went to Milan—and also I came to Milan—to be near you, to hear you sing. I was solo treble at the Cathedral—often you sang there—when you did not sing, I sang—I, Noel Silvio! Then my voice broke, and it seemed as if the world had come to an end. You went to Paris—to Dresden, London—you on the stage, I in the gallery—never did I miss when Gillio was in the bill. And what you sang in public I practised in secret until it seemed as if I had become your echo! I worked hard day by day, and I lived poor, so that at night I could hear you sing. Only when you went on your Star tour round the world, was I unable to follow. Then I came here. See, Signor!”—going to a battered-looking trunk in one corner of the room and taking from it bundles of carefully-scheduled programmes—“these will prove that I speak truly—if I can sing—and people tell me so—then you are my master—I your pupil—and it is no lie that is on the placards after all.”

Like a man in a dream the Signor went through the programmes in his hands—each one having fixed to it the principal criticism and praises of the performance. What a faithful record of his career this shabby little room contained!

What other, of all who had heard him sing, could prove an appreciation like this marvellous boy, starving in his garret?

Never had sweeter incense been offered to any man, and it penetrated right to the Italian's soul.

“Come!” he said, simply; “this is no fit lodging for my only pupil. I must hear you sing—and give the finishing lesson—bring your valise—my car is at the door. Gillio himself is now responsible for your success, therefore leave everything to him; for the present, of course, you are his guest.”

A handsome, grave-faced, slender youth, with the voice of an angel, who dropped from the clouds one night on to a London concert platform and carried by storm the pens of the critics and the hearts of the people. Such was Noel Silvio, who sprang in an hour from obscurity to fame.

The audience received his first song in absolute silence—not a breath, not a sound, and then such thunders of applause, such wild, sudden enthusiasm as even Heaven-born genius rarely evokes oftener than once in a generation.

Carl Greenburg, who was there with a party of intimates to witness the humiliation of a hated rival, became himself their mock for having blundered so badly, and, pale with fury and discomfiture, sullenly withdrew to the rear of the hall, for once in his life thoroughly baffled, and unable to make head or tail of the affair!

Hadn't Gillio practically denied knowledge of Silvio in any shape or form? Hadn't he declared emphatically that he had never given a singing lesson in his life? Yet wasn't that Gillio himself coming forward on the platform, standing by Silvio's side, putting his hand on his shoulder, as a father might have done, in proud, familiar affection?

He was making a speech, which the roar of applause absolutely drowned—

"My only pupil—my first and last—one capable of taking my place when my day is done."

Shouts—thunders—tears.

What *could* it mean? It was a riddle, the solution of which Greenburg was never destined to know. Nina Clare, with her mother, sat half-way down the room, her heart swelling with pride at the marvellous talent and triumph of the man she loved.

Yet glad as she was for his sake, she was heart-sick for her own!

The quiet, shabby, unknown Noel had seemed very near to her—all her girlish dreams had been woven round a future in which their lives were blended together!

She wasn't afraid of poverty—she was ready to wait until he claimed her!

But *this* Noel had soared far away, like a meteor in the firmament of Heaven. *This* Noel belonged to the great world of Music and Art, and genius—he had won Fame—but it had cost her *Love*.

Had it?

When the concert was over and the great crowd began to pour out through every open door, Nina suddenly found herself face to face with the new star—smiling into her eyes—hands held out for hers, ears waiting for the last seal to be put upon his triumph.

"Nina, I have brought the Signor Gillio to be introduced to—may I say—my future wife?" he whispered ardently. "I was only waiting to have something to offer you before speaking, dearest. Now, I think the future promises well, thanks to Heaven and one of the noblest men ever created."

The Signor caught the last few words and shook a protesting finger at the speaker as he told Mrs. Clare, with a gay laugh—

"He has always been prejudiced in my favour. You must not believe all he says of me, Madam; yet I want to stand well with this young lady, for in the future we shall see much of one another. This night marks a new era in our lives. Let us celebrate it by supping together—and return *my* hospitality to-night by sending me an invitation to the wedding."

# An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

DUAN AN TSLÁNATÓRA.

Fonn: Éamonn an Chnuc.

107

Mo sháópa mo Dia, mo sháópa mo liais  
Mo sháó geal mo tiarna trócaireac  
Mo sháó milir Cúroir,—sháó an uileóroide  
Mo sháó ar fao tu a Rí na glóire;  
Mo sháópa do fúil, mo sháópa do fhuad  
Mo sháópa do éilí ir do comhacta  
Mo sháó tu le fonn cé táim buirpíonn  
Ní deapna, mo cúma, do comairle.

108

Mo sháópa do naoim, a n-áilneacé 'r a ngním  
Mo sháim bearta ir baoir na hóige;  
Mo sháópa do ólúge, a bheáégaé 'r a bhué  
Mo sháópa fá éirí do róimpta  
Ar beapmar det maéail le reábaé an oiaáil  
Ópás ran san éall me a rtoir gil  
'S a máigiréir na seáir go mábaé do mar  
Stánuig a Dia mo mórluit.

109

Mo sháópa go léir do mároé 'r do péir  
'S do mááir mar péitcan eóluir  
Bampíogam na n-aingeal bampíogam na n-apróol  
Bampíogam na bplaitéar óiróa  
Bampíogam an tronair, bampíogam an troluir  
Bampíogam na seáir, na seáiríneac  
Bampíogam na ngnár in am reáimle an dáir  
Mo éamán oim 'r mo sháópa an óg slan.

110

Mo sháó tupa a ááir neáimóa na n-aingeal  
A bláé slan na bplaité 'r a n-aoibneáir  
Mo sháópa do leaca áluinn san áir  
Óáitíus do éáir le caoneáir  
Mo sháópa do teágaré, t'áir ir t'áir  
Mo sháópa saé acé det ólúge-rí  
Mo sháópa saé ááa éáiríneac do éáirí  
Dot sháó ir dot sháim, a fopa.

111

Mo sháópa na rúir neáimóa ro ir éáir  
Mo sháópa do éom, do éló geal,  
Mo sháópa do éreá, fáirí na réa  
Mo sháópa do méim do móiróacé

Mo ghràora do bhearra it pàir rinn do cheannuis  
 Mo ghràora do càtaim cèolmair  
 Ó, a fòra na bhearrt ná daoim me let ceart—  
 Ir tu mo foillre, mo neart, mo dócar.

## 112

Mìnigri méirgig miltteac an éirig  
 An buidean buile éraoraé cóirneac  
 Ná rtríocann do dhéirte naomta na cléir  
 Aét cóirde go faobrac fóirac  
 Fuil fòra do rpalpaó, an traohie do rtriacáó  
 As ríorremor 'r as creacáó a gcomhuran  
 Ó mo rceimle-rí an rruan i rteinte na brian  
 Cuirhear miltte sac bliadaim fí dhóndhoro.

## 113

An tpeam n-a dhruil tarit ampla asur aihc  
 Le rcanhpaó na rcart as rcoláó  
 I nioiáó fadóirhean an traohigil an cládaime duó feill  
 'S na daill itte as fota dóighe  
 Capaó im cáil ar parrhetar san rpár  
 Tá an peaca ir an báp go ghnóac  
 Lá an anaithe 'r an baogail, damanta 'n-a daol  
 Deiró an t-anam ran ná déanra an foigimair.

## 114

Na Caeráim ba cheann ar rpeirpinn na lann  
 Oá érineaeét a scamta a gcomhac  
 Ir laochur le fonn na féinne, 'r an doimain  
 Féac, ní raib ionnta aét ceó beas  
 Tá an raogal ro dár noallaó, tá an raogal ro dár meallaó  
 Tá an raogal ro dár rcallaó as rceónaib  
 Séanam in am ar gelaonéoré cam  
 Ir lá an tSléiré ir pinne an élann comphórac.

## 115

A bantraét an tréin tug anhraét dui gcléir  
 Do dhionhra na naom ir oá mácaim  
 Do leanar go réim dóiraeac a méinn  
 A fómpla go léir 'r a ráirde;  
 Ná rtaohigirde go cláit aét lapuigrde le gráó  
 Preabhigirde le gárvor naomta  
 'S gur gairro oib an lá n-a mbeiró banaltar na ngrár  
 Dui nglacaó irteac 'n-a áruir réilteac.

## 116

## Ceangal:\*

Suaatáó an traogail dhéasais dhraois dhraomais  
 Uaibhig éadomair élaomhair éleapais coimtis  
 Mo éruas tug traodta caté le bairra baohie  
 An pluas in a tpeirte éirig an leand fòra.

\* ní de obair earós an méiró rin fonn.

suim cíosa uí brian.

(ar leanamain.)

Ac ro fuim Cirpa 1 Uruain a Corcambhuad, ar an taob amuis da Salloglacaib Donna acur Daihi, acur do Sillaraib con .i. vi. mairg .xx. acur ein .p. x. acur ar an taob amuis do cirp Tuairi Glac ata an tfeapann rin, acur iriact ferainn ar a fuil an cir rin .i. ar oét ceóramna a ninnri Ó Feitir acur ar leódbaili Meic Domnaill bain, acur ar an ceóramuin nSihir acur ar ceóramuin Baile 1 Reabaéain acur ar leódbaili Baile Cinnmarisa acur ar letbaile 1 Seanuis acur ar an ceatramuin mBlotuis acur ar ceóramuin Baile 1 Samhain acur ar ceitpe ceatramnaib Craebí Dersgáin acur ar in ceatramuin nDub acur ar ceatramuin na Raitní acur ar ceatramuin Baile Sparráin acur ar ceatramuin in Cluain acur ar ceatramuin Baile 1 Dorra acur ar ceatramuin an tSeirdein acur ar an ceatramuin nSihir acur ar ceatramuin in Longfuit, acur ar tpi ceatramnaib Glenna Meic Concubair na Caille acur ar letbaile na Cuillinnac acur ar ceóramuin in Doipe moir acur ar ceatramuin Muirí na nEac acur ar ceatramuin Tpi Leitín acur ar ceatramuin Caérac Seirgin acur ar ceatramuin Baile 1 Coilínna, co roib tpi ceatramna acur da .xx. rin, acur a recht thíob acur letmairg annra ceatramuin díob.

As ro fuim Ciopa 1 Uruain a nSlac, ar an taob a muig da Salloglacaib, donna acur Daihi acur da Sillaraib con .i. .x. p. acur v. uinge acur da mairg .x. acur raeirri Clainde Flanchada daihem ar rin; acur ir iat ferainn ar a fuil an cir rin .i. ar letbaile Baile na Huamad acur ar ceatramuin 1 Cleirg acur ar letbaile Craeci 1 Corrain acur ar an ceatramuin nSihir acur ar letbaile na Slairc acur ar ceatramuin Baile 1 Coileim acur ar ceatramuin Dumuis 1 Uanna acur ar letbaile 1 Buadair acur ar letbaile Baile na Lecan: A ta na rairri ac Sil Flanncaoda maille ie letmairg do cir 1 Uruain a Craicc 1 Corraóain, co roib .v. .p. acur .v. uinge ann gac Ceatramuin do na ceitpe Ceatramnaib .x. rin.

(A fuiglac ran le teadé.)

\* \* \*

Tá tairige mói agam le déirdeannaige ar éionntóó airíi go Saeóilg ó teangtaíab eile, agus ón bPraingscír go haonta, agus go deimín bpaírim uaim focalóirí maíe a tabairfaó dam an fhuotail ceart Saeóilge i gcomair a leitéro reo ir a leitéro ríú. Ir minic rin gur ab é an fuotail rimplíoe a déineann an éportáil. Ní dóca gur ab éannmaítear uínní beir ag fuil le fuotail roganca san moill, aet nil éanagó ná go bfuil na fuotail ann, agus i mbéalaib daoine inna cuigib eile go minic, nuair bío in earnam ar éuro agaimn. Agus ní héannmaítear do daoine beir dá ráó ná fuil maetanar le n-a leitéro de leabair: tá gába com mói leir le haíaró na Saeóilge ir tá le n-a leitéro in éinteangaim eile, agus breir b'éoiri. Tá prádáinn mói le leabair dá fóir, deimín airí é. Aet ir corraib go gcaitpe gac uime agaimn a iomaire féin do roirair—go ceann abpaó.

\* \* \*

Do rinnear tairige le déirdeannaige don earba atá ann maidir le leabairíní upnaíote i nSaeóilg, ná fuil agaimn aet tpi nó ceatair

de ceannairb ar fad, agus fíde rópt leabhrín i gcomhair Deapla agus ir minic a geóbtá an preasra ran "Ar cló" dá mbeiré ag éileam an leabair Saeóilge. Cloirim naé mipse do daoine beir ag rúil le leabair eile de únnairéid Saeóilge, únnairéite a táimis anuar ó beal go beal amearc Saeóal. Bí pé cum beir fi cló le nagair lae féile Pádrais, agus do beaó aét amáin sup éur an rehur ir an múcaó ro rtaó ar obair an cló go ceann tamail. Aét tá an t-aóbar ar lámh fábalta, agus ní has out uainn atá pé: beir pé agaimn i gcomhair an Oipeaétair le congnaí Dé.

\* \* \*

Naé móir an gleó ir an fotham a bí ar riuáil um an Rtoipeaét poinnt bliáóanta ó foim. Do ceap a lán go scuipfead pé corpuige móir in obair na Saeóilge. Mo épeac ir mo léan! níl de toiprótáir mpti aét luicín maabá, agus ir beas eólar atá ag éinne um a bfuil le teaét, nó an bfuil éinnitó eugaimn. Ir rógeair an móill ar Saeólaib teaét corpa de rto. Táro corpa den rtoipeaét ceana féin, mar meapam, aét éim go bfuil corpuige éigin inra Cumann Scribneóirí do bunuigeaó amirir an Oipeaétair anuipró: níl deánta aca ó foim aét-caint, aét ir deacair an méro rin féin a véanam agus an amirir corpuigíte atá ann pé látair. Mura páuigir rto paotair na Rtoipeaéta ní fearra dóib beir gleitapánac. Tá a lán daoine ar an raogal sup fearir leó treabaó leó ina n-aonair agus ní ruapac a bfuil deánta ag cur aca le bliáóanta anuar um an nSaeóilge.

\* \* \*

Agus maidir le leabha céil: féac a bfuil deánta ina aonair ag uigdar "Ceól ar Sinreap" agus cúpla leabhrín nóó aise hac aon bliáóam. Féac ná mairiann pé ar éinne aét an cúpla pinginn atá maectanac cum an leabhrín do ceannac. Agus ní fearra do cumann a beir ag trearnuáó air ina cur oibre. Ir fearir go móir leir an traohire, agus ir fearra do é com mair.

\* \* \*

Da mtró é véanam appa tura— capáó ar feanaimneaca na n-áiteanna ran Dún Laoighe, Cóp Cópcaige, Laoigir, Popt Laoigre, Ó Failge, Daingean Ó bFailge, Cill Ohoiceaó, An Ohoiceaó Nuáó, 7c., 7c. Agus ir dóca sup fearir go mbeir a tuilleaó agaimn de rna feanaimneaca go nveair na gail iad do múcaó ir do bátaó nuair bí an lám láirir aca féin. Tá rómplai bpeagta agaimn le ceaptuáó tar n-air róp, .i. Newtownmanorpcunningham, ir Newtownmountkenedy, ir Newtownpaoer agus a lán Newtownr naé iad!

\* \* \*

Táair ag obair ceana féin ar ainmneaca fparveanna na ptiom-éatrac: ir móir an tapcuirne do Saeólaib a lán de rna tevealaib atá ar fparveanna ir ar bóitrib Aét Cliaé, aét ní rava go gcloirpar rceal nuáó um an reanrceal ran.

\* \* \*

An bfuil Saeóilgeoir ann atá oite ar ainmneaca na péitcíní ir feanna móra a rpeirre a cuipfead ríor uáinn oíra, cum ná beaó rcpibneóirí ag caasair don "Slige Dainneamail"! Duó cóir go

inbeaó anacuro eóluir as ári n-iarcairib um nealltóipeaét ir  
pealttóipeaét ir ári éarraið spéime ir sealaige, 7c., 7c. Tá a  
n-aimmneaða réimíó as saé cine eile ári na nótíð rin so léim, asur  
ir móri an náipe úáinn-ne é muna scuiriam ríor i repíðinn na  
haimmneaða bíotó as ári rinreari opta. Sin puo náip éanroóari  
comórtar do beit ári an Oipeaétar uime, asur ní deapmóofari é.

\* \* \*

Ruo eile atá de óit opáinn, aimmneaða ári n-éantlaite, bíotó so  
paib liortaí ári na páipéiri ó am so ham. Ní meapaim so beut liorta  
iomlán ann fóp.

riacra eilseac.



# Topics of the Month.

## SAFEGUARDING THE BIBLE.

### I. A STORY OF RESEARCH.

FOREIGN journals have widely commented on the action of the French Government in declaring St. Stephen's Biblical School at Jerusalem an official institution of France. The French people have long realised the injury done to their influence abroad by the cleavage between their country and the Church. The present incident is one of the most significant signs that France wishes to be once more associated with the eastern undertakings of Catholicism.

St. Stephen's School is conducted by the Dominican Fathers. Recently the French Academy of Inscriptions offered to become the patron of its archæological work. The School is regarded as the foremost centre of Biblical research in the world. Many archæologists consider its journal is the leading authority on subjects relating to Biblical analysis and elucidation.

The School had an interesting origin. A French priest, Père Lecomte, succeeded after many difficulties in locating and purchasing the site of the tomb of the first Christian martyr, St. Stephen. Then he and some of his Dominican brethren began excavations around the place, with the result that remarkable ruins, inscriptions, and mosaics were brought to light.

Father Lecomte had the scholarly imagination to see how much could be done in this most fruitful field of inquiry if the work were systematically pursued. He conceived the great idea of starting a Biblical School in which professors and stu-

dents could examine on the spot the people, the land, and the language from which the Bible sprang. The beginnings of the new seat of learning were humble and small. Thirty years ago in an old slaughter-house the School was opened.

To-day it consists of a monastery, a basilica, and a spacious academic building, the whole being described as "one of the most stately groups of edifices in the Holy Land."

### II. CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE.

Catholics have always been foremost in the first-hand study of the evidences of Biblical truth. Apart from the divine side, which remains within the sphere of Faith, there are the physical facts which can be confirmed from geography and secular history. The probing of these facts is a matter of the highest importance to Christians. And it is essential that the work should not be superficial or intermittent.

As the world gets older the vestiges of the past become fewer and more difficult to trace. It is essential that each generation should do its part in collecting and preserving these links and clues. St. Stephen's School has already shown that the Bible narrative is strikingly confirmed by a close comparison of the land with the geographical details in the Book.

Fulminations against the Bible were very common at the close of the nineteenth century, just the time when St. Stephen's School was founded. The Rationalist Press was flooding the world with the wild argumentations of men like Laing and Ingersoll who held that the Bible

was the chaotic record of a semi-barbarous and superstitious people, and that its contents were so far against sense as to be unworthy of credence by modern minds.

This "commonsense" style of criticism, which poured corrosive sarcasm on "Biblical absurdities," made a natural appeal to a too practical age. Worse still, it was accepted in a large degree by Protestant churchmen who straight away began rejecting such portions of Holy Writ as they considered to be out of keeping with rational judgment.

The Rationalists, in triumphant mood, insisted that the Bible incidents were without any endorsement by independent contemporaries, that its facts went unmentioned by Roman or other historians, and that its wars and expeditions were inconsistent with the outline of the country.

Catholic investigators met these damaging statements by scientific method—a careful examination of the Holy Land and its remains. It then transpired that there was contemporary pagan verification of many Biblical episodes declared by the rationalists to be moonshine, such as the fall of Jericho and the passage of the Red Sea. And so the allegations put forward by ill-informed prejudice were blown to bits by impartial scholarship. It was possible even to fix the year of the departure of Moses and the Israelites from Egypt as 1320 B.C.

Of course the authority of the Bible does not rest on the fragmentary confirmation derived from other annals or on the coincidence of its details with physical features that still exist. But the Church Militant must defend every pass and allow no means of entrance to the sceptic. The Catholic students of Holy Writ are doing that useful defence work.

St. Stephen's Biblical School will, one hopes, long continue its patient and useful campaign of research.

## CATHOLIC REVIVAL.

### I. IS IT A REALITY?

It would be imprudent to over-estimate—as one might easily do—"the revival of Catholicism" which is said to be making such progress on the Continent. The most accurate view is, perhaps, that the position is decidedly better than it was before the war. One of the principal reasons for the change is easily traceable. During the years of struggle the people in many countries were suddenly brought into closer touch with priests and religious institutions.

Men came to know the priest sometimes as a soldier in the trenches. The real spirit of the religious communities was revealed in a practical way to the wounded who were placed under their care. In this way prejudices were softened. And to-day if there is not more Catholicism in certain countries than there was ten years ago, there is at any rate considerably less anti-clericalism.

Whether a real Catholic spirit is to grow up again will depend entirely on the workers, the masses, "the rude mechanicals," as Shakespeare called them. In pre-war days one material fact was well dinned into their heads. They were told that Catholic countries were unprogressive and poor, while Protestant countries were rich and powerful—and that settled the case.

The masses, with their sad experience of the manner in which war wealth has been accumulated by profiteers, have had their minds considerably enlightened on the error of judging the human happiness of a population by the number of millionaires that it contains. They are

more ready to ask: Where is life most helpful, most sympathetic, and most satisfying to the great bulk of the people? They are prepared to give a pretty accurate answer to the query whether it is better to live one's allotted span in a quiet corner of Spain or in a great manufacturing town like Birmingham.

The masses of humanity are sufferers everywhere—to a far greater degree now than in the Catholic centuries. The revolt from the supremacy of the Church, whatever political changes it accomplished, has not lightened their burdens—it has increased them. The Church, during the epoch of its greatest human sway, was a tremendous check on "man's inhumanity to man." It made kings and governments afraid to throw the moral law to the winds. It gave the Ten Commandments a place in the ordinary really few rich individuals, for two affairs of the world. There were good reasons. First, because a fair degree of happiness was obtainable without wealth. And secondly because the making of huge fortunes out of the misery of others was rendered impossible by the Catholic public opinion then active in every nation of Europe.

## II. THE HOPE OF THE PEOPLE.

The masses of the present time are evincing a keen sense of the woes they endure. They have yet to understand the cause that gives rise to them. A knowledge of the much happier condition of the lower people in the Catholic ages would soon open their eyes on the subject and make them realise what they have lost.

For them the world has been made laborious, wearisome, and uninteresting. From such pleasures as are allowed to them their "betters" stand scornfully aloof. Easter and

Whitsuntide used to be fetes in which all the children of the Christian Church, both high and low, took a common joy. Now they are bank holidays—days detested and dreaded by the West End of London, because for a few hours the East End dares to invade its exclusiveness.

The sense of human equality passed out of the world when the Church was dethroned. There was no longer a universal law-giver to prevent the many from being subjugated by the few. The people were told that the shaking-off of the Roman domination gave them "political liberty." Where is the liberty? No doubt there are Parliaments in which the year passes round in wrangling and talk. But do they redress the real wrongs or lighten the growing burdens of the toilers? Carlyle thought out that question and answered it. "Vain hope," he said, "to make people happy by politics!"

Much is spoken and written about "social and economic reform." But politics will not achieve it. The only hope of that result lies in a genuine "Catholic revival." It means going back to the old principle under which every man had rights irrespective of his wealth or poverty, and other men were taught not to infringe them. The world's leisure and amusements would no longer be reserved for those with the money to procure them. Fellowship would come again into the dealings of men, and human society would cease to be graded off into watertight compartments. No one would be excluded—as the poorest class is Great Britain to-day—from a claim on the opportunity and plenty that the earth has to offer.

A return to Catholicism is the only hope of the working millions of Europe and America. It would establish what Labour Parties can-

not—a code of justice between man and man.

## THE PLAGIARISTS.

### I. PRETTY PREVALENT.

THE literary year is now hurrying to its close and the estimates of its products are not flattering. A leading critic states that "the books were mediocre, and plagiarism was abundant." Plagiarism is said to be no crime—until it is found out. Then the unlucky author is placed below zero. He does not even get credit for the originality that may be his. He ranks simply as a person too poor to invent a thought but not too proud to steal one.

And yet, as the Frenchman said, plagiarism is, of all forms of theft, the least dangerous to society. If every man was to be limited to the creations of his own mind and hand, there would be no mental or physical advancement. In mechanics all inventions are plagiarisms. Can we point to any contrivance that cannot be referred back to an earlier source? "A ship is a quotation from a forest." Jefferson laid it down that a hermit was the only person from whom complete originality could be expected.

Some men have lived on plagiarism and grown great by means of it. Disraeli, so famous for his epigrams, never said anything that was his own. He remarked himself that although he didn't mine the gold he sent it into circulation. One of his best political metaphors was his calling the members of the Opposition "extinct volcanoes." It was a stolen phrase. He purloined it from a defenceless author whom he pillaged once more for the plot of a novel. But whom did he not rob? Some unpublished letters of Byron's fell into his hands, and when writing

his romances he took whole sentences out of the poet's correspondence and stuck them into the mouths of his characters.

It is barely a few years since an American senator got into trouble by an annexation which would have made his reputation had it not been discovered. A public man died, and the senator summed up his merits in an oration stolen from the sermons of the great French churchman, Father Massillon. I would forgive the senator had he merely stolen the speech. But he marred it in the stealing, and that was unpardonable.

### II. OURSELVES AMONG THE SUFFERERS.

Shakespeare pilfered copiously—but he pilfered nothing that he did not adorn. We know how beautifully, by changing a word here and there, he transformed Lord Sterling's lines about the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, and all the other earthly things that were destined to dissolve and leave not a wrack behind.

Sometimes the person who most loudly inveighs against plagiarism is a sinner himself. Charles Reade furiously declared that George Eliot had plundered his pages to get ideas for her own. He forgot to confess that he himself had bodily appropriated whole slices of Swift. Similarly Zola sneered at what he was pleased to regard as the barrenness of his fellow-authors, none of whom—according to him—had anything really new to relate. The great Catholic critic, Brunetière, shut him up completely by revealing that many of Zola's best dialogues were stolen *literatim* from an obscure English dramatist, Otway. Zola's mortified friends put forward the

excuse that such thefts at least betokened a fair degree of learning. But Brunetière returned to the topic and proved that Zola had not even gone to the English source. He had cribbed the dialogues from Taine's translated specimens of English plays.

Tell it not in Gath, I have seen things that appeared in the IRISH ROSARY blatantly plagiarised by scribblers who sometimes published

them very near home—and I did not censure their audacity.

If a writer gives us a good thought, have we a right to inquire as to its age and antecedents before we consent to appreciate it? There is nothing new under the sun. Literary dishonesty has the merit of doing nobody any positive harm, if the authors despoiled are dead ones. As for the living, they are gallantly protected by the law of copyright.

# Books and Books.

*A Spiritual Retreat.* By Father Alexander, O.F.M. 10s. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

This large and well produced volume of a full 200 pages containing fifteen Meditations or Instructions, each of which is based on a line from the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (thus differentiating it from many of the retreat conferences with which we are familiar, and seeming to be one of the signs of that coming Age of the Holy Ghost foretold by many saintly writers) was written primarily for the use of Religious. To these we can unhesitatingly recommend it as a *mutuum in parvo*,—pithily expressed, there is food for thought and much clear exposition in the work. It is the gift of a Franciscan Father of experience, and is, the publishers' note assures us, "a persuasive compendium of over thirty years' experience in giving Retreats to Religious and to the Laity." It was put into book form at the request of many of the Religious who had benefited by these practical and deeply spiritual discourses. It may be added that the book—while making a present that is certain of lasting appreciation to one's nun friends—is also offered by the good author (already known for his works, *The Catholic Home*, *The Way of Youth*, etc.), to the many souls in the world who aim at the virtues of humility, docility, charity and fortitude, to quote his own words. To daily communicants, and to those who strive to cultivate a special devotion to the Holy Ghost, "our souls' sweet Guest," it may also be recommended.

E. S.

*Jock, Jack, and the Corporal.* By the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. 3s. 6d. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, W.

In this volume we have a human story, poignantly touching at times, lit with the brightest and warmest flashes of humour and kindliness; we have Christian and Catholic apologetics handled with masterly touch; we have wisdom, experience, practicality, the deep things of philosophy, and of the spirit, and we have the love of God. It is a book of Instruction for non-Catholics in the form which is most likely to lay hold upon the modern man—yea, a book of Instruction for Catholics also, for instruction for all is the crying need of our day, a day which is all astray for want of the principles

by which alone man liveth, and astray for want of the knowledge of those principles. Men have digged to themselves the broken cisterns of heresy, and now they are turning away from those broken cisterns in disgust, but where the deep living waters are they know not. This is a beautiful book, a book of tears and laughter, and thought and spiritual life; a book that may be picked up at odd moments and re-read as well as be carefully studied through its clearly and simply reasoned presentment of the Faith and that spiritual life which our Lord came to give, and to give more abundantly. It may be added that it is chiefly suited to priests and people in England, and to those, primarily, who know the Cockney genius. We require more and more books of this type, and we welcome this pioneer in a very great work.

E. S.

*The Gospel of S. Mark.* By the Rev. R. Eaton. With Introduction, Text and Notes. 6s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.

The well-known Oratorian Father, to whom we owe this book, has given us a work that will be invaluable to many. It consists of the whole Gospel printed with copious footnotes and annotation, an Introduction in which not only S. Mark's personal history, so far as it is known, is given us, but also his style and his particular genius as an Evangelist—his personality, we might say—are delineated for us, and there is also a Map of Palestine as it was in the time of Christ, which helps us in our study of the sacred narrative. This is a book for teachers, for sodalities of grown-up young people, and its presence on the shelf of the Community library would undoubtedly serve to foster a greater interest in and understanding of those holy Gospels which are one of the most priceless legacies of our Fathers in the Faith to us. Knowledge is ever the prelude to and the deepener of Love.

E. S.

*The Love of the Sacred Heart.* With Preface by Rev. J. A. McMullen, C.S.S.R. 6s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., Orchard Street, London.

Perhaps this work, translated by a Religious of the Good Shepherd, embodying the teachings on the Great Devotion of S. Margaret Mary and the Blessed John Eudes,

will make most appeal to religious, for whom, indeed, there is a special section. But devotion to the Heart so loving and so little loved is a devotion for all, indeed incumbent on all who would console the outraged Lover of souls, and who would ensure themselves a brilliant eternity through the special graces of this sacred worship. "The war-wracked world of to-day," says Father McMullen, "has to be re-won to God. And Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His methods do not change. His wisdom reacheth from end to end mightily and disposes all things sweetly." He rules over the hearts of men mightily, as only the God Who made the heart has any right to do, but He gains His Kingdom by disposing all things sweetly in the meekness of His Sacred Heart. . . . *Cum magna reverentia disponit nos Deus*, 'With great reverence doth God treat us.' Thy King cometh to thee meek. . . . He deigns to seek admission. Come, Lord Jesus, let us say to Him." In this book, the holy Redemptorist assures us, we shall find the means of acquiring the Spirit of Christ—whatever our temperament or needs, we shall find the words of Christ set forth here to suit precisely those requirements.

E. S.

*Faith and Duty.* By Judith F. Smith. With a Preface by the Rev. Stanislaus St. John, S.J. 7s. 6d. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Here is a book for teachers, on the lines laid down in Herbart's "Five Formal Steps," for the more interesting teaching of religion to children. It is offered for the instruction of children of from eight to ten years, but it might profitably be employed, with suitable omissions or adaptations, until the young folk leave school. Father St. John's preface points out the admirable and indeed essential nature of the teachers' achievement in giving religious instruction, and very highly commends Miss Smith's detailed method. Her syllabus covers the Apostles' Creed, the Three Eminent Good Works, and the Ten Commandments. If we may venture a word of criticism, it is that some of the imaginary reflections of Our Lady, or our Lord, are somewhat *de trop*, and the statement that the Holy Innocents "from the moment of their death have been blissfully happy in heaven," is not correct, since Heaven was only opened to the souls of the just at our Lord's Ascension. But, this being said, we welcome a work that will prove a stimulus and a help to many a tired teacher anxious to get the best results for God from the little flock committed to his or her care. The lessons can be simplified

and shortened where deemed too full or lengthy; but the method is one which is sure to be of great interest. E. S.

*Irish History for Junior Classes—The Defence of our Gaelic Civilisation (1460-1660).* By Helena Concannon, M.A., author of *The Life of St. Columbanus*. Fallon Bros., Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

Warm congratulations are due to Mrs. Concannon on the appearance of *The Defence of our Gaelic Civilisation (1460-1660)*. It is published as a history for Junior Grade classes, but it is more—it is a history capable of giving pleasure and satisfaction to any reader. The opinion of modern Irish scholars are quoted—the connection between different events are clearly shown—the sources relied on are mainly Irish, and the whole story is told so well that it is as readable as any book of fiction.

Some twenty-four pages at the end are devoted to the historical Geography of Ireland for the period under consideration. With the ten maps given, these pages are full of interest. The boundaries of the Marches and the Pale are marked, the sites of the Anglo-Norman religious houses, and the different areas affected by the different plantations. The result is that a complete picture of the places discussed is impressed on the mind of the student.

Every Catholic teacher for the Intermediate should at least read this book. It is Catholic and Irish, and merits a good reception from our Irish Catholic teachers.

O. B.

*Ar Nohin Aran*, with Translation.

We have received a copy of *Ar Nohin Aran*, Canon O'Leary's short stories, with a translation into English. The book, which is published this week by Messrs. Browne and Nolan, comes at an opportune time for pupils who are studying the original version of the stories in the intermediate schools. It gives all the stories in simplified spelling, thus indicating how every word should be pronounced according to the pronunciation of the author. The translation has been carefully done, and should be a great help to students and teachers. It is not a mere word for word translation which would enable the student to "scamp" his work by memorising the English. Idiomatic Irish phrases, for instance, are turned into idiomatic English phrases. At the same time the translation is not a mere paraphrase, it follows the sense and spirit of the original closely and can be used with good results for retranslation back into Irish—an excellent exercise for students. The price of the book is one shilling.

# THE BOOK OF LOVE.

*There is a Book who runs may read,  
Its words are wondrous clear;  
That Book, of God's Almighty Love,  
Is Christ's Own Heart so dear.*

*It tells to men a tale most fair,  
Of Love pursuing yet,  
With God-like patience, human haste.  
The hearts on which 'tis set.*

*That Heart was wounded deep and wide,  
The Heart of God made Man;  
That in that Wound for evermore  
Man's eyes God's love might scan.*

*The human and Divine are met,  
Linked endlessly in One;  
The Vision of past ages all  
Hath centred in God's Son.*

*For God is Love, and His dear Word  
Our flesh hath deigned to wear.  
Shall He not reach His children's hearts,  
Whose lot He now doth share?*

*Yea, surely now—Christ's mortal Heart  
For each poor soul doth feel  
Such love, such pity, none save God  
Might live, and bear that zeal.*

*Yet is He Man, our Brother still,  
Our Kinsman dearest, best;  
Whose Life and Love and thought are all  
For us, His brethren blest.*

*God loves us! His eternal care  
Are we through all life's ways;  
How we shall love our Father dear,  
When He all flesh shall raise!*

DOROTHY WAYLAND.



"OUR SAVIOUR."

# THE IRISH ROSARY.

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## The Harp in the Orchestra.

H. GRATTAN-FLOOD, MUS. DOC.

**M**OST writers incline to the view that the harp—(proudly emblazoned on the arms of Ireland)—did not begin to be seriously considered as an orchestral instrument till the middle of the 18th century, but this is a mistake. As far back as 1608 Monteverde, in his *Orfeo*, employed a double harp, while, a century later, in 1709, the harp was introduced into *Orpheus* at Hamburg. Imperfect as was the method disclosed in the invention of the hooks or crooks, it certainly opened up immense possibilities for the harp, and so, from the year 1702 attempts were made to elevate this instrument to the dignity of an honoured place in the orchestra. The harp is employed in *L'ingauno fedele* in 1714; and about the same period Mrs. Elizabeth Hemmings sang "cantatas" to her own harp accompaniment at Britton's Music Room in Clerkenwell, London.

Among the great masters of the first half of the eighteenth century, Handel deserves the gratitude of all harpists for the introduction of the harp into several of his scores. He wrote a special part for the harp in his *Masque of Haman and Mordecai*, performed at Canons (England) in 1720. This *Masque* was subsequently altered into the Oratorio of *Esther*, which was produced at the King's Theatre, London, on May 2, 1732.

In 1724 Handel introduced the harp into his opera of *Giulio Cesare*, and with a true instinct employs it in the version of Parnassus, with which Cleopatra seeks to beguile the amorous Cæsar. In this movement he scores for harps, viola da gamba and theorbo, in addition to the usual strings and wind, charmingly disposed in two antiphonal orchestras.

Handel's *Alexander Balus* was written in 1747, and was produced in London on March 9, 1748. In this oratorio the great Saxon composer, with a due eye to local colour, has a delightful accompaniment of flutes, harp and mandoline to Cleopatra's opening song: "Hark, hark, he strikes the golden lyre."

Handel, in his 5th Organ Concerto, merely develops a lesson for

the harp, which he had specially composed for Powell, the Welsh harpist.

Dr. Arne, the composer of "Rule Britannia," makes a skilful use of the harp in his opera of *Artaxerxes*, produced in 1762. He employs it to accompany the voice, in addition to the violins pizzicato.

George C. Wagenseil (1715-1777) wrote several symphonies for two harps, two violins and 'cello. Somewhat later, J. B. Krumpholtz, of Prague, published numerous concertos and symphonies for harp and strings, while Louis Adams astonished Paris in 1776 by his two symphonies for the harp, piano, and violin.

Mozart recognised the value of the harp in the orchestra, and in May, 1778, composed a concerto for flute and harp. On April 19, 1780, Madame Podi sang at the Concert Spirituel, in Paris, a rondo by J. Chr. Bach, with hautbois and harp obligato—the harp being played by Cousineau fils, the originator of the modern double action harp.

Beethoven scored variations on a Russian theme for the harp, in 1815, but previously, in 1800, he had employed the harp in No. 5 of the Prometheus Ballet. Dussek, Meyer, Steibelt, Spontini, Nageli, Spohr, Meyerbeer and Berlioz, all employed the harp with effect in their orchestral scores. Wagner's use of the harp in *Rheingold*, and in *Die Walkière* is well known to musicians. Opera-goers are acquainted with the harp effects in the *Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, *Il Trovatore*, *Carmen* and *Pagliacci*. Litz, too, is very happy in his scoring for the harp, as is also Tschaikowsky.

Among modern composers, Strauss (in his *Don Juan* and *Don Quixote*), Saint Saens (in his *Danse Macabre*), Wallace (in his *Villon*), Debussy (in *Pelleas et Melisande*), Stamford (in his *Oedipus*), Perosi, Elgar, Bantock and others recognise the value of the harp. No symphony or opera orchestra is complete without at least two harps. Berlioz, in his sketch of the ideal orchestra, seemed to imagine that 30 harps would be effective when properly balanced. In his *L'Enfance du Christ* he has an exquisite trio for two flutes and a harp. The Bayreuth Orchestra of 1876 had six harps.

Thus it may be seen that the harp, one of the oldest instruments in the world, is still indispensable in the orchestra, and has a charm all its own that cannot be imitated. Its peculiar technique has given the name *arpeggio* to the various instruments of the orchestra.

# The Wishing Well.

CLARE GORDON.

**A** LONG the narrow, dusty road between hedges laden with clusters of unripe nuts and sloes, between ditches full of tall, green ferns and bright pink ragged-robin, toiled Peggi Basged Fawr under the glare of the mid-day sun.

A little, old, bent creature in a faded red shawl, she leant heavily on her stout ash stick as she walked, to counter-balance the weight of the big pedlar's basket on her left arm.

Already she had walked several miles, and was thinking with thirsty longing of the cool, clear well in the roadside wood where she always rested before taking her wares into the village of Cwrtmynydd.

She was foot-sore and weary when she limped at last into the shade of the trees, and sank down on the ancient, lichen-covered stone seat beside the well. A large leaf, plucked from the overhanging hazels, provided her with a cup, from which she drank gratefully. Not in all the countryside was water so limpid and pure to be found.

The villagers called this fern-fringed mirror of the hazels the Wishing Well, and though it was now becoming fashionable to scoff at its supposed miraculous properties, still many a maid in love would come stealing secretly to whisper there the desires of her heart.

Centuries ago it had been called Mary's Well, and people had not merely come there to wish then. They had prayed, for it was said that the Mother of God had once appeared there to mortal eyes, and that the water had sprung up on the spot where her sinless feet had rested. Peggi Basged Fawr perhaps wished for good trade as she quaffed the crystal draught from her nut-leaf goblet, even though she did not pray. Resting on the big, clumsy handle of her basket which she had put down beside her on the seat, Peggi dined frugally off bread and cheese, followed by a pipe of black tobacco.

She was about to resume her journey when a large, silky-haired sheep-dog scurried through the brushwood, barking and capering round her in canine pleasure at unexpectedly encountering an acquaintance.

"Gelert bâch!" said Peggi, caressing him. The miller's dog received the pat graciously, but backed away from the fragment of bread offered him, being a well-fed animal and fastidious.

Not far behind the miller's dog came the miller's daughter, beaten in a race with her four-footed companion.

"Diwss anwl, Alma fâch!" cried Peggi, her beady black eyes sparkling. "When did you come home? I was not expecting to see you for another week."

"I came last night," said Alma Llewelyn, tossing her long, brown plait over her shoulder. "One of the girls got scarlatina, and Miss Bellamy closed the school a few days earlier. Lucky for us, though hard lines on Dolly Carr."

She spoke in rather a deliberate fashion, carefully suppressing from her pronunciation every trace of a Welsh accent. Alma was in her fourth year at a boarding-school near London, and was superciliously inclined towards everything Welsh.

She seated herself on the stone bench and smiled graciously at Peggi, for whom she had a careless affection. The old woman was, in fact, a general favourite on account of her unflagging good-humour and the fascinations of her basket. There was only one shop in Cwrtmynydd, and it catered chiefly for the necessities of life, while Peggi's basket provided trifling luxuries.

"Well, indeed now!" exclaimed Peggi. "There's pretty you are growin, merch-i! You are the beauty of Cwrtmynydd whatever."

Alma, tall and graceful, with rose-flushed cheeks and eyes of speedwell blue, was charming. She thoroughly appreciated Peggi's compliment, and smiled with pleasure.

"Let me see what's in your basket to-day, Peggi," said Alma, and the old woman removed the waterproof sheet, which covered the stock-in-trade, disclosing a medley of articles which the miller's daughter scrutinised, half-interested, half-amused. There were wonderful penny toys, lucky bags, cheap jewellery, lengths of bright ribbon, sticks of rock, perfumed soap, hair-curlers, piles of Primrose Novelettes and Pirate Bill's Weeklies, ornamental combs and india-rubber dolls.

Alma chose a necklace of blue beads, the colour of her eyes, and gave Peggi sixpence more than she had asked for it.

"It do look nice on your white dress, Alma," said Peggi admiringly. "Dear, dear, I should be calling you Miss Llewelyn now, but I keeps forgetting you are seventeen. It do seem like yesterday that I stepped into the mill and found your aunt, Matilda Evans, and your dad having a few words over your name, she being wishful to call you after herself, and your dad holdin' out for Sarah Ann. Then your ma'am, she said, 'We'll find a name out of one of Peggi's tale-books,' and in a jiffy they was suited out of 'The Duke's Secret.' Dear, dear, there's lovely hair you got! 'Tis

as soft as silk and as long as Lisa Brynbran's pony's tail. Did you hear, merch-i, that Shoni Brynbran went off to 'Meriker day after Nantglas fair, and left his old mother to shift for herself, poor thing fâch? She have taken in a lodger, a strange young man that have no Welsh. Nothin' else you fancies to-day, my heart?"

"What's that?" asked Aima, curiously, seeing the glitter of a small, bright object beneath the bead necklaces as Peggi re-arranged them.

"'Tis a thing I found a couple of mile down the road. Maybe 'twill bring me luck, so I'll not be selling it."

She laid on Alma's palm a small, star-shaped silver medal, bright but worn, of Saint Michael.

"It looks like St. George and the Dragon," said Alma, regarding it carelessly, "but I can't read the lettering under it. It's so faint."

"Well, I must be going now," said Peggi, slipping her find into a capacious pocket, and replacing the covering on her basket. "Good-day to you, merch fâch i."

Alma watched the dwarfish figure jog-trotting along the path until it passed out of sight, then she sprang up, sighing restlessly.

"How dull it is here! And lonely! I wish"—she smiled whimsically, and looked down into the mirror-like water of the well. Laughing softly, she scooped a few diamond drops into the hollow of her hand, and lifted them to her lips—"I wish someone nice would come this way."

Then she bent down to her fair reflection and whispered admonishingly, "You little goose!"

Alma sat down on the bench again, with Gelert curled up at her feet, and resorted to her favourite occupation of building castles in the air.

Alma's castles were all inhabited by gallant knights eager to go dragon-slaying for her sake, but so far none of them had ever materialised.

Once, indeed, when a handsome new music-master, with melting eyes and a melancholy smile, had appeared at Miss Bellamy's school, Alma and her friend, Olive Heriot, had confided to each other that here at last was the hero of their dreams, but one morning in the school-yard a high wind had accidentally revealed to them the horrible fact that he wore a wig, and he came down from his high estate with a crash.

So Alma sat dreaming in the wood, wondering what life would bring her.

A sudden growl from Gelert warned her that someone was

approaching. It was a pale, rather frail-looking young man, whose downcast eyes were searching the ground.

She laid a restraining hand on the dog's collar, as the young man, looking up, saluted her with a grave and gentle courtesy, and said apologetically :

"Excuse me, but do you happen to have picked up a small silver medal anywhere?"

"A star-shaped medal?"

"Yes."

"Peggi Jones, the pedlar woman, found it this morning as she was coming from Llansior."

"Then I must have lost it when I cycled over this morning. Can you tell me where I shall find Peggi Jones?"

Alma smiled, looking bewitchingly pretty.

"There are about fifty houses in Cwrtmynydd. You might find her in any one of them. But if you wait till evening she will be at home. She lives over in Cwmpeddol. Do you know where it is?"

"I think so, but to make certain I will ask my landlady to direct me. Thank you so much. Good afternoon."

Angus Adair passed on, carrying with him a pleasant memory of Alma's fresh and vivid beauty, but little thinking that he had left behind him a host of dream-knights slain.

So infrequently did the outside world penetrate into Cwrtmynydd that Alma had no difficulty in identifying the young man as Lisa Brynbran's lodger. Her thoughts were full of the curious fulfilment of her half-playful wish at the well. She liked the stranger's delicate, clear-cut face, with its air of exquisite refinement, his serious, thoughtful grey eyes, with their faint hint of sadness, and the reverence of the tone in which he had addressed her.

Lisa Brynbran was much pitied in the neighbourhood on account of the heartlessly decamping Shoni, and the miller's wife, whose sympathy showed itself in a practical way, sent Alma up to the widow's farm a few days later with a golden-crustied pork-pie and a rich fruit-cake.

Alma was not displeased with her errand, and had discovered from Lisa's chatter that the lodger was a writer studying local colour, and that he was very "quiet," meaning reserved, before he himself crossed the farm-yard and entered the kitchen.

Lisa introduced him to her visitor.

Angus Adair, who was by nature reticent and shy, had a nervous dread of strangers, but it was impossible to resist the winning friendliness of Alma's smile. She was so bright, so self-possessed, so light-hearted, and so lovely that the young man found himself talking to her with an ease that surprised him.

It was with distinct pleasure that he remembered, when she took leave of Lisa, that he also was going in the direction of the village to replenish his stock of stamps at the post-office.

"Isn't it a lovely morning?" said Alma, as they went down the quiet, sunny road together, and the young man agreed, thinking that she looked like a radiant morning herself in her dainty white dress and brown straw hat wreathed with wall-flowers.

"I hope you like Cwrtnynydd, Mr. Adair," she continued. "Are you thinking of making a long stay?"

"Two or three months, I expect. The place suits me very well, and local traditions are exceedingly interesting."

"Yes, they are," replied Alma, trying to look as if she knew all about them. "Please wait a minute"—turning her head, as to the accompaniment of a swift pattering, a flying, tawny mass darted into view—"here's Gelert."

The miller's dog having momentarily deserted Alma to interview Lisa Brynbran's retriever and pay off part of an old score concerning a bone, bounced up, barking loudly with triumph at having caught her up.

"There, there, boy!" said Alma, brushing the dusty impression of a paw from a frill of her snowy frock, and strongly discouraging Gelert's attempts to fawn upon her companion. "You mustn't mind Gelert, Mr. Adair. He's rather a nuisance at times, I admit, though he is a dear, faithful old dog. Yesterday he followed me to church, and we had the greatest difficulty in turning him back, and even then, when we were all in our places, and Mr. Watkins was reading the First Lesson, Gelert walked right in and trotted up to our pew. It made me feel so embarrassed. Did you see him? I didn't notice you there. Perhaps you went to chapel?"

"No," replied Angus; "I go over to Llansior to church. I am a Catholic."

"A Catholic!" gasped Alma in amazement. "But you're Scotch, aren't you? I thought all Scotch people were Protestants."

"Not all," he answered, smiling at her barely-concealed horror. "I, however, am a convert."

"Do you—do you mean you *became* a Catholic? But whatever for? Did anyone make you do it?"

"Rather not! I had to ask for admission, and very humbly, too."

"And aren't you sorry now?"

He laughed, but his merriment vanished instantly when he told her that his Faith had brought him the greatest happiness of his life.

His earnestness surprised the girl, who had never seriously

thought about religion at all. She accepted what she had been taught as a matter of course, but without any enthusiasm: she was glad she was not "chapel"—"nice" people were never chapel: and she liked going to church on Sundays, if she wasn't too tired, and the clergyman didn't shout. Day dreams and surreptitious peppermints and stray glances of admiration made church a very pleasant place.

She had the ingrained, suspicious dislike of Catholics and Catholic practices common to those who have heard false statements made by the enemies of the Church, but never Her own Divine Teaching, though she admitted, as many do, that there is a "fascination about the Church of Rome." And when such people say so, little do they know that some faint echo of Her heavenly Voice has fallen on their ear, or that their heresy-darkened eyes have seen some fleeting glimpse of Her holy Face, or that some wave of love from Her great Mother-Heart has reached their own.

"I forgot to ask you whether you got your medal back," said Alma, not quite knowing what to say next.

"Yes. Here it is." He regarded it affectionately.

"How worn it looks! Is it very old?"

"Yes. It was given me by a friend—a Franciscan Brother—when I became a Catholic. It's a medal of Saint Michael, whom I took for my patron. If you look at it closely you will see the invocation, *Defende nos in prælio*—'Defend us in the day of battle.'"

It was not a long walk to the village, but before they parted the miller's daughter and the young stranger found their interest in each other considerably heightened.

To the girl Angus Adair's personality had all the glamour of romance. She had never before met anyone like him.

Angus had few friends in the world, and none in Cwrtmynydd. Since he had come there in the course of his wanderings he had done little else but work and pray, but he was young and human, and he had his moments of loneliness and depression. And now Alma, like a laughing April sunbeam, had come into his life.

In so small a village as Cwrtmynydd it was inevitable that they should meet frequently. It was not surprising that their friendship rapidly ripened.

The beauty of the miller's daughter certainly surpassed her intelligence, but she was clever enough to make a good listener, as well as to infuse a pleasing piquancy into her girlish chatter.

She liked to see the light that shone in his eyes and to hear the passionate earnestness of his voice when he spoke of his religion, which, in the interests of her soul, he was careful to do at every possible opportunity.

He hoped wistfully that he had made some impression on the heart which knew so little of the love of God, and his hope soared high one day when he brought her a bright, new medal of Saint Michael which he had bought at the small Catholic Repository at Llansior, and she thanked him with evident pleasure. Since then she had constantly worn the medal on a fine silver neck-chain.

His work, which was inextricably bound up with his faith, gained a new savour and freshness from being discussed with Alma. It was not that the suggestions she attempted to make were at all valuable, but her delight in being taken into his confidence and her interest in the fortunes of his brain-children spurred him on to greater efforts.

On one occasion when they had been surprised to meet each other in the old yew-screened churchyard—Alma had been laying fresh flowers on her grandmother's grave, and he had come from the church where he went daily to pray for the conversion of Wales—he told her that he was about to begin a novel which would have for its setting the Cwrtmynydd of Catholic times, when Mass was said within those grey church walls, and praise of God's Incarnation ascended from every heart at the sound of the Angelus bell.

"And what is the heroine's name?" asked Alma, eagerly.

"Mary."

"Oh!" He did not notice her crest-fallen expression. "Why didn't you choose something prettier?"

"Prettier, Alma? I think Mary is the loveliest of all names. But, of course, you——" Angus broke off with a sigh, but Alma knew what he meant. She had not his reasons for loving the name of Mary.

Alma was beginning to realise how passionately her friend clung to his faith.

She had a signal proof of his devotion one day when she came upon him unexpectedly at the Wishing Well, and found him gazing with tear-dimmed eyes at a small photograph of a stately and beautiful mansion.

It was the first time she had seen him sorrowful, and it touched her unaccountably, so that the gentle sympathy she displayed drew from him the admission that the mansion of the picture was his own home which he had left because of his faith.

Alma looked closely at the photograph. It was just the kind of house for which she had always longed. How charming it would be to reign over so lovely and aristocratic a home!

"I'm sorry for you," she said after a pause, "but wasn't it wrong of you to go against your father's wishes? I think we ought to consider our parents before ourselves."

"But not before God," said Angus, quietly. "No one outside the Church could understand the struggle through which I passed before I became a Catholic; but, dearly as I loved my father, I knew Our Lord was calling me and I dared not hang back."

"But," protested Alma, "it is surely possible to be good without being a Catholic?"

"Not when one has been given the grace to see that the only true religion is the Catholic religion. One either becomes a Catholic then, or is for ever lost. I know it's hard for you to see it as we do, but I assure you that I have never regretted my choice. It turned my father's heart from me, it made me a poor man—I have only a small income which my mother left me—and it took from me the dear old home which one day would have been mine, but will pass to another branch of the family now, but I would not undo it if I could."

Alma reflected, but it was "the folly of the Cross," and she could not understand it. She saw that it was heroic and splendid, only to her it seemed so useless. One religion or another. What could it really matter after all? And to give up all that—she glanced at the picture—foolish, headstrong, imprudent boy!

Angus looked up with a sudden, bright smile, and said impetuously, "Don't pity me! I have gained far more than I have lost. I am richer than you, after all, Alma. Next Sunday will be the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, and the second anniversary of my reception, and God knows I shall hear Mass with a thankful heart that day. I wish you could be there, Alma. It's the dearest little church, and there is a lovely statue of Our Lady and her Little One over the altar, which will be one fragrant mass of flowers. And in the evening there will be a procession in Our Lady's honour, and all the little girls in white, and the little boys in their best suits with blue sashes, and the Children of Mary and the choristers will walk in it. How I should like to see you there! You would look so beautiful as a Child of Mary, with a sky-blue cloak over your white dress, and a filmy white veil on your hair, and a rosary in your hands. And oh! how sweetly you would say 'Hail Mary! Hail Mary!'—if you only knew!"

"I don't mind coming to see it, if mother will let me," said Alma placidly.

"Will you, really?" cried the young man in delight.

He could scarcely write at all that day, because of the pictures that came crowding into his mind—Alma kneeling in the church of Saint Winefride, Alma awed by the Sacred Presence, Alma receiving God's blessing at Benediction.

Why did he care so much? Unbidden the question presented

itself. Was it only because of his zeal for souls? And was that, too, what made his prayers for her conversion so fervent, and the hours he had spent with her so radiantly golden? Was that why her fair young face and merry voice were delights of which he was never weary? For the first time Angus realised that he loved Alma Llewelyn.

Alma had some time ago decided that she loved Angus Adair. She had written "reams" about him to Olive Heriot, who had replied voluminously, pronouncing an excited blessing on this "adorable romance."

The miller's wife, good-natured if not very far-seeing, gave her consent to Alma's cycling over to Llansior with Angus Adair on the following Sunday evening, for the purpose of attending the Catholic Church.

Mrs. Llewelyn had already met the young man, who had been presented to her by Alma herself. The fact of his being a Catholic did not trouble her, simply because it never entered her head that Alma might wish to change her religion. He was gentlemanly, and a pretty girl like Alma was bound to have admirers, so why not let the child have her way and enjoy herself while she was young.

So Alma went to Saint Winefride's on the Feast of the Assumption. She had known Angus for close on a month now, and he had succeeded in sweeping some of the prejudice from her mind. She did not, as formerly, believe that Catholics paid for Absolution when they went to Confession, that an Indulgence was either a pardon for sin or a permission to commit sin, that the Pope was thought to be equal to God, or that the Church ever gave her children leave to tell a lie. Still, she did not feel herself drawn towards the Faith. She was more bewildered than pleased by her visit to Saint Winefride's, but she enraptured Angus by telling him that she thought the procession lovely.

On the following afternoon, Angus, who had promised to meet Alma at the Wishing Well to read to her the opening chapters of his new book, had been waiting almost an hour before he caught sight of the flash of a white dress among the green trees, and Alma came hurrying up to him with drooping lips and tear-wet eyes.

"Alma, what is the matter?"

"Everybody's cruel and cross and horrid!" wept Alma piteously. "Someone told dad I was in the Catholic Church yesterday with you, and he's furious about it. He says I mustn't speak to you any more."

Her grief hurt him keenly, but he collected himself with an effort, and said gently:

"Sit down, my dear." The protective tenderness of his manner soothed her, and she obeyed.

"Now, Alma," he continued, sitting down beside her. "This is a question we must face. First of all you know I love you?"

"Yes." Alma smiled through her tears.

"And—do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Then let us look calmly at the difficulties before us. In any case you are too young and I am too poor to marry for some years yet. Has your father any objection to me personally, or is it my religion that he dislikes?"

"Yes, it is your religion. He says he hates Catholics."

"Well, dear, there is only one course we can honourably pursue. Do you love me well enough to inquire into the Catholic religion seriously and thoroughly? There is little chance of happiness for us if we do not agree about the most important thing in the world. If, after your inquiry, you are not convinced of the genuineness of the Church's claims, I leave you free, because it would be better so; but if, on the other hand, you are convinced, could you wait until you are of age, and then become a Catholic and my wife? Whatever your decision is I may not, of course, bind you by any promise, as your father does not approve of me. Do you love me well enough to stand that test, Alma?"

The girl pondered and shivered. Four years under the ban of her parents' displeasure, four years parted from her lover, then a life of poverty, estranged from home and kindred. She loved Angus, but what a sacrifice!

"You are asking a great deal of me," she said tremulously, and he bowed his head in silent assent.

She raised her childish, tear-stained face, and looked at him imploringly. Pity for her misery wrung his gentle heart.

"Can't you make it up with your father, Angus? I'm sure dad would not refuse you then."

He put out his hand and caressingly touched the silky waves of her gold-brown hair.

"My father is a very hard man, Alma, dear. There is nothing on which he prides himself more than on keeping his word, and he wouldn't listen to me for a moment. He wouldn't even see me."

"Unless," she breathed, very low—"unless you did what he wishes. Oh, listen, Angus"—her voice rose to a swift entreaty as she saw him start violently—"you say you love me. If you do, prove it. You couldn't ask me to make such sacrifices if you really loved me. You would want me to be happy——"

"Alma! Alma! You don't know what you are saying." He looked at her with sorrowful, startled eyes. "Listen——"

"Don't tell me any more about your Church," she burst out passionately. "I hate it. If you hadn't been a Catholic we should have been happy. But you don't love me truly if you put your religion before me."

She sprang to her feet, and leaning her head against the trunk of a tree, burst into wild weeping.

The young man's soul was racked with anguish. She was suffering, poor little Alma, and she did not understand!

"My dear," he said sadly, "I would give up anything of mine for you gladly, but my soul belongs to God, and I may not barter it for any earthly happiness. Oh, Alma, don't cry so! I can't bear to hear you. Mother of Pity, pray for us! Alma, speak to me."

"I can't believe in your love," moaned Alma. "I don't believe God wants you to sacrifice everything and everybody to the Catholic Church. It isn't a sacrifice at all, really. It's only selfishness. If you refuse to do what I ask you we'll have to part, that's all."

Angus neither moved nor spoke. Alma dried her tears and stole a glance at him. He was deathly pale, and his face was contorted with the agony of the combat that raged within his soul.

"Angus!" Beseechingly she held out her hands to him in a last appeal.

He looked first at the beautiful, pleading face, and then at the shining medal that hung on Alma's neck. She saw his lips move.

"*Sancte Michael Archangel defende nos in praelio*," he prayed.

And the prince of the heavenly host came to his aid against the powers of evil.

"I cannot do what you ask, Alma," he said, quietly.

Her hands dropped to her sides, and the rose-colour faded from her face, leaving it white and proud and fierce.

She tore off the medal he had given her, and flung it contemptuously on the ground at his feet.

"That's what I'd like to do to you," she said, and fled from him without a word of farewell.

It seemed to Angus that she had taken all the warmth and brightness of the world with her. So this was the end, this the answer to his supplications. Why? Why? Why? Had he not trusted, hoped, and prayed? Was the fault his?

Back to his mind came the echo of words he had often heard, but never fully understood till now.

"The sower went out to sow his seed. And as he sowed some fell by the wayside. . . ."

By the wayside.

Poor Alma!

And for him the bitterness of loss.

He turned to Mary's Well in the hazel-shadows, and prayed as Mary's children do. "Mother, lay thou upon me this cross which I must bear with courage for love of my Lord, for gentle is thy touch and all-pity thy heart."



## Pearl of Israel.

ETHNA KAVANAGH.

ESTHER TELLS OF MARY AT THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

I had gone there as bridesmaid to the bride,  
 My cousin; she was poor, but gentle blood  
 Ran in her veins; we had been friends from youth.  
 Somehow our minds were turned to the same note,  
 And now I came to stand by her in this  
 The chiefest crowning hour of her young life.  
 When I arrived great consternation reigned,  
 For two guests lacked on whom great trust was stayed—  
 Mary, the wife of Joseph, now long dead,  
 And her Son, Whom my kinsfolk held in awe  
 As being destined for the setting up  
 Of Juda, long down-trodden. The pale bride  
 Came anxiously to meet me, her dark eyes  
 With tears o'erflowing; fearful lest her feast  
 Should prove a failure; and all things go wrong  
 Thus two being absent, but my aunt chid her,  
 Saying: "Did Mary ever fail a friend?"  
 And then a voice cried joyfully somewhere:  
 "They come, They come," and all rushed to the door.  
 With gentle haste Mary stepped lightly in  
 And folded my young cousin in embrace  
 Both close and tender; while her Son stood by  
 And spoke to us of why They were delayed.  
 I know not how, but from that moment all  
 Seemed changed, and peace and joy seemed reigning o'er  
 That humble dwelling-house; and soon the guests  
 Came pouring in, and came the bridegroom then.

And they were wed with all due form prescribed  
By our great Law ; then was the wedding feast  
Spread out, and marvellous the skill with which  
Mary's small hands embraced each lowly task.  
We women knew what secret great her life  
So gently hid, how she amidst us all  
Bloomed like the lily flower set round with thorns,  
And gladly would we all have honoured her  
As Queen, but she would still take lowest place.  
I kept near her as one keeps near some fount  
Of hidden virtue ; and when dreadful news  
Was whispered that the wine was running out,  
I followed her to where her Son sat midst  
A little crowd, making all things seem bright,  
And saw her touch His arm and heard her words,  
" They have no wine " ; and heard His answer, too,  
And saw the sweet and comprehensive glance  
The Two exchanged, and heard her quickly speak  
And tell the servants they must do His Will.  
Then the great wonder happened, the new wine  
Being brought from water, and the bridal pair  
Were saved from a great shame and smiled once more.  
And in my heart awoke this certain hope :  
That when the banquet of our souls runs dry  
Of grace, and shame eternal threatens us,  
Mary's voice whispers still, " They have no wine."

*(To be continued.)*

# Irish Saints in June.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHEN the Irish saints honoured by the Church in June are mentioned, most persons thoughts go back to Columba, the Columkille whose quaint sayings and prophetic utterances are household words in the land he loved so well, and parted from in penance sore. The Saint was the great-great-grandson of the famous warrior, Niall of the Nine Hostages, and both his parents were of royal blood. He was born at Cartan, in Donegal, in the year 521, and baptised by a priest who was for some years his tutor. Once he had acquired some rudimentary knowledge, he entered the monastic school of Moville, which was quite near-by his native place. Under Saint Finnian he made rapid progress, and in due time received the diaconate. Even then God gave him the gift of miracles; it is related by Adamnan that once when wine was required for the Holy Sacrifice, the miracle of Cana was repeated at his prayer.

From Moville Columba passed to the Monastery of Clonard, ruled by another Finnian, whose fame as a teacher had drawn many students to the monastery. About the year 546 he was advanced to the Priesthood, and he also studied under St. Mobhi, and is supposed to have visited the Arran Islands. He founded monasteries at Kells, Durrow, and Derry, and got the length of Tours in a proposed journey to Rome and Palestine; but for some reason he returned to Ireland without seeing the scene of the Crucifixion or praying at the shrines of the Apostles. He brought with him a copy of the Gospels from the tomb of Saint Martin.

Readers of the next important event in Columba's life must remember that he had not then the wisdom and sanctity of after years and that he possessed an ardent and impulsive temperament. In Clonard was a much-prized treasure, a splendid volume of the Scriptures, corrected by St. Jerome. Columba desired to make a copy of the book, but the Abbot refused him permission. It chanced that Finnian was obliged to leave the monastery for a short time, and in his absence Columba entered his cell and made a perfect copy of the treasured book. It was night when the Abbot came back, and he was surprised to see his cell brilliantly lighted. On entering, he beheld Columba finishing his task in the midst of a divine radiance. Finnian withdrew, and on the morrow Columba confessed his fault. Finnian, however, insisted on holding the copy; Columba insisted that the copy belonged to him; finally the

matter was referred to the King of Tara, who decided that as the calf went with the cow, so the copy should go with the Psalter. Columba complained to his kinsmen so effectively that the Clan O'Donnell raised their war-cry. At the Battle of Cooldrevny the northern clan was victorious, and the coveted book won. Soon Columba was filled with remorse. His confessor, Saint Molaise, judged him hardly, and his penance was exile from Ireland. In pagan lands souls equal to the lives lost on the battleground in Sligo might be won to God.

Writers of various nationalities, writers Catholic and Protestant, have since the days of Bede and Adamnan, told of Columba's marvellous work. When the frail curragh containing the Saint and his twelve companions found difficult anchorage at the little island of Iona, the King of Dalriada, who was, it is said, related to Columba, bestowed the rude islet on the exiles. Soon they had erected a wattled church, refectory and tiny cells, and begun their missionary labours in Dalriada. When three years had sped, Columba, accompanied by Saints Comgall and Canice, opened their campaign in the country of the Picts, and sought an interview with King Brude at his palace near Inverness. The king heard of their coming, and closed his gates against the strangers; but when Columba made the Sign of the Cross the barred gates flew open, and the astonished monarch listened to the speech of the missionaries, and was, with many of his chief men, baptised. Permission was given to Columba to begin his life-work among the inhabitants of the rude, northern land, and the king confirmed his title to Iona.

From that barren island, three miles long by one-and-a-half broad, missionaries went north and south. Columba was never idle. When not engaged in preaching and teaching, his artist fingers were busy copying and transcribing, or he was engaged in hard manual labour or in prayer. His austerities were severe, and were not mitigated as old age came on. He was at work copying when death came, but he managed to crawl to the midnight service, and, after receiving the Holy Viaticum, passed away before the altar. He was buried in the monks' cemetery, but later his remains were conveyed to Ireland and placed in the grave of Patrick and Brigid.

For long, long years after Columba's death the community of Iona continued his work. Northumbria, after having received the faith from Paulinus, relapsed into paganism on the departure of the Roman monk and the widowed Kentish queen to her girlhood home. In time St. Oswald, who had been sheltered in his exile by the Irish monks of Iona, succeeded to the throne of the kingdom,

and called on his former friends to come and re-evangelise the rude, northern realm. Aidan set up his bishop's stool at Lindsfarne, other Irish bishops followed him, and once again the land of Northumbria was far more vigorously Christian.

Columba's feast is celebrated on the ninth of June. In the little isle forty-eight Scotch monarchs, two Irish kings, one French, and two Norwegian monarchs are interred, besides many ecclesiastics and chiefs and knights. The last Scotch king buried there was that Duncan with whom the tragedy of *Macbeth* has made us acquaint. He was, according to Macduff,

Carried to Colme's kill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
And guardian of their bones.

The lonely grandeur and picturesque beauty of Glendalough, the numerous, wonderful remains of the churches and round towers of far-off times, and, perhaps, Tom Moore's silly melody, have made the name of Saint Kevin or Coemgen familiar to the people of many climes. This holy man was born in the year 498, and passed to his reward on the third of June, 618. His parents placed him under the care of Saint Petroe, a Briton drawn to Ireland by the fame of its schools and teachers. Kevin spent five profitable years with his instructor, and then passed a monastic school. Eventually he took up his abode at Glendalough, and founded its celebrated monastery round which a city subsequently rose, and flourished, and decayed. His sanctity and learning brought a constant conflux of pupils, but the saint loved to retire to the rocky bed in a hollow of a rock which is still pointed out to tourists, and there pass nights and days in prayer and penance. His little house is yet standing in the valley.

Alban Butler says that Saint Kevin was a bishop, but other authorities say he was never raised to episcopal dignity. The Seven Churches of Glendalough have for centuries been a place of pious pilgrimage.

Saint Moling was born in what is now County Waterford some time in the sixth century. He entered monastic life in the monastery of Glendalough, and his sanctity and prudence brought him the care of the monastery of Aghacainid, on the bank of the River Barrow. From this he was selected to be the second bishop of Ferns. During his episcopate he rendered great service to his native province by inducing King Finacta to remit the Boarian tribute of cattle which Leinstermen were obliged to pay annually from the time of the second century. This saint was the patron and friend of the famous architect and builder, Gobban Saer—

indeed legend says that whereas Gobban had been a mere ordinary workman, the touch of Saint Moling's hand on his head gave him miraculous architectural knowledge. Some time prior to his death he resigned his See in order that he might the better prepare for his end. He died in 697, and was buried in his own monastery of Teghmoling. His feast is kept on the seventeenth of the month. Giraldus Cambrensis calls Moling one of the four holy prophets of Ireland.

There are numerous Saint Colmans mentioned in the Irish annals. The saint whose memory is commemorated on the seventh of June founded the monastery of Muckamore in Antrim, and is known in Irish hagiology as Colman Elo. He was born in Tyrone about the year 555, and is said to have received some instruction from his relative, Saint Columba. Tradition says he possessed miraculous powers in converting sinners; and Jocelin tells that Saint Patrick foretold of the birth of this holy man and of his eminent virtues.

Of Saints Nennus and Psalmodius, honoured on the fourteenth of June, little is known. The former belonged to a noble family, and in 654 succeeded Saint Endeus as abbot in Aran. The second saint studied under Saint Brendan, and by his advice crossed to Gaul, and placed himself under the direction of the Bishop of Saintes. The last years of his life were spent in a cell in the forests of Limoges, where he practised great mortifications. He died towards the close of the seventh century, and his relics are yet kept in a silver shrine in the collegiate church of Saint Agapetus in Languedoc, where he is honoured on the sixth of August.

Saint Gobain also died in exile, and in dying won the martyr's crown. He had been ordained by Saint Fursey, and followed the saint to France, where for a time he lived in a cell near the River Oise. Later he built, on ground given by Clotaire III., a splendid church to the honour of the chief of the Apostles. There for many a year he fasted and prayed till a roving band of brigands put him to death on account of his profession. His remains were long preserved in St. Gobain, a town noted for its manufacture of a particular kind of glass. The Calvinists scattered them, but the head of the martyr was recovered and is still enshrined in the chief church. Saint Gobain's feast is on the twentieth day of June.

The holy virgins Burian, Breaca, and Nonnica are honoured on the fourth of the month. Of the first and second there is little told. Breaca was instructed by Saint Patrick and, in order to serve God in solitude, crossed over to Cornwall, in which county many legends of her survive. Burian also left Ireland and settled in Cornwall, where King Athelstan, Alfred's golden-haired grandson, raised a

college in her memory. It possessed all the rights and privileges of sanctuary.

Saint Nonnica, though born in Wales, may be reckoned an Irish saint. Her grandfather was Irish, and her father, Brecan, gave a name to a Welsh shire. Nonnica, the youngest of a numerous family, was very beautiful, and Welsh knights and Irish chieftains sought her hand in marriage. But the young girl had made her choice of a bridegroom. The chance of serving God in religion came soon. Germain of Auxerre had come to Britain to oppose heresy, and he, and probably Saint Patrick, became guests in her father's palace. One night a fine entertainment was given. There were gifts for the poor distributed, and various evil doers were pardoned their offences. Brecan bade all ask largesse from him. Then his favourite daughter asked to be permitted to go to a convent in France. The prince could not refuse his consent, and Nonnica accompanied Saint Germain to Gaul.

Near the present watering-place of Port St. Herbert, Nonnica was enabled, through the kindness of the lord of the soil, to found her convent, to which many of her girlhood friends repaired. She was renowned for her sanctity and miracles, and her fame survives in the scene of her labours, which is known still as Lan-nénoké. She died in 469.

One of Saint Fursey's sisters bore the name of Syra. The example of her brother induced Syra to desire the religious life. She joined Fursey in France; and Saint Faro, Bishop of Meaux, and Fursey committed the maid to the care of the bishop's sister, who ruled a convent in Brie. The Irish maiden was remarkable for her charity and humility during life. She passed to rest on the eighth of June, though she is honoured in Meaux in October.

The patroness of the Counties Fermanagh and Cavan is Saint Damhnade, whose feast occurs on the thirteenth of the month. Two Saint Tochumras are honoured on the eleventh of June. One is venerated in Killfenora, the other is the special patron of women in labour.

# The Personality of the Teacher.

EDITH COWELL.

WHEN psycho-analysts complain that as far as the western hemisphere is concerned education has been too much in the hands of introverts we may admit, I think, that they are on the right track. A certain type of mind has been too long in authority, and the result has been that education has been too often confused with instruction: Plato, says St. Jerome, located the soul of man in his head—and a very great many educators seem to have laboured under a similar delusion, in so much that, as far as one can see, they have devoted their time and attention almost exclusively to the development (or exploitation) on the pupil's brain-box.

Such educators (*vide* their advertisements) have been, and are still, mainly concerned with procuring duly certified assistants. It is true that, besides scholarship, experience is often mentioned as being "desirable." But what sort of experience? In most cases experience in the successful preparing of pupils for public examinations. The blessed word discipline appears to sum up the whole matter of education in its wider and true sense, as opposed to mere instruction. In such schools the whole question of the training of the emotions appears to be practically ignored. It is not officially acknowledged. If it crops up, games are alluded to, as meeting the case quite satisfactorily. And majestically, inevitably, the great work of committing to memory the names of the rivers of Europe and the dates of the decisive battles of the world goes on—and on—and on.

Of course this is a very childish conception of education, and it is not merely childish, but harmful. It is not only that the memory (which is as important, but no more important, than the dog's tail) has been made a fetish. It is danger of the pretence that the child has not a whole set of powerful and exceedingly tiresome emotions which it is the primary business of every teacher to recognise and to tackle.

Perhaps the most valuable contribution made by the new century to man's quest for Ultimate Reality is just this vindication of the importance of emotion. It is the discovery that the intellect (the mere cinematograph apparatus) alone can inflame the will. It is the realisation that we act, not because we *know*, but because we *want*; and that wilful action is the offspring of the marriage of knowledge and desire.

How does this view of the case affect the teacher?

In the first place, the standard of values changes. Not scholarship, but humanity becomes the ultimate test of the teacher's efficiency. The personality of the teacher will be of more importance than his academic qualifications. The first question for him will be, not: "Have you a university or equivalent?" It will be: "Do you understand children? Have you sympathy, insight, intuition? If, besides, you are a Master in Arts or a Bachelor in Science, so much the better. It is 'desirable,' but not 'essential'."

It may disgust many people to hear scholarship discounted. But on this question of the teacher's academic attainments there has been a good deal of confusion of thought. The fact is that a good student often makes a poor teacher. A good teacher is really and truly born and not made, and no amount of university degrees can manufacture the genuine article. When I was a student at the Catholic Training College for Secondary Teachers at Cavendish Square, London, and Oscar Browning himself examined us in the Practice of Education, he gave the highest honours to a very sympathetic young Irish student (now a nun) whose academic qualifications happened to be lower than those of any other student of that year. Of course some of us thought it was unfair—and, of course, we are quite wrong.

Present-day educational reformers fall into two groups: the revolutionaries, who wish to introduce, without transition, a system of complete self-government for the pupils: and the moderates, who are prepared to grant a certain, and gradually increased, amount of freedom in the school. But both these parties are agreed on one point—that the personality of the teacher is of paramount importance, no matter what degree of self-effacement that teacher may be called upon, in the name of freedom for the child, to practise. I have heard a well-known American educator declare emphatically before a large audience of teachers, that in choosing an assistant he would absolutely disregard academic qualifications. He would even prefer that the teacher should not be very far ahead of the pupil, because the effort (even the unsuccessful effort) of the child to solve its own problems is of more service to him than the assistance of an expert who would spare him that effort. I venture to say that there is a great deal to be said for that point of view. Charles Kingsley used to complain that in the good old days the pupil learnt the lesson and said it to the teacher, whereas after the training of teachers, it was the teacher who learnt the lesson and said it to the child. There is a danger of this sort of thing happening. In these days of enthusiastic teaching, lessons which were too often, in old days, a dreary penance, are now almost too easy and attractive;

and the better the teacher the less the child has to bestir himself. It is "roses, roses all the way," and all the while we teachers ought to be preparing children for a life which will certainly be anything but a bed of roses.

Among modern educators who have realised this danger and set out to avoid it, is the great Catholic teacher, Doctor Maria Montessori. The root idea of the Montessori system is the *activity* of the child in a *prepared* atmosphere, under the (largely passive) direction of a teacher whose supreme gift is, not learning, but *intuition*. Mrs. Muriel Matters Porter, one of the most sympathetic Montessori teachers the New World has produced, tells how a little pupil of hers put the whole Montessori idea into a nutshell, when he went home after his first day at her school.

"I worked hard," he said. "I worked all alone. I worked for a long time, and then, when I could not get on any more, they came and helped me." Few of us could better this description of a system which has been too often and too hastily condemned on the judgment of its mere externals. The Montessori apparatus, to which so many people seem to object (it is certainly rather expensive), is no fetish. It has been chosen by Dr. Montessori, merely to put the child into immediate contact with as much of concrete reality as he can grasp at what used to be called the Kindergarten age. On this he is to work. It is only when he shows signs of undirected thought (thought, that is, which is not expressed in action) that the teacher is to come forward and to help him to *build the bridge* between thought and action.

The child works. He may or may not succeed in doing what he sets out to do. It does not matter. It may even be better that he should fail. It will serve to develop his will to succeed. Dr. Montessori tells of a nursemaid whom she saw one morning in Rome, on the Pincio. The girl's charge was busy trying to fill his pail with sand. Baby that he was, he knocked it over with his spade every time before it was full. The nurse noticed it, and filled the pail for him. She meant well, but the child began to scream with disappointment. What he wanted was not the full pail, but the joy and triumph of filling it. A Montessori-trained woman would have waited until the child showed signs of fatigue and discouragement before she intervened with tact, not to fill the pail for him, but to suggest to him the reason why he was not successful.

The same principle holds good in the schoolroom. The teacher is not primarily concerned with the child's efficiency. The vital question is not his brains, but his character. The great thing is to realise the supreme importance of those moments of emotional crisis, those uprushes of the soul to the threshold of consciousness

which defy analysis, and are yet so lucid; which we all, each in his own degree, experience; and which are so fruitful of good, or of evil. The rhythm of these flashlights it is the first duty of every teacher to discover, to prepare for, and when necessary to forestall. In this work scholarship is of limited use. It is humanity which is the test. The teacher's personality is of the highest importance.

It is necessary, however, that that personality should not exercise any undue influence over the child's character. No teacher, because her own emotions have been starved, or because she craves for popularity or power, should dare to abuse her trust and to tamper with the child's individuality by cultivating personal magnetism. This is always dangerous and sometimes criminal. Any teacher who has not thought this out for herself should read Clemence Dane's *Regiment of Women*—a very true and very dreadful book, which I should like to see in every Training College library and in the staff-room of every school. The teacher has to remember that she is preparing the child for the battle of life, and that if there is one thing that is true for all of us it is that no amount of crying on another's shoulder, no amount of abusing the priest's patience and charity by imploring advice and sympathy at every turn will really help us one iota when it comes to those crises of intimate experience we are none of us spared, and must all face, sooner or later, in single combat on the battlefield of our own hearts.

"I can tell you our aim in a very few words," said the Superior of a well-known convent in Paris to me. "We try, above all else, to turn out girls who will become *femmes fortes*—*femmes de devoir*."

Nothing could be better. With such an end in view, the teacher will proceed with great caution in this matter of helping, and not hindering, the child's emotional development. Psycho-analysts insists very shrewdly that before presuming to "analyse" the pupil, the teacher should himself submit to analysis, in order that his own "complexes" should not mislead him in dealing with those of his charges. Self-knowledge is certainly desirable. Fortunately we Catholics have other and, we hope, safer guides to such knowledge than those open to Freud's disciples. We are in the happy position of being able to afford to ignore the muddy depths of the Oedipus theory. We can avoid the dangerous experiment of transferring our repressed emotions to the person of the analyst in order that he may show us the way to sublimate them.

The trained teacher, however, cannot afford to neglect some study of the new psychology, and it has at least this one advantage—that it expresses in up-to-date and easy terms a great deal that in the old text-books was uninteresting and difficult to follow. It deals

sensibly, too, with a number of common but easily ignored mental processes which it is important that the teacher should understand, in order that the atmosphere she brings with her into the class-room may be of that calm and wholesome nature which Dr. Montessori insists on, as being essential for the healthy development of the child's character.

I propose to touch on five of these mental processes, which the new text-books call projection, displacement, compensation, phantasy, and identification.

Projection. I once heard some pupils talking about a mistress. "Miss F. gave it to Margaret, I can tell you, this morning, because she had forgotten to bring her *Merchant of Venice*," said A. "Don't you know what's the matter with her?" asked B. "It is only just because she didn't get a letter this morning." "Well," said C., "I think it's a shame to take it out of Margaret, just because of that."

If Miss F. had overheard that conversation she would have called those girls impertinent. She would have been wrong. They were not impertinent, but they were shrewd. They were speaking the simple truth. Miss F.'s disappointment at not getting a letter had projected itself, and hit Margaret. It was, as C. said, very unfair—and also very childish. If Miss F. had learnt to label this particular mental process she would have been on the look out for it, and would have checked herself. At least, perhaps she would. Our faculty for deceiving ourselves about our own motives is undoubtedly remarkable. The trouble is, that if we are blind, our pupils are not.

Displacement is a similar but more deliberate process. It consists in making one person suffer for a third party's misdeeds. One hopes that very few teachers are guilty of such baseness, in their dealings with pupils. There have been known cases, however, when, to avenge a real or imaginary slight on the part of parents, a teacher with, say, social ambitions, will indulge in what is called a "down" on a child. We are all so very human, and so singularly gifted in shielding ourselves against even our own criticisms, that a plain label for frailties of this sort is a very useful thing to have.

Compensation. Why do High Church parsons go about in petticoats, and call themselves Fathers? (One even left a card on me lately, inscribed Father and Mrs. So-and-So!) They are trying pathetically to compensate themselves for what reality has denied them. If a teacher has any small vanities of this sort, she can be quite sure that her pupils see through them, and respect her less for them.

Phantasy. This is another name for make-believe. The more

drab and disappointing real life is, the greater temptation to indulge in rosy day-dreams. This is simply drug-taking. At the best it can do no good. At the worst it can ruin the brain and corrupt the spiritual life. The attraction of novel-reading lies in most cases in the fact that it gratifies this craving, and the danger lies in the insidious undermining of the bridge between thought and action, which is the normal consequence of healthy mental activity. A confirmed novel-reader will certainly not make a good teacher.

Identification. During a certain murder trial in Wales, numbers of women in the British Isles took a feverish interest in the case, following it with extraordinary excitement and prejudice, and absolutely refusing to consider any part of the evidence which went to establish the innocence of the prisoner, who was finally acquitted. These women were identifying themselves with the dead wife, whose husband married a younger and more attractive woman shortly after her sudden death. This psychological attitude warped these women's minds, and vitiated their judgment. Many of us practise a more subtle form of identification when we judge our own conduct by the light of the ideal conception we cherish of ourselves. Under the influence of this delusion we may do a great many things which in other people we should consider mean or shabby, but of course in our own case our high motives raise us above any baseness of conduct. Our actions only *appear* to be questionable. In reality they are quite dignified, and we can easily justify them. A teacher who has any such delusion is unfit to teach the young. If her pupils do not see through her they will be none the better for contact with her. If they do see through her she will forfeit their respect.

Do these examples seem rather too obvious to need discussion? They would be, perhaps, if we were not, all of us, so like the old lady who watched the troops go past her cottage window.

"All," she said, "out of step except my John!"

# Clarissa Furiosa.

M. NORTHCOTE.

THAT was the name she had gained for herself in the little, sunny, wind-swept colonial town. A slender, faded woman, with dimmed red-gold hair, and a cameo-like face of alabaster, once beautifully moulded, and with soft, oval curves, but become a little sharpened, and fallen in contour; marked, too, with deep lines between the brows, and, upon a nearer inspection, a network of more lightly-traced ones on the forehead. Thirty, even twenty years ago they had not been there, but that number of years' fierce battling with scholars, parents, colleagues, pupil teachers, and the Board in general, were enough to have utterly crushed a less indomitable spirit. Thirty years of driving duffers into the Fifth, and receiving each year a new set of imbeciles, as she had arrived at considering them, from the Third, to be lashed, with tongue and strap, through the mazes of the Fourth Standard arithmetic, composition, grammar, scale-drawing, modelling, singing, brush work, and other items,—this was the form in which Education had long presented itself to Clarissa Forbes, and it had turned her hand against every man, and every man's hand against her.

She had worsted successfully complainants in the form of scholars, parents, and even occasionally the mighty Secretary of the Board.

The members of the Visiting Committee themselves seldom lingered long within sound of the cold dryness of Clarissa's voice.

More than once she had been through official enquiries with regard to the treatment she meted out to some of her yearly flock;—the eighty miscreants, as she considered them, from start to finish.

She had sat, with her stern little marble face, like some golden-haired Medea, accompanied by her lawyer, and usually emerged, more or less triumphant, but ever piling up more and more of the dislike and coldness which met her on every side.

Yet no teacher in the town was ever more successful in her results, or ever got better reports, of a chilling, businesslike kind, from the dreaded Chief Inspector.

And now at last the end was in view.

She had always said she would retire at the very first moment she was entitled to her pension, and she was as good as her word.

The last pupil had gone,—filled with joyous expectations of the long, hot Christmas vacation, and in no way perturbed at the thought that the familiar and dreaded face of the Fourth Standard Mistress would be seen no more amongst them.

Clarissa stood, looking round wearily, before gathering together the few remaining books, and odds and ends she did not intend to leave for her successor.

Her eyes travelled slowly along the rows of empty desks and rested on the few bright pictures, cut from illustrated papers and framed at her expense, long years ago, "to brighten the walls."

She glanced at the neglected empty flower-stand she had bought in early days, intending to keep it stocked with gay, sweet-scented plants, at the faded art serge table cloth she had bought for her table on the teacher's platform.

How poignantly inanimate objects can stab one at times! How cruelly they mock one with memories of days that have passed for ever, and of the desperate failure of one's most strenuous endeavours, the crushing of one's bravest hopes.

Into Miss Clarissa's, for once, vaguely wandering mind, floated the words: "... the melancholy little house—we built to be so gay with."

So gay with!

The thirty years seemed to melt and she stood again, a golden-haired girl of two and twenty, full of eagerness, enthusiasm and gaiety,—reaching out with longing hands for the life-work she had marked out for herself.

And it was over.

The crowded, over-burdened years, with no time for discrimination, individual attention, development of originality,—nothing, nothing but lashing through the Standard,—no time for self-culture, for recreation, for friendships, all had been pushed aside, to get eighty compositions corrected, the needlework set, the scale-drawing marked, and so on. Trouble with parents because she was harsh, trouble with others, because, if she were less so, their offspring remained two years, instead of one, in the same Standard.

Ah, dear! "... the melancholy little house we built to be so gay with. . . ."

And the girls and boys who had passed through her hands, and to whom she was nothing but a faint memory of a "little virago."

Clarissa did not weep, she was not soft enough for tears. Long ago she had shed tears of heartbroken disappointment, and disillusionment;—but now she only looked round with a dull look of utter weariness in the cold blue eyes, eyes such as the Ice Maiden must have frozen Rudy's heart with. She pushed the dim-gold hair off her brow, and started slightly at a knock on her door. She knew the teachers had all gone. She had refused the farce of a "presentation," and gone grimly through a "Farewell tea" in the Teachers' Room,—a concession to the Head Master's sense of

propriety. He had only had charge for three years, and was firm in refusing to allow a teacher of thirty years' standing to slip out of the ranks unnoticed.

His gentle courtesy—he was an importation from the Old country—had caused the little function to pass off quietly, and Clarissa had even smiled faintly, as she shook hands with him. He was far the best Head she had known in the term of her teaching experiences.

But who *could* be wanting to see her now?

"Come in," she said brightly, and a young man, respectably, but rather shabbily dressed, entered, smiling a little awkwardly.

Miss Clarissa recognised an old pupil in Tom Kitson, who had succeeded to the proprietorship of Kitson's Fish Shop on the Quay, and on the strength of it had married Alice Farmer, a very pretty, and hard-working girl, who had sailed out of the School with flying colours, being head of the Sixth Standard.

Tom Kitson had left from the Fifth.

Strings of successive Kitsons had Miss Clarissa taught, and bitter war had she waged with untidy girls, and rough boys, to instil into them a decent standard of personal, as well as mental culture.

Year in and year out the "children from the fish shop" had felt the power of Miss Clarissa's tongue, and the knack she had with the strap. And never a one but had left her in a more sanitary condition of body, and a somewhat more wakeful state of mind, than when they came. And of all the families in the town Miss Clarissa would have thought that the Kitsons disliked her the most.

Well, whatever parting jibe Tom Kitson meant to throw, it would be the last, and she straightened herself, and threw up her tired head to receive the blow.

"If you please, Miss," said Tom Kitson, with a certain awkward diffidence in his manner, "Ally sent me up to ask if you would kindly take tea with us to-night. She says you must be tired and your place all upside down packing, and would you come and have a little rest? She's made some dandy cakes, and got all ready for you, Miss," he added, a shade of fear lest Ally's labours should be in vain, coming into his voice.

Miss Clarissa caught her breath a little, with the shock of the surprise.

*Kitson's*,—tea at the Kitson's! It was not to be thought of; and the vivid remembrance of the sight and smell of strings of unkempt boys and girls, odours of shark, and eel, and fish beloved of the Maori purchaser, passed swiftly across her brain.

And yet,—who else had thought of her weariness, and offered spontaneous and uncalled-for hospitality? *Kitson's*! She had come

down to bed-rock at last! These were the only friendly hands stretched out. She looked in a rather dazed way at Tom; and the fact that he was clean and respectably dressed penetrated the confusion of her mind.

In a flash her mind was made up.

"Thank you and Ally very much," she said, a strange new courtesy in her voice, "I shall be very glad to come."

A dull flash of pleasure came into Tom's brown face,—it was more than he had expected.

"Ally *will* be pleased, Miss," he said, "and we'll expect you at six o'clock."

At the appointed hour Miss Clarissa in her Sunday costume, her best black silk coat and skirt, wended her way to the fish shop on the Quay.

She had debated in her own mind whether to wear her best, or worst, for the occasion, feeling she might never care to wear it again, but, after all, Kitson's was doing her honour, and she decided to do the same to it.

And glad indeed she was when young Mrs. Kitson drew her into the neat, freshly-papered little sitting-room behind the shop, and she saw the clean windows, spotless curtains, and new and pretty rush-matting, and Ally herself, in the daintiest of print dresses, ready to supervise the appetising little meal on the snowy cloth in the centre of the room.

Tom's old father—Grandpa Kitson—was sitting by the window, transformed into a tidy, and quite picturesque-looking old man, and the two young sisters-in-law, the only ones of Tom's family not out "doing for themselves," were as neat-looking girls as one might wish to see.

"I'm sure you're tired, Miss," said young Mrs. Kitson, "with all the packing and worry and everything, and Grandpa said perhaps you'd have a cup of tea, and let us thank you for all the pains you've taken all these years."

"Which maybe we've profited by morn'n you thought, Miss," said old Grandpa. "Anyway, here's Ally—Tom's new wife, you see; she says you've been perfectly right about folks keepin' themselves and places clean; and she won't have none of us round unless we're 'just so'—and all clothes to be washed separate to the fish cloths, she says,—and——"

"Oh, Grandpa," put in Ally, with a laugh and a blush, "you do make me out a ruler! I only said 'What's the use of all we're taught if we don't follow it out,' and you *know* you like things nice, too!"

"Well, Miss, I hope you see at last some of the fruits of your

labours," said the old man, pulling out a chair for Miss Clarissa at the table.

The poor tired woman's face softened as she sat down.

If one family was a little cleaner, a little more civilised for her ministrations, then, after all, the thirty years were not entirely wasted.

When she had heard of Tom Kitson's marriage to Alice Farmer a few months earlier, she had wondered, with a passing wonder, what anyone could have seen in a Kitson to induce them to become one of such a household.

Yet now, when Tom's brown, honest face peeped in for a moment through the door,—he would not come in, he said, he was too "fishy" to be fit for Miss Clarissa, but very glad to see her there,—she saw something in the clear, frank, brown eyes that reminded her of how, long ago, at one of the Official Enquiries into her methods of rule, a brown, pudgy little Kitson had been cited as a witness, and told to show the wale on his fat hand; and an indignant little face had looked scornfully at small Hal Carter, who was exhibiting a little red mark on *his* hand with the air of a martyr, and a robust voice had remarked, "'Twasn't nuffin for to make a fuss about," and she no longer wondered that Ally Farmer had seen something attractive in him, despite the aroma of shark.

She smiled and brightened, in a manner quite unknown to Clarissa Furiosa, and the delicate, sharp little face flushed, and the hard blue eyes softened into a sort of dimmed likeness of the bright-haired gleaming girl of thirty years ago.

Tea, with Grandpa's friendly, but always respectful, little jokes, and the two Kitson sisters eagerly waiting on her, and Ally's soft, sensible face presiding over the pretty rose-flowered tea-set, was a meal such as Clarissa in her lonely back sitting-room had not known for many and many a long day.

"And where are you going to live, Miss, if I may ask?" said Grandpa presently.

"I'm going to Matatua first," she said, with the dreary inflexion creeping back into her voice, "and then—I do not yet know."

She really had nowhere in view. Her only relative, a married sister, had no need of her, and for making or keeping up friends, she had had no time.

"Friends at Matatua?" ventured Grandpa.

"No,—lodgings," she said briefly.

Perhaps after all they would not be able to resist taunting her with the friendless condition she had come to, and with the old, haughty gesture she shrew up her face, when the pretty colour had all ebbed away, to receive the expected blow. Grandpa Kitson

looked at her. It did not appear an auspicious moment for the proposal he had in mind, but he was not highly-strung, nor easily deterred from his intentions.

"Well, Miss," he said, "Ally here has made Tom take a house away from business; she says she doesn't like being always with the fish,—'tis the new house out on Waitara Road, standing back, with a nice bit of ground, and Ally will have a nice couple of rooms to spare, and would gladly have you as her lodger, if you'd care for the idea; and she'd make you comfortable, Miss, that I can assure you."

"Indeed, I'd do my best to give you a quiet, restful time, Miss Clarissa," said Ally gently. "'Tis out of the town and away from the worries for you, and Tom says if anyone deserves a little peace, 'tis you!"

Clarissa was more amazed than she had ever been in her life before.

Of all the dislike she thought to have amassed in her thirty years in the town, she had thought that of the Kitsons' must have been the most vigorous—and they were offering her a home!

She had longed so to escape from Paratati,—to go where no one knew her, and her fights and failures,—to leave all the weary years behind,—and yet,—the future looked strangely empty,—and one cannot blot out bitter memories by quitting the arena,—nothing but the wings of Azrael can sweep them away,—leaving only the sweetness behind;—and a home,—the faces of people who did not dislike, who might even, if she were very careful, grow to like her a little, round her as age crept on;—

"Thank you," she said, softly and tremulously, "I should like——" and she suddenly broke off and held out a thin hand to Ally, who came round and kissed the tired face that had once been as soft and even prettier than her own, and so the compact was healed.

It was a soft summer evening some eighteen years later. The wide verandah of the Kitsons' house looked a pleasant and peaceful resting-place. The boards were scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, roses in profusion climbed the supporting posts, and beyond was a smooth, pretty lawn, surrounded by well-kept flower beds; here and there tall cabbage palm trees swayed gently in the breeze, which was all that was left of the wind that had torn the bright New Zealand day to pieces; farther still, beyond garden, road and opposite paddock, the land swept away higher and higher, and above it all, against the amber sky of the too brief twilight, Mt. Ruata's

glow was fading from wonderful transparent pink to the silver of the night snows.

On the verandah, in an easy-chair, sat a little old lady with silver hair, amongst which a strand of dim-gold still showed faintly, crowned by a soft black lace veil which fell over the thin, stooped shoulders.

The delicate, alabaster face, clear cut, and bearing a tracery of fine lines, was sharp and thin, and in repose the mouth severe, the mouth of one accustomed to discipline the unruly. But how easily it curved to soft lines of loving amusement, as she looked from time to time at the curly-haired four-year-old at her feet.

And in the blue eyes, perhaps a little faded, but wonderfully clear, dwelt a brooding tenderness, an inexpressible depth of sweetness, lending a beauty surpassing that of mere colour, to the almost transparent old face.

"Aunt Clarie" had very little left of the old "Clarissa Furiosa," except a certain intent firmness in dealing with "difficult cases," in the shape of recalcitrant scholars, or over-zealous teachers, whom Tom Kitson sometimes brought her from the schools, of which he was a prominent member of the Board,—nothing less than Chairman, be it said.

Yet, even then, it was the intensity of exceeding gentleness with which she conquered.

"Her face," old Father O'Callaghan had been heard to say, "reminds me of the Curé of Ars."

On this lovely summer evening Tom Kitson, now a middle-aged man, and retired some years before from the fish business, which he had advantageously sold, much to his wife's relief, sat near, reading bits of the evening paper aloud, in a pleasant, well-modulated voice, whilst Ally sat, with some sewing she could no longer see to do, at the edge of the verandah with her feet on the velvety grass. Well-grown, and good-looking boys and girls came, and went, with laughter and gay talking, as they passed;—the youngest, a chubby "little Tom" of four, playing with Aunt Clarie's ball of knitting at her feet.

Big Tom looked up to tell the clamorous little fellow "not to worry Aunt Clarie."

"Oh, but Tom, he never does," said the silvery-toned old voice, softly; "you *know* he never does," and she stroked the curly hair.

"I'm afraid he's your one weak spot, Aunt Clarie," laughed her big "son," as she often called him. "I do believe you'll spoil him yet."

A little look of anxiety crossed the old face.

"Oh, *do* you, Tom?" she said. "Tell me if I do wrong; I would

not interfere with your correcting for the world,—no one ever brought up children better than you and Ally."

Tom rose with a little laugh and patted her hand. "Old dear," he said, giving her an arm up from her low seat, "I have long been convinced I am a marvellous man, seeing that, after all your consistent spoiling of me, I can still see a few imperfections in my composition. I will undertake to speak very seriously if I find you doing my offspring any real harm! Come round the garden before Ally drives you indoors."

Miss Clarissa rose and put her frail hand on the ready, kindly arm.

Years ago people had wondered how "poor Clarissa Forbes," who certainly belonged to a different class, could have taken up living with "those Kitsons." They were not, of course, even now, among the gentle people of the place.

But Tom now farmed his own bit of land, his boys and girls attended the upper class schools, and he himself, aided by "Aunt Clarie," had continued his own education, and at her express desire took a prominent part on the Hospital Board, as well as being Chairman of the Education Board. Poor Miss Clarissa,—she had had the sound sense not to spurn friendliness from humble sources in the days of her sore need, and no one now, looking at the delicate, peaceful old face, could dream she had made a mistake. As old "Grandpa Kitson," now long laid to his rest in the Catholic cemetery, used to say: "It seems to have worked well all round."

"Aunt Clarie," said Tom presently, as the old lady paused by the rose garden, "the new teacher at the girls' has been getting into hot water;—keeping beyond regulation time, etc.—strapping too hard—the usual fuss."

"What is she like, Tom?" asked Aunt Clarie gently.

"Oh—a thin thing, all on wires, flashing eyes and fury,—the makings of a good nervous breakdown!"

"Ask her to tea, Tom, will you? It may make all the difference to her to feel that the Chairman of the Board will befriend her,—even if she *has* been in fault;—I don't, of course, mean that you should back her up in her mistakes, but don't let her feel that a few losses of control and nervous excitement have rendered her a brute for all time. You can talk to her quietly here, and perhaps"—with a sweet diffidence—"I could do a little."

"Now, Dr. Clarie," said Tom, laughing, "you know very well you're the operating surgeon,—I only administer the anæsthetics,—in the form of Ally's scones and tea, and the children's jokes! I'll bring you the patient!"

The sensitive old face looked up from the beautiful pink "Lark

France" she was touching with tremulous, appreciative fingers, to the kind, brown face above her.

"You know, Tom," she said, "if I had had one friend on the Committee in old days,—one who would have found fault kindly, pointed out my mistakes wisely, and 'fathered' me as you have done and do to so many of these girls,—how different it might have been;—it was 'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him,' with me;—and I *had* enthusiasm to start with,—I loved my work."

A little sadness had crept into the quiet old voice.

"Well,—am I not the result of it?" said Tom cheerily. "Can't you be a little bit pleased with me?"

She gently stroked the strong brown hand.

"Son of my heart!" she said softly; and added: "Oh, Tom, I shall never forget looking round the schoolroom the day I was leaving, and how the gay pictures and the empty flower-stand *hurt* me;—I kept thinking of 'the melancholy little house we built to be so gay with . . . ' and then *you* came!"

She paused and went on with a little effort. "Tom—I don't think you ever knew what you and Ally did;—I never told you before,—I was haunted by a great Fear,—if you had not come—I think I might have got into the way of—I was sometimes—so lonely;—but Tom—I threw the bottle into the river the day after I had tea with you,—and I never touched it since. . . . Oh, Tom, don't despise me—I don't know how I could bear it now——"

Tom Kitson did not speak, but he lifted the frail old hands reverently and kissed them.

The dignity and tender courtesy of the action could not have been surpassed by the most chivalrous Knight of the Round Table. But Tom Kitson, late of the fish shop on the Quay, was, as old Father O'Callaghan, who had married him and Ally, and baptised and instructed all their children, used to say: "One of God's Gentlemen, and Faith! there's no beating them."

# The Justification of Canon Sheehan.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

“THE sum total of our political profits in thirty years”<sup>1</sup>—he recalled what things “were flung by Dives to the Lazarus at his gates”; and also the “one solid Act which has turned 200,000 tenant-farmers of Ireland into peasant proprietors”; the Act “won by the exchange . . . of words, between Irishmen who had at last begun to perceive that Ireland’s problems could be solved only by herself.” “Where and by whom,” Canon Sheehan asked, “have even these measures” (these other “profits”) “been fought for, and wrested from an unwilling and hostile Government? On the Irish hill-side, in the prison, in the workhouse; but not by any means by the torrential eloquence that poured in a flood across the floor of the House of Commons; nor in the tournaments of painted laths, which we know were so amusing to that English House as to afford materials for cartoons for the English comic journals to this day. Parnell foresaw all this, and declared, more than once, that Irish liberties and Irish rights were to be fought for and won, not in Westminster, but in Ireland.”

So the Cork priest wrote, a decade since—in words echoing those now used by Dublin’s Archbishop, concerning his long deep-set fears; when more foolish older men were talking too much, and were promising Home Rule in the morning, and were calling for that good old Empire, whose last war had been the war to bag the Boers. “No wonder that the young men of our day look on in blank amazement; no wonder they ask for some guidance—some voice that will tell them whither we are tending; some new and powerful influence that will keep the flame of patriotism from dying down into dead ashes in their hearts. It is well known to the writer of these lines,” added the author of *The Graves at Kilmorna*, “that such is the case,” that the young men had, indeed, amazement, while England (when not wholly indifferent) was making Irish leaders laughing-stocks, and was deeming them donkeys before whom carrots might be dangled to their fooling. Amazement was in the looks of Ireland’s better youth—of the wiser, of the more generous, of the heroic—a seeking for guidance was there also, and (as perhaps Canon Sheehan knew) a receiving of guidance, from those who had never lost the faith. Young Terence MacSwiney was writing, then,

<sup>1</sup> *Canon Sheehan’s Life*, by Fr. Heuser, p. 220 (Longmans).

in Cork, was speaking to the happy few, to the band of brothers, was expressing in word, but also in act, what the older man, in his Co. Cork retreat, was yearning for, over the absence of which he was mourning. For Ireland, a decade or so since, in its so-called leaders, in its machine-like voters, in its harmless or hopeless place-hunters, seemed, to that Irish priest, to be forgetting Ireland, forgetting how soul is not synonymous with stomach, forgetting truth, and the true life of admiration, hope, and love; half believing in ephemeral stuff about what is practical and useful, and in the lasting nature of houses built on sand, on the sands of easy-going pretence, of flattery, of toadyism, and the calculations of self-interest; while the mystery of pain is at the gate, and the laughing joy of duty done, and the lives saved when lost. "There go the young and the gallant, the gifted and the daring; and there, too, go the wise. For wisdom knows, that in national action, littleness is more fatal than the wildest rashness."<sup>2</sup>

True, our Irish-minded priest did write, even then, that "the echoes of great words and greater deeds are in their ears," in the ears of the young men; "the vision of triumphant Nationality is before their eyes," before the eyes of the young men. "But," outwardly "the din and confusion of contemporary politics dull the one and blind the other, and leave them helpless and bewildered and sceptical." It seemed to Canon Sheehan, after Parnellism and its split, and amid other splits, that "there never was a generation of Irishmen so sorely tried," as that one behind the Rising. However, the worldly wise are "vain"; even as the many are "deceitful"; and "men are not easily wrought upon to be faithful advocates of any cause. Not only is the multitude fickle: but the best men, unless urged, tutored, disciplined to their work, give way. If the few be gained, the many will follow." "Every great change is effected by the few, not the many; by the resolute, undaunted, zealous few."<sup>3</sup>

Behind the scene, young men in Ireland, the fit, the few, were listening to such words as those words of the English Newman. "Let us," said their Terence MacSwiney, then (in his "*Principles of Freedom*"), "let us be loyal in the deep sense, and let us not be afraid of being few at first." He did not seek to have with them unprincipled adventurers. He and his had no illusions, indeed. But they had beliefs, they had hopes, they had knowledge of things as they are, they saw into the life of things. "Wherever the appeal for the flag is calling us, the snare of the evening is in wait. . . . We know that priests will get more patronage if they discourage the

<sup>2</sup> Fintan Lalor.

<sup>3</sup> Newman's Easter Sermons on "The Witnesses of the Resurrection."

national idea; that professors will get more emoluments and honours if they ban it; that public men will receive places and titles if they betray it. . . . The temptation will come to the man, young and able, everywhere: 'You have ability; that idea (of Nationality) keeps you obscure: what purpose does it serve now? Be practical; come.' " As Canon Sheehan was thus protesting: "Everything that young Irishmen see around them when they emerge from the schools—which, under our unhappy systems of education, tend to stifle and destroy every germ of patriotism in the youthful mind—would seem to teach that patriotism is now reduced to a practical system, in which self-interest has displaced . . . the ideal of labouring and suffering for the motherland. The sublime motives of the patriots of the past, . . . the generous policy that haunted the imagination of Wolfe Tone . . . are scorned and derided. Every principle of Nationality is now subverted; all the teachings of the nineteenth century, and of its golden periods—'98, '48, and '67—are voluntarily discarded; political expediency has taken the place of political morality; and men shrug their shoulders to-day at events and words and works and toils that at one time evoked the enthusiasm of the entire nation." And the hidden enthusiasts round young Terence MacSwiney, learning, reading, training their wills, resolving, testing their earnestness by self-denial, yet (to requote Father Sheehan) with "a certain buoyancy and delightful optimism, very much akin to the Catholic spirit,"—they were rated, no doubt, as fools. But "those who rate you so," taught their lay leader, "will not understand that you have won a battle greater than all the triumphs of empires." The day is won, said Blessed Thomas More, looking up and smiling, on his journey to prison and to death; for I have made up my mind, I see my way, I look back no more, but forward, knowing in Whom I have believed, understanding His law of justice for all men, and measuring the triumph of what a foolish world calls failure. Yes, "remember the many who are not with us, from honest motives or unsuspected fears"; but "live to show our belief, beautiful and true, and in the eternal sense practical." So wrote the Irish martyr, who also confessed to his moments of agony—ending with a "not as I will"; or even sometimes with a quieter, if More-like jest. The faith was too strong in such heroes to allow of their whining; and their love could cast out fear. They believed; and therefore did they hope.

"With the followers of Mr. Redmond or Mr. O'Brien we can hardly argue at present (c. 1910); but we should not lose heart on their account, for these men move *en masse*. One day the consciousness of the country will be electrified with a great deed or a great

sacrifice"—1916; nay, 1920 also—"and the multitude will break from lethargy or prejudice and march with a shout for freedom. We must work and prepare for that hour."

And in that hour we too must work; at the beginning, at education. During two or three nineteenth century generations, the foreign tyrants and their tools did not allow Irish history to be taught to Irish children. Has there been a parallel tyranny in the whole civilised world? Should Ireland not have resisted? But she was weak, she was bewildered, probably she was misled. But now. Who can say there is not hope, when the unbelievable has happened, and the Irish language has even the place in Ireland that it has? So reassured us, the Gaelic speaker, MacSwiney; he, not to that freedom born, but acquiring Gaelic with a great sum of labour and love. And now even Mr. Arthur Griffith, doubting long, leads in this, too, and is an exponent of what all must see and all should feel, that in the Irish language is the soul of Ireland, her faith in herself, her knowledge of the spirit of the people of the land, her lever for unity, her preserver of the qualities making Ireland worth something in the world. And the enemy has known this well, in his efforts to assimilate, to degrade, to destroy, to root out memory, to kill hope. Take care, said Elizabeth's Perrott, "that order be set down for enlarging the English tongue and extirpating the Irish in as short a time as conveniently may be." For when the tongue is Irish, the heart will be Irish; as their devastating Spenser was telling them, from Buttevant and near Doneraile. The Poles held to their language; and the Polish bishops; though they had among them, some Russianizers. The Poles, at least, have proved, that when a nation falls into slavery, as long as it preserves its language, it has a key to unlock its chains. The English foe was more wily; he captured, so largely, Irish people, Irish priests, Irish bishops. Ah, 'if these had gone to prison; as Polish bishops. As German bishops, when Bismarck tried to crush their educational-religious system. Just as, if French bishops had gone to prison, in the nineteenth century—why didn't they go? used to repeat that quiet yet firm Archbishop, O'Brien of Halifax—no hater of France and French; for French Eudists were brought by him to direct his higher seminary—if the nineteenth century French bishops had gone to prison, under the petty secularising tyrants, they would have won, for Christian education; as the imprisoned German bishops won. How often that humble and holy and cultured man used to say the bold true word. It is the only way. Ireland has lost, by giving in; had lost language, has lost trade; her mercantile marine gone, her defences of her people broken down, behind which she could have seen the development of the wealth of her rich and

fertile land, by which her inhabitants could have lived within their country's borders and not been driven forth to beg. There was a great shame on the minds of the young men, who were telling one another, in the days before the Rising, that Ireland shall beg no more, if we can strip and save her honour.

“What shall I do for the nation that bore me?  
Under her banner fight for her honour.”

So, a modern Englishman, about his England. But England is not the only nation; nor England's honour the sole sacred cause. Our young Irishmen have heard high words from all the world; they have applied them to Ireland. The words bear Irish fruit on Irish soil. No longer is the soil foreign. Blood is on it, warm.

“When force invades the gift of nature, life,  
The eldest law of nature bids defend;  
And if in that defence a tyrant fall,  
His death's his crime, not ours.  
(Suffice it that he's dead; all wrongs die with him;  
When he can wrong no more, I pardon him).”

Those English Dryden words, MacSwiney might have been hearing, when he commented, in his brave and chivalrous youth:

“A true soldier of freedom will not hesitate to strike . . . not at his enemy's life, but at his misdeed; (remembering) that in destroying the misdeed, he makes not only for his own freedom, but even for his enemy's regeneration. . . . He will never forget, even in the thickest fight, that the enemy of to-day and yesterday may be the genuine comrade of to-morrow.”

That was his spirit. Ireland need not be ashamed of it. Nor England. Nor the world. God save the world—could it but have men of this spirit in all its leagued nations!

“It is love of country that inspires us; not hate of the enemy. . . . It is nothing but love of country that rouses us to make our land full-blooded and beautiful, where now she is pallid and wasted.”

Beware, added our true patriot. “That we shall win our freedom, I have no doubt; that we shall use it well, I am not so certain; for see how sadly misused freedom is, throughout the world. . . . We should make this resolution—to build up our strength, yet not

for conquest, but as a pledge of brotherhood, and a defence for the weaker ones of the earth." And for this he was done to death. He died, and his friend MacCurtain died, of that fatal disease—as Robert Lynd has noted well—the love of Ireland. And such a love of Ireland, as is a love and a pity for all men. It is love of liberty, in its most lawful sense, in its most beneficent; and, to end with the good priest, who was blessing these unknown young apostles, about and around: "Individual liberty is the highest national prerogative that God has given to man—a privilege that ought to be defended even at the cost of life. It was for this that martyrs shed their blood; it was for this that confessors went to prison, chanting the eternal theme, that liberty is indestructible so long as this spirit survives."

A critic cites more of Father Sheehan's words: "As the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the saints, so the blood of the patriot is the sacred seed from which alone can spring new forces and fresh life, into a nation that is drifting toward decay." And then his critic adds this reflection, that, had Canon Sheehan lived but a short time longer—he died in 1912—he would have seen, in the flesh, that "none of his warning was written in vain—none."



## A Prayer.

CLARE STUART.

For little hands, that, all day long,  
Have sought to bring thee tribute fair  
Of gather'd flowers,—till evensong  
Hath folded them at length in pray'r:

For weary hands, that, thro' long years,  
Had empty seem'd—save that thine eyes,  
Grown wise in sorrow, saw, thro' tears,  
Love's royal gift of sacrifice:

For tiny hands upheld, we plead:—  
Remember how, in Bethlehem,  
Thou minister'd to Jesus' need,  
And, gentle Mother, succour them!

Remember how, on yon sad hill,  
Pierc'd Hands were stretch'd in agony;  
And Mary, clasp those hands that still  
Grove their dark way to Calvary!

# A Literary Aspirant.

J. JOHN.

GADSON is one of those fortunate fellows who has an income of two or three thousand a year, lives in a flat off the Haymarket and runs a small, but reliable car. He subscribes to Mudie's, *The Times* Book Club, *Country Life*, *Punch*, the *Tablet* and *Blackwood's*. In the morning he read his *Times* from 10.30 to 1 o'clock, lunches discreetly at a corner table in one of his clubs at that hour; reads more *Times*, looks at the Reviews and then runs out in his Calthorpe to Surrey or Sussex in search of antiques, of which he has a fine collection. He is a lonely fellow of an incurable shyness which amounts almost to a malady, and entirely lacking in a sense of humour. But, *au fond*, he is a very good fellow indeed.

A close perusal of *The Times* apparently provides Gadson with ideas. When I hear the hoot of his Calthorpe outside my cottage, I know that he has thought out some fresh scheme. Wild-cat schemes they are. It is fortunate that his money is tied up in gilt-edged securities, or he had been bankrupt before now.

The last time I saw him, the idea was the formation of a gigantic company, with branches everywhere. But what its main object was I cannot for the life of me remember. I doused the idea with cold water and Gadson retired somewhat crestfallen. He wrote to me from Avignon that he had reconsidered the matter and he felt that I was right. And I was.

I pictured Gadson, in that ancient city of the Popes, seeking information in French, which in point of grammar left little to be desired, but the accent would cause wonder to the inhabitants. I envied him a little his good fortune in being able to travel at his leisure with the amenities which money can provide. He wrote, giving me news of the dear old city where I had spent many happy days sauntering through its streets so full of interest. And in *those* days one could get good wine and most excellent food at a moderate figure.

Good old Gadson, so he was at it again. In his letters he hinted that he had some new scheme to put before me. He was, he said, returning in a week and would run down to see me. Could I put him up for a week-end? I wired him welcome.

Gadson appeared one evening in July. The weather was excessively hot, and I was sitting with the window open wide struggling with the correction of some proofs. "*Entrez*," I shouted, as I saw him walking sedately up the flagged pathway. (Gadson is always sedate and slow in his movements.)

"Before you give me any news, dear fellow," I said, "you must

have food. Now let me see about it. There is some cold ham and a rather fearsome Stilton, and tomatoes—superb tomatoes, Gadson, grown by myself—and a bottle of Grave. *Voilà*. I've put you in your old room, and, as the thatch has been repaired, it is *probable* that, should it rain, you will remain more or less dry."

Conversationally Gadson is a slow fellow and, beyond making brief replies to my queries, he was silent during his meal.

"And now," said I, when he had finished, "come along to the book-room and smoke."

"I expect," said Gadson thoughtfully, between the puffs of blue smoke, "you are wondering what my scheme is?"

"Gadson," I replied, "I am consumed with curiosity."

"Well, J. J.," said he, "I'm thinking of training as a journalist, or even a novelist."

"The dickens you are!" I exclaimed.

"You see," Gadson continued, ticking off the points on his fingers, "in the first place, no large financial risk is involved; secondly, the fees for tuition are not high; and thirdly, I have leisure in which to practice style, to read and to observe nature; these are the essentials of a successful writer, are they not?"

"Undoubtedly," said I. "And then, Gadson, you will read, and read and read and re-read and write and re-write?"

"Yes," said he.

"And then," I observed, "you must make up your mind what kind of stuff—ahem!—you should, after mature reflection, decide down which literary avenue you intend to stroll."

Gadson looked at me thoughtfully. "My idea is to write sensational fiction. Perhaps, J. J., you would be good enough to give me some points?" said he.

"Gadson," I exclaimed, "it is conceivable that you might have gone to someone who is better able to advise you on the subject of sensational fiction; I am not much of a hand at that sort of thing, but since you *have* come to me I will do my best.

"In the first place, there must be some sort of a plot; the more improbable and impossible it is the better. It goes without saying that there must be a hero and a heroine. It is desirable, nay, necessary, that the hero should be passably ugly: observe this trend in modern fiction. As to the heroine, she should, amongst other things, have the *nez retroussé* and appear somewhat startled."

"Always startled?" queried Gadson.

"Invariably," I said, "is she so depicted in popular illustrations. Look at the pages of ———; observe and reflect on the pictures by——. And, again, she should stutter, or at any rate stammer."

"Stammer?" said Gadson.

"Most assuredly," I said. "Consider some of the best sellers; observe the conversation of the heroine and you will see that what I say is true. And then, Gadson, it is, I fear, essential that she should be what our American cousins term 'rather slow in the uptake.'"

"Really," said Gadson. "Tell me why?"

"It is part of the machinery, part of the technique of sensational fiction; if she possessed an ordinary degree of intelligence the plot would collapse."

"I see," said Gadson.

"And then——"

"Excuse me," said Gadson, "but I thought I heard a knock."

"I thought I heard one too," I answered.

"It's very late for a visitor," he observed.

"And this is a very lonely spot," said I, regarding him fixedly. (Gadson is a nervous fellow.) The knocking became louder. "Gadson," I said, "I have lived in this solitary spot for over three years. Frankly, during that period there has been frequent trouble with the cisterns, and the rain comes through the thatch; but—understand me—there has never been a murder or anything of that kind—as yet."

"Good gracious," said Gadson, under his breath, "you don't imagine . . ."

"The solution to our embarrassment will be to go down and open the door," I rejoined. "Be so good as to lead the way. I will follow you with the paraffin lamp, which demands skill in handling. I've often thought I felt an atmosphere of Edgar Allan Poe about this place," I remarked as we went cautiously down the winding stairs.

Very timidly Gadson opened the door. A big and boisterous fellow stood on the threshold. "Awfully sorry to trouble at such an hour, saw light upstairs, lamps gone out, no matches, confounded nuisance oil lamps, antiquated system, must buy electric ones," he said, running all his words together.

Gadson and I went out to the garden gate, and there loomed up in the dark lane the shadow of a motor-car.

"Ha, ha, that's all right now; many thanks," said the motorist. "Apologies for troubling you." With a hoot the car went off, disappearing in the darkness.

"Gadson," said I, as we went upstairs to bed, "this little adventure should provide you with material for a sensational story. Good-night."

# A Dominican Rose Window

DOMINIC, "THE LANTHORN OF CHRIST."

E. SETON.

IT was at the close of an age as dark and troubled as our own that a star rose, whose light was destined to fill all the spiritual and, indeed, the intellectual skies, and that not for one age, but for all the centuries that were yet to come. For S. Dominic, the captain and leader of innumerable chivalrous souls, the paladin of Christ and of His Truth, was primarily a lamp kindled by the shining Word Himself and set aloft to flash and glow throughout the Church of God; a master mind created to recognise and to meet the need of his age; a flaming spirit made in the image of God and questing thirstily for those fountains of light and knowledge whence it sprang. "The human mind," says an eloquent Dominican writer, "unceasingly craves for truth; it seeks without respite an explanation of the problems forced upon its notice by the facts of life. And to supply a satisfactory answer to its questionings has ever been the philosophic aim, alike of those who studied wisdom before the coming of Christ as of those who have ignored His revelation. All who would be leaders of men know that the possession of the mental citadel is the only guarantee of continued allegiance of the heart.

"We know, as did S. Dominic, that the explanation of life and its issues is to be found only in the Christian revelation. Faith in this is by hearing. How shall men hear if it be not preached to them? And how shall it be preached if preachers are not sent? Such was the Apostolic argument. And to S. Dominic's mind its cogency was more than ever evident as he saw the ravages made by heresy on the badly-shepherded flock of Christ."

The work achieved by that great mind, the unerring vision and understanding of the need of mankind manifested by S. Dominic's foundation of an Order which should be an intellectual as well as a spiritual stronghold, the influence of his conceptions and their realization upon ecclesiastical education at large, and the galaxy of glorious intelligences which in the Dominican Constellation have been drawn around their Father's kindred spirit—all this is one

of the most magnificent phenomena in the history of the Church, and shows how *Wisdom is justified of her children*.

He is a light to all the ages, a beacon holding aloft the Light of the World that all men may see, the lover of Truth, whose children's elected portion is Eternal Wisdom; he is a "burning and shining light," as Holy Church herself testifies to us, this soul "blazing like a torch with zeal for perishing souls," as the Liturgy paints him for us. Born of a noble race in Spain's proudest province, Old Castile, the young Dominic, the child of prayer, was foreshown to his holy and devoted mother, Blessed Jane of Aza, in vision. She saw a large and handsome dog bearing a flaming brand in his mouth, *lumen ardens et lucens*, pre-ordained and glorious. He was named after the saintly Abbot Dominic of Silos, at whose shrine Blessed Jane had poured forth her prayers for a son and to whom she had promised that he should bear his lordly name. We are told that as the waters of the great Sacrament of Baptism were poured upon that infant brow a glorious star shone forth clearly upon it. He was later to be hailed by generation upon generation as *Lumen Ecclesiæ*—the brightness of a flaming fire (Isa. IV.)—was already all about the future Founder of the Order of Holy Light.

Of his childhood we have records that prove him to have been the treasure of a mother's heart for his charm alone; his youth was "angelic in purity, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, sweetness to others, and love of study." After leaving the University of Palentia he entered the ranks of the Canons Regular of S. Augustine at Osma, and here the life-long and characteristic bent of his soul towards the virtue of charity—*Caritas* towards God and man—must, indeed, have found a congenial atmosphere. His constant prayer was for love and charity—one answered so royally that it has been said of him that "nothing bitter could flow from such a well-spring of sweetness"—a rare testimony.

His prayer before the Blessed Sacrament is one of the chief features in Dominic's life, and must never be lost sight of, nay, must be prominently borne in mind if we are to form a true estimate of his complex character. From early days it was his delight to spend hours with the Eucharistic God, and his devotion, the passion of his life, grew with his growth. Is it any wonder that to a nature so capacious and so gifted, this continual companionship with Christ should have proved the expansion and the very glorification of his life? If the company of our friends is a strong moulding force in the shaping of our characters, and thus of our destinies eventually, what should we look to see in him who in a high degree had *the King for his friend*? For it must always be borne

in mind that the truest and quickest way to become a saint is by the road of Love; intense personal devotion to and love of Christ was the flame that lighted all the heavenly company to hearts of white heat; love's are the wings by which we may indeed fly to the very Sun Himself; love makes hard things easy and impossibilities achievements; love, finally, transforms the lover into the likeness of that which is loved. And in the Blessed Sacrament we have the Divine Beloved close at hand; the Infinite God; the Omnipotent obedient to the will of human souls, condescending to be desired; sending forth the hidden but efficacious rays of His shining upon the human heart, which (because He made) He understands.

Not only did Dominic pray, and praise God, and work by day, but his nights were constantly spent in the church, and even his brief hours of rest were often spent on the cold altar-step. Angels frequently shared those wonderful vigils, and there is a lovely story of how, spending the night in a nobleman's house where there was a chapel with the Blessed Sacrament reserved in it, Dominic, having retired to the room appointed to him, was later in the night visited by angels. Two beautiful spirits bearing tapers opened his door, and escorted the man of God to the private chapel. There he poured forth his ardent soul in love at the feet of Christ, and when his devotions were over the same angels returned and brought back the saint with honour to his room. Many were S. Dominic's meetings with the angels, who were "enraptured at his love for the Blessed Sacrament," says a devout writer, and it will be remembered how, when his great Order had been founded and those first "Brethren of Mary were one day sitting at table dinnerless, Dominic, praying the while for help for his poor children, a knock came at the convent door and two young men of beautiful appearance were found to have brought for the community a basket of loaves of the most surpassing whiteness."

Charity and loving kindness to others were the natural fruits of our Saint's intense personal love of the Saviour of mankind. In the last year of his life at the university there was a famine, and to relieve the misery and destitution of the poor, our Saint sold literally all he had; after giving away all his money, his furniture, any cloaks or rich garments he might possess, even his prized and valuable books themselves, a sacrifice from which anyone might have shrunk in those days, when the parchment manuscripts were few and very precious. Nay, when all else were exhausted, and he literally had no other possession in the world, his inventive genius of charity and compassion caused him to offer his own self as a slave to the Moors that he might rescue the brother of one who had come to him begging an alms towards the lad's ransom. This sympathy

with the poor ones of Christ was one of the distinguishing traits of a character whose very loveliness drew men to Christ.

Ten years passed peacefully in the Augustinian retreat at Osma, and when he emerged from this studious and devout seclusion it was at the call of duty which was henceforth to lead him by the busy roads of men, but never to withdraw his soul from that inner "garden enclosed," where at all hours he walked with his Lord and with the Queen of Heaven. In one of the revelations to S. Mechtilde, the great mediæval Benedictine mystic, whom some have identified with the lady seen in Dante's Vision in the Earthly Paradise, our Lord spoke to her of His beloved Dominic as one who had never left His Presence night or day throughout his whole life. Yet five of these ten Augustinian years had been employed, by the desire of the Bishop of Osma, in preaching and in the administration of the diocese.

And now in 1205, accompanying his Bishop on an embassy to France, Dominic saw on their journey through Languedoc those miseries and sufferings of souls which were to change and direct the current of his life's activities. "These pestilent heretics, the descendants of the ancient Manichees," observes Father Gibson, in his *Lives of the Saints*, "not content with propagating their impious doctrines, overran the country in armed bands, plundering the churches, profaning the sacred vessels, and massacring the priests and religious amid unheard-of barbarities. Upon their return from the embassy the zealous Bishop and his companion traversed the country, preaching, instructing and administering the Sacraments, and wherever it was possible holding conferences with the heretics, whereby they effected many conversions and confirmed in the wavering faith of the persecuted Catholics."

"From his canon's stall," to quote our Dominican author again, "he stepped into the busy haunts of men, a Doctor, replete with learning, human and divine; a Prophet, whose lips distilled persuasive eloquence; above all, an Apostle—a man sent by God to give testimony of the light, that all men might believe through him. Yes, schismatics, heretics, lapsed Catholics, apostates, all were to believe through him, confuting his adversaries, like Elias, by the test of fire; another Jonas, proclaiming ruin to the immoral; wailing with Jeremias over the folly of the people; preaching penance and forgiveness like the Precursor; weeping at the sight of misguided Languedoc, like Jesus over Jerusalem; labouring like Paul, his model in the apostolic ministry, that by any and every means he might convert the erring to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. We need not stay to recall the journeys over Europe, to trace his footsteps in Spain and Italy, Brittany

and France. We need not recount his dangers in mountain pass and valley, his escapes from brigands, the snares set for his life, his sufferings from snows and cutting winds, from thorns and rugged ways. But of his spirit we may speak in the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles : *I fear none of these things ; neither do I count my life more precious than myself, so that I may consummate my course and the ministry of the word which I have received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.* The marvels of eloquence, the skill of doctrinal presentment, the splendour and variety of the miracles by which he did consummate his ministry and testify the Gospel, the charity, compassion and sympathy that shone in him ; these are matters of history."

Entering among the Canons Regular at the age of twenty-five, he spent ten years between the dear austerities and devotions and the studies of the monastic life and the public and diocesan duties entrusted to him by his Bishop. Commencing, as we have seen, his more public apostolate among the poor, ignorant and persecuted Catholics of Languedoc in 1205, he passed another ten years in this strenuous labour. Praying one night in a church, he received a vision of the great Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, who placed in his hands a book and a pilgrim's staff, saying at the same time, *Go and preach, for to this ministry are thou called.* And royally did he respond. Hardships were nothing to this lover of Christ ; provided he could raise his voice to speak his dear Master's truth and teachings and break to hungering souls the Bread of Life, what were heat and cold, hatred and calumny, persecution and threat to him ? He travelled always on foot ; his abstinence was constant and perfect, even on a journey never eating flesh meat or food cooked with meat ; even on those journeyings of his he kept fast from September till Easter, preaching daily ; for ten years he never tasted wine, and afterwards, by order of his Superiors, a few drops in water ; he scourged himself thrice nightly, once for his own faults, once for those of others, and once for the Suffering Souls, and it was a discipline even to blood. He was one of the great saints of contrition, for acts of sorrow were constantly on his lips and on seeing towns and villages as he travelled, he would weep over the sins committed against his Lord there ; and before entering a town to preach he would kneel in the road, entreating God not to punish the people for his sins, but to make his preaching and labours fruitful. His humility was marvellous. Three times he refused the dignity of the episcopate ; he desired to be buried under his brethren's feet ; he often declared amid his tears that he was not worthy to behold heaven on account of his sins, although he was the most innocent of men and angelic from his early child-

hood upward. Yet, withal, he was cheerful and pleasant with others, always smiling, always joyful.

After he had been a year in Languedoc the Albigenses challenged Dominic to a public test—one of those so popular in the Ages of Faith. Two books, theirs, containing the heretical doctrines they laboured much to promote, and Dominic's, containing an exposition of Catholic doctrine, were placed together in a large fire; the Albigensian one was destroyed, but Dominic's was miraculously cast uninjured no fewer than three times out of the fire. Yet, in spite of the many miracles which marked his days, in spite of his powerful prayers; in spite of clear and eloquent preaching, in spite of nights spent in intercession for them, his Albigensians seemed very little the better and the Faith to be making poor headway.

Now, therefore, it was that, complaining of this with tears one night before the Hidden God of the Altar, our Blessed Lady, the beloved Queen of his life, to whom he was singularly devoted, appeared to him surrounded with light and in her heavenly beauty. In her arms was her Little One, the Incarnate Truth and Wisdom Himself, whom these poor souls were rejecting. Throwing to the enraptured saint a handful of heavenly rose-flowers, the Lady of his life, *Sedes Sapientiæ*, then instructed him that as it had pleased God to prepare the world for the Incarnation by the Angelic Salutation and so to pour forth the dews of His grace, so also he should practise and preach her Psalter, of one hundred and fifty Aves, to be said whilst meditating on the fifteen pictures of the life, death and glories of Christ and His blessed Mother—those pictures which are a compendium of the whole immense drama of the Redemption.

And so it was that the sword forged in Heaven itself was put into the joyous hands of Christ's Knight, Dominic, a weapon glorious in the Church's armoury ever since, and full of marvels. He lost no time in explaining this gracious devotion, and, lo! while some scoffed at the simplicity of strings of Aves, the heavenly miracle was wrought, for it seized upon the minds and hearts of the people; it kept brilliant and bright before them the great mysteries of Christianity, and it put upon their lips the Prayer of Christ Himself and the song of the Angel to the Maiden Mother. The dews of grace fell copiously, and wherever the Rosary was preached it became, as it were, a shower of Mary's jewels among these sick souls, so that just as precious stones were thought in bygone days to be efficacious in averting disease and danger, so these sacred gems became, indeed, health-giving tokens from Mary herself.

And now we come to the final phase of Dominic's earthly work. He had spent twenty years in the sacred priesthood and in a

religious order, though we may conjecture that latterly his increasing apostolic burdens must have caused him to relinquish his connection with the Augustinians. Now; at the age of forty-five, he was about to found his great Order. This thought—the banding together of apostolic men, who should be trained students of Scripture and of all the sciences, in order to meet the dangers and growing needs of an age that was expanding without sufficient guidance—had been maturing for a long time in his wise and far-seeing mind. “He saw by experience that the effrontery of his adversaries was supported not alone by much outward seeming of austere virtue and unworldliness, but by what was of more radical importance, great intellectual resource; the timidity of the Catholic teachers and their ignorance, on the other hand, offered a contrast painful but not to be ignored. In fact, ‘the decay and disappearance of very many of the old episcopal and monastic schools had reduced the intellectual formation of the clergy to an insignificant level, while some of the surviving establishments, absorbing and monopolising such intellectual life as there was, essayed rashly and often unsuccessfully to grapple with the gravest philosophical and theological problems. Their action was all the more perilous to the purity of Christian faith in view of the fact that the recent introduction of the fundamental portion of Aristotle’s works, side by side with the writings of the Arab philosophers, was threatening to hasten all this intellectual unrest along disastrous lines.’ ” (We may observe here that not only were the Arabian philosophies being introduced—this was one of the results of the Crusades—together with Aristotle’s writings, but even the latter was only to be had in transcriptions which had been made, and corrupted, by the Arabian writers aforesaid. Hence it happened that the reading of Aristotle was prohibited under the most stringent penalties).

“It must ever remain the glory of S. Dominic, a glory that cannot be wrested from his brow, that not alone did he perceive the ravages of the intellectual disease, but he saw its root, and applied the remedy. Under the inspiration of Heaven, he conceived the splendid idea of founding an Order, whose end would be the defence of the Church and her principles, not only by preaching the great moral truths of the Gospel, but still more by providing her with a body of men thoroughly trained in philosophy, theology and every branch of knowledge, who could go out confidently to meet on their own ground opponents however dialectically skilled or clad in scientific panoply . . . His provident mind conceived a band of warriors beating back the enemies of the Church; with determined will he gathered to his side the first recruits, gave them his colours and the standard *Veritas*, which proudly to this day his children

bear. . . . Not many years later he scattered to the four quarters of the globe the first sixteen apostles, the seeds of his new Order.

"Truly there was needed 'the staunchest faith in the future and great trust in God to fling thus broadcast, with the superb gesture of a sower in the open corn lands, the single handful of seed which had cost so much to collect. But Dominic's insight had already shown him that it is ideas that lead the world, and that the hundred-fold yield of fruit depends on their being sown at the right time. . . . Only eighty years after his death . . . his Order numbered no less than twenty-one provinces and five hundred and sixty-two convents, spread throughout European Christendom, and extending through Greece and onward to the Holy Land.'

"It was established at all the chief centres of learning, and numbered amongst its sons some of the greatest intellects of the day. Indeed, it is remarkable how from the first it found its proper habitation at the universities, and drew from university men a large proportion of its early members. And it is easy to see how from the first, also, it actualised S. Dominic's idea by its influence on ecclesiastical education. The houses of the Order were, in their normal capacity, very hives of scholastic industry, wherein the essential sweetness of every fine flower of learning was gathered for the honey of ecclesiastical lore. From its ranks went forth innumerable masters to teach in the schools and universities of Europe. And from amongst its brethren have been chosen a well nigh countless band who, as Bishops and Archbishops, became official teachers and rulers in the Church. Five of its sons sat in the Chair of Peter itself, and three of these have been raised to the honours of the Altar.

"Never since S. Dominic's time has the Order lost the ideal he set up for it. In spite of passing and superficial crises, such as are the fate of every living organism, it has never needed reform, in the historic sense of the word, either in doctrines or morals. And the secret of this indefectibility is the permanence of the spirit of the Father in his children; that double spirit of retirement and activity, of personal devotion and apostolic zeal, which we have seen incorporated in him; that spirit, summed up in the words of Dominican rule, *contemplare et contemplata tradere*, to contemplate and give the fruits of contemplation abroad, or in those others, *ardere et lucere*, to burn and to shine."

We have thought it well to insert even so lengthy a quotation as the foregoing, since in eloquent words it depicts the great achievement of the Founder of the Order of Holy Light, clearly and vividly setting before us the mighty work set on foot in the early thirteenth century, the work, fresh, virile, full of vigour and

life to-day as it was then. One of the secrets of the extraordinary success of the Dominican Order lies in the fact that its rule is "less a rule than a dispensation," not rigid and iron-bound, that is, but adaptable to the differing necessities of varying climates, countries and physical constitutions. It is a rule of love—S. Dominic was the first founder who would not have his rule bind under pain of sin; only the Vows, over which, of their nature, he could have no control, thus bind in his Order—and the Father, by trusting and placing his own powers, practically, in his subject's hands, thereby grappled them to his soul with hooks of steel," and called up all that was best in them to respond to his affection and confidence in them. And so it will ever be.

It is interesting to note that S. Dominic's first foundation, in point of time, was that for nuns—his cloistered Second Order, which was founded at Prouille, and was primarily a retreat secured by the kind and tender-hearted saint for a number of ladies whom he had converted from heresy and who were as a consequence turned out of their own homes. These, for the most part, developed religious vocations, and, being anxious to retain the benefits of the saint's care and direction, it was at length arranged that he should give them a habit—the famous white and black of Purity and Penance—and a Rule. So the cloistered auxiliaries and helpers of the Friar Preachers, the eldest daughters of S. Dominic, were founded, and have been as a hidden furnace stimulating the apostolic activities of the Order ever since. There are three Convents of them in the United Kingdom, the Siena Convent at Drogheda, Convent of Jesus and Mary at Galway, and the House of Our Lady of Reparation in the Isle of Wight, while a fourth foundation is contemplated at Oxford, where of old the Preaching Friars had one of their first establishments.

The Order, then, was founded in 1215, and as soon as the first sixteen volunteers had completed their thorough training in the Episcopal Seminary at Toulouse, they were immediately scattered, two by two, throughout Europe—an almost incredible venture of faith for a new and as yet untried Order. But it was a policy a hundred times justified. From the university schools the young men flocked to these new and saintly teachers, recruits were received by the score, and ere long the Order was established here and there and everywhere, like stars springing into existence in the troubled skies and promising the dawning of the glorious day that was near at hand in that wonderful thirteenth century. The last six years of Dominic's life—he was only fifty-one when he died—were passed in the governing and guiding of the Order, which speedily received the Holy Father's approbation. It will be remembered that the

Pope saw in vision the edifice of the great Church which he had to carry being supported by the two whom God Himself joined in holy friendship, the angelic Dominic and the fiery-hearted *Poverello* of Assisi, and realised that in these two budding Orders the Providence of God was giving a new support to Holy Church.

His life of apostolic travels continued still, with his companions, singing as he trudged the long, weary roads his favourite hymns, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, or *Ave Maris Stella*, the troubadour of Jesus and Mary, filled with the Holy Ghost. If he were not singing he was praying, using either aspirations or the sacred words of the Psalms. At times he would walk behind his companion, saying, "Let us think of our Divine Lord," and many a time did they find him, lost in prayer, kneeling in some green woodland corner. He visited the nuns at Prouille at times; he founded a Convent of the Sacred Order at Bologna (where the Blessed Cicely, Diana and Amata were nuns), and that of San Sisto at Rome. One of these, Beater, Sister Cecelia, who at the age of twenty-two became Prioress at Bologna, has recorded for us many charming details of the doings of the "Blessed Father," as they styled him later, concerning his personal appearance and the conferences he used very kindly to give the Sisters each evening, for a time, as they had then no other director to preach to them. He spent the days either in preaching or in the confessional, or in some work of charity, besides his religious duties, she notes. He is described for us as being of middle height, his eyes blue, his hair and beard auburn—he had grown a small beard, hoping to go to the East, and there receive the crown of martyrdom, for which *he panted*, says his Office, *as the thirsty hart for the fountains of water*—his face extremely resembled the traditional portraits of our Blessed Lord, his hands were long and fine, and his voice clear and melodious. On one occasion he gave them a very consoling discourse in the church, and then, having a little conversation with the community (in number one hundred and four), he desired that he and his twenty-five companions might be given a little wine. This being brought, it was blessed, and the Saint and his friends partook of as much as they would without diminishing the light Italian wine in the cup. Then, the thoughtful father, calling one of the nuns to the turn, desired that his daughters also should take some of the wine. At the turn she and a companion took the cup, still filled to the brim, and not a drop spilt. And each of the numerous company of nuns partook of it without causing the slightest diminution of the wine in the cup. Afterwards the Saint declared his intention of returning to Sta. Sabina, but all the company endeavoured to dissuade him, saying that it was past the hour and the monastery

would be closed. He replied that the Lord positively desired him to go thither, and that He would send His angel. This was verified, for a young man of great beauty accompanied them to Sta. Sabina, and, on his leaning gently on the barred door, it opened at once. The Angel entered, then the Brethren, and last, the Saint. Then the angel went out and the door closed again. And in a short time the Community came in for Matins, and were astonished to behold S. Dominic and his companions there before them. It was on this night also that a young man who had made up his mind to leave the Order and who threw off his habit in S. Dominic's presence (it had been revealed to the Saint what the novice's intention was, and he had summoned him to himself, kindly, after Matins), was conquered by the might of the Saint's prayers for him; for he had not long prostrated to pray when the young man, obdurate till now, cast himself in tears before him, begging the habit once more and promising never to leave.

And now, at length, was come the hot August of 1221, and that loving and beautiful soul, so wise and gentle, so holy and ardent, was about to wing its flight from earth. He died on the Feast of the Transfiguration, a Friday, at midday. His holy death is thus described by Father Ventura, the Prior of Bologna: "Father Dominic returned from Venice about the end of July. Although very weary with travelling, he conversed on the affairs of the Order with me till late. I begged him to rest that night, but he prayed in the church till Matins at midnight, and then was present in the choir. Afterwards he complained of his head, and his last illness began. Lying on a straw mattress, he called the novices around him, and exhorted them to fervour with cheerful words and smiling countenance. After carrying him to a hill not far off, for better air, he preached a touching sermon to the brethren, and was then anointed. Fearing lest he might not be buried 'under the feet of his brethren,' he was carried back to the convent. After an hour he said, 'Begin.' Then did we begin the prayers for a departing soul, and Dominic joined, his lips moving, until the words, *Help him, ye Saints of God*, when he gave up the ghost. During the same year, in winter, a marvellous perfume was perceived throughout the church in which he was buried, particularly near his grave. Many miracles were wrought where the sacred body rested."

It was in that last hour, kind and compassionate as ever, that S. Dominic made the memorable promise of which his children continually remind him the ages through. "Weep not," he said, "I shall be more useful to you where I am going than I have ever been on earth."

“ O wondrous hope, which our true Father gave,  
When round his dying bed the weeping Brethren knelt—  
That he would stronger be, to succour and to save,  
From heaven above, than when on earth he dwelt;  
Fulfil, O Father, thy most gracious word,  
And plead for us with Christ, thy Friend and Lord.”

S. Dominic's glory is a brilliant light indeed, and we may distinguish three depths in it:—"He was the prototype of a characteristic holiness; he gave birth to a new evangelical movement of extraordinary fecundity; and he laid the foundation of an intellectual structure in the Church destined to support practically her whole subsequent doctrinal edifice."

# The Dukes of Norfolk and the Catholic Faith.

E. H. McLAUGHLIN.

**I**F there is one title in the Peerage which English Catholics hold in special reverence and regard, as conferring on its holder a claim to pious veneration second only to the Pope's, it is the Dukedom of Norfolk. Current presumptions on historical matters are, however, apt to rest on very slender and very fragmentary foundations, and the general body of English Catholics are no more entitled to unquestioned currency for their drafts on public esteem than any body of equal numbers in the world. In this country, least of all, is there any desire to negotiate their paper at its face value.

We shall be told, no doubt, if we seem sceptical: "Why, everybody knows that the Dukes of Norfolk were always prominent in the cause of Catholicity in England." And if we are pertinacious enough to ask for instances, our confident instructors in these matters will rarely be able to go beyond the late Duke of Norfolk and some misty memories of a Duke in Queen Elizabeth's time, who was to marry Mary Queen of Scots and restore the Catholic succession. Now, the late Duke of Norfolk was certainly a sincere, pious, and charitable Catholic, an exemplary man in every duty of private life, but so were many others of his creed in less conspicuous positions. That is hardly sufficient to establish a tradition of Catholic fidelity, as we understand it in this country. It is well worth while to take up the record of this family, who have been consistent in one thing, and that is their political attitude towards the majority of the Irish people.

They have no association with the earlier Norfolk peerage of Plantagenet times, made memorable by Shakespeare. The founder of their house was John Howard, a close adherent of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, currently known as Crookback. When the latter, by the murder of his two infant wards, his brother's sons, ascended the throne of England, he made Howard Duke of Norfolk. This was the "Jockey of Norfolk" to whom the prophecy was delivered, as he rode gaily at the head of an imposing retinue to the Field of Bosworth to join Richard III. in crushing the youthful and presumptuous Earl of Richmond:—

"O Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."

After Bosworth, both Norfolk and King Richard were among the slain, and Harry, Earl of Richmond, was King of England as Henry VII. The two-year-old peerage was extinguished, and the estates, granted with it by Richard, escheated to the Crown. After the lapse of thirty years Richmond's son, the young King Henry VIII., relented towards his father's enemies, and he restored Thomas, son of the fallen duke, to the honours and estates. Duke Thomas had the good sense to keep out of politics for the ten years longer that he had to live. He died in 1524, passing on the succession to his son, also named Thomas. There is as yet no critical test of Catholic fidelity.

This third duke was one of the most conspicuous figures in the public life of his day. He lived through seven reigns: Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. Born in 1473, he was twelve years old when his grandfather fell at Bosworth. He married in 1495 "the Lady Anne," Edward IV.'s daughter, and the surviving sister of the two murdered princes. He commanded the English van at Flodden in 1513, but Scott is mistaken in calling him "Lord Surrey," for he did not receive that title till the following year. He stoutly opposed Wolsey's policy of humiliating the greater nobles. After he became Duke of Norfolk, he negotiated the peace with France, leaving his master's hands clear to deal with the long-projected question of divorce from Queen Catherine. He supported Henry through thick and thin. Presiding over the Privy Council he achieved the Cardinal's ruin. Was he not the uncle of the pretty maid of honour, Mistress Anne Boleyn, and thus grand-uncle of the future Queen Elizabeth? When the monasteries fell he, with Thomas Cromwell, shared the first-fruits of the spoils. This was the point of Mr. Lloyd George's retort to the late Duke of Norfolk's speech reproaching him with "spoliation." "Let them not speak to me of spoliation, or I shall feel tempted to say: 'You are living on the proceeds of a poor-box that your ancestors robbed.'" But this was in his Limehouse days, and since then Mr. Lloyd George has proved as versatile an artist as any holder of the Norfolk title. His grateful sovereign made the duke Earl Marshal of England, and then appointed him to try one of the noblest and most virtuous figures in Europe, Sir Thomas More. The civilised world, including men of every creed, was appalled at the result, but to the Duke of Norfolk belongs the credit of adding one more to the Church's list of martyrs and of contributing more than anybody else to the veneration to-day of the Blessed Thomas More. In the following year he hanged two Carthusians, Fathers Rochester and Walworth, in chains at York, for he had full disciplinary power

in the North of England. Later on, when Henry's subservient bishops could not agree on the principles of religion, Norfolk solved the whole trouble by bringing the Six Articles before the general body of the House of Lords, whom he thus erected for the first time into a theological tribunal. He narrowly escaped the scaffold towards the end of Henry's reign, for a bill of attainder was passed against him, and when the order for his execution was made out, Henry died the evening before the date fixed. The young King Edward never issued the order, so Norfolk remained in prison during this reign, until Mary released him and reversed the attainder. He died in the following year, 1554. So ended one duke's "defence of the Faith."

His grandson, Thomas, succeeded him as fourth duke at the age of 18. His tutor was George Foxe, the eminent martyrologist, who has recently been recommended by Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., as a "source" for "the history of Roman Catholics in England";<sup>1</sup> at his hands he imbibed sound principles which, notwithstanding temporary transfer in Mary's reign to the care of the Catholic Bishop of Lincoln, proved of invaluable service to him under Queen Elizabeth. Under her he was entrusted with a command in the force employed to expel the French troops from Scotland. He also acted as High Commissioner at York to inquire into the differences between the Queen of Scots and her subjects. He certainly coquetted later with the proposal of a marriage between the Scottish Queen and himself; but it must be remembered that the English Council were in favour of this project. Elizabeth committed him to the Tower, but after he solemnly renounced all pursuance of this royal alliance, she released him within a year.

Norfolk had already dealt very well in the matrimonial market. His first wife was Lady Mary Fitzalan, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, through whom the Fitzalan name first came into the family, who are now Fitzalan Howards. Two years later, on her death, he married the richly-dowered daughter of Lord Audley of Walden. A widower once more, he married a commoner, but the greatest heiress of them all, the widow of Thomas Dacre of Gilsland. This lady had three daughters, so he obtained a grant of their wardship, which he turned to account by marrying them to his own three young sons. Thus he absorbed into the Norfolk lands the vast estates of the Dacre family. His own three marriages had been entered upon and determined by death within the space of twelve years. At the end of that time he was the wealthiest man

<sup>1</sup> "Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, with many attacks on the old order, contains also not a few pieces of evidence about its followers which should be accepted as historical."—*Sources For The History of Roman Catholics in England* (page 13), by John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. [London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1921.]

in England, and there was no Duke but himself in the English Peerage. Compromising correspondence with the Queen of Scots was discovered, and also with Philip of Spain regarding an English invasion, and he was executed in 1572. Of him the learned Benedictine, Dom Parker, head of Parker's Hall, Oxford, says: "His sympathy seemed to be always with the Catholic party, but his policy was two-faced, and he was a professed adherent of the Reformed religion."

For the third time in the first century of its existence the Norfolk title had been extinguished, and the Howards stripped of that rank created as the price of political subservience. It was restored to them again by Charles II., but none of the later dukes played any leading part in politics.

Henry, the 6th duke, was sent by King Charles as an ambassador to Morocco. He refused to take the oath prescribed for peers after the Titus Oates "Plot," and withdrew for a time to Bruges. His was the benevolence which bestowed the splendid library and grounds and rooms upon the newly-founded Royal Society. From him, too, Oxford University received the antiquarian treasures now known as the "Arundel Marbles."

His son, Henry, on succeeding to the dukedom in 1684, hesitated as a good Catholic about subscribing the oath which had led to his father's retirement. At the end of four months, however, his objections disappeared. The subsequent reign of James caused him no religious difficulty, but he afterwards became a pervert. His nephew, Thomas, the eighth duke, was brought up a Catholic, but when the peerage devolved on him under William III., he also changed his religion. He held the title for 31 years, and was followed by his brother, Edward, who held it for 45 years more, *i.e.*, until 1777. The latter is said to have encouraged the more liberal treatment of Catholics by offering a home at Norfolk House to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his wife, at the time of the birth of their first child. Frederick, as is well known, was estranged from his father, George II. It is not so well known that at Norfolk House George III. was born, for he was the infant in question.

The next duke, Charles, was a cousin of the last holder, and was brought up a Catholic, as was his son, also named Charles, the eleventh duke. Educated at the English College of Douai, he afterwards led a far from edifying life, and six years before his father's death he had gone over to the State religion. When he died in the year of Waterloo, the title passed to a third cousin, Bernard Edward, son of Mr. Henry Howard of Glossop. He married Lady Elizabeth Bellasis, daughter of the Earl of Fauconberg, but was

divorced from her, *by Act of Parliament*, five years later. A special statute was passed for him in 1824, although a Catholic, to exercise the office of Earl Marshal. By the vote of the electors of Clare at the famous O'Connell election, he obtained a further privilege, for its immediate result was the Relief Act of 1829, commonly known as Catholic Emancipation, under which he was able to take his seat as a peer, without abjuring Catholic belief. No other particular act of Faith is associated with his name.

Henry Charles, 13th duke, son of the preceding and Lady Elizabeth Bellasis, had the distinction of entering Parliament at the same time as his father, being returned a Member of the House of Commons in the first Parliament after Emancipation. He was not exactly a bigoted Catholic, as one might infer from the fact of his return by an English constituency at that time. This probably betokens as much magnanimity on the part of the electorate as the return of a Catholic Attorney-General to-day by the votes of the Orange lodges in his constituency. Dom Parker describes his entry into the House of Commons as that of "the first Catholic since the Reformation." However, the term is used in a liberal sense, for elsewhere the same authority says:—"He was baptized a Catholic, but did not practise his religion." The illuminating fact is that he did not desire the Sacraments of the Church before death, although he had the distinction of a private chaplain. He married a daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, and his son was actually a Member of the House of Commons at the same time as himself. There were thus (from 1837 to 1842) three generations of the same family in Parliament simultaneously: Bernard Edward, 12th Duke of Norfolk, Lord Arundel, M.P., and Mr. Henry Granville Fitzalan Howard, M.P.

With the last, who took his seat in the Lords as 14th Duke in 1856, we have now to deal. He was *brought up a Protestant*, and entering the army retired with the rank of captain.

He entered Parliament in 1837—the first Parliament of Queen Victoria—and was, like the other two members of his family, a staunch Whig. His first sign of revolt was shown in 1850, when he opposed Lord John Russell's bigoted "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," the outcome of the frothy agitation worked up in England over the use of territorial titles by Catholic bishops. He had eleven years earlier taken a more decided step; he had become a Catholic under these circumstances. During a visit to Paris he attended the services at Notre Dame. He was so much impressed that he became a frequent attendant. Then he was introduced to the most brilliant young Catholic of his time, the Count de Montalembert. A warm friendship sprang up almost at once, and the young

Englishman was speedily received into that Church whose doctrines had been professed at one time or another by most of his ancestors. From that moment he became one of the most devoted laymen of his day. In the same year he married the daughter of the famous diplomatist, Lord Lyons, who was then Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Ambassador at Athens. From this marriage sprang the 15th Duke, with an appreciation of whom we began. From his convert father he received such a legacy of piety as no Duke of Norfolk had inherited before. That father was certainly an Englishman of a very exceptional type, and of what is known as "caste prejudice" he had none. He was a patriot in conscience, without a trace of the "insular Englishman," of whom we see so much. To read Montalembert's appreciation of him, which first appeared in the *Correspondant* of December 25, 1860, the year he died, is to recognise this.

But a tradition of Catholic fidelity which begins with the reign of Queen Victoria, and begins with a convert, is very different from what we, Irishmen, understand by that term. It is, possibly, even different from what the Englishman intends us to understand when he makes majestic reference to "the glorious traditional record of the Dukes of Norfolk." We have gone into that record consecutively from the beginning and, living as we do in a country where fidelity and sacrifice are accepted by Catholics as elemental conditions of their being, the only question that arises is: How many Irish sons of decent Catholic parents would take that pedigree in exchange for their own?

A curious coincidence arises in the case of that notable Duke of Norfolk, who was the suitor for the hand of Mary Queen of Scots as his fourth wife, and suffered death (through a Protestant) under Queen Elizabeth, his second cousin. The head of the tribunal which condemned him was the Earl of Shrewsbury. Now, from that Earl of Shrewsbury, another conspicuous English Catholic, Lord Edmund Talbot, derives his name. Lord Edmund was, of course, the Chief Tory Whip, from whom Sir Edward Carson and his followers, including even Mr. Lynn, received their orders in the House of Commons. He was, therefore, Patronage Secretary to the Treasury and a Ministerial colleague of Sir Hamar Greenwood.

Since the foregoing was in type another change has taken place, which has called for the substitution of "was" for "is" in the two last preceding sentences. Lord Edmund Talbot, brother of the half-blood to the 14th Duke of Norfolk, has been selected by Mr. Lloyd George for the position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and joins the House of Lords as Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent. In view of future reference to these pages, this adjustment of the historical record has been at the last moment rendered necessary. E. H. McLAUGHLIN.

## With the Winds.

Come, let us go to the heights together  
 To take the kiss of the sporting breeze!  
 Come, let us go where the purple heather  
 Sways with bliss 'neath the pine-wood trees!

Oh, for an hour of untold rapture,  
 Oh, for an hour on the heath's broad way!  
 For the mad, mad hunt and impossible capture  
 Of wild, rough winds in boyish play!

Tir'd of the gentle stream and the valley,  
 Of the quiet life and the smooth-cut lawn,  
 I long for the hills where the wild winds rally  
 And sound the hunt with a silver horn.

Where the swift winds go I love to follow;  
 Tho' they lead me on in a breathless pace  
 Up heathery height, down headlong hollow,  
 I hurry behind in unhalting chase.

Oh, to see them rush and to run close after  
 And catch at their rippling stream of hair!  
 Oh, to hear the lovely lilt of their laughter  
 As they're caught at last in some lucky snare!

Come, let us go for an hour together  
 To the gusty heights this blustering day!  
 Come, let us go where the rough, kind weather  
 Calls us up with the winds to play!

REV. A. V. PHILLIPS.



## An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

Ní fúláir amháil go bfuil raotair mór néanta um leabhair as  
 muintir an Oipeáit le tamall aniar. I n-éanna "Seálta  
 Tíuip" asur "Saete Spéine 1." a baineann le hobair Oipeáit  
 a 1919 tá ceistire eim eile de leabhair eirte pé feol aca le  
 fíorócaónaige, iarraéat a baineann le hOipeáit a 1920. Oirte-pa  
 atá (1) Seálta Anvear; (2) Seáitíní Anall; (3) Cluicíní ón Iapaét;  
 (4) Saete Spéine II. Cíocúngeann pa a bfuil ann o'iarraéatib ar

fao aét don éeann amáin go bfuil an reibinn com mion cnapaite  
 olúit voléigste rin nác fuláir é aitéreíob as tuine éigin ciallmair  
 papa scuirtaíde i láim élóúora é. Scéal faoa ó Baile Voinne ó  
 láim Concubair Uí Dearmumna atá in uimhir a haon oíob rúo tuar,  
 agus ríorcéil ó Páorais ágar .i. Finín Sléibe Calláin, iatoran amon  
 ar comórtar a haon, agus nuatpéalta gearra ó Páorais i  
 scomórtar a dó. Veir an leabair nóo ro le fágáil i scionn  
 coróicigir nó mar rin. An tarma leabair oíob .i. Scéilíní Anall tá  
 ré le fágáil éeana. Tá cló ar an tscéilíní ceann, aét ní veiró pé i  
 scuirt leabair go tóí go ceann peactmáin nó dó eile, agus ipé an  
 péal ceatona é oipeac as uimhir a ceatair .i. Saete Spéine 11.

Ir móir ar fao an nío é ná veiró le véanam i mí Lughnara ro  
 éugáinn aét cornuáto lomóipeac ar iarractaib Oipeactair a 1921  
 agus dul éum cinn leó. Ina éeantta ran tá rómplai maite ann mar  
 pachtuim, agus ip péituir a veir as cur peabair ip maire ar sac leabair  
 nóo feara. Aét buó cóir go bfaighe cúiteam inran obair rin.  
 go léir, .i. go sceannoáto dáine na leabair ran, ó'r linn finn iao  
 agus ó'r finn féin do finn iao.

\* \* \*

### an páorín páirteac 1.

117.

Stavair ip pceitpéat péal na pcatáir  
 Ar maotm ar mailir Sátain  
 Ar fangáto ar geargoim Saete an favaire  
 Ar élaoncoir éatáirde an éneádaire;  
 Do meallat leir tar céatna i scaatoin  
 Do léigear go slan viaúact neamha  
 Ir preabairde ón bpeirt pé gearaib gearmhaire  
 Péarla an páorín páirtis.

118.

Seachnuis réanair péala an trlavairde  
 A bpeaga a beartuigeact báirtéac  
 Dallair an daol le véaraib aitéighe,  
 Treisigir taitighe an tabairne  
 Leanair an réltean véarac véagcporéac  
 Spéanta gearginn gearac  
 Ir pé éammon pceime a pceite tagair  
 A éreata an páorín páirtis.

119.

Aiteanta Dé ná réabair neac oíob  
 Déinir leatúgíó láitpéal  
 Dui mbeata go véarac caomnac cneapéoin  
 Treitac treapbinn tábaéac  
 Raémar an traogail, reléir ip fleatpion  
 Féac sui neamhir a mbláit rin  
 Ní maipio aét treimpe taob le taitneamhaireact  
 Péarla an páorín páirtis.

120.

Cadhair na sgrèaéit do phéiré ar nglartarnaim  
 Réim na nglartarnéad nglartarnaim  
 Do lapar cum laodair leatarnais laéarnoin  
 Craob na sealtic-nghion sgráibéad  
 Mo pheannair mo péim mo érim mo éarnair  
 An taom ro éadé olige an pápa  
 'S do thaircurnis naomhceirpé éadéad aingliré  
 Péarla an páirín páirtis.

121.

Falaró sáé péile, cnaor ip calaor  
 Cléite ip cleairéadé éainte  
 Mallairéadé méinne tréantoir éairé  
 Taoréad cannaí ip cáiré  
 Balaireadé blaomann baobhóiré bhalairéadé  
 Phéim na bpeacáí éiríó rinn  
 Ip banaltara an denmíc glaotham mar éairé i  
 Péarla an páirín páirtis.

122.

An Ceangal:

Airtreiré a d'omphóit Sátan péanuisí  
 Glacaisí glápa gláda na naemphóirí  
 An páirín páirtéad tréad ná tréirí  
 'S ip cnaor oib máire lá na baobhóiré.

an páirín páirtéad ii.

123.

Domann péim don traogal sup péacuiréar  
 Ip d'ommac sealtóic máire  
 Sealtó dem traogal i sealtóit éairéadé  
 'S as péadé ceirtóige an pápa  
 Munabair béit san rpéir in airtreiré  
 'S lem déiré ní altuiréadé páirté  
 Adé as magad ip as reléir pé éiréadé an páirín  
 Naomha aingliré páirtis.

124.

Sáé tuine nair méin leir éiréadé real linn  
 Le tréiré ar b'páirín páirtis  
 Seadnáó béite cnaor ip mailí  
 Dhéaga, bhalairé ip cáinéad;  
 Airtreiré Dé ná léis 'n-a fáillige  
 Ip déiré le deagóiré deáiré  
 'S so mailíó mac Dé so léir na peacáí  
 Tar éir na haitreiré éainis.

## 125.

Ma'c damanta an reál don té ná rmaéttuigeann  
 An péirt boét beathaidé atá aise  
 'S go mbeir cirta fa éiré asur daola as teacé trío  
 Féar ip rneacáí as fáir air  
 In ionas gac béile méir ná haltuigio  
 Do-éarainn bannaí brága oib  
 So mb'fearra i staob Dé oib caolteac glairuige  
 'S éirteacé an bároin páirtis.

## 126.

Ip cuma liom féin cá taob n-a leasfaióear  
 I bpéin nó in aicfo báir me  
 Acé go mbeaó duine den éleir ann gléarfaó m'aibio  
 Ip céir do laffaióe ar clár dam  
 Fiolaip as éigean ip féice i scannaisb  
 'S mo éiréacá as maopaib rriáve  
 Ó glacadar mé fé reém a mbraatáí  
 As éirteacé an bároin páirtis.

\* \* \*

## suim éiosa uí úriam.

(a fuiglac ran.)

Ac ro ruim Tigernuir 1 Úriam fa maerpeét Mec Con: Caris a  
 leoboiien don taob a muich da maritáib acur da muceaib .i. tpi  
 marce .xx. co leó acur a taro .x. maris hraiop oíra rin .i. l. marce  
 co leó ac mnaí 1 Lochlainn, acur .xx. uinge a fionadeaia. Acur  
 are ruim a marit acur a muc fa maerpeét na maer sceona .i. .vi.  
 marit, .vi. mucea acur ban galloglaaib, na bona na baiip, na  
 amuntuii daiearí air rin. Acur ipiaó ro anmanna na ferann ar a  
 fuil na fiacha rin .i. Ceitpe .S. Baile .S. Martan, acur da  
 .S. Catpac Medain, acur ceitpe .S. Baile Danar, acur .S. Catpac  
 Polla .i. Seiréaó leapa Morain, acur da .S. Lip na liafanaé, acur  
 da .S. na Raithéacé, acur .S. ip na Ceapacaib acur da .S. in Chocain,  
 acur Seiréaó na nUpluinne, acur .S. seiréaó Ó nDonail, acur  
 .S. na Croidibí, acur .S. Muirí Doimnail, acur .S. Matar Úriam,  
 acur an .S. móir, acur .S. fanadé Sealbain, acur .S. Catpac Mec  
 1 Suil, acur .S. na Tulglairé, acur .S. na Mingéacé, acur .S. in  
 Aenuis bis, acur .S. Baile 1 Urtáó, [ ]. Tigernuir 1 Úriam fa  
 maerpeacé Clanna Camluar a leith [ ] taob amuich do Mucuib  
 acur do maritair .i. tpi marce [ ]. atáro cetra marce hraiop  
 oíra rin, acur .xx. [ ] .i. pingins asur uingsi doir [ ]. Ipe  
 rin ruim a marit acur a muc fa maerpecht na maer sceona, .i.  
 .vi. marit acur fiti rígillins dairgeaó muice acur [ ] galloglaa  
 bonna na baiip oíra rin, ina amantuii Úriam; acur ip iao ro  
 anmanna na ferainó ar a fuilit na fiaca rin .i. ceitpi .S. Baile  
 í Matgáinna, acur .S. Baile í Murecha, acur .S. na gCaltpacé, acur  
 da .S. Sleanna Slaod, acur da .S. Baile í Tuatáill, acur reiró a  
 fformail, acur reiri Cathra, acur Lirr na nába, acur reiri ni

Murpheta, agus dá reiri fánato fótman, agus tui hS. ip na Doimnib, agus tui hS. a lipp flaitiu, agus eip dá .S. a mbaile í Maeil Ceiri, agus .S. lerra suagain agus baile í Comultain, agus .S. baile í Catail, agus tui .S. ann pa Daingim, agus a Cnocan Tige Murcha, agus .S. a Coill bheac, agus a lipp na luachaimarui agus anu pa Ruda, agus .S. a mbaile í Seobail, agus tui leirfeiri a Frónais, agus tui leirfeiri ann pa Daingim, agus reiri baile í Deacain; agus ipiat ro curu clainui Camluair ina fíacáib maoriardeáta dona fearannuib rin .i. Corama baile í Comui, agus leirfeirto lerra mbercham, agus .S. Catrac Lapam, agus .S. Catrac Mec Oilille pella.

\* \* \*

Marúir leir an tinnreanár atá le fašáil inna connraótair rin as baint le Tuadhmúhain, buó cóir go mbeaó na hainmneáa anáireac t'iomatóirib ar comórtairib pa uóta pan. Ceapaim gur baim fhorc ferom arta éana i gcomair an leabair do pinn ré as cur pior ar bailtib fearainn an Cláir, aét ip ruapac an éadail é mar leabair, mar, do réir deallpaim, níor tuis ré ríto an Saebóis go rómair, má bí éantuisirint in éancor innti aige. Ainmneáa fíor-Saebóac atá ar uphóir bailti na héireann, reat agus pior go ciumpairib Vén fíorpte agus irteac go cporde na catrac pan, mar rómplai Tuat na bfaí, An Spuatán Milir, An Dealaé Atcomair (.i. "The Hack"), agus an ball ip gallua pa éatair ar paó .i. Mag Leanna (Malone). Ip é an rceal céatna é i otaob ainmneáa i gCill Mantan agus pa Contae Riabac (Loe Sajman) agus inna contaetair eile go raib rian na ngall go móir opta, Laoisir Ó Fálse, Co. an Dúin, Aontium, Doire, gc. Com luait in éancor ip bairpaim amac ušuarip cum ainmneáa bailte fearainn na héireann do cur inna ceartepuit Saebóac tá muinigin asam go noéanpam é, agus go noéanpam go cruinn é, nó ar éancuma com cruinn ip ip fíorip é.

\* \* \*

Do bí ar ploimnte i noioécár go oti go otáinis leabair an átair pártairis de Dubh. Tá feabair móir ar an rceal ó fom aleit, agus ip clor tam nac mipe uóinn beir as rúil le leabair eile nó uó nó tui óna láim san puinn moille. Beir don leabair amáin opta, an éloc mullaig ar ar gcuir eolair i gcúirair ploimnte Saebal. Níl asam pé látair le ráo leir an ušuar léigeanata pan aét bporcušat le hobair an élo, mar ip móir unn an iugnear go oti go bfašam é.

\* \* \*

An molaó do fíor ón bpoómaltar beas do ceapao le hašair ainmneáa rriaróeanna áta Cliait, tá pé pé élo as Comairle na Catrac, agus beir an rceal dá plérde san rómair. Tá rcpior dá óéanam aca ar móirán de rna hainmneáa gallua, agus níl veire le n-a gcuir oirpe fóp. Tá malairti molta aca, agus molaio don Comairle san aét leatopraem éigin gallainmneáa do ófíort gac bliatam, agus fósra éabairt in am trát do luét áitpeab na rriaróeanna pan. Má glactair leir an méio atá molta as an bpoómaltar ní beir a bac ar an otairtealairé áitint ar ball gur i gcatair Saebóis atá pé! Ní raib éanušuarip ceart as Saebóis riam i mbaile áta Cliait go oti ro, aét ip gairi go mbeir fíor as an rluas cé atá i gceannar inoiu. Ip méio rin.

fiacra éilgeac.

# Topics of the Month.

## IRISH GOODS AND EMIGRATION.

### I. THE EMIGRANT PAUSES.

THE sudden mania for emigration which broke out at the beginning of the year has been checked. Applications to have passports viséd—which a few short months ago reached the number of two hundred and fifty in one day at the American Consulate in Dublin—have now dropped to a practically harmless figure.

Facts about the true condition of America have been brought before the people. It is more difficult to find work—more especially for a stranger—in America than here at home. The American commercial crisis has killed shopping, stopped manufacture, and caused a widespread stand-still such as has not arisen in the States for several years. Unemployment is rampant, and the new-comer will need plenty of luck to pick up a job as good as the poor one he left on the home side of the Atlantic.

With that picture in front of them, would-be emigrants have combined patriotism with commonsense and deferred their voyage.

### II. BUY THEM.

To defer it not only indefinitely but permanently those potential emigrants would require the inducement of steady work in the mother land. By significant coincidence a crusade to give Irish goods first place in the Irish market is now in full swing.

All the great manufacturing countries of the world founded their industries under a regime of rigid protection and official fostering. Ire-

land has had to create hers, in spite of free trade and official opposition. Most of the laws prohibiting Irish commercial development were removed when it was felt her economic force was so utterly spent that free imports and governmental apathy would suffice to prevent her recovery. Her recuperative power was the only factor overlooked in the calculation. Irish industries are mostly in their infancy, but voluntary fostering will be enough to mature them.

The fostering policy, which entails employment, is the immediate remedy for emigration. We have ample evidence, of course, that it has better and quicker political consequences than all the oratory ever declaimed in Ireland's favour at Westminster. But the economic effect is absolutely instantaneous. Increased demand means increased hands to provide the supply, and Ireland's own needs at once absorb what British statesmen blatantly call her "surplus population."

Buy Irish goods, and Irish emigration will automatically cease.

### III. AN ADMIRABLE LEAGUE.

The Irish Products League inaugurated in the University College, Cork, is putting the crusade on a systematic plane. It requests adherence to the following simple declaration:

"I, the undersigned, declare that I promise in future to buy Irish Goods exclusively to the best of my ability, to deal exclusively with shops that sell Irish Goods, and to support Irish Industries in every possible way."

The League has a badge consisting of the Irish letter *E*, to denote

CIRE. The fee for ordinary membership (which includes price of badge) is 2/6. Any inquiries will be gladly answered by

THE HON. SEC.,  
Irish Products League,  
University College, Cork.

## CONCERNING YOUR HOLIDAYS.

### I. NEED FOR VARIETY.

THE holiday season has flown round to us again. And with it comes a gleam of hope that the public state of affairs may permit the possibility of enjoyment.

Everyone's object is to get the best out of the holiday time from the double standpoint of health and pleasure. One may take it that fresh air and change of scene are indispensable to a national holiday. There are a few other considerations that people have not settled with the same degree of precision. So let us talk them over.

The desire for a holiday is one of the most natural feelings in the world. Man has an instinctive desire for occupation. Work is agreeable to him up to a certain limit. When that stage is exceeded he has a craving to get away from toil. Nature is then prompting him in the direction of rest and variety. If he obeys the call wisely and takes a holiday in a reasonable way he should return to his post with new energy and zest for its requirements.

What constitutes "a reasonable holiday?" Taste gives the key to that problem. The quiet of the country appeals to some while it frightens others. Many brain-workers, unaccustomed to country amusements, frankly prefer cities to scenery. Strange streets, foreign faces, and general sight-seeing are more attractive to them than mountains, lakes, and dells. Their minds are unfitted for repose,

although their bodies may be in need of it. And as boredom is fatal to any holiday it is best that they should seek the mental change even at the expense of some bodily fatigue. They can still manage to get rest into it if they avoid rushing.

Whatever form one's holiday takes, I think it should include a few days at the sea. The seaside may be the first phase or the last—many will spend their vacation at the sea altogether—but the brine-laden air and the foamy waves should have a place somewhere in the programme. They transform the pale countenance, thereby giving the traveller a conviction that he has been renovated, and his friends a proof that he has really been away.

When I said that a holiday should be free from boredom I understated the case. A holiday must be made genuinely interesting. Lack of pursuit and poverty of thought lead to sleepiness and melancholy. Neither mind nor body derives any advantage from lethargic stupidity. The tendency to over-sleep, often felt in strange air, must be combated. And long monotonous evenings in a boarding-house or hotel are to be rigidly shunned. The holiday-maker must see that he shall have no reason to ask himself, "Oh, why did I leave home? Was this what I came away for?"

Reading on a holiday—well, frankly, it is not a thing I believe in. A vacation should be too charming an interval to have to be made endurable by printed matter. I know that on a sea front you see most of the promenaders carrying magazines when not laden with towels. But I suspect these publications are mere ballast—something to occupy their hands rather than their heads. Someone has told me that bracing air and a dull place create a raven-

ous appetite for fiction. But the holiday-maker should never allow his holiday place, wherever it be, to grow dull to him. That would be a blunder worse than a crime. It must not be forgotten that our amusement mainly depends on ourselves. "Still to ourselves in every place consigned, Our own felicity we make or find."

Let me not leave off these haphazard remarks without striking a note of justified optimism. The holiday prospects are good. The weather—always the dominant factor—promises to behave properly this summer. There have been theories that wireless messages or the Gulf Stream or years of cannonading on the Continent had destroyed our chances of getting an "old-fashioned summer" for many a long day. In recent times we have had summers that rivalled the season of the deluge, and others that made Ireland as cold as Lapland—or such, anyhow, was the impression they made at the moment. But unless all the signs are grossly misleading, this summer will deal with us in a manner that will rise to the calendar's best traditions.

## SHALL WAGES BE LOWERED?

### I. A GRIM CAMPAIGN.

THE business slump has brought forth that foreseen development—the Anti-Wages Campaign. An organised attempt to reduce the pay of the workers is openly afoot. In England it has the support of a strong capitalist Press. The newspaper side of the campaign follows what is now a beaten track. One prominent London journal has been concentrating an attack on certain classes of workers whose high wages are, it says, a source of dear living to every other class. Another journal watches for any indication of

closer organisation between wage-earning groups and immediately denounces it as "Bolshevism."

The plan is twofold: first, to make the different working groups resentful and jealous of each other's earnings; and secondly, to attach a stigma to the principle of mutual aid which has of late years been increasing their solidarity and power.

The attitude of the industrial proprietors in Great Britain is a very old one. They are maintaining their maxim that when trade is bad and profits go down the worker must shoulder the whole burden. He must submit to a permanent reduction of his income—or be menaced with a complete loss of it—so that the revenue on capital may be kept as far as possible unimpaired.

It is a blind policy for the employers to continue. The day of its effectiveness is practically over. They are hastening the arrival of a new economic system which may sweep them completely away. In some Continental countries the change has actually begun. Regarding themselves as the sole producers, the workers are demanding full and lasting ownership of the means of production and of the commodities produced.

Thus the stubborn selfishness of the employers tends to end in the transference of factories, machinery, land, and property in general from them to the employees. As matters stand, the world seems to be in sight of a working-class dictatorship.

### II. TO MEND—OR END?

The whole question comes back to the grievance as to the division of profits and the distribution of wealth. The employer can justly claim proper recompense for his invested capital, his personal labour, and his organising skill. But he has for generations committed the

injustice of acting as if his men were entitled to a day's wages for a day's work and had no rights beyond that point. The day's wages may pay them for the result of their individual toil as separate units. But apart from their value as units there is a great yield resulting from the combination of their efforts—and this portion of profit, which the factory system renders enormous, is entirely appropriated by the employers themselves. Their businesses have reserve funds, but solely for their own benefit. The worker is not treated as a part of the whole. He is an outsider. And when hard times set in, as at present, he has no share in the reserves of wealth which are really his own accumulated labour.

Pope Leo said in his immortal Encyclical—

"As effects follow causes, so it is just and right that the results of labour should belong to him who has laboured."

The Pontiff was obviously censuring an order of things which gave the worker a wage that barely purchased the necessities of life, and which afforded him no security against unemployment, or against indigence in old age.

It must not be assumed that the present economic conditions have been specially sanctioned by Providence and that they have a divine right to continue without interference or amendment. They are simply a scheme gradually built up by humanity for its own convenience.

If the economic scheme fails to answer the modern needs of mankind it must be improved or replaced by something better. Improvement is the desirable course, for it obviates violence. Obstinacy and drift are not going to bring improvement about.

If a minority of grasping and powerful individuals force forward the low wages movement, an upheaval may ensue that will place ownership on a new basis and possibly in new hands.

#### SAYINGS OF NAPOLEON.

"It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr."

"I like not your free thinkers. Only fools defy mystery."

"Girls cannot be better brought up than by their mother. An outside education does not suit them."

"Everything in religion should be gratuitous and for the people. Care must be taken not to deprive the poor, because they are poor, of the one thing which consoles them for their poverty."

"I am never angry when contradicted. I seek to be enlightened."

"It is in the workshops of a country that the most successful war is waged against an enemy, and it does not cost one drop of its people's blood."

"The police invent more than they detect."

"In politics there is a wide difference between promise and performance."

"No state can solidly endure without a body of clergy."

"When a government is inefficient, military sway prevails."

"Capital invested in good agriculture is never thrown away."

"What is the government? Nothing, unless supported by public opinion."

"Religious sentiments are so reassuring that to possess them is a gift of Heaven."

"In marriage there is something more than the mere union of names and chattels."

"Man often appears more cold and selfish than he really is."

# Books and Books.

## A Book of Burning Words.

*"Excursions in Thought."* By "Imaal." Dublin: The Talbot Press. 6/-.

ON the uplands one spreads the nostrils and lifts up the walls of the chest, breathing in life itself, as it were. In the reading of certain books we feel ourselves also taking in deep breaths of health and vitality. It may be that "*Excursions in Thought*," by "Imaal," lately published by the Talbot Press, is such a book. It has an uncommon breadth in it, large movements of thought, a disdain for the petty, the freakish, the merely novel, which little by little affect us somewhat as does our marching on large and wind-swept uplands. The author is well known as a writer in *The Leader*, but his articles in that journal, keen and well-poised as they are, would not have prepared any except the most discerning, those who can judge of a man's mind by his way of expressing himself rather than by his opinions, for either the matter or thought in this book. There are four essays in it, only four, but the amount of learning in them, the wealth of illustrations gathered from such widely-scattered sources, the keenness of expression, the steadily-maintained level of thought as well as the profundity of the matter treated of, make of these four essays quite a big book; only a glutton would ask for more.

Between the first essay—"What is Genius?" and the other three that follow it, there is an essential difference. Those latter three are controversial; are, in a way, tracts for the times. Religion as the Mother of the Arts, A Century of Progress, Christianity and its Critics—all three are onslaughts, keen as well as vigorous, on the verdicts of the present-day market-place. The first essay, that on Genius, is not controversial; and it would, and could, be a merely academic discussion if the writer's idea of genius were not what it is—his idea of it is such that even life itself, lacking it, is not desirable. "Where is the good in multiplying life unless man multiplies genius, character, personality?" to quote from the second essay. The question gives us a sense of shock. Dean Inge might have written it. Instinct itself seems to tell us that life somehow is good and cannot be multiplied too far. But to write in this loose "somehow" strain is to be at variance

with the book itself, wherein is no phrase that is not precise in its expression,—the mark of one who carries his thinking to an end.

Genius thus thought of, is worth discussing. It exists only in the greatest men; it is to be felt and examined only in the greatest works of these great men. Here on every page are their words examined home—good to reread for their own sake, better still when we find them used to point an argument, for so used they acquire a new significance: we make them our own—perhaps for the first time—which is to say that as we read we are acquiring new standards of criticism. Among these highest peaks the author moves with the confidence—no, but with the zest, of one who is where he fain would be. Yet we are not breathed, nor baffled, nor abashed, for everywhere the air is of the clearest and the guide's voice rings true. If the book has one characteristic more outstanding than another it is its perfect clearness of expression—no sentence needs a second glance, even how subtle the thought. And this clearness is not the baldness of a text-book. It is rather that quality which we associate with French prose, and indeed with the French mind, that perfect power over expression which seems to get rid of the very medium of expression.

The essay is full of good things, as this, which comes in apt with what we have been saying:

“When genius is at its height we are not aware of any medium between us and the thing presented: we forget the author or the artist, and lose ourselves in his work. We have the sense of a direct, unmuffled contact with truth; we seem to be thrilled by the touch of a spirit-hand. The spell of genius renders us unconscious of ourselves, and even of itself.”

And how true this is:

“Genius articulates those inner thoughts that men have not yet told themselves—those thoughts that are as yet in their hearts rather than in their minds. It is the man of genius who tells the race what it really thinks.”

How that last sentence—one that we might have thought of ourselves—is lit up by the statement that precedes! And it seems so easy to do—when it is done!

“Things odd and strange, remote from man's general life and hopes, can never be the right matter for genius,”—a reminder badly needed in these days; and how much would be gained if this were driven home:

"Genius takes things liberally, not literally, genially, not formally. It is the spirit of things, not the grammar of them; it is a song, not a sermon; a picture, not an argument. It is instinct made vocal, intuition become eloquent. It is a melody of harmonious intensities, it is the beautiful wit of things."

*The beautiful wit of things*—Whitman at his best would not have thrown out a better phrase, nor Pascal one more illuminating. The beautiful wit of things—that certainly is the key-word that separates the man of genius from all others—even from the man of great talent.

Sometimes unwillingly, one accepts the many judgments laid down in the essay. When one comes on the phrase "the alert knowingness of Browning," one says "That's just it," and finds it an unforgettable phrase. Unerring, too, the description of Browning as a poet of much genius, but of insufficient talent to make full use of his gifts; while who would not be thankful to meet with this :

"In Tennyson we are often vexed by a teasing sense of conscious refinement,—a thing which is *never* a mark of genius; Shakespeare does not trust to refinement, but to what is fine."

The whole essay, what between thought and illustration, is a rich feast; and to master it is to have gone some good way towards understanding what it is in art that makes it perennially grateful to man's spirit.

The second essay, "The Century of Progress," is frankly controversial. It is one that will be attacked from many angles. Demos will gird at it: but so, too, will Demos's Boss. Yet obviously it is not written just to irritate and to raise contention by so doing. After the century of "progress" the author finds a condition of things that he describes as simply Carthaginian, with scarcely any working morality, beauty, or spiritual life. And the reformers, with their special cry, "All for Life," with their "interest in eugenics, hygiene, sanitation, housing, doctoring, nursing, and so on," he finds as deeply smitten with Carthaginianism as the avowed upholders of the present system. Truth to tell, there are passages in the essay which one does not read without misgiving—as that line already quoted about the multiplication of useless lives—passages where the writer is as ruthless in the sphere of thought as the militarist in the sphere of action. But one cannot put aside either the facts he adduces or the conclusion he draws: they are never negligible; both have to be reckoned with, and one sometimes finds oneself swallowing them with a grudging phrase like Shylock's "I am content."

But the valuable thing in the essay is its analysis of the present state of things. It is masterly. If "Imaal's" stressing of the Industrial Revolution as the fount of present-day Carthaginianism be not novel, certainly the fact has never been so cogently made plain before. His treatment of Capitalism is also matter to be read, even if we keep on thinking that Carthaginianism will exist so long as that exists. Perhaps one finds his conclusion of the essay unconvincing. It is perfectly good advice; but then it would be good advice at any time: even in the very heart of the Ages of Faith the claims of the spirit were urged day in and day out. What one needs to-day is to be shown where exactly a spiritual outlook is to begin undoing what the Industrial Revolution has brought about—what system, what weapon is the spirit to use?

Without fully accepting all that the writer says, one must be thankful for so clear an exposition. What strikes one is the usefulness of the essay. . . . One finds chaos all around. One finds, too, a hundred remedies, apparently accepted as efficient: we find them master of us before we have scarcely looked at the facts themselves: what this essay asks of us is to think out the facts of the case anew and then, on the results of our examination, test these glib remedies anew. There is its use.

The third essay treats of Religion as the Mother of the Arts. It is a glowing piece of work, a very fine piece of prose. It takes first the art-work of the Greeks and brings us gradually to see how much it is the fruit of Greek religion.

"Take away the gods and legends, national and religious, and the attendant motivation springing from the ideas of fear, reverence, awe, duty, destiny, nemesis, sepulture and the rest,—take these away from Euripides, and what is there left him to go on with?"

Proceeding in the inquiry we come to feel with the author how true is "St. Augustine's great thought, that there is no religion that does not contain some image of divine truth." Our idea of the religion that inspired the great dramas of Greece, the great sculpture, is both deepened and hallowed,—a thing needed, for have we not all a tendency to think of those old myths of Greece as matter rather for the mind of the artist than for the soul of a people?

"If any man," says the author, "looks upon the marbles of the Parthenon frieze, and does not see in them a godlike dignity and grace, a noble tranquillity and repose of spirit, he

must be naturally unfitted for appreciating such great art, and whoever thinks that the artists were merely adroit experts drawing no inspiration at all from what they wrought upon, must have a strange notion of what makes the highest art. To suppose that to Hesiod, or to those sculptors, the greater gods and the ideas they stood for were all a hollow, heartless make-believe and nothing more, is to think something inconsistent with the nature of any serious religion, such as that of the Greeks was in the prime."

Of course if the religion of Greece were but a heartless make-believe their art work would not have been any better than the "curly-pated Apollos," to use Ruskin's gibe, that we may find in any average Royal Academy exhibition. All this needed saying. The author passes on to Christian art, and shows how many a piece of work that is not usually thought of as religious work, such as Goethe's "Faust," derives almost wholly from the religion of the Middle Ages. But the really brilliant part of the essay is where the writer shows the impossibility of Negativism to create art out of itself, to create anything that will not in some measure still witness to the religion the Negativists deride. One would wish to make many a quotation from this fine piece of work.

"Christianity and its Critics," the fourth essay, is an able answer to those who asked why did not the Christian Churches prevent the Great War. It answers them in full measure, confronting them with many an argument that they could never have dreamt of.

But space runs out. Who should read this book? One cannot imagine any Catholic college or high school or library of any sort that will not hasten to add it to their shelves. To another class one can also recommend it. Among us is a rising school of Gaelic writers. They are whipped on to leave the traditional, the folklore of the countryside behind, to become modern, up-to-date, to live in the world that is, and to share its current ideas. All good advice. But how does it work out? The young Gael begins to read Wells. Personally, I don't think he could read anything worse—from whatever point of view one takes the matter. How much better if one could get the young Gael to follow the late Canon Sheehan's reiterated advice to read the masters and the masters only. To those young Gaels one can recommend this book. It will open up their minds, perhaps annoy them in places, perhaps confound them for the moment. It will certainly enrich them.

"An t-Aifrionn" (by Brian O'Higgins, published by Maire Ní Ragallaigh. Price 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 8d.) A little book of artistic form, containing versified devotions for recitation during Mass, with a simple explanation of the significance of the principle rubrics of the Holy Sacrifice. It is ideal for children.

"Banba," one shilling monthly. It is not difficult to praise "Banba." The difficulty is to make one's praise comprehensive of all its merits. A bilingual magazine whole-heartedly devoted to Irish interests, was one of the desires of Patrick Pearse. But that was in the days when men dwelt in "the gloom of old despair." Of late, something of its kind became a need. Here is the realisation. From the tasteful cover, in which Gerald Breen's distinctive touch is recognisable, to the last page, it bears the impression of an Ireland, high-spirited in spite of her suffering, hopeful, vigorous. The alternation of English and Irish items, is a novelty in literature of this class and an agreeable one at that. A tale of pious sentiment, by Padraic O Conaire, between an absorbing review of social problems, by Aodh de Blacám, and a really good thing from Miss MacManus, makes quite an appetising sandwich. There is an air of self-assertion about the whole paper, a praiseworthy disposition. We cannot, in small space, give individual notice to the contributions, all of which are excellent, as well as being supported by names that guarantee their quality. Briefly, "Banba" is enthusiastic, vigorous, practical, progressive, thoroughly Irish. Irishmen will find it an intellectual exhilaration.

M. C.

*Henry Edward Manning: His Life and Labours.* By Shane Leslie, M.A. With six portraits. 25s. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd. 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

This handsome volume is sure of a wide and grateful welcome, apart from its own merits, on account of its clearing of the memory of a very great man from the unfair aspersions and indeed misrepresentations of Purcell's *Life*. Though Mr. Leslie only claims for this work that it is a supplement and not a supplanter of Purcell's monumental book, yet it is more than this, and students of the Church and of the politics of that period will find themselves necessitated to draw from both sources. The numerous fresh and hitherto unpublished documents,—correspondences between Manning and Cullen, Wiseman and Vaughan, the late Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, and Ullathorne, more letters from the Talbot correspondence (Mgr. Talbot is delightfully described as "one of the most

imprudent men who ever lived," a judgment, oddly enough, passed on an ancestor of his in the seventeenth century by the Blessed Oliver Plunket!), fresh matter concerning the Vatican Council's sittings, and many other correspondence—all these numerous and living documents are the great gift of Mr. Leslie's very attractive biography. Born in 1808, Cardinal Manning's long life of eighty-four years held a multiplicity of occupations and selfless devotions, while, within, the purity and austerity of the life of the soul alone with God was cultivated as though it by itself constituted his one energy. And so in truth it did—the rest were all but its expression and outcome. He was a strong, strongly-feeling and solitary man—opposed to Newman and his type of intellectual influence (through a misconception, it appears, for he believed Newman, of all men one of the humblest, to be tainted with intellectual pride), going through conflicts with the old English Catholics and the Religious Orders, yet himself the enricher of the Church in England by the foundation of the Oblates of S. Charles, the champion of the suffering and oppressed in whatever rank or country or condition, the great lover of Ireland, a statesman of considerable strength and clearness of vision, Manning's is essentially a great figure. "Of all the Cardinals," observes Mr. Leslie, "Manning seems to have left the greatest impress on Leo and on his writings on social questions." He was, or his action, rather, was the inspiring force which prompted Leo XIII.'s famous Encyclicals on Labour. Manning, like the late profound thinker, Dr. Walter MacDonald of Maynooth, favoured Trades Unions and strikes, and maintained, like Croke in Ireland, a man's right to live "in frugal comfort." It was his work during the great strike of the dockers which earned his well known title, "The People's Cardinal,"—London-Irish Catholics also remember him gratefully for the great work, now more or less past, of the League of the Cross, a Temperance Society which has great achievements to its credit. His "long and eventful life," says Mr. Leslie, "was thrust into a parting of ways and an opening of eras. . . . In many ways he was a link with the past, and a prophet of the future. He was . . . a Home Ruler before Gladstone . . . a Christian Democrat before Leo XIII., he also seems to have preceded his fellow-countrymen by a generation in their antipathy to Prussia (the Cardinal wrote, 'The aberrations of a false philosophy, the inflation of false science, the pride of unbelief, and the contemptuous scorn of those who believe, are preparing Germany for an overthrow or for suicide.')." A list of the chapter headings will probably give the best idea, in the limited space at our disposal, of the wide scope and vivid interest of this

work. We have a complete picture of the Cardinal's whole life, thus divided: Early Days; A Captain of Harrow; Oxford; Conversion and Orders; Life and Love at Lavington; Rome and Gladstone; Archdeacon of Chichester; The Road to Rome; Florence Nightingale and others; The Wars of Westminster; Archbishop of Westminster; The Day's Burden; Ireland; The Vatican Council; World Politics; The Case of Dr. Newman; The Religious Orders; Rationalism and Literature; The Coming of Democracy; Ireland Again; Persico and Parnell; Spiritual Politics; Towards Evening. There is also an Appendix, concerning the Oblate foundation, and there is a rather brief index. The six full page portraits are works of art. Altogether, we all owe Mr. Leslie a debt of gratitude for a work that will always be indispensable to the clear understanding of a character who in many minds stands as a politician, and who yet was the tenderest of friends to the suffering and needy. "If great English families confided their secrets to him, London costers sent him pawntickets to redeem. Wherever there was suffering he lifted his hands; to the Pope in temporal humiliation, to Ireland under coercion, to children under neglect, to animals under torture, to strikers under starvation, to outcasts, both men and women, whom he tried to rehabilitate, to drunkards under their curse, whom he would often bail out of prison in person. It was Manning who cried, 'A child's needless tear is a blood-blot on the earth!' . . . To the broken and battered he was affectionate and long-suffering. He was accessible to the pariah and humble to the humble."

"Victor in Roman purple, saint and knight,  
In peace he passes to eternal peace . . .  
For thousands, ere he won the holiest home,

Earth was made homelier by this Prince of Rome."

E. S.

*Sundays in the Garden of Easter.* By E. Seton. 3s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London.

The practical non-existence of devotional books dealing with the fundamental mystery of the Christian Faith, the Resurrection, the greatest of all the festivals of the year, makes this daintily bound volume a noteworthy addition to our religious literature. The author, not unknown to our readers, is a member of S. Dominic's Third Order, and her book's Eucharistic aim breathes the true Dominican spirit and will, we are confident, be very welcome to daily communicants, to Children of Mary, and to all who are attracted by the joyful and consoling Mystery of the Resurrection of "our Love Who was crucified" and Who lives ever n all His risen beauty and affection, in our

Tabernacles to be our Friend and Consoler. The plan of the work is fresh and un-hackneyed, a consideration in our overdone days. Part I. gives us "Thoughts on the Paschal Festival," a mystery in our Lord's Life too little considered by the majority of us in spite of its cardinal importance and its many great consolations—especially in the day of death and mourning. A point about this mystery is its constant appropriateness; its "all-the-year-roundness," if we may so express ourselves, for every Sunday is a miniature feast of the Resurrection, the "first day of the week" observed in memory of the Resurrection by the first Christian, and by our Lady herself, as the charming work before us tells us. Part II. gives us a deeply suggestive though brief foreword on "Easter and the Blessed Sacrament," in which the joys, graces and tremendous efficacy of the grace of Communion are set forth—a most interesting revelation to S. Mechtilde made by S. Catherine of Alexandria concerning the glory given us by communicating is quoted. Then we have a series of twelve Methods of Holy Communion—each commences with the Scriptural narrative of our Lord's Appearance to some one of His friends, continues with a beautiful meditation or word-picture of the particular Apparition, and is followed by a Preparation and Thanksgiving adapted to that Apparition. These are commendably brief and thus practical—the Appearances are those to Our Lady, S. Mary Magdalen, the Holy Women, S. Peter, at Emmaus, in the Upper Room, to S. Thomas, to the Seven Apostles by the sea, to the Five Hundred, to the Eleven in Galilee, to S. James, and on Ascension Day. Part III. is devoted to the most beautiful selection of Paschal prayers and praises we have ever seen—a feature of the book is that as many of the devotions as possible are selected from the liturgy and from Holy Writ—there are some thirty pages of these devotions. The revelation of our Lord's five Easter joys and His promises to those who shall congratulate Him on them, will interest many, and there is a very attractive litany of the Face of Jesus Risen. There are a number of Paschal poems scattered, like spring flowers, through the book which in style is reminiscent of B. Henry Suso's type of devotion and is sure to delight many readers, and be of use as the publishers suggest, "at Holy Mass on Sunday mornings."

S. M. M.

*Dante's Mystic Love: A study of the Vita-Nuova, Odes, etc., from the allegorical standpoint.* By Marianne Kavanagh. Published by Sands and Co. 4s. 6d. net.

The tendency of a great soul is ever to hide itself—

"Hearts that are great are always lone,  
They never will manifest their best,  
Their greatest greatness is unknown."

What are the world's judgments, its praise or its blame to him whose insignia of royalty is other than crown and sceptre, to him who can with truth say "my mind to me a kingdom is." If this be true, and it is of one endowed with great mental gift, *a fortiori* is it true of those rare souls whom God calls to high places in a Kingdom that is not of this world.

This is the hypothesis upon which the author of *Dante's Mystic Love* bases a most interesting work. With convincing clearness the writer collates passages from the *Vita-Nuova*, the *Odes*, and the *Divina Comedia* to prove that beneath the veil of allegory Dante hid the secret of the lofty grace of divine Contemplation with which he had been enriched. Of the object of a human love, however idealistic, the Poet would scarcely speak as "The lady of his mind," therefore if the explanation of the mysterious references to "Beatrice" be accepted as implying Eternal Wisdom, the allegory is upheld throughout, and its meaning becomes obvious, for the name Beatrice signifies "Giver of Blessedness." By her lips he tells us in *Purg.* Canto xxx. what he was in his youth :—

"Through benign  
Largess of heavenly graces, which rain down  
From such a height as mocks our vision,  
this man  
Was in the freshness of his being such,  
So gifted virtually, that in him  
All better habits wondrously had  
thrived . . ."

How this Beatrice may have come to be associated with Beatrice Portinari is alluded to by the author in the following passage, "Dante finding himself in the Presence of Our Lord lost himself in ecstatic prayer gazing towards the Altar, there being no person but a gentle lady of most pleasing mien between him and the Altar, the fixity and absorption of his look were mistakenly attributed to her influence. Dante grew alarmed lest his secret" (in very truth the secret of the King), "should be discovered. Hence his resolve to let the world think he had unveiled his heart. For months and years he states that he concealed himself behind this "screen lady," so that all who talked of him considered her the object of his affections. Is it not possible, and even probable, that this "screen lady" was Beatrice Portinari herself !

Later, when the Poet finds that he has swerved somewhat towards human love, he endures a keen inner conflict, and it is supposed that it is during this period he composed the exquisite *XI. Ode*, wherein he prays the "salutation of his lady" to come

into his heart. The entrance thereto being "disputed to all others save to the messengers of Love, who know how to open it, by will of that same power that barred."

When the Vision of Beatrice, his "Giver of Blessedness," is again vouchsafed him, a transformation takes place, and the resolution to praise God henceforth in pure love finds expression in the beautiful *Couzone* :

"Donne ch'aveto intelletto d'amare."

This spiritual state, or series of states, through which the Poet, still using this veil of allegory, describes himself as passing, is upheld and verified by passages taken with fine accuracy of selection from the works of St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, Blossius, and other great Mystics. Surely the likeness between their experiences and those of Dante cannot be merely accidental !

If it is difficult to understand how any commentator, however learned, should conceive it possible that the Poet's works were but the expression of mere earthly passion, it is still more difficult to comprehend how any critic should decide that Dante's allegorising of his poems was an after-thought. To the imputation of having written sensual poems this would add the further gross charges of being a liar and a hypocrite as well. Charges against which all thoughtful readers of the "Divine Poet" must surely protest. True, in some of the *Odes*, notably in *Ode IV.*, the language used is in parts "forcible, we should almost dare to say, unsavoury," yet it is in that same *Ode* that he compares his sufferings and their effect to the action of a file :—

"O agonising and unpitied file that dumbly scrap'st away my life, how is it that thou shrinkest not from knowing thus my heart, coat within coat, as I from telling thee who it is that givest thee power thereto." Not St. John of the Cross himself describes more accurately the painful and purifying process of the "Dark Night" than Dante does here.

Much more might be said in favour of the theory which the writer of *Dante's Mystic Love* maintains by such skilful interpretation, and with such keen spiritual insight. But enough has been said to show how valuable this work will be to the students of Dante. One further point of interest, however, cannot be passed over :—the conviction that the real tragedy of his life lay not in the false accusations and banishment, but in the fact that he who had once made his home upon those lofty heights, where only the Eagles dwell, should have come down to the valley beneath, to the babble of political strife, should have taken to himself a wife and sought more domestic joys, surely this indeed was tragedy !

Later on he comes back broken and

repentant to the arms of God. From that time onward he was led step by step upward to the heights once more, those heights of prayer which brought him at last to the Vision of God, to that Living Presence where "what he sees was not for words to speak."

The writer of this attractive book is to be congratulated upon the masterly handling of a very difficult subject.

E. H. E.

*Excursions in Thought.* By "Imael."

Published by the Talbot Press, Ltd.,  
85 Talbot Street, Dublin. London:  
T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., 1 Adelphi  
Terrace. Price 6s. net.

The writer of *Excursions in Thought* has given to the reading world, a book which is clearly the outcome of deep thought and profound conviction of the truths which he enunciates, linked with vast erudition.

*Genius, The Century of Progress, The Mother of the Arts, Christianity and its Critics*, these are the subject matter of the Essays; subjects upon which so much has already been written, that one is apt to wonder how anything new remains to be said. It is just herein lies the extraordinary power of these "Excursions."

Out into the world of to-day with its fever and fret, back through the centuries that have passed the writer goes with vivid speed of thought and an intensity of vision which almost startles by its comprehensiveness. From the vast treasury of knowledge thus accumulated, he gives to the world "things new and old." He sums up all the dynamic forces of the world's so-called "Progress"; Revolutions, Economic Ideas, Syndicates, Trade Unions, and the rest; all those mighty factors in the onward rush for success. All these are taken with full acknowledgment of their value, and generous recognition of their worth; he casts them into the balance with Eternal Virtues, and proves that they are in truth but as "the baseless fabric of a dream," when set in comparison with the infinite.

It is not a religious book ordinarily so called, but it is the outcome of a religion that is homed in the heart of a man's spirit, when he has taken to himself, with all its consequences, the Faith of Christ, and accepted in all its fulness Christ's own dictum, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

It demonstrates with compelling force

the principle that the only true progress is by inner wrestling, not by outward gain, and resolutely "turns his back upon all ideals that are but the Brocken-shadow of his own self-love," and "bases his scheme of life not upon the Economic Idea, but upon duty and love." "Learn of Me," said Christ, "I am the Way."

Again, no truly great art is possible without Religion. "The noblest art, the greatest poetry and literature cannot arise without the divine urgency of something which dilates all the powers of the soul, and overcomes all that is born of self," therefore is the Church which Christ founded and which can alone enable a man to achieve this conquest, called the "Mother of the Arts.—*Christ is the Father.*"

Lastly, in answer to the far-flung charge that Christianity is a failure, or all but so, he triumphantly sums up its world-wide organisation, its work and its results, pits those undeniable facts against the cynics and the scoffers, the sceptics and the unbelievers, and dares them to prove that the Ideals of the Church are lowered, or that the Church Herself has failed. "The extinction of Christianity is the only thing that could give a real victory to the sceptic, but he knows that he will never see it." "The Church will surely live on and pursue Her appointed way, imperishable and divine, the one great voluntary Society,—historic and universal, witnessing for the life of the Spirit." *Christ is the Life.*

This book is one which deserves the widest circulation amongst the cultured men and women of to-day, for no better book could find its way into the hands of those who have to grapple with the insidious temptations which beset University life, and the many divergent paths which lead therefrom. He would dare to apply to this work of a gifted author, words which he himself uses of "genius,"—"It can make thought visible, and unfold truth... Its desire is to enter into the reality and innermost meaning of life, expressing all creatively, with vivid truth, grace, energy and freshness. It can give to inert matter an eloquent face, and to man's hidden spirit a lively form. It can make us see the unseen reality, setting aside the mere lumber and fretful details that hide or distort the true meaning of life."

The excellent paper, printing, and the severe simplicity of binding leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of perfect good taste.

E. H. E.

# The Holy Grail.

E. SETON.

*My thirsting soul is fainting, Lord;  
Faint in this noontide heat—  
Below there, 'neath my feet  
Bright waters sing a madd'ning chord:  
I hear their laughing, cool, and gurgling call,  
Yet, like a captive, here I plod and fall,  
For there I must not go,  
Thou sayest ever no:  
Give me to drink!*

*My sad weak soul is drooping, Lord,  
Bowed 'neath Thy heavy Cross:  
(Thy service brings me loss),  
Life's storms are dark, cold is Death's ford—  
Around me human hearts hold company,  
Must I a-dread and solitary be?  
O lest I fail and fall  
Spice with Thy kiss the gall—  
Give me to drink!*

*O foolish child, look up and see!  
Along thy sun-parched road  
The purple Vine of God,  
Its brimming clusters bends tow'rd thee—  
I, Wisdom, Love, have set a waiting Board,  
Of cheering Wine, My Blood each morn outpour'd;  
O love, in Death I pledg'd thee,  
Drink, in Life's draughts, to Me—  
Drink from My Heart!*



PIETA.

# Topics of the Month.

## IRELAND'S OVER-USE OF TEA.

### I. THE DOCTORS SPEAK.

AN authoritative voice has told the Irish people to economise—especially on the two heads of outlay that bear stiff taxation: drink and tobacco. The adviser might have added a third—tea. This Oriental beverage has become an Irish necessary of life, and we must acknowledge that in moderation it is an excellent one. Unfortunately it has been not merely used but abused. There is an old rule—endorsed by modern science—that five minutes is the longest time that water should remain on tea. In the humbler homes of Ireland a very different practice is followed. The tea-pot remains eternally on the hob and “stewed tea” is incessantly poured from it by persons who have become, as one might say, addicted to the stewed-tea habit.

Indigestion, nervousness, excitement, and sleeplessness follow. The fatigue caused by these conditions prompts the victims to take more tea as a pick-me-up, just as individuals fly to alcoholic liquors for rehabilitation in the morning when suffering from their effects over-night.

Doctors have been discussing the matter in their professional journals, and they agree that excessive resort to tea is a menace to Ireland's national health.

The maxims they give for its proper use are simplicity itself. The tea should be freshly made. It should be prepared on the tried and

tested plan of one spoonful for each person and one for the pot. It should not be taken more than three times a day.

### II. A DESIRABLE PLEDGE.

Tea-drinking has its root in the wisdom of the East, and was probably one of the earliest sanitary measures adopted by civilised man. The Chinese seem to have been the first to discover that boiling rendered water safe for the human digestive system. It was the original method of sterilisation. Later on—either through accident or experiment—the same wonderful race found that tea leaves when mixed with the water had valuable efficacy in two directions. The leaf-laden liquid became a pleasing drink. What was more important, it acted as a sort of PREVENTIVE against typhoid fever and allied maladies.

The properties of tea are therefore associated with some of the most ancient triumphs of medical research. In fact it was as a medicine that tea obtained a vogue. Its use was in the beginning confined to a few families. Their neighbours noticed that the tea-drinkers had relatively little disease. And so, thousands of years ago, tea-drinking commenced to spread. And ultimately the custom reached us.

But the custom left us open to the Customs. We pay a tremendous tax on tea. Moreover, what started as a medicinal beverage has in many a case proved to be the reverse. Of course it is not the tea that is to

blame but the drinkers, who do not know how to leave off judiciously.

A pledge against the abnormal swallowing of tea is one that every-

body can easily take and profitably keep. It will reduce the official revenue which is such a drain on the national wealth, and correspondingly raise the level of national efficiency.

## CATHOLIC PRESS, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

### I. AMERICA TAKES ACTION.

THE American Catholics who showed such fine capacity for organisation during the war are now evincing a new form of activity. They are working for the establishment of a powerful Catholic Press. The Press Department of the Catholic Welfare Council of America is directing the campaign. It is proceeding along the wise line of stimulating the Catholic papers already in existence.

This is a more practical course than that pursued in Ireland a few years ago, when "the urgent need for a truly Catholic Press" was emphasised every now and then in speeches and resolutions which ignored the fact that the country was full of Catholic papers and periodicals that only needed support.

The Welfare Council has organised a Press Agency for the supply of Catholic news. It has its own representatives in the Press Galleries of Congress—a valuable and coveted privilege. It has special correspondents throughout two hemispheres. Therefore it is in a supreme position to improve the influence of Catholic papers by giving them abundant and trustworthy news on Catholic matters of world-wide interest. About eighty papers at present receive its news service, and the resulting stimulus to Catholic thought can be easily imagined.

Among the many striking publications which the Council's Press department has issued is one on "The Catholic Press Abroad"—which analyses the state of the Catholic

Press in European countries, from Italy to Ireland. The particulars are very informative.

Ordinary readers are curious as to the style and status of the much-mentioned "Osservatore Romano." It is virtually the newspaper of the Holy See. It is more an international than an Italian paper. It reports Papal news and judgments which are of importance not merely to Catholics of Italy but to those of all nations. Giving a secondary place to the ordinary events of Italy, it furnishes facts regarding the Catholic life of various countries.

"The readers of the 'Osservatore Romano' are almost exclusively the Bishops, part of the clergy, and statesmen who want to find in it the expression of the sentiment of the Holy See." This explains why its circulation—despite its universal celebrity—is no more than 10,000 a day.

In the secular Press Italy has four first-class journals of Catholic tone. The great non-Catholic organs number as many as twenty.

### II. CATHOLIC JOURNALISM IN FRANCE.

In France the intellectual papers and reviews are, in a large proportion, exceedingly Catholic in tendency. The case of France is interesting because the country has two absolutely Catholic dailies—"La Croix" and "La Libre Parole." The "Libre Parole" is the more secular of the two and devotes marked attention to Catholic social work. "La Croix" strikes rather the religious note. It is a wonder-

fully readable compilation, day by day, of Catholic episodes and Catholic ideas. And it has not the narrow outlook which makes ordinary French newspapers dull and unattractive to a foreigner. One of its contributors has said :

"We are living in a time when the lies of the Press are more cleverly fabricated than ever before. 'La Croix' watches for them, exposes them, and points out the truth. Catholics need immediate guidance. Rapid answers must be given to questions demanding rapid solution. And now the distribution of 'La Croix' is more vital than ever, as Catholics have before them a world to rebuild."

As regards journalism Germany was never in the front rank. Yet the 227 Catholic daily papers published throughout the German States compare favourably with those that represent other denominations.

Austria has a fairly strong Catholic Press, but in news service and foreign intelligence it is admittedly outrun by non-Catholic competitors.

### III. THE SMALL NATIONALITIES.

When we come to the small nationalities we get a surprise. Think of little Holland—a so-called Protestant country—maintaining 26 Catholic dailies. There are 2½ million Catholics to read them. They have, besides, 8 tri-weeklies, 22 bi-weeklies, 84 weeklies, and 98 monthly magazines. There is no lack of Catholic reading in Holland. And so far from diminishing, the list is growing steadily!

To Belgian journalism belongs the distinction of having the oldest newspaper in existence: the "Gazette van Gent." It is one of the 31 Catholic newspapers printed in that country to-day. They may differ on national and sentimental points, such as the Flemish language question, but they all stand together for the defence of the essentials of the faith.

Let me pass, in simply mentioning, Canada's 10 Catholic dailies, all in French, 9 of them appearing in the Province of Quebec; Sweden's first Catholic daily paper, "Credo," which has just made its appearance; and Mexico's 30 daily papers which are all substantially Catholic. Ireland has 9 daily papers, of which 4 are Catholic in expression, and these four have the widest circulations of any such papers in the world.

Ireland has, in addition, an appreciable number of strictly Catholic periodicals. And it is noteworthy that the people are not required to contribute to their expenses—whereas in some of the countries I have mentioned special collections for Press purposes are made among the Catholic population. The Irish Catholic is under no obligation except to buy what is provided for his protection and benefit.

That last obligation is a serious one. If every Catholic would buy at least one Catholic periodical regularly, what a strengthening there would be of the Irish Catholic Press!

The National Catholic Welfare Council of America is spurring its own people to do their part in supporting Catholic publications.

## MIDSUMMER MUSIC.

### I. CLOSED DOWN.

IN the midst of war it is hard to foster the arts of peace. Still the

flag of culture has been kept flying. Following fast upon the Feis Ceoil we have had the Father Mathew

Feis which touched several sources of everyday utility as well as artistic refinement.

This year, perhaps, one would attach most value to its purely musical side. Ireland's musical tendencies are in danger of extinction from continued desuetude. For the past seven years there have been increasing obstacles to popular and collective music. At present the difficulties amount to suppression. It is not safe for young people to meet for a musical purpose. A civil band procession is a thing prohibited. There will be no music in the open this summer, because no assembly—however peaceful its object—is immune from harassment.

The lack of summer music will be keenly felt. To many people a holiday has always meant a blend of fresh air and agreeable strains. The happy mixture won't be available at Irish seaside places this season. A few fortunate ones may be able to seek it elsewhere. But there is no possibility of shutting our eyes to the injury that is being done to the Irish musical profession and Irish musical taste.

## II. THE TRADITION PRESERVED.

In this way we are cut off from practical participation in the pleasant musical topics of the moment. For example, the question of the

most suitable music for hot weather has come up again. It is probably true that heavy music on a sultry evening is not easy to appreciate. Even Sunday concerts—which lean to the side of solidity—should be lightened somewhat during the months of July, August and September. Conductors and organisers ought to accept the fact that music may be light and at the same time be good. When the thermometer is mounting towards 80, Wagner's *Meistersinger* Overture is a little too blood-heating.

For outdoor usage, orchestras and brass bands are guilty of indiscretion when they choose items in which the harmony is more than the melody. It takes an air of definite outline to hold the attention of an open-air audience. Even such a slight affair as a waltz will get home on the ear much better than a wild Tschaikowsky show-piece. Rag-time itself, despite its audacity, should not be excluded.

But these considerations are purely academic to us at present. We are denied a musical summer, and we need not hope for a musical autumn. In such a desolate situation the greater gratitude is due to undertakings like the *Father Mathew Feis*, which keep the musical spirit of the nation alive and alert.

## IS THE PUBLIC GULLED?

### I. POWERS OF BELIEF.

THE machinery of deceit is so vast and so effective that it will never be completely deranged or put out of action. Day by day we see it at work in misleading reports and statements that may not gull the observers of local events on the spot, but that must often pass as truth at a convenient distance of space.

Even a highly respectable word has been denaturalised from its true meaning, and it has become usual—with perfectly unconscious sarcasm—to call such mendacity "propaganda."

It is based, no doubt, on a shrewd knowledge of mankind. Through an hereditary penalty on the entire race the human understanding was

darkened. As the American expressed it: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time."

It is a nice question whether the people are growing less gullible. But in the main I should say they are. They are more inclined than formerly to apply their judgment to so-called facts.

Evidence of the readiness with which they once believed is furnished in a delightful classic known as Browne's Errors. The title is somewhat misleading. For they were not the errors of Sir Thomas Browne but those of the foolish public. He traces back through decades and centuries the wild and outrageous nonsense that men imbibed as the purest truth.

## II. BROWNE'S OWN BELIEFS.

Browne himself, it must be mentioned, gave credence to a fair share of rubbish. He never doubted tales about witches. He was confident that the phoenix and the griffin duly flourished. He had firm faith in the salamander and its capacity to live on fire. He was convinced that children if allowed to grow up without hearing any language would speak Hebrew by nature! Yet Browne was an enlightened man.

At a much more recent time travellers were coming back to us with astounding stories of the artfulness of the crocodile's tears. One respected authority put this statement in print:

"The reptile gives every outward evidence of excessive grief over the bodies of the victims it has slain and intends to eat."

The public so long fed on that fable still speaks of "crocodile tears."

To a modern literary man, Edmund Gosse, we owe the destruction

of another myth. Long had the world believed in the Maelström. Poe, who had a too vivid imagination, gave forth a narrative of what appeared to be his own personal experience in that awful abyss of water. Thousands considered that every word was true. Others felt that at any rate the dreadful adventure could have happened. But Gosse after a visit to Lofoden Islands wrote home to say that there was no such whirlpool as the Maelström. From that date the legend was razed to the ground.

## III. "WEIGH AND CONSIDER."

Even an obvious and common-sense fact was often rejected if it clashed with a long-established fiction. Old Alexander Ross passed as a scientist in his time. And he had no misgivings about the ancient theory that a lion was afraid of a cock. Somebody faced him with the instance of one which sprang into a farm-yard and devoured all the poultry. Mr. Ross silenced the critic by asserting that *that* lion was mad.

Occasionally an error has passed through scepticism from one form into another, the second being as ridiculous as the first. Many years ago an over-clever man launched a statement that the dodo—our poor extinct friend—was a fabulous creature that never existed at all. So the accounts of it were immediately stamped as being in all probability spurious. But in 1865 the remains of the bird were found, and an irrefutable reconstruction of the dodo was carried out by the naturalists.

It is melancholy to dwell on the human weakness for absorbing falsehood. Bacon warns us, when reading, not to accept; nor yet reject; but to weigh and consider. That is a necessary mental process at present whenever we settle down to the newspaper.

## LITTLE THINGS.

A FEW days ago I was turning over the pages of an analytical novel by an author distinguished as well by his deep and astute knowledge of human nature, as by his graphic power of characterisation. There was none of the usual love-making in the book, the characters had not reached, or else, had passed beyond that stage beloved of the novelist who has an eye on "circulations." The copy I was reading had come from a library patronised by the avowed literary and the presumed élite of an Irish city. For about the first five chapters the pages had been closely perused—not by the observant thumbs of Lady Slatterns—yet was there evidence sufficient to show the tracks of many browsers. Then came a lessening in the number of dog's ears, a gradual getting-back to the original whiteness of the printed sheets. From, I think, Chapter 10 onwards I could discern no signs at all to show that anyone had gone before me: near the end of the volume were several uncut pages. Yet to me the book was a veritable

delight. The author seemed to carry one with him to a bay of silver beneath a heavenly sky of Italian blue, to limn his pictures and depict his characters so graphically that one got a feeling not only of listening at the key-hole but also of peeping through. Withal, his pages could not be galloped over—though the necessary concentration was more than repaid for.

I started to compute the number of library members that had found my author too heavy, too uninteresting, too deep. But I only arrived at the general conclusion that the circle of borrowers must largely favour fiction of the light and flip-pant type. And next day an inspection of the shelves showed that more than ninety per cent. of the volumes in that library were by the popular novelists of to-day, yesterday, and the day before. Those little dwindling thumb-marks were to me more convincing than the most elaborate list which the librarian might have compiled.

## WEIGHTY AFFAIRS.

They further sent the thought to me that trifles of just a slightly higher specific gravity than the atmosphere are weighty affairs. For in life the great things are not always the most important in their results. And so far as they cling to memory very often one finds that a minor happening has engraven itself on the mind while the details of classic events have jostled and trampled one another out of recollection.

I have been trying to remember the most impressive High Mass at which I was privileged to be present, to call back a certain aspect of the beautiful ceremonial. But nothing

save a blurred memory of the whole comes to me, while I can visualise as if they had happened but yesterday two little aspects of other Masses that were attended with no pomp.

A Sunday sun poured down in all the intensity of early August on a little Connemara hamlet. The thatched cabins seemed to cling to the rocks: below the tender waves gently lapped the jutting boulders. The glistening road skirted the sea, widening a little at the bend where stood the white-washed church. . . . A bell was rung; the men stopped their talk of weather and crops, and filed in to cram the modest building which the women-folk had already

almost comfortably filled. The curate's horse had been sighted as the hard-worked priest rode over the mountain pass. . . . When the congregation had all knelt, an old man walked up to the altar-rails, knelt down and started reciting the Rosary. Just the Rosary, but somehow that church packed with humble peasantry, the reverent old man with head bowed low before the rails, the fresh salt breeze coming through the open square window, the languorous swish of the waves down below, and, crowning all, the swelling and dying murmurings of the fervent responses that came straight from humble but hoping hearts, all combined to make an indelible impression on the memory.

On the second occasion the scene was on the outskirts of one of England's most important textile cities, on a bitterly cold St. Stephen's day. The "church" was a room with an uneven floor, and during the week was a Catholic school. It was on the third storey, being reached by flights of stone stairs. The bottom portions of the building were used as stores. Where the pupils worked during the week, the congregation knelt, behind them being the little choir and the miniature organ. The "*Adeste Fideles*" was rendered by the obviously well-trained voices. But there came a something which I had not before heard, when a beautifully sweet and appealing childish voice trilled forth in a solo beginning "*Venite Adoremus.*" At first a little quakingly and then with

greater confidence the pure, small voice of the seven-year-old girl soared up and up with a tremble of reverence at the back of the clear notes—sending to one in that poor barn where God was being worshipped a vision of the choir where angels sing. . . .

And side by side with those two memories, there lingers tenaciously a picture of a funeral oration. Not a memory of the words uttered by a prelate of the Church, or of the last vocal tribute paid over the still body of one who had attained greatness while in the flesh. He who lay dead had come a stranger to an Irish village, had built up a prosperous business where others had failed, because he lacked not industry, initiative and courage. And his life had been a model to a countryside; his many acts of unobtrusive charity had attained publicity not because of, but in spite of his way of doing them. His worth was known, and a crowded church bore testimony to it. The curate did not say many words, and yet his wonderfully simple way of uttering them, the unaffected simplicity and sincerity behind each phrase, the homely emphasis placed on the nothingness of the known life and the greatness of the unknown, the symbolical but awful beauty of the young cleric addressing old as well as youthful in the presence of Death—here was something that brought a tear to eyes other than those already red with the pain of sorrow. . . .

## GRAY'S "ELEGY."

The finished artistic whole is an ingeniously-arranged composite of the little things which mark off the true artist from his loudly preten-

tious cousin. Mention of the dead sends Gray's "Elegy" to mind. The opening stanza, the initial line, gives the tone of the piece. And the

complete effect is gained by a masterly concentration on theme, and an unerring instinct for the right word in the right place. A mere trifle, this jotting down of simple words—and yet what a picture in every line, what a cameo of the subtle gloom which the subject demands? How much better is the tolling of curfew than the ambiguous ringing of a bell? The alliterative versifier might have written of the dead or dying day—but what effect is gained by that natural use of “parting?” A whole rural scene is conjured up in that one line: “The lowing herds wind slowly o’er the lea?” One sees the uneven bovine file, meek eyes and

low heads, contemplating cud-time. Field, pasture, loam, meadow—none of them could have conjured up the grassy level as depicted by Gray.

Then that jaded ploughman—who can plod better than he?—the simple alliteration of his weary way is just accident. Somehow, nobody save a ploughman would have fitted so exactly into the picture. That signal for retiring, man and beast gratefully returning to rest, leaving the darkening gloom of the churchyard to that observant watcher of the night who uses his trifles to make a masterpiece, and whose greatest gift was an eye and an ear for the truly poetic word!

## THE FUTILITY OF PRETENTIOUSNESS.

A sound essayist has remarked that if we would know the greatness of genius we should read Shakespeare, if we would discover the futility of pretentiousness, we should study his commentators. Even the little things penned by the elect are greater than the lugubrious meanderings of the modern scribe trying to be clever. The American professor who declared that commentaries on Browning were like fog-horns—they announce the existence of fog without in the least helping to dispel it—summed up the utility of many of our modern mentors who

pose as guides to the classic authors and as judges of the modern. A little while back I was reading the “Literary Letter” in a high-class London weekly. Rubbing my eyes, I re-read a sentence which began: “Matthew Arnold—than whom our modern times has produced no literary critic of equal merit. . . .” Who is to criticise the critic that thus starts to criticise the critics? Perhaps, after all, he is no worse than the smug highbrow who once wrote: “To finish a sentence with a preposition is the greatest mistake one can be guilty of.”

## IRELAND IN STORY.

I left down my literary letter-writer and took up a magazine. On a principle which I cannot explain, I always read first the story placed at the end of these publications. Without warning I was being introduced to a heroine named Sheila. But the author was careful to explain at the outset why he had christened her Sheila: “Her father and mother were Irish and she was Irish too!” But what do you think her father’s

name was? Brian—Brian Athlone! I felt queerly grateful to the writer—he might have dubbed the man Diarmuid Donoghadee or Shemus Tipperary. And in the choice of a patronymic for his hero the author paid Irish history a second compliment. The hero was, at the moment, a London taxi-driver, and his name was Brian Boru! He liked—an Irish custom, it appears—dipping

his face in grass damp with midnight dew, and possessed a sort of jazz-band style of love-making. But his name was Brian Boru, and his talk

was a mixture of the dialogue penned by Arnold Bennett, Lever, and Masefield in his "Multitude and Solitude."

## CRUDITIES.

In a few lines of an article on Ireland, I picked out several words spelled in a peculiar way. "Oirish," when the writer meant Irish; "Furrst," when he was referring to first; "Ut," when the average person would have written it; "Oi," when the pronoun "I" was referred to, and so on. I made discreet inquiries and discovered that there was neither a new language nor a new system of spelling. There exist folk who suffer from the delusion that this is a sample of the way people pronounce the words in Ireland. As Mr. Doo-ley would say, "Them writin' gents is quare."

Yet the small crudities which signal to one the early message that an author writes glibly but ignorantly on Ireland and the people thereof, are not always to be taken too seriously. As a rule, one is fairly safe in declining to travel far with the scribe who writes "furrst."

But when the greatest offence is the dubbing of a devil-may-care hero Brian Boru, I would counsel patience. After all there is a belief abroad that fashions change slowly in our country. And even writers nod now and again. If you met the remark, "He has lost a lot at Lotto lately," on the first page of a book, you would probably class the author as rather low in the scale. But that alliterative monstrosity occurs in one of Robert Hichen's novels, in "A Spirit in Prison," to be precise. Yet the book is written by the pen of a master of author-craft, and displays the cultured Protestant's respect for Catholic customs and usages—one of the English characters goes so far as to imitate the Italian fisherfolk in making the sign of the cross when her boat came safely into harbour. And one has become interested in the book before the Lotto losses are mentioned.

## THE SIN OF EXAGGERATION.

I remember being rather impressed by the narrative abilities of a gentleman who had been just demobilised, and who was relating to an attentive audience some of his experiences on the Italian front. He was eloquent and picturesque in narrating the discomforts of Italy's railways and hotels, in denouncing Italian cookery and catering. He sounded more superlative than a guide-book in dealing with the scenery, more convincing than a music hall mimic in portraying the gestures and remarks of an Italian peasant. And then he went on to

describe the beautiful echoes that resounded from hill to hill and down the mountain sides each night as the peasants, all somewhat inebriated from having looked on the wine when it was red, swaggered home singing operatic songs most gorgeously in the native tongue. The picture seemed over-coloured when he mentioned that they all were exquisite tenors. I remembered a remark by a character in O. Henry: "The scenery was pretty good. I never saw any finer on the New York stage." And afterwards I listened to the narrator confess that the pic-

ture of the intoxicated tenors almost melting the snow-clad slopes of the Alps with the warmth of their won-

derful voices was a picturesque fiction, just thrown in to round off the tale.

## WHAT ABOUT THE FAILURES?

One likes to think that the childish trifles which point the way to future greatness are always correctly handed down to us. The pity is that we never hear the quaint infantile utterances of life's failures. But now that the glut in infant literary prodigies seems thinning out somewhat, we shall probably be treated to a selection from the youthful remarks of people no longer alive to publish volumes on their own account. There is a touch of the genuine in that prayer recorded as having been uttered by Lincoln in his boyhood: "God help mother, help father, help sister, help everybody; teach me to read and write; watch over Honey and make him a

good dog, and keep us all from getting lost in the wilderness."

I somehow think our young prodigy would have been more ambitious. He would hardly have been content with a modest pair from the trio of R's. And as regards the wilderness, it would scarcely have been deemed worthy of notice. The modern boy wonder would not certainly have any fear of getting lost in it; if he made it the subject of a request at all, his petition would have something to say about lording over it. And yet, if Lincoln is correctly quoted, a wary stepping in the waste places does seem a good preparation for confident treading over the more civilised ground.



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# “Thingummybobs.”

MARGARET O'KELLY.

## CHAPTER I.

“IT is only a tiny garden, With a charm that is all its own”— came floating out on the wings of song through the open window of Dr. Roddy's drawing-room. Two ladies who were approaching the house at this moment, turned enquiring glances one upon the other. “How strange!” murmured Peggy, the younger, cast a disapproving glance at the window-curtains, whose soiled appearance spoke of a very remote acquaintance with the wash-tub.

Both ladies gazed with disfavour at the badly-leaned steps as they neared the door. Meanwhile the songstress within, blissfully unconscious of the displeasure of the arriving visitors, continued :

“It's just a glimpse of Heaven,  
Beneath a sky of blue,  
It is only a tiny garden,  
But it holds my love, and you !”

“What next, I wonder?” asked Peggy.

“I wonder, too,” answered the elder lady. “I suppose this is some new species of the genus housekeeper.” She drew back her doeskin-gloved hand from her brother's brass knocker and looked ruefully at the smudges of Globe-polish she had incurred. At her rat-tat, the hall door was thrown open, and a tall, rather good-looking young woman, garbed in a print overall, and with reddish hair elaborately dressed, appeared smilingly.

“Is Dr. Roddy at home?” Mrs. Drummond asked, a little stiffly.

“He has gone out to see a patient, but will be back soon. Will you come in, please? The doctor said he was expecting Mrs. Drummond and Miss Roddy.”

Mrs. Drummond and Miss Roddy bowed rather coldly. The young woman spoke cordially, and, Peggy afterwards said, “patronisingly.” The sisters stepped into the tiled hall, which was in process of being slopped over with very dirty water by an untidy maid. The young woman introduced them into the room whence the sounds of music had proceeded. Having cheerfully installed them in easy-chairs, she poked the fire and threw on it a shovelful of coal, half of which came clattering down on to the fender.

"Dear me, what a noise!" she ejaculated, throwing herself on the hearthrug on her knees and picking up the pieces gingerly with the help of a scrap of paper to keep her fingers clean. Then, saying that she would inform the doctor of their arrival as soon as he returned, she vanished, smilingly confident, from the room. The sisters regarded each other with amusement tempered by dismay.

"What would mother think of it?" asked Peggy, indignantly.

Mrs. Drummond took it more lightly.

"Old nurse would say 'It bates Banagher,'" said Mrs. Drummond, laughing at Peggy, who did not even smile.

"Sitting in here at eleven o'clock in the morning, singing," continued Peggy, scathingly.

"Well, it is better, surely, to do it in the morning than at night——" began Mrs. Drummond, pulling off her soiled glove slowly.

"How exasperating you are!" interrupted Peggy.

"No, I'm not, dear. I was really only suggesting what Luke will say if we mention it to him," returned her sister.

The toot-toot of a horn gave notice of the approach of a motor—and in another minute the doctor was being hugged, kissed; scolded and pitied by his pretty, well-dressed sisters. Peggy pushed him into a chair, and began to examine his personal appearance closely.

"No one could say with any truth that you seem well-cared for, Luke," she said; and then with a little, half-suppressed scream of horror—"Why, you've got on odd socks—look!"

"But," said Luke imperturbably, "they are both grey."

"Yes; but one is dark, and the other light, you poor goose!"

"Gander, you mean," observed the doctor good-humouredly.

"But we will overlook your 'English' in consideration of your superior attainments in the field of colour. You are right; one sock is less grey than the other. Miss Owen was too busy to notice that trifle."

"That, and a few others we could mention," said Peggy. "Look at the fire-place! The cinders will soon be at the front door."

Luke lay back in his chair and laughed heartily. He was well aware of Miss Owen's shortcomings, but only at times did they annoy him.

"You are very hard on the poor girl," he said. "But I can assure you she has her good points. She is unfailingly cheerful, and ungrudging in kindness to me."

"Don't," uttered Peggy. "Don't!" The next thing will be, that she will marry you!"

"But," objected Luke, "you told me that I ought to marry!"

"Ah! That is another matter. Your marrying, and *someone* marrying you, are by no means one and the same thing."

"A distinction, truly. May I ask, then, are you going to marry young Somerville, or is he going to marry you?"

"We are going to marry each other," Peggy avowed.

"Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," teased Luke.

"In our case will make one," Peggy said proudly.

"Luke, dear," Mrs. Drummond now observed, with her gentle smile, "joking apart, I fear you are not comfortable."

The doctor turned to her. "I am as comfortable as most people, Maureen. Miss Owen is, I admit, a little inclined to be what some people would call 'casual.' But she is a good sort. She is a cut above the servant class, and so has, no doubt, a want of method. This, however, is amply made up for by her good temper and good cooking."

"Is she musical?"

"I believe she has leanings in that direction."

"Because she was singing and playing when we arrived."

"Oh, yes, I know. She has the artistic temperament. To use her own words, she would be 'bored to tears' if she could not run to the piano and sing a song or play something when she felt 'so disposed.' It is a weakness—but there are many worse—eh?"

Maureen looked affectionately at her handsome, kindly-eyed brother. "We can at least set you down as one who loves his fellow-men," she observed. "I wish I could look as amiably on other people's weaknesses!"

"I don't," said Peggy with judicial severity.

"But you are young, Peggy. Wait till you are as old as I am. I wonder if your judgment will be more lenient when you have lunched off one of Miss Owen's capitally-cooked chickens?"

But Peggy was scornful of this. "It is wonderful what men will endure for the sake of a good dinner," she said. "Feed a man well, and his 'world' is yours."

Luke clapped her on the back. "Why, you are getting older already, little Peggy," he declared. "Do not lose sight of the importance of feeding the man when six and half-a-dozen make one."

## CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Roddy laid down her knitting and took off her pince-nez, for the trim parlour-maid had brought in the tea. She always poured it out herself even when her elder daughter was staying with her. Mrs. Drummond had warned Peggy not to paint Luke's domestic arrangements too darkly when questioned by her mother. "It will not do a bit of good, and only cause mother a sleepless night or two," Maureen said.

Peggy agreed to this, but upon entering the drawing-room the contrast between its well-ordered elegance and the slip-shod *dis-comfort* of her brother's room made her involuntarily draw a deep sigh.

"What does that mean?" asked her mother.

Peggy pulled herself up. She was not playing her part.

"I beg your pardon, mother," she replied. "I was only thinking. What a delicious bowl of daffodils—just the kind I love! Have you been out shopping, you naughty mother? You said you would have a quiet, restful day."

"I have had a delightful day. Bernard Somerville called, and afterwards sent the flowers—not for me, alas!"

"Oh; for me!" Peggy ran and buried her face among them. "They are too lovely!"

Mrs. Drummond, having taken off her out-door garments, now came in, and Peggy handed round the delicate porcelain cups filled with the fragrant tea that her mother knew so well how to brew, the wafer-thin rolls of bread and butter, the dainty cakes, all so different from Miss Owen's table arrangements.

Then Peggy carried the little dark-oak table (whereon stood the precious daffodils) to a place near the brightly-burning wood fire, drew up a low easy-chair, and established herself there with her tea and her thoughts.

"Now tell me about Luke," Mrs. Roddy demanded. "I suppose he is more comfortable since he has got rid of that virago of a housekeeper!" She looked maternally solicitous, for Luke was her beloved and only son, "the image of his handsome father," she always said; but everyone else said he was the image of her.

"Yes, indeed, mother," replied Mrs. Drummond. "The present one is very good-tempered."

"I hope she darns his socks!"

"Oh, I think so; but, of course, we did not look at his socks—that is—I mean not at the holes," she corrected hastily.

The old lady had intercepted a quick glance from Peggy, and the next question was directed to her.

"What was wrong with his socks, then, dear?"

"One was a darker grey than the other," Peggy said. "But, mother, what delicious cakes these are! Did Bessie make them?"

"Yes, of course. I never buy shop-made stuff. Does Luke's housekeeper cook decently?"

Both daughters hurriedly replied in concert: "Oh, yes—she is a good cook."

"Then what is the matter with her?" enquired the old lady astutely.

"Well, mother," Mrs. Drummond answered, with a great show

of making a clean breast of it, "she is not very methodical. But Luke is not altogether dissatisfied with her," she added.

"I think Luke would do well to insist on more method," opined his mother. "A little system in household management saves a great deal of energy."

Peggy nearly groaned aloud as she reviewed the evidences of conserved energy displayed in Luke's establishment. The soiled table-linen, the dull glass and silver, the dusty book-shelves, the unswept carpets, were a few examples. She sat silently contemplating the play of the firelight on the antique silver buckles of her house-shoes, crossing them backwards and forwards idly, but quite unaware (be it said) of the beautiful shapeliness of her foot.

Mrs. Drummond was murmuring something about Luke's increasing practice, his cleverness, and his genial manner, when Peggy burst in with, "But, mother, what Luke really needs is a wife. I do wish he would think of Sylvia Harding!"

"My dear, it is quite useless. She is a good girl and a beautiful one. But, as you are aware, she has not a note of music in her—not an idea, either, on the subject. And, you know, Luke would rather remain a bachelor all his days than live with an unmusical person."

"Oh, dear!" The expression was wrung from Peggy by sheer agony.

"It is only a tiny garden," she hummed in a low tone, and then, with an exaggeration of emphasis—"With a *charm* that is all its own." "What is the next, Maureen? I forget it," she went on carelessly.

"It is a pretty little song," Mrs. Roddy declared, with happy unconsciousness of the picture that it summoned up in the minds of her daughters. "You must sing it for me, before you go, Maureen."

Then a sort of gloom settled upon the two girls, as they thought of what Luke's scanty leisure hours must be like in that house at Wooldown. Peggy had a fine imagination, and could picture her brother in the frowsy drawing-room trying to enjoy a quiet cigar and book, or paper, whilst at frequent intervals Miss Owen would glide in cheerfully and give him a verse or two of a popular song—"Roses of Picardy," perhaps, or "Come, Sing to Me!" It was an unthinkable state of affairs from her conservative point of view. Whilst her mother and Maureen discussed various matters of interest to them, she busily passed in review before her mind every girl she knew. Ruthlessly she pulled them to pieces, and in the end was forced to own, in desperation, that Luke would have none of them.

Then came an inspiration. "I know, I know," she said aloud.

Her mother and sister turned to her.

"Mother—Maureen—I have found a solution to Luke's problem. I am going to storm St. Joseph. If he cannot help Luke in this, then nobody can. I am going to begin a Novena at once."

She sat up, looking pleased and flushed. "I wonder we have not thought of it before. You will join, won't, you, mother, and you, Maureen?"

"I am always ready to join in prayer," returned Mrs. Roddy. "But I may as well tell you, Peggy, that St. Joseph does not like to be hurried. He was a most calm and reasonable man in this world, and we need not suppose that he has lost those good qualities because he has gone to the next."

Peggy laughed. "Oh, mother, you speak as if you had known St. Joseph all your life!"

"So I have," returned Mrs. Roddy. "I was baptised on the day of my birth, and consecrated to Our Lady and St. Joseph. My names, as you know, are Mary Josephine—as, indeed, are Maureen's also."

"That is splendid. St. Joseph will surely hear you."

"Ah, my dear! The Saints *always* hear us. But we must remember that God's Will is the will of the Saints."

"Of course, mother," Peggy replied soberly; "but I hope a nice wife for Luke is in God's plan."

### CHAPTER III.

It was a quiet little spot "in the sun"; just the place for a man who wanted a lonely, lazy holiday; just the place for listless lying on the sun-kissed turf, dreaming dreams and drinking deep draughts of pure ozoned air; just the place for solitary tumbling and tossing among the breakers; just the place for strolling on the cliffs, enjoying the thunder of the waves by day, the "music of the spheres" by night, and the "fragrant weed" at all times!

Everything seemed to make for idleness at Petercombe. The very cupboards and drawers in which Luke Roddy was meant to bestow his modest wardrobe stood lazily open, which so demoralised the young man that he began to think of leaving them so.

However, he summoned up enough energy for the performance of this necessary duty, and then proceeded to his sitting-room on the same floor, when, upon a table set invitingly near the large, open bay-window, he found his tea awaiting him.

It was with a feeling of deep content that he flung himself into a capacious easy-chair and gazed his fill at the white-crested waves riding in so gallantly to their never-ending attack on the rocky

cliffs below. So near was his window to the rising tide that the salt spray of the shattered waves was borne into the room on the stiff-blowing breeze, making itself felt on his not unwilling brow and cheek and lips. He poured out tea and drank it thirstily; he ate "tough-buns" to the accompaniment of clotted cream and raspberry jam. Luke was in the delectable land of Devon.

He already loved it for its likeness, real or fancied, to that sweet isle in the West from which his forbears had sprung—the little isle grey now in its all-enveloping mist of tears; red, too, with the encrimsoned drops of a tortured nation's blood, but green also—its ever-present symbol of hope for future generations. Turning these thoughts over in his mind, Luke remained gazing out over the sea. He was tired after his hot, dusty journey, and presently gave himself up to the sweet delights of my Lady Nicotine. He was looking much older and thinner now in August than six months before when his sisters had visited him at Wooltown. Hard work caused by an epidemic of influenza, a slight attack of the disease itself, and the general uncared-for life that he led under the Miss Owen *régime* had pulled his health down so considerably that his own medical adviser had peremptorily ordered him a change of scene and air.

So he had said farewell for the time to the grimy streets and dust-laden air of north-country Wooltown and betaken himself to Petercombe, a quiet seaside town in Devonshire, highly recommended by Dr. Clarke for the soporific and nerve-restoring properties of its air.

"You'll breathe when you get there, old man—and then you'll eat—and after that you will sleep. Then you will wake up and begin the round all over again—and when you have done it for about a month your best friends will not recognise you."

Luke had burst out laughing at this. "I should think not," he said. "I shall be a cross between Pickwick's 'Fat Boy' and the 'Sleeping Beauty.'"

"Ah, well," retorted Dr. Clarke, "there's nothing like having a good conceit of oneself."

So Luke had breathed, and eaten, and now, without being at all aware of the fact, he had dozed off into a light sleep. Then he had dreamed. He thought he was back at Wooltown and that Miss Owen had been seized by one of what she called her "musical spasms" and was playing the piano. He awoke with an impatient start. (He had found her music very trying latterly.) But though he was now wide awake, and again happy in his surroundings, the music had not vanished with his dream. It still continued, but with none of the jerks and thumps and halting runs of his house-keeper's late performances.

Somebody in a room above was playing a Fugue—one of Bach's—with smooth, precise, full-toned, reasoned execution, upon an excellent piano. Luke sat up and listened, following the subject in its intertwining and working-out, with the ear of a connoisseur.

When the end came he drew a long breath of appreciation and hoped that his pleasure was not to be so soon cut short.

There was an interval, and then came the Prelude and Fugue in C sharp minor. This was a searching test, but the pianist came through with flying colours. In a lighter vein the player threw off some of Grieg's most charming dances, and then finished up more sedately with Chopin's Nocturne in E flat.

"Catholic in taste at all events," thought Luke. "But I cannot decide as to the sex of my entertainer. Ah, well! We have not got all the music in the North, I see." Then the melody of the Nocturne sang in his head for the rest of the evening. When he re-entered his sitting-room after making his toilet for dinner, he was humming the tune.

"Who plays the piano, Mrs. Yelland?" he asked of his landlady, who was putting finishing touches to the table.

"Oh, that's Miss Thingummybob, sir," she answered in her slow West-country fashion. "I hope, sir, music don't annoy you?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, I am very fond of it."

"That's a good job, sir; but if you should feel—at any time——" began the worthy Mrs. Yelland, tentatively.

"Please don't mention it. I shall not feel—at any time—anything but the greatest pleasure at hearing such excellent music, so well-played," declared Luke with fervour.

Mrs. Yelland withdrew, happy in her mind.

*(To be continued.)*

# Counter Tactics.

J. BERNARD MACCARTHY.

“**T**HE barber learns his trade on the face of the orphan,” is a Persian saying of undoubted truth, as the experiences of orphans of all ages and races prove, for what barber would try his unskilled 'prentice hand on anyone who had a father and mother to stand up for him? And it was surely on orphaned Corney Callaghan's face that Fate, the barber, had learnt the roughest part of her trade, for our hero's long, lank cheeks, metaphorically speaking, bore scars where her nervous fingers had slipped partnership with the razor. (You may try to trip me up by saying that Fate, being a lady, could hardly be a barber; but I beg to remind you that the gentler sex are usurping all male occupations nowadays.)

On Corney, fifty-five, motherless, fatherless, sisterless, brotherless, destitute of kin save for a niece, blow after blow had fallen; from a tidy farm, a mill, and a creamery, his inheritance, he had eventually dropped to the proprietorship of a wee drapery shop in the main street of the market town of Ballindeclan, in a street so narrow that if you opened your umbrella at Corney's doorstep you nearly put out the eye of the errand boy lounging against Justin Foley's rival establishment across the way. He had gone into the drapery trade, on losing the creamery, because it was the line of least resistance, for, said he: “In a grocery I'd be all at sea and I trying to weigh ounces of this and pounds of that, but in the drapery people ask for what they want—a new hat maybe, or a new coat—and you give them what you think they'll put up with. May God forgive me! And agin, nothing there goes stale or sour.”

For six months after opening the shop business ebbed and flowed, and he was confident that prosperity would soon pay him a prolonged visit; but, alas, Justin Foley died, and his nephew William, his successor, a live, up-to-date and often beyond it young fellow, took the town by storm. New ideas, new goods, snappy advertisements, he had them all at his finger ends, and, as quickly followed, he had Corney's customers at his counter ends.

Early October was sending her dead leaves whirling through the main street of Ballindeclan, and Corney, sitting on a wooden box inside his shop door, was watching them idly and thinking that their colour awkwardly reminded him of golden sovereigns; for it was awkward to be so forcibly reminded of the things he lacked.

"Tom," he said, breaking a long silence by addressing a young man sorting collars behind the counter, "our friend William is making a great winter display. Watch; all the lads are putting into the windows enough to clothe every man, woman and child in the town."

Tom—tall, thin, pasty-faced, his long black hair split in a crease that would have shamed a ruler—muttered: " $2\frac{1}{2}$  by 15,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  by 16," and then abandoned trade with an uplift of his head and straightening of body. "Yes, sir," he said. "William knows how to get customers. He's a student of human nature, that's what he is. My word, yes."

"Didn't know you had to be a student of human nature to be a success in drapery."

"Indeed you have, sir. My word, yes. When I was a medical student—and it is my big grievance that my uncle, when he died, did not leave me sufficient means to finish my course—I had to study those matters. A doctor must learn as much about a patient's mind as about his anatomy."

"I never put much trust in books. Still, I must say you appear to have got smart ideas out of them."

"Yes; they helped me to get rid of that soiled muslin last week."

"But a student of human nature," said his employer; "that's a high-sounding phrase entirely. Why the——"

Just then a smart, middle-aged woman stepped into the shop and asked for seven yards of white flannel.

"Sorry, ma'am," replied Tom, "but we have none in stock—none left, I mean."

"Oh, very well. Then I'll try Foley's. I hear they have it." And she was going out the door when the shopman pulled her up.

"Will you have a look at this, please?" he asked, keeping whatever he intended showing her hidden until he had lured her all the way back to the counter. "The finest red flannel; and only five shillings a yard."

"I couldn't possibly take that," she answered, disgusted at being brought back for nothing. "I couldn't put red flannel petticoats on my little girls. They would look like old peasant women."

"But I cannot let you have more than ten yards," he went on as if he had not heard her protest, "for I promised the remainder to Mrs. Quince, the rector's wife, to make petticoats for her little children."

"Mrs. Quince!"—wavering. "Er—well, you might let me see it, after all."

"This dozen yards is all we have in stock, because Miss O'Malley, the niece of the dispensary doctor, took a lot for her brother's young children."

"Oh, well . . . Yes, I'll take it—seven yards."

"And, ma'am, those green Tam-o'-Shanters—just the——"

"No, thanks, I don't want them."

"Just the thing, I was about to say, to set off those pretty, auburn-haired little girls that I notice when passing Verbena Cottage. I presume they are yours, ma'am? If I may make so bold, there's a resemblance that—— Ah, yes, you'll take two. Thank you. Yes, it's lovely weather. Good-day."

"Now," cried the assistant triumphantly, when the woman had departed, "if I didn't understand the workings of that woman's mind as well as I understand my own, she'd no more have bought these things than she would have bought a monkey from the Zoo. I could tell at once that she was a snob."

"True for you," Corney assented grudgingly. "There's a knack in it. If 'twas me I'd just have said 'No,' and I wouldn't have got a farthing out of her."

"'Tis an art, sir."

"What you might call counter tactics."

"Call it what you like. A woman longs for male understanding and sympathy in her troubles about clothes and household goods—what she can never get from a husband, so, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, shopmen were invented to fill a long-felt want. Will her husband listen when she is aching to pour out a flood of woe about the new dress that shrank in the wash? Not he. She comes to us and we condole with her for a full hour; and by that time we have persuaded her into buying a frock that won't shrink. She wants, say, sympathy for the blue-spotted blouse that faded in the sun (and what husband could enter into her troubled feelings over a thing like that?), so she comes to us. And she gets our heartfelt sympathy and we get—the price of a new blouse. Sir, a student of human——"

"The dinner's stone cold. How much longer will I have to be asking ye to it!" Nellie Callaghan, Corney's niece, a buxom, chubby-cheeked girl of nineteen, put the front comb of her hair and the tip of her nose out of the door leading to the parlour at the back of the shop. "And if it's any further consolation to ye—the tea is stewed!"

Dinner set going and Nellie, after transferring the flouriest potatoes to Tom's plate with the remark, "Uncle, spuds take hours to digest; I'm sparing you," she grew eloquent in denunciation of William Foley's winter sale campaign. "Uncle," she cried, "unless we get the better of that fellow he'll ruin us. The high notions of him!"

"Seems like it, Nellie. But what can we do? Even Tom, who is

learned enough to be a general of field operations, can't out-plan him."

"We must make a special effort, sir, this winter. My word, yes. We must plan our offensive—put our heads together." He looked shyly at the girl, hoping that the suggestion about heads might be taken literally by her, but she was anxiously carving a piece of turnip into a yellow cube.

They went into a lengthy consultation, and the great winter offensive was mapped out in detail. The result was seen a week afterwards in Corney's brilliant show windows, in warm heather-mixture scarfs, cosy gloves, tweed cloaks, and natty umbrellas with pathetic duck heads on the handles, just the very goods that would sell quickly in view of the coming inclemency of winter.

"They'll go like hot cakes on Saturday," Nellie cried enthusiastically, piling the umbrellas like rifles in a bivouac. "All the farmers' wives and their relations—all the countryside—will be in to market; and they'll be tearing down the door to get into the shop. Have you any more tickets printed, Tom?"

Tom, with the broad end of a writing-pen, was laboriously tracing the tail of an "S" in "Our Specialities" on the cover of a cardboard box, grunted "Yes," and took a fresh dip of Indian ink; and when handing the finished ticket to her availed of the opportunity to give her hand an affectionate clasp.

"Tom, you shouldn't! If uncle saw you . . ."

"If he did itself, what harm? Aren't we to be married some fine day, with God's help?"

"A far-off 'fine day,' " she answered. "We'll be fit for the old-age pension by that time, so we will."

"It will come, Nellie. The tide can't be always against us. My word, no." This was said rather wistfully, for even a draper's assistant cannot always be thinking of trade; and very often our sentimental Tom, in the rip of calico, heard the waves beating against his dream island, and the click of his cottage gate in the snip of his scissors. Not that he would admit these things, for the romantic lover was rather afraid and ashamed of his own fervour.

"Well, let us live in hope, even if we die in the poorhouse," said the girl thoughtfully. "Aisy! Here's uncle."

And uncle came in, anticipatory victory on his features, his thumbs sagging the armholes of his waistcoat, spectacles dangling precariously on the tip of his nose. His gaze poured appreciation on the workers.

"Ah, this will wake up our friend William," he said. "'Twas a wonder he didn't think of getting a dacent stock of capes, scarves, gloves and umbrellas. What he has in that line are very few and

ould-fashioned; and a man dying of asthma could puff holes through the wearables. We've stolen a march on him."

"My word, yes," was his assistant's comment.

But on Friday morning when Tom went out to take down the shutters, a thunderbolt fell. Foley's was a blaze of brand-new capes, gloves, umbrellas and scarfs; and such showy colours, too. The look of them across the street would make you warm and send you home happy to a fireless hearth. Poor Corney was in despair.

"I'm ruined," he confessed to his niece and Tom. "His goods are marked three bob less than ours—the gloves a shilling less. His are inferior stuffs, without a doubt; but they look just as well as what we have. And do ye twig the umbrellas with the nate crooky handles that every farmer's wife will be mad to have a grip of? I'm ruined, that's what I am. So there ye are, and here am I." He filled his pipe slowly and puffed it moodily, drumming impatient heels against the legs of his chair. "So there ye are, and here am I," he repeated.

"If I'm a judge," said Tom, "there will be the dickens' own rush on Foley's on Saturday. Gay, catchy colours, he has, too, the very style to tempt the country girls. For a stud——"

"You've a lot of ould talk," Corney exclaimed snappishly, "but you ought to be able to get the better of him, and you a student of human nature, moryah."

"Don't uncle, be venting your temper on——"

"Whist, girl, you, too. I'm pulled and dragged and hauled about by the world till my skin is tender. A nice come-down I'm in for at the heel of my days."

"Sir," said Tom, "despite your sneer at my study of human nature, I think that is the very knowledge that is going to bring us out of this trouble with flags flying and all the honours of—business acuteness."

"How, lad? You know I got my new goods on tick, and if I can't get rid of them I'll be done for. Tell me how?"

"That must remain a secret for the present. But if I succeed"—lowering his voice and jerking an explanatory finger at Nellie's back—"there's a condition. It's your niece."

"What! Is that the way the land lies? You think no small jokes of yourself."

"If you don't want me for her husband——"

"I don't. She can throw her eyes higher."

"If she can, then you can throw your cap after her, and get out of your own trouble. My word, yes."

"Not—not so fast, Tom." Finding that excitement was raising his voice, he got his niece out of range. "Nellie, like a good girl,

run out to Maddigan's for an ounce of twist for me." After she had gone, he gave his vocal organs full play. "It's rank intimidation on your part, I'm hanged if it isn't!"

"Very well, so. I wash my hand——"

"Oh, not so fast, lad. I—I—hang it all! If she'll have you, I won't say 'No.' So there ye are, and here am I."

"Thank you, sir." The assistant began to transfer entries from the day-book to a ledger as a sign that he was not going to give away his secret strategy. "You can call me any name but what my mother called me, and a liar into the bargain, if we don't have a record sale on Saturday."

That night Tom had an interview with two well-known local characters—Moll Duggan, the apple-woman, better famed as "Wan a penny," and Aggy Flynn, the vendor of sugared cakes of such rocky consistency that it was popularly believed she was subsidised by the dental profession; and the interview, conducted with much chuckling and passing of silver coins, must have been highly satisfactory, for the young man went home to bed warbling, "My love is like the red, red rose," with such disregard for the composer's feelings that the advance army of cats preparing for midnight festivities retired broken and defeated.

The market square in which the monthly fair was held was really a broad street with one blank end, the only entrance being through the main street, like the neck leading to the interior of a bottle. And if you had two children and brought them through Ballindeclan town on that market Saturday you would be a remarkably lucky person if you didn't have to call on the undertaker next morning to order two small coffins, for the jostling of cattle, pigs and sheep, butts going slap-bang at one another and avoiding utter destruction only by sending the horses dancing on the pavement, thimble-riggers and fun-makers of all descriptions, and some that defied description, tripping you up with tables and suddenly-opened umbrellas, was enough to make a nervous body carry his heart where we usually carry peppermints.

There were two hardy boys in slouched hats working in and out the cattle, giving a bullock a sly slap of an ash-plant, and, again, deftly planting a bootless toe in the ribs of a heifer, their object being to keep the press of the fair business down opposite Lynch's public-house. Lynch had managed, by means of his hardy boys, to do a great trade for several fair days, but at last Will Toohey and Batsy Bogan, who kept licensed premises at the other end of the square, had seen through his ruse, and, though deadly enemies for ages, they joined hands and tongues, if not hearts and hands, to defeat the common foe. So now they had three hardier boys, aged

from forty to sixty, endeavouring to keep the cream of the trade jammed against their doors, and, of course, the hostel you were jammed against, when you had sold your stock or bought it, was the very place you adjourned to for to offer libations to the thirsty gods. Competition became fiercer as the hardy boys and the hardier ones strove might and main, foot and brain, to give the best return for their hire. The countrymen, unconscious victims of this business enterprise, were loud in their cursing of refractory cattle, and vowed that the devil's own contrariness had come over them.

And such a din! On a butt was a man in a fashionable frock-coat (who had evidently not seen his razor for some days past), with sleeves rolled up to show there was no jugglery, selling two half-crowns and a rolled-gold Albert chain for a modest shilling. The only drawback was that on opening the paper in which he always thoughtfully wrapped them, you discovered that the half-crowns had become mysteriously transformed to pennies. He fascinated you with his skill—this modern magician whose touch turned silver to copper, and the doubting expectancy of his customers' faces to expressions of bewildered disgust.

Farther on was a medicine-man thrusting his healing wares down the throat of the public. Health and long life, immunity from toothache and indigestion, who could resist buying them when they were only sixpence a bottle?

But the women folk would have neither half-crowns nor medicine that day in their eagerness to crowd back to the main street, their pockets bursting with spoils wrested from their men, or carefully saved hen-money tied in handkerchiefs, and tied so tightly that those who lacked good teeth had to appeal to women better equipped for the loan of their teeth to unloosen the silvery hoards. And all faces were aglow, for, while a bride may go sad-faced to the altar, no woman can go shopping without a joyful heart. At the altar she is sure of getting only a husband (a doubtful bargain at best), but when shopping there is not limit to the number of bargains possible, and, unlike husbands, they can always be got rid of if they don't wear well.

As the hours of trial approached, the excitement in Corney's shop grew intense. Corney, Nellie and Tom, eyes and ears alert, were moving uneasily about, each as nervous as a guilty prisoner waiting until the jury returns from its summing up. The student of human nature was in the dumps. If, after all, his plot failed? He dared not contemplate the possibility.

At last! About a dozen women—wives, daughters and relations of country men—sallied out from the market square amid a babble

of tongues, poking of pockets, and cries of "Mary, did you give me back me purse?"

"We are lost!" Corney groaned as he saw them heading for Foley's windows. "I knew how 'twould be. So there ye are, and here am I."

"No; wait," said Tom. "What did I promise you?"

And—wonder of wonders!—after surveying Foley's great bargains for a few minutes with chuckles of amusement, the women went right-about-heel, crossed over the street, and trooped into Callaghan's!

And that was only the first rush of the invading army. They came on the livelong day, falling over one another to get quickly served. Not an idle hand or a laggard foot behind the counter, but both men at it to the pin of their collars; and Nellie, too, if she had a collar, so she was "at it" to the string of imitation pearls around her neck; and, moreover, many old customers, later deserters to Foley's, swore fresh allegiance to the house of Callaghan.

Every now and again poor Foley would come to the door of his shop and gaze over in sorrowful amazement, like a man who found the stability of the world vanished and himself suspended in mid-air. He scrutinised his windows half-a-dozen times, wondering if any malicious-minded person had put a Union Jack in them; but, no, there was nothing to account for his boycott. Once he bribed a small boy to peep into and see if his successful rival was offering the lure of free refreshments or golliwog souvenirs, and the boy reported that there wasn't room for a biscuit in Corney's shop—it was that crowded.

"It bates me entirely out and out," cried the elated Corney, as he saw the last umbrella, pair of gloves, and scarf in his stock disappear with a mountainy woman out the door. Our friend William, if he wasn't bald before his time, would be tearing his hair out by the roots. How did you do it, Tom? Was it black magic?"

"Trust Tom for cleverness," said Nellie, fixing a loving and admiring glance on the back of the hero's head. "I'd like to see the man that could get around him."

"Put on your hat, sir," the assistant said, "and I'll show you. We want a walk in the fresh air to cool ourselves. The shirt is clung to my back."

He led his employer out along the street to the right.

"'Twas a wonderful success, anyway, Tom."

"Sir, one must be a psychologist. Success is founded on general principles of human nature, and are common to all grades of society. No one can escape them. Once you have these principles understood, it is only a question of skill in extracting practical

results from them. My word, yes. Take the——”

“Yeh, pull down that kite of yours, Tom. It’s flying too high for a simple man like me.”

“Well, to put it in plainer language—does Lord Mountdoddery want to look like his solicitor?”

“Of course he doesn’t. He’s too big a man to humble himself that way. There’s pride in the ould gentry always.”

“Does his solicitor want to look like you?”

“That stuck-up aristocrat! I’m sure he does not. He’s too proud.”

“Are you proud?”

“No, I am not, and never was.”

“Do you want to look like Andy the tramp?”

“Me! I—I—well—hang it all, I don’t!”

“There you are, sir, that’s one big principle proved. Now, apply it to the women. Though ‘the Colonel’s lady and Julia O’Grady are sisters under their skins,’ and must acknowledge the fact, still the Colonel’s lady doesn’t want to resemble Julia O’Grady no more than Julia O’Grady wants to resemble her own inferior in the so——”

“For the love of mercy, cut it short, lad! Don’t be flinging the dictionary at me. Our friend William had by far the cheapest bargains to-day, and his shop is the most popular wan; how was it, then, that no woman would go to buy? That’s what I want answered. Tell me in simple words—or show me—how you managed it?”

“And there is your answer,” Tom said, turning a corner into a street on his right. “Those two have been sitting there since break of day; and every woman going to the market square or main street had to pass them.”

He pointed to Moll Duggan and Aggy Flynn sitting beside their baskets on the kerbstone. Each wore one of William Foley’s blue capes, a pair of his green gloves, had one of his red and brown scarfs across her shoulders, and her tousled, hatless head sheltered by one of his crooky handle umbrellas!

# An Object of Piety.

ENID DINNIS.

“WHY! Isn’t that one of those mascot things you’ve got there?” the visitor cried. He was surveying the west-central object on Father Murphy’s chimneypiece with surprise that implied disapproval.

“Yes; it’s a lucky black cat,” the Father said. “An awfully lucky one.”

“But I thought your Church was dead against mascots?” The visitor still alluded to it as “your Church,” although he was very nearly through the Catechism. “You don’t mean that you really believe in lucky black cats as well as lucky medals?” (This last was of malice aforethought, for the catechumen had stuck rather badly over “objects of piety” and the efficacy of relics.)

“They’re all right when they have been blessed,” the padre replied, imperturbably. He lifted the little object off the mantelpiece and turned it over gently in his hand.

“But surely that hasn’t been blessed?” the other ejaculated. It really was hard lines. He was an M.A. of Dublin, and he had been asked to swallow a good deal in seeking admission to the Mother and Mistress of Churches.

“Well, now,” the priest said, meditatively. “I hardly know whether it would be discreet to answer that question unless I told you the whole story. There’s a tale attached to that black cat, quite apart from the one that my housekeeper—Heaven forgive her—knocked off last week. Should you like to hear it instead of Catechism? D’you think you’re sound on sacramentals, and relics—and objects of piety?”

“As sound as I ever shall be,” the other replied; and added, with a sigh, “I hope you won’t expect me to wear a medal of the Little Flower if I’m received.”

“God won’t mind if you do,” the Father replied, cheerfully. “You’re more fastidious about the things you make use of than He is. But, sure, though, He never went to Trinity. Perhaps you’d rather we discussed the Divine attributes?”

“Just as you like, Father,” the other said, meekly.

“Very good, then; I’ll tell you the story of the lucky black cat.”

“A sleek and well-fed live specimen of the animal under discussion roused itself from a deep sleep on the rug at that moment and made as though to spring on its master’s knee.

“Jealousy,” the priest observed. “But Paul has never been

blessed. Well, to get on to my story. When I was in charge of a Mission in the north, where there is plenty of paganism, as you know, up in the industrial centres, one evening as I was leaving the sacristy a small boy of perhaps nine or ten years accosted me. I knew that he did not belong to us, and I could see it took him all his courage to bring him up to the scratch to address me. Having stopped me, the words seemed to fail him. He got red to the ears and said nothing. I wondered whatever was the matter.

“ ‘ Well, sonny ? ’ I asked him. ‘ What is it you’re wanting ? ’

“ ‘ He brought out his business in a sort of gasp. ‘ Please,’ he said, ‘ What does it cost to get a thing blessed ? ’

“ ‘ Nothing,’ I told him. ‘ But what is it that you are wanting to get blessed ? Let’s look.’

“ ‘ He had cheered up visibly when I said nothing was the charge made. Now he dived his hand into his trousers pocket and produced the lucky black cat that you see in my hand now.

“ ‘ I kept my face perfectly straight and waited to hear what he had to say.

“ ‘ ‘ It’s for our lodger,’ he explained. ‘ He’s down on his luck and he can’t pay the rent, and Daddy says he must turn out. He goes out every day to look for work, but no one will give him a job ’cos he got ill fighting in the War, and he coughs a lot.’

“ ‘ ‘ Who is your lodger ? ’ I asked. ‘ Where do you live ? ’

“ ‘ ‘ He’s a gentleman,’ the small boy answered ; ‘ but he’s got big holes in his boots, and when he goes away from us he won’t have nowhere to go to. He hasn’t got no friends. I thought that p’r’aps the black cat would bring him luck,’ he went on meditatively. ‘ It cost eighteen pence, but I’ve saved sixpence since, in case it cost to have it blessed. I saved it all out of the money that Dad gave me for pictures,’ he added, proudly.

“ ‘ ‘ But what made you think of having it blessed ? ’ I said.

“ ‘ ‘ It was Pat Dooley, the boy next door,’ he explained. ‘ He showed me a medal that he was going to give his uncle, who was down on his luck, too. He said it would get him a job, sure ; and ever so soon after he got a big stroke of luck, and Pat Dooley said as it was the medal that had done it. And so I thought I’d like to have a medal, too, for our lodger, only I didn’t know where to get one, and when I asked Pat Dooley where he got his he shut me up like.’ (I knew Pat Dooley, and pictured the whole thing. Pat had just been chosen to serve on the altar and was a size too large for his boots. My small client had probably come in for a bad snub.)

“ ‘ ‘ I waited a bit,’ the youngster went on, ‘ and then one day I sees this in a shop window. It was called a lucky black cat what

brought luck. It was eighteen pence'—(he named the sum in respectful tones)—'but I saved it up, and I bought it to give our lodger. I was afraid Dad would have him out before I'd saved the money, but I just did it. He's got to go on Saturday.'

" 'You're great pals with the lodger, eh, sonny?' I observed. The shrewdness of my perception staggered him. It also established intimacy between us. He nodded, and the tears began to ooze out of his eyes. 'Then,' he continued, 'after I'd got it, and all, I just happened to show it to Pat Dooley, and he gave me jeers and said that it wouldn't do no good. He said his medal brought luck because it had been blessed. He said you had blessed it and that was why his uncle got a job.'

" He had all my sympathy. I fully realised how offensive Pat Dooley would have been in the circumstances.

" The small pagan in front of me pulled himself up. 'I wasn't going to be done,' he said. 'So I didn't say nothing to Pat Dooley, but I just says to myself, I'll get the Father to bless my black cat, too, and then it 'ull be as good as his medal' (I think he said blinkin' medal). 'So I saved sixpence more. I thought it mightn't cost more than sixpence.'

" He came to the end of his story with a jerk, and stood looking at me interrogatively.

" I looked at his small, anxious face, and I looked at the lucky black cat, and I thought of the 'gentleman with holes in his boots' who was beloved by this small piece of humanity; and I considered the matter.

" My first idea was to present him with a holy medal, and bless it duly, as a substitute for his black cat; but there were drawbacks to this solution. A holy medal might not appeal to the gentleman with holes in his boots. He might have graduated at 'Trinity'—(the old man smiled elvishly, and stooped down and pulled the live black cat's ear).

" 'Does your lodger ever go to church?' I asked him.

" 'No,' said the small boy, glibly; 'he hates churches.'

That disposed of the medal solution. But as I looked at the child with the eighteenpeeny cat in his hand it seemed to me that, after all, it would not be God's solution. I thought of the pains that the little fellow had taken to secure the lucky black cat—of all that it meant—of the self-denial and the perseverance, and above all, of the love that it represented; and I felt that in any case a blessing would go with the lucky black cat." Father Murphy turned the object in his hands over gently—almost reverently. "You see," he said, "no object of itself has any intrinsic value with God. Its value is the thing it represents in the wonderful heart of man. I

made up my mind what to do. I wasn't going to disappoint the child; neither was I going to be heretic enough to depreciate the value of a blessing. That would have placed me a long way behind Pat Dooley; so I said to him: 'Look here, my man, hold on tight to your black cat; I'm going to bless you, and him as well.'

"He stiffened his small figure in a curious, soldierly manner, and closed his hand tightly around the object in question as I raised mine and gave him my blessing. He stood there rigidly concentrating on something, his eyes squeezed tightly shut. I have never seen anything quite so recollected; and I once saw a reputed saint in an ecstasy.

" 'Why, sonny,' I said, 'were you praying?'

"He was plainly amused at my egregious question. 'No,' he said, 'I was wishing—ever so hard.'

" 'That's right,' I said. 'God heard you wishing. You were trying to get up out of yourself, now, weren't you?'

"He looked at me admiringly. 'Yes,' he said—and had got quite red in the effort—'only, there was nothing to catch hold of.'

"I wondered to myself what the author of that masterpiece of mediæval mysticism, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, would have said to it. 'But I did wish,' he ended triumphantly.

" 'Well,' I said, 'you'll have to come back and tell me if God sends your lodger any luck, through the black cat, or whether it fails. We might try something else of God's, you know, if it does.' I felt I couldn't afford to lose sight of this promising young pagan. One doesn't meet with mystics every day, even down in the south.

" 'Right you are,' he responded, cheerfully, in the friendly, independent manner of the city bratling. I valued his friendliness, and we parted on the best of terms.

"Well: a few days later I happened to be sitting out in the recreation ground, near the church, taking the sun, when someone came and sat himself next to me. I didn't look up, but I got the impression of my neighbour being someone of my own condition, in spite of the fact that the ground was the resort of the waifs and strays of society. Looking down, however, I noted that the new-comer was the wearer of a pair of boots the soles of which, visible as he stretched his legs out, were in the last stage of dilapidation. I glanced up sideways at their owner. I had been right. For all his shabbiness—he was practically in rags—he had the air of a man of education and refinement, and that to a marked degree. In an instant my mind reverted to the description I had been given of the lodger: 'He's a gentleman, but he has big holes in his boots.' There and then I became convinced that I was sitting next to the

hero of my small boy's narrative—the lodger who had captured his affections. Suddenly he turned round and addressed me.

“ ‘Excuse me,’ he said, ‘but aren’t you the priest from the Catholic church?’ ”

“ I admitted the soft impeachment, whereat he placed his hand slowly in his pocket, just as the small boy had done, and produced—the identical lucky black cat ! ”

“ He looked at me with a glimmer of something approaching a smile in his eyes. He had a remarkably arresting face, pinched and drawn with illness, and with all the marks of an over-sensitive nature. ‘ Might I ask you if you have seen this before?’ he said, and started coughing as the result of so much effort. The coughing gave me time to find my answer. ”

“ ‘ Why, yes,’ I replied ; ‘ that’s the lucky black cat that a small mystic brought along for me to bless the other day. Might I ask if you are his friend, the lodger, for whose benefit it was intended?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes,’ he said, ‘ I’m the lodger—or, rather, I was till last night.’ ”

“ I looked duly concerned, and his pride was up in a moment. ‘ That’s nothing,’ he said, baulking the question that was naturally on my lips. ‘ What I wanted to ask you was this : Did you really bless this, this—object of piety?’ The kiddie said you did, and it’s supposed to be a mascot. Mascots are pretty pagan, aren’t they?’ ”

“ I took the situation in hand. I remembered that the lodger hated churches. I was probably in for a heckling. ”

“ ‘ I can’t say that it’s canonically blessed,’ I replied. ‘ The point might be disputed. The boy brought it to me for the purpose. You know we priests are always ready to bless “ objects of piety.” ’ ”

“ He looked properly perplexed. ‘ I thought your Church was dead against mascots,’ he said. ‘ The R.C. padres in the trenches used to foam at the mouth if you mentioned them.’ ”

“ ‘ Well,’ I said, ‘ there’s another way of looking at it. You see, a mascot is a pagan offering to the god that men call luck, but sometimes that amounts to an offering to the unknown God. Men on the other side of St. George’s Channel very often call Him Luck, even when they know His other Name. If the mascot is a good-will offering, made to another, and one that cost the giver enough to hurt ; and if it carries a loving wish with it, it might be legitimately regarded as an object of piety, by the angels. At any rate—they have larger eyes than ours. The substance of a thing in the eyes of the angels is the thing which it represents in the immortal soul of man. Your profane “ mascot ” may represent good-will, and if it happens to take the shape of a black cat, well—wouldn’t it be

rather irreverent, rather trivial, to imagine that the outward shape and form mattered with Almighty God so long as it served its end? I don't think,' I ended, 'that I could worship a God whose dignity could be ruffled by the likening of an instrument for good to a black cat. That rather suggests the inhabitant of a celestial suburb. That black cat of yours represents love—unselfish love, and it well deserves a blessing, which means placing the divine seal upon it.'

"I came to the end of my rather daring exposition. He sat there regarding me with the utmost interest, and then suddenly became communicative. 'It was queer,' he said, 'the effect the thing had on me. The little chap had put it on the table in my room for me to find when I came in. I got in late, the evening before last. I had been all day on the tramp looking for work, with nothing to eat, and I was dead tired and half-stupid; and when I saw it on the table, there by my plate, I thought my head had given out, because it was exactly like a toy I had when I was a tiny kid—a black cat that I loved with all my soul; you know how a child does pick out one of its toys and makes it the special object of its affection.'

" 'I know,' I said, 'It stands for Something and gets everything.'

" 'I was certain that my head had given out,' he went on, 'and that the memory of my old black cat had tumbled to the front—a sort of hallucination. You see, it must have left a deep impression on my brain, as a kiddie. I was hardly ever parted from it till they took it away from me. I used to take it to bed with me'—he went on, reminiscently—'every night except Sundays and Saturdays. You see, my people were Scotch and I wasn't allowed to play with toys on the Sabbath. Sundays were steeped in misery for me; I used to wonder how old Tib would manage without me; and one Saturday night I went to the length of smuggling him into bed with me, and of course there he was when the Lord's Day arrived, and that was the end of him, for he was confiscated as a punishment for my disobedience and impiety.'

" 'Hard lines,' I commented.

"He ambled on, still lost in his reminiscences. 'I took it quite philosophically. I didn't blame my nurse. She was kind enough to me, except when religion came in. I realised that it was God who objected to children playing with toys on His day—there appeared to be no objection to the practice on the days not under His control—so I blamed God and forgave my nurse.'

" 'And you formed an estimate of the Deity,' I observed, which lasted from that time forward.'

"He nodded. 'I took a strong dislike to God,' he said.

" 'Well,' I answered, 'no doubt He will find a way to overcome

it. He has no end of ways and means at His disposal; but go on with your story, it's extremely interesting.'

" 'It isn't a story,' he said. But he went on:

" 'I felt quite convinced that the thing sitting on my table was a spectre from the past, but when I picked it up it was solid enough. It was sitting on this bit of paper'—he felt in his pocket and produced a folded piece of paper. Written across it, in a child's scrawl, was what was evidently his name, with the address added, as in a postal direction, presumably to give dignity to the missive. He opened it and handed it to me, solemnly. Written on the inside, in a rather less careful scrawl, were the words: 'Please, here's a black cat to bring you luck. It's all right. Father Murphy'—(I forget how he spelt Murphy)—'blessed it.'

" 'I handed the paper back to him. 'Did you?' he asked.

" 'I looked at my man, and took his bearings afresh. No, I was not being heckled. The black cat had been up to something, and it was up to me to pull it off.

" 'Only in a fashion,' I replied; 'but if you are really satisfied that it is an object of piety, and it ought to be, since it represents faith, hope and charity, I'm quite willing to bless it for you in the regular way. God evidently favours black cats in His dealings with your soul.' He regarded me with much curiosity. 'You are giving me quite a new idea of God,' he said.

" 'Well,' said I, 'it seems in the fitness of things. It was a black cat that put you wrong with Him, and so a black cat is going to put you right. Rather curious that, isn't it? But,' I went on, for I had got his mind on the trot, so to speak, 'your old black cat was really as much a messenger as this one. It taught you to love splendidly. It's not the first time that I've known a rag doll to play the part of "the brother whom we have seen." When your good nurse took it away she took away your Bible. She made a mistake, good soul. Almighty God, so far from objecting to your having your black cat on His day, gave it to you Himself—"for luck!"'

" 'He sat gazing at the tips of his boots and thinking for a while. Then he looked up at me.

" 'I like your God, Father,' he said. 'He's a size larger than I imagined.'

" 'Well, shall I bless the object?' I asked, after we had had a little more conversation.

" 'He put his hand out, hesitated, and withdrew it. 'I'll think it over,' he said.

" 'It was the best possible answer. He had already got beyond a sentimental acquiescing. He feared to profane an unknown sanctity.

" 'When we parted I durst not offer him money, but I begged him

to remember that the couch in my den was at his disposal if he failed to find a lodging.

"Paul and I sat up late for him that night, but he didn't return to avail himself of my offer. Neither then nor on the days following. I hunted for him in vain in the waiif's garden, and thought much about him. Like my small client, I had been captivated by the gentleman with holes in his boots.

"About a week later my small boy re-appeared. He was lying in wait for me at the door of the presbytery, as before.

" 'Please,' he said, and stopped and became uncomfortable to the verge of collapse. I waited, and he got it out.

" 'Please, are you quite sure that you blessed my black cat?'

" 'Why?' I asked. 'Hasn't it brought your lodger luck?'

" 'He's ill in the infirmary,' the small boy answered, reproachfully, 'and the doctor says he's dying. And I gived him the black cat, and he took it away with him.'

"It was certainly a grave aspersion on the efficacy of prayer. I couldn't explain God's varying methods of answering prayer to this very elementary theologian.

" 'He dropped down in the street,' he went on, 'and they took him to the work'us. They sent for us 'cos he had a bit of paper in his pocket with the place we live in written on it. I wrote it,' he added, with a by-the-way glimmer of pride.

" 'Why, then,' I cried. 'It *was* all right! Wasn't that the paper with the black cat's message on it? If they hadn't found that you would never have known what had become of your friend. And now I'm going to take you to see him.'

"He gaped at me in astonishment. Both at my uncanny knowledge of the history of the scrap of paper, and at the offer to take him to see his beloved gentleman.

"We went off there and then. The nurse at the infirmary was a good soul and full of apologies at not having sent for me. 'You see, Father,' she explained, 'We didn't know he was a Catholic. They generally wear holy medals, or something that we can tell them by, but this poor fellow only had one of those mascot things. He kept asking for it when he was light-headed.' She picked up the lucky cat as she spoke. It was lying by the bed.

"The patient was in extremis. It was a case of pneumonia brought on by exposure. He lay there beyond speech, but not yet unconscious. I tried to say a few words to him, but his state was bordering on the comatose. It seemed that there could be no rousing him. He had gone out of reach. But I remembered that he had 'liked my God,' and I knew that would be good enough for the wistful Shepherd in the valley of the shadow. If only I could get

him to make an act. I picked up the black cat. He fastened his eyes on it, and very slowly they filled with tears. It was the association of his childhood again. I explained it quickly to the good nurse, and followed my line of 'vantage, for I knew that I had got through to his soul.

" 'Would you like me to bless it?' I asked.

" His head moved on the pillow. His eyes expressed eager response. His lips moved. There was desire in every living part of him. Speech he had none, but we were in communication. He had 'thought it over.' So I took up the lucky black cat and laid it on my hand and blessed it, canonically, and then placed it in his hand—the sacred symbol of love; of the length and breadth and height and depth of the wonderful love of God, the pursuer of souls.

" His hand closed over it, and peace smiled itself into his countenance. I saw the sweet face of a child of six years old lying there on the pillow. The small boy stood by the nurse's side gazing in wonder. 'He is happy,' he whispered.

" 'Now I'll bless *him*,' I said, 'and we'll make him happier still.' The nurse brought me some water and I baptised him conditionally, and gave him conditional absolution, for he had closed his eyes and was unconscious. We came away a few minutes later.

" 'You blessed the cat all right that time,' the small boy said. 'It was all right, wasn't it?'

" He was a mystic, that child, and he knew.

" I explained to him how very all right it was, later on, when he had learnt why it was that his gentleman had looked so extraordinarily happy just before he died. I kept the cat. We didn't quarrel over it. It will revert to my young friend at my death. He will treat it with all due respect, for he's a serving on the altar now, and Pat Dooley has had to look to his laurels."

Father Murphy rose and replaced the cat on the chimneypiece.

" Well," he said, " I hope I haven't increased your prejudice against the use of objects of piety?"

The visitor hesitated. He seemed to be seeking words to express himself. " I think," he said, " that you've shown me God in a new dimension—not aspect—an aspect is partial. You Catholics seem to see God in a dimension which includes all the others and is the perfection of all the others. I can't explain myself. But, Father, let me make my act. 'I do like your God!'"

# An Artistic Scruple.

EVELINE COLE.

IN an austere studio, with no claim to the picturesque, since it contained nothing beyond the articles necessary to a modeller and stone-carver, a priest and a sculptor stood talking. The former, Father Kelly, spoke a little impatiently, as though annoyed by his companion's apathy concerning the matter in hand.

"I have asked you to do the Figure of Our Lord, Mr. Harding, because you happen to be the only Catholic sculptor I know," he explained, "but if for any reason you prefer not to undertake the work, I must, of course, seek help in another direction."

The owner of the studio, Dennis Harding, faced round at that and left the little clay figure of Mercury he had been absent-mindedly wrapping in a damp cloth. The priest did not guess that a dramatic and passionate mental struggle had been hidden under an apparently sullen silence.

"No, Father, don't do that; not just at present," he said jerkily, speaking with some hesitation; "it's not that I am ungrateful for your offer, nor that I don't want to try the Figure. As you know I'm not troubled with too many orders for my work! But all the time you've been talking I've tried to see in my mind what you want and I can't. It's no fault of yours; I follow all your suggestions, and you've put your idea clearly enough. But you understand I couldn't possibly get to work until I've some sort of mental vision, until I've *seen*."

"That's very honest of you," the priest said, relieved to find it was but a mere scruple that hindered Mr. Harding's acceptance of his commission. "Still, don't you think the inspiration will come if you take your time to consider the matter? Anyway, there's no hurry. The niche will not be ready for the statue for some months. So we'll leave it to your Muse for a bit." He wondered, by the way as he made the remark, who *was* the Muse of Sculpture, forgetting Athena's patronage of the supreme Art of Greece.

"If you like to take the risk," the young man said, "but I can't even make a clay model till I know where I am, and I don't see how a classical Muse can help in Christian Art."

"Yes, I understand," Father Kelly said soothingly. "I'll call again in a few weeks, Mr. Harding, and see if you've begun!" and he took his departure reflecting that the genius artist needed careful management. He knew that Dennis Harding was almost penni-

less, and yet the man hesitated and made unreal difficulties as to accepting a really good commission, that only the generosity of a wealthy parishioner had made possible.

Left to himself the sculptor tried moodily to find a suggestion for the new and unfamiliar work offered him by looking through his sketches and pilgrimaging round the studio, halting now and again before sundry half-finished or merely hinted-at figures. But the impossibility of turning from his loved antique became more apparent every moment, and at last in despair he crammed a shabby hat well on to his head and set off for a walk over Hampstead Heath, during which he might meditate upon the disturbing offer made him by Father Kelly.

From one point of view it looked a base temptation, since it was the financial promise of the transaction that had attracted him, his poverty being far more desperate even than the priest suspected. In order to pay the rent of his studio, a mere shed, his home was at present a small attic, so that the best opportunity for thought was afforded beneath the open sky.

He reflected that from the very first day when the desire to be a sculptor had seized upon him, it had always been the antique that had held him. His aim had been the same as that of the Greeks and Romans : the glorification of the human form in its pure beauty, and it occurred to him suddenly that the Risen Christ of Michael Angelo in the Minerva had been conceived in the spirit of the humanist. But that was an anomaly incapable of being pressed into service as a precedent.

He went over in his mind the precepts to which he had always adhered. The highest art can do no more than rightly represent the human form. . . . The Pagan and Renaissance aim was the cultivation of physical beauty which in Christian art had to take but a secondary place, and indeed became almost despised. The characteristics of his glorious classic sculpture as described by Winckelmann were " calmness and repose, noble simplicity and silent grandeur."

No, apostacy was impossible : he must be true to his ideal and write to Father Kelly and tell him that he was unable to undertake the Figure. Having made his decision he went home to his attic.

On the following morning he set to work and became absorbed in his modelling of a tiny Faun. He had just succeeded in forgetting the distracting interruption of yesterday when events proved that to-day was to be no less disturbed. An unpleasant reminder of an unpaid bill first presented itself, and when he had dealt with that sordid importunity by the sacrifice of almost his last shilling the announcement of a visitor once more drew him forth from the

congenial world of Art. The presence of his old school-fellow in the studio was no small embarrassment for to play host and stand a lunch was impossible. But his friend, oblivious of Dennis Harding's uncomfortable thoughts, amused himself by examining the clay, terra-cotta and stone busts and figures.

"Icily perfect and faultless," he summed up as he arrived finally at an Apollo, "but don't you sometimes feel that you want to go for something else beyond even perfect beauty of form?"

"No, I do not," Dennis said almost irritably, working the roller blind viciously to ease his annoyance; "I believe that 'something of the divine lives in masterpieces of Grecian Art,' and I ask no other ideal."

"Oh, undoubtedly, still I don't know that it's enough of the Divine. Of course it's all right if you're content to leave out the soul. I shouldn't be, but then I'm speaking for myself only. I like something to shine through the form."

"You mean you prefer Romantic to Classical Art," Dennis said, almost with contempt. "What you call soul destroys repose in statuary, and it is that at which I aim. I do not consider sculpture fitted to express emotion." He argued hotly, because it seemed to him as if he was still vindicating his refusal to work for Father Kelly.

"Michael Angelo was soulful enough," his friend answered drily, "and even your hero Rodin of the Modern Renaissance speaks of accentuation of the lines which express a spiritual state."

But Dennis was not to be convinced and repeated for his hearer's benefit a panegyric of the glories of Paganism he had written in his note to Father Kelly. The priest had read that calmly, but he had frowned at his correspondent's hint that Christianity lacked inspiration for a classical enthusiast. It was on something of the same line of dissent that Dennis and his friend finally agreed to differ, until the latter, luckily for the penniless sculptor, pleaded an engagement for lunch.

For the next few weeks Dennis plunged into the very atmosphere of ancient Greece, working in a sort of frenzy at his modelling and spending his spare hours among the Elgin Marbles. He could afford no other recreation, but told himself that he had remained faithful to his ideal, and that he must endure the inconvenience of poverty with fortitude.

This, being a young man of character, he would no doubt have done had he himself only been affected thereby, but when it came to involving others in that discomfort a new problem presented itself. For there broke into the midst of his classic detachment a pressing appeal from his sister for money. His mother had been

ill and needed expensive luxuries for her convalescence, which the slender home finances were unable to supply. The news disquieted Dennis, who was an affectionate son, greatly. He knew beyond doubt that he could earn the money but in one way, from which he considered himself in honour barred, for to accept the commission for the Figure was to renounce his ideal, temporarily at least.

It seemed to him a cruel predicament in which to be placed. He was suffering, as young geniuses had so often done, from slowness of public recognition of his talent. Did not even Rodin have to work in a stable for a time?

He resorted in desperation to every expedient of raising money, short of seeking out Father Kelly and asking a renewal of the lately-offered commission. Just as all his possessions were pledged and the disgrace of confessing that he could send nothing more faced him, the priest called at the studio.

Before making other arrangements he had come to see if his gifted parishioner would re-consider his decision and at least submit a small model, according to his own conceptions of the Divine Figure, for the church façade.

Mr. Harding seemed still moody and convinced of his own lack of inspiration for such work, but the thought of his sick mother outweighed the fear of disloyalty to his classic ideal, and he could not resist the munificent offer on the part of Father Kelly of a generous advance for the purchase of materials. The priest had the most invincible faith in his protégé's powers, and refused to listen to any hints of possible failure on Dennis's part. Once the young man could be persuaded to throw himself into the work it would, he was happily sure, prove a success. A Catholic could not fail on the Figure of his Lord! Nor could any assurance on the sculptor's side that modelling clay cost but eight shillings a hundredweight, prevent him from writing an absurdly big cheque. Dennis felt no less embarrassed by the priest's conviction of his devotional fitness for the undertaking. He made no claim to be a specially devout Catholic.

During the days that followed Father Kelly's visit Mr. Harding turned his attention to Christian Art, without finding much to shake him in his preference for the antique, owing perhaps to the fact that he was obliged to study at second-hand only. If he could have travelled and seen the statues and pictures of which he read or whose reproductions he studied, the result might have been different. One or two masterpieces only arrested him: the head of Christ of Leonardo da Vinci among them. But no amount of historical and antiquarian researches could gift him with the power of vision which he lacked.

He was on the point of despair at his inability to find suggestions, when a tragic announcement by telegram made it a matter of indifference whether or no he renounced his attempt. His mother had died suddenly, and with the need withdrawn for further struggle Dennis Harding himself collapsed physically and lay ill for many weeks.

When at length convalescence made it possible for him to crawl back to his studio, his hand could neither wield the chisel nor even manipulate the clay. Even when sufficiently recovered to feel that work would be his only anodyne, his former pleasure in classic statuary, as full of the joy of life, did not return to him. He still saw the beauty, but his enthusiasm for it was dead. Like the great Michael Angelo himself he wanted now something beyond.

There came to him one day the idea of renewing his attempt to model the Divine Figure, and gradually a resolve to devote himself wholly to the venture awoke in him. But he did not return to his former studies of the representation of Christ, from the two portraits in the Catacombs to the modern art of a Holman Hunt in the present day, because he saw that second-hand inspiration was of little worth. It was to be a portrait-statue, and he must first learn to know his Divine Model, in ever so inadequate a degree. If he had but been a born contemplative or gifted with the vision granted to many of the saints, instead of commonplace and normal Catholic! It was humiliating to find he had no clear conception of his Lord, though after much brooding he came to the conclusion that an attempt to render the Divine Glory, in however unsatisfactory a fashion, would allow him some approach to his old classical ideal.

His Figure should be of a King, Whose Face should shine as the sun and Whose raiment should be white as the light, since in finite form had to be represented infinite dignity and majesty. Through the envelope even of his clay model must somehow be discerned hidden divinity. He would press into his service every aid yielded by the past history of Art: Byzantine stateliness, the greatness of antique conception in the godhead of a Zeus by Phidias, and a moral grandeur not lacking a hint of the terror of the Lord. He longed for the desperate force of a Michael Angelo.

But though he worked with almost feverish enthusiasm upon the statue he had no success. He had told himself it was of no use for a sculptor to be timid, and had made up his mind to battle. Yet even when enthroned for the judgment of the world, his Christ was nothing more than an earthly monarch, and at the very moment of completion, perceiving his failure, he broke his model into pieces in disgust.

He knew now why Christian Art failed and would always infallibly so do since the Ideal was beyond human reach, a perfection surpassing earthly limits. The light which streamed from the countenance of Christ was an insuperable difficulty not only to the painter sent by Abgarus, but also to all artists. He even comprehended how the Oriental mind in despair of means to give expression to Divine Being had resorted to monstrous formations and mystic monstrosity. In addition he had learnt still more thoroughly his own impotence to fulfil Father Kelly's commission.

Despair fell upon him. He would give up his shed-studio and turn to a clerkship or some other means of earning an honest living. Lonely and conscious of the loss of his youthful ideals and enthusiasms, and still not physically strong enough to walk off his depression, he went, after destroying his handiwork, to the church.

He gazed at the niche above the porch which, as far as he was concerned, would remain for ever empty. Then worn out by mental conflict he entered the building.

As he sat there, too weary even to kneel, he reflected rather ironically upon Ruskin's condemnation of modern sculptors of the Christ Figure, because their minds had been filled with incoherent fragments of faith, clung to without belief. That was not his own case, for he had never doubted his Catholic creed.

Then, watching other worshippers in the church, he began to consider what Christ it was both he and these others needed. Not, primarily, a majestic King; nor assuredly a Judge, but as the familiar Catholic ejaculation taught him, a Saviour. As he continued his informal meditation he slipped on to his knees, and, looking into his own heart, became aware of a deep hunger therein for love, sympathy and understanding for One Who satisfied all the homely, every-day yearnings of Humanity, as Brother, Friend, Physician.

He left the church an hour later with a sense of almost a vision granted him, since here was the answer to even his artistic difficulty. If Ideal Divinity escaped him yet this Personality did not. A simpler, humbler, yet perhaps truer, conception had presented itself to his mind upon which to work. He might embody but an infinitesimal part of the character of the God-Man, into the heart of which mystery none could penetrate, but it was the aspect granted to mankind to behold and live.

His Figure now, like Durer's, was a Man of Sorrows, and his Model was as present to his mind as, according to Plato, the archetype of man was in the creative Mind of God. He had merely to transfer a living thought into clay. Eliminating, revising, re-shaping, he spent his days seeking for the true expression of infinite pity and sympathy. Decision and strength returned to his fingers,

those best of modelling tools, as he worked. If Divine sadness had been beyond the reach of Greek Art, Dennis owed such rendering as he achieved to the Faith, unknown to the great masters of old, imprinted upon his heart. The outstretched arms spoke to him of an invitation familiar from childhood, but heard more clearly these last few weeks. Beholding a suffering Christ face to face, he was moved to the soul, as St. Jerome surmises those first disciples who followed Him must have been.

The statue, therefore, if without form and comeliness when tried by classical standards, left no beauty to be desired. Conformed somewhat to the sweet old pious propriety of the early artists, who had venerated immortal loveliness, its physical perfection became indifferent.

There exists a legend that he who came to Jesus by night was himself a sculptor, and, like a second Nicodemus, Dennis would sometimes creep to his studio in the hours of darkness. There by the flickering candle-light which served Michael Angelo for nocturnal work, he would kneel in the dust shed by his chisel in active daylight hours and stretch out his own arms in response to the gracious appealing Hands of the statue. A Christian Pygmalion, he had fallen in love with the spiritual beauty which had inspired his own faulty handiwork.

His work, therefore, promised to be in the true tradition of Catholic Art: an illustration in that *liber idiotarum*, that book of the simple, of which St. Augustine speaks. Since its silent speech had spoken first to its sculptor there was reason to hope that, set in its niche above the church door, it would make its appeal as an *Ecce Homo* to other beholders. There, whether lit by the sunshine, radiant as its own inner flame of love, or overshadowed by clouds dark as those above the cross, it would recall the permanent, deathless beauty, through the ages, of its Divine Prototype.

# Suzette.

E. GALLIENNE ROBIN.

THE little girl came hurriedly into one of the largest dairies of a fashionable seaside resort. She was thin and very pale. Her draggled hair was tied back with faded blue ribbon and looped into an untidy knot. Her shoes were down at heel.

When she came into the dairy there was no one at the counter; without waiting a second, she touched the bell that called in someone to serve the customers. The little bell tinkled sharply, though the child's hand had trembled as she pressed it; and a pleasant, smiling woman hurried to answer its summons.

"My word! you are in a desperate hurry!" said the woman. "Is it cream you want?"

"Yes, please; and I'm in a hurry, because I was told to be quick or I'd be smacked: and I was frightened to ring the bell, please, for fear you'd be angry, and it was because I was so afraid I'd be 'kep' waiting."

The sweet-faced woman smiled as she handed the large tin, full of cream, to the child.

"Angry! Of course not! Is it your mother that smacks you?"

The child shook her head.

"I ain't got no mother nor parents. I live at the lodgings in —— Street, and I'm a general, I am. I likes to look at you when I pass the window, you are always smiling; and the canary up here in his cage is always singing!"

She sighed heavily; and the woman laid her warm, clean hand on the child's grubby little paw.

"Come and see me one evening," she said; "knock at the side-door. Can you?"

"I could come to-night, instead of playing in the yard with the other children, like I do, once a week, if I'm not wanted," the child replied, with a smile of rapture.

Then, like a hare, she was off, crossing the street into an alley behind a grocer's shop.

Mrs. Bennet, who kept the dairy, knew of a poor lodging-house down that alley, and she could picture the life led by the child. But she did not realise all its horrors of overwork, of rough treatment, and of underfeeding, till the child confided it all to her.

"And what's your name, my dear?" said Mrs. Bennet, as she watched the child devouring custard tarts and drinking milk.

"It's Susan, Missis, if you please; but I'd rather be called *Soos-et*, like the French lady calls me."

"What French lady? Is she at the lodgings?"

"She's not there now, Missis, and she's gone to be a lady's-maid to London. My! but she was kind to me!"

*Soos-et* stayed till she had to be told, gently, that it was time to go, but that she might come another time. That was the beginning of her happiness. After some discussion and coming to terms, the orphan drudge was transferred to the childless Bennets. She was eleven years old and she could hardly read. But she was sent to an elementary school, and, after a month, she read fluently and wrote a promising hand. In the evenings she helped in the dairy, or, when it was shut, in the kitchen. At eight o'clock she climbed the steep stairs to her little attic-bedroom and slept peacefully in her clean bed. And the Bennets were well pleased with her.

It so happened that one day she had a very bad cold, and Mrs. Bennet kept her in bed. The last thing at night she took her little *Soos-et* a drink of hot milk; and as she set the cup down on the chair beside the bed, her eyes fell upon a string of bronze beads lying on the quilt, within reach of *Soos-et's* hand.

In an instant her kind smile vanished. She seized the beads and, holding them up in scorn, she said sharply:

"Whatever are you doing with these beads? Don't you know it's a Roman Catholic thing—a thing called a rosary? Where did you get it?"

The old cowed look crept back to the child's face.

"It was the French lady gave the beads to me, and she told me to say prayers—the *Our Father* on the big beads and *Hail Mary* on the little ones. And, please, I didn't know it was Roman Catholic. . . . Is it a house where my French lady lives?"

"House, indeed! It's the work of the devil, and calls itself a Church. Give me those beads at once and I'll burn them."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the child; "please, please don't burn them!"

For a minute Mrs. Bennet hesitated, her natural kindness overcoming her inherited horror of the Catholic Faith.

"And I'll be bound you don't know who *Our Father* is?"

"But I do. It's God, and He is kind. My French lady told me He was."

"And *Hail Mary*?"

The child's face lighted up.

"I've got a picture of Her, I have. Would you like to see it?"

"No! And who's *she*, pray?"

"She God's Mother; and she is kind, too, and so pretty, she is, in my picture."

"That's enough! You're already corrupted. Now, give up those beads to me and I'll go down and burn them at once!"

"No! no!" cried *Soos-et*, clasping her shabby rosary to her breast. "No, no; I'll never let them be burnt when I says my prayers with them, and my French lady gave them to me. Please, please, let me keep them!"

But Mrs. Bennet's face was hard as flint.

"Never! Ah, little cat, so you can scratch! Well, keep your blessed beads for to-night: and to-morrow we'll see what Mr. Bennet says about burning them!"

She went out of the room and shut the door with a bang. Then the storm of sorrow and disappointment broke over the child. Could it be true that kind Mrs. Bennet had turned against her, and that jolly Mr. Bennet would burn her beads to-morrow? She cried herself sick; and coughed till she gasped for breath. In the black darkness of the quiet house, she felt she would never give up her beads. She could not tell what it was that made her so resolute: it was *something* besides her affection for the French lady.

If Monsieur l'Abbe Parmentier, in the south of France, could have seen the beads he had blessed for the French lady!

When she coughed less and had dried her tears, she began to plan how she could save her beads. She must run away with them! That was all she could decide upon. She got up, shaking with cold, faint with emotion, and dressed in the dark. Then, taking a box of matches, left behind by Mrs. Bennet, she crept downstairs to the kitchen. She found one of the cellar windows open. She got out into a lane and found herself in a pool of dirty water. But that was nothing! The beads were safe, at rest in her pocket. She kept the matches and, by striking one here and there, she groped her way out of the lane into the street, where she felt more at home.

She wandered on and on, pressing into the suburbs, and when the first streaks of dawn came she was utterly worn out. She sat down on a doorstep and, taking her beads from her pocket, she tried to say *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*, but the words died on her lips and she fell forward, in a dead faint.

When she woke she found herself in bed. Was it all a dream? Had she saved the beads? Or had Mr. Bennet burnt them? She looked about on the quilt. No beads. But . . . she was not in her attic-bedroom. She was in a big room with many beds in it. A red fire glowed in the grate. There were other children in bed. Was she in hospital? But the beads—the beads!

She sat up and looked about: and as if in answer to her unspoken question, a lady in dark blue, with a flying white cap, like a bird, came to her and smiled.

"My beads!" cried the child's hoarse voice.

"Under your pillow, dear," said the St. Vincent de Paul sister, and she drew them out and gave them to *Soos-et*, who kissed them fervently, before she fell back, exhausted.

"I'm so tired, and I've got such a pain here," she said, putting her hand on her chest; "and, oh, I can't say *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*. But my beads are not burnt!"

She fainted again: and it was weeks before the Sisters could hear the tale of the beads from her lips. Her story they soon found out, for the Bennets advertised for her; and were in great consternation when they heard she had been found, almost dead, at the doorstep of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The story of the beads was, however, suppressed in their story of poor *Soosette*, who, they declared, had given them trouble.

But now, indeed, the child was in her own true element, where she learnt what her beads fully meant and what it was to have the Faith.

She did not forget the Bennets; and though she never alluded to her beads, it was to be noted that they did not forbid her their house when they heard she was to be a Catholic and live with the Sisters.



## RONDEL.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Where ever men the Gospel preach  
 This woman's story shall be told,  
 Because her gift was not controlled  
 By Moderation's silvern speech;  
 Because Iscariot could impeach  
 The wasted wealth which was not sold,  
 Where ever men the Gospel preach  
 This woman's story shall be told.  
 Because she vowed no portion each  
 To Christ and man, discreetly doled  
 From out a vase without a breach—  
 Which still a drop in store might hold,  
 Where ever men the Gospel preach  
 This woman's story shall be told.

ENID DINNIS.

# A Mysterious Individual.

REV. J. J. LYONS.

IT was in a beech-grove by the River Suir that I met him. And a quaint-looking figure he was. His age might be—well, I couldn't even guess; but he looked fairly ancient and very weather-beaten; in fact, I might say *water-beaten*, for his whole appearance seemed to suggest a more or less aquatic sort of life. And yet he did not look either like a fisherman or a water-bailiff. However, he appeared to be rather damp, just as if he had been swimming about in the river with his clothes on.

His face was square and thick-set, and denoted great strength of character; and there was a knowing twinkle in his eye, which seemed to betoken a somewhat reserved sense of humour. His hair was weedy and fell in long, straggling locks on his broad, sturdy shoulders; for, in spite of his age, the old gentleman had the appearance of having the strength of a giant.

But it was not only his general build that was singular. His dress was, perhaps, even more so. A sort of overcoat of the Inverness type was his principal garment. It reached nearly to his knees and was rather tattered at the extremities, but, somehow, it seemed to suit him. His head was covered with a "sou'-wester," such as pilots wear, only it was of a greenish hue that somehow reminded me of sea-weed. He wore the old-fashioned Irish knee-breeches of a century ago, with the usual accompaniment of blue worsted stockings and stout brogues.

I had been fishing for a couple of hours when he came suddenly upon me—I don't know from where. I had found my occupation rather a lazy one, and, to be candid, I had caught nothing. Anyhow, he seemed interested, and he stood close by and watched me as I sat on the bank. He was the first to speak.

"Fine, bracing exercise!" he remarked in a croaking voice.

I looked up to see if he were quizzing; but he was as solemn as a judge.

"I haven't been doing much in the way of exercise," I answered guardedly.

"Why, aren't you fishing?" he asked querulously.

"I'm supposed to be," I answered, "but I can't say I find it exciting."

"Then you don't go about it in the right way," was his rejoinder.

"How do you fish?" I asked, with the idea of turning the conversation from possibly unpleasant personalities.

"I swim after them," he replied briefly.

"After what?"

"The fish."

He was still solemn, and I began to fear he was a trifle cracked. However, he sat down beside me on the river-bank as if to have a chat.

"Look here, young man," he began, "fishing is an art that I learnt before you were born, or your father, or your great-grandfather, for that matter."

I felt sure he was cracked now, and could only hope he wasn't dangerous; but I thought it best to let him talk away.

"How old do you think I am?" he presently asked.

"About fifty," said I, thinking to flatter him.

"Fifty!" he exclaimed. "Ho, ho! I'm a lot more than that; but I won't tell you my real age or you mightn't believe me."

"Well," I replied, "if you're really older than my great-grandfather you bear your age remarkably well."

"Age cannot wither," he quoted, "nor custom stale my infinite variety."

"I suppose," said I, "you've led a healthy, temperate life."

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "I've none of the vices of modern times, and no worries to speak of. I don't drink, don't smoke, don't edit a paper, take no part in politics and never quarrel with my mother-in-law."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the old lady gives you no cause."

"What I mean is," he explained, "that if I had a mother-in-law I wouldn't quarrel with her. But, as a matter of fact, I have never been blessed with such a relative."

"Am I to understand," I asked, "that you are not married?"

"Exactly!" he answered. "As the old song says—

" 'I have no wife to bother my life,  
No lover to prove untrue;  
I never sit down with a tear or a frown,  
To paddle my own canoe.' "

The fact is," he continued, "I'm so interested in my work that I never had time to think of matrimony."

"Do you call fishing work?" I asked innocently.

"Not the sort of fishing *you're* doing," he replied quickly.

I felt the truth of this retort, so I again sought to divert his remarks from my own pursuits.

"Well, what's your line of work?" I asked.

"Oh, I've several lines," he replied. "Fishing only fills up

the intervals. In summer I'm a sort of drill instructor—teach people to swim, you know. Besides that, I'm a coal-heaver and a timber-carrier. Also I'm greatly interested in irrigation, and work hard at it, and I never get paid."

"Well, I hope they stamp your insurance-card, anyway," said I.

He looked puzzled. Seemingly he had never heard of the Health Insurance Act.

"If you're talking of fire insurance," he replied doubtfully, "I've no need of it. I'm not afraid of fire, bless you. The people about here know that so well that whenever there's a house or a hayrick on fire they always run to me for help. In fact, I think I may call myself a member of the local fire-brigade, or rather, of several fire-brigades. As the old song says——"

"Oh, bother the old song!" I interrupted. "What I can't understand is this: I'm a native of these parts, and yet I don't remember ever having seen you before."

"Well, I'm not confined to the parish," he replied. "My work takes me to every part of the valley of the Suir. I know every foot of the river from the Devil's Bit to Waterford Harbour. In fact, I travel along it so often that I think I may call the river my home."

"And I suppose you're fond of it!" said I.

"I ought to be," he answered. "I have known it all my life. No emigration for me! I'm too old for that."

"I suppose," said I, "there are interesting places along the banks of the Suir?"

"Yes, many a one!" he replied, assuming a serious and somewhat dreamy air, "many a sylvan glade and shady dell, many a ruined castle and dismantled abbey. There is laughter in the ripple of the water, and sadness, too, and a touch of gloom along its banks."

The old fellow was obviously in a reminiscent mood, so I thought it a good opportunity to draw him out. "Where is the sadness?" I asked. "I don't see any around here."

"You have no eye for it, young man," he answered, "and you're not old enough to appreciate it, and possibly you don't know its history."

"What history?"

"Why, the river's. Many a sad event has happened on its banks; and many a battle has been fought in its near neighbourhood. Its castles were taken and defended and retaken, its towns were bombarded from the hills, and its bridges and fords were held against opposing armies. But it isn't of warlike scenes that I am thinking just now. I have recollections of a very different kind—of peaceful days in or near the old abbeys and monasteries long

before their dissolution. My memory goes back to the days when Holy Cross Priory and Athassel Abbey and other monastic buildings on the banks of the Suir were filled with the bare-footed monks of the Middle Ages. I was younger then, as you may guess; but I was old enough to appreciate the holiness and poetic beauty of the lives lived in those peaceful and secluded abodes."

"After all," thought I, "his lunacy is of an entirely harmless kind. He only thinks himself a few hundred years old. That's only a blissful delusion."

"I see," he said, as if reading my thoughts, "that you don't believe me; and small blame to you. Why should you?"

"Well," I replied, "I admit I'm a bit puzzled. You surely don't mean to tell me seriously that you have personal recollections of the monks of Athassel and Holy Cross! The buildings have been in ruins for centuries, and no monks have lived there for goodness knows how long."

"Young man," he said solemnly, "I have watched the Cistercians of Holy Cross and the Augustinians of Athassel fishing in the Suir, just as I am watching you now. They did it better, too; for they often caught something, which is more than you do."

I was silenced, for the last part of his remark was true.

"Oh, it was great," he continued, "to see the good monks come down to the river, rod in hand, to catch trout. Under the shade of the woods they would fish every evening. They were all friends of mine. And I helped them in their fishing, too. In fact, they could hardly have fished at all if it hadn't been for me. But I'm boring you, young man, and I know you don't believe a word I say."

"Well," I replied, "I quite believe in the good character you give the monks, but you must forgive me if I cannot credit your extraordinary age."

"I thought not," he exclaimed; "but if you knew who I am you would understand me better and you would not be surprised at my longevity."

"Then, who in the name of goodness are you?" I asked.

"I'm Father Suir!" he replied briefly. He sprang from the ground as he spoke, and, taking a header into the river, disappeared under the water—and I saw no more of him.

# “The End of the Trail.”

KITTY FITZGERALD.

WHILE travelling in Le Midi last summer I came across an old “soldat” named François de Banville. Such a nice old man, with his long white beard and tanned, weather-beaten face, out of which two bright eyes flashed, keen as an eagle’s. In his youth he had travelled the world over, and many a strange tale of love and adventure could old François relate.

Every evening we children gathered round him as he sat in his favourite nook, a grassy, flower-spangled tongue of land that ran right out into the beautiful sea.—“Bonnes vêpres, mes enfants, que voulez vous,” he would say, and the cry on our lips was always the same—“Une histoire, Père Banville, encore une histoire, s’il vous plaît.” And our request was never made in vain. He was a born storyteller. By his wonderful power of narration he could take us far from the calm and “demi-jour” of that southern clime and transplant us in spirit in India, Africa, or distant Iceland, at will. As I write one little tale, so brief, but oh, so fraught with things mystical, comes before my mind’s eye. Perhaps some of you who pass “like ships in the night” may care to listen and try to understand.

Off in the centre of Africa there is a great tract of land which English travellers have named “Little Hell.” Here and there for miles and miles at a time the ground is studded with native growth—great ferns, vivid exotic blooms, and gigantic trees through which even the brilliant rays of the African sun seldom penetrate, so closely are the branches intertwined. The leaves seldom even rustle, for there is no wind to disturb their peace. But it is the very calm and stillness which hangs over all that has been the undoing of many an unfortunate “voyageur.” The thick undergrowth hides horrible, treacherous, sinuous reptiles of all classes, while even from the branches above, from between the silent, changeless leaves, fierce eyes watch quietly, patiently, oh, so patiently, waiting till the poor traveller, finally exhausted, throws himself on the ground, till they spring from their hiding-places to tear him limb from limb.

On emerging from this treacherous forest, you enter on a great stretch of barren land where there are no trees, no water, naught but a wide desert of red sand under the feet, and all around as far as the distant horizon; while overhead, a wonderful changeless sky, where the sun hangs like a huge mass of molten gold burning piti-

lessly down, whitening the human skeletons lying about, heating the ground to such a temperature that a single grain of sand blown against the skin is like the prod of a red-hot needle. . . . Then . . . Oh, Great God, the wonder of it. . . . At the other end of this awful desert, where the red rim of the earth seems to meet the blue border of the heavens, there is a large oasis (we will call it such for the present). A beautiful sight, this, for the parched wanderer, just a few miles of ground through which flows a tiny bubbling brook. Tiny, yes, 'tis true, but the song it sings as it rattles along on its way over sharp stones and fine glistening sand makes more music in the ears of the weary traveller than Chopin or the great Mozart ever did. . . . Along its banks scented bushes and exquisite flowers grow luxuriantly. The grass beneath the feet is green and plentiful, even as it is in the "Emerald Isle." Great birds and flies, startling in their brilliant colouring, fly past with wonderful rapidity, while cocoanut, banana, fig, palm, and the many strange trees that flourish in warm climes grow in profusion.

In the centre of this miniature paradise there is a large "bed" of glorious lilies, magnificent in their spotless purity. Here, then, is "Termino del Rastro" . . . for beneath the bed of lilies lie the remains, long since turned to dust, of a young Saint. . . . Now listen . . . :

Years ago, before the great war, a party of tourists set out to cross the desert. They were a wild set of fellows—all, that is, save one young boy, a brilliant lad, of nineteen, who was about to join the "Trappist Fathers," in Le Midi, the following spring, and whom they took with them as a sort of mascot. Well, they journeyed on for days and nights, and never came to a tree or a spring. Their food and water were running short, and the sun still burnt on fiercely, pitilessly. At last when the water was exhausted, and the poor chaps gave themselves up for lost, all save the young Levite, who, while his companions lay about, staring with wide, unseeing eyes across the endless expanse of barren land, dreading the coming dawn, drew apart, and facing the golden stars throbbing in the midnight skies like the pitying eyes of heavenly guardians, he offered his pure young life to the Great Almighty, that He Who silvers the lilies of the fields and watches the flight of sparrows, might in return spare his friends from the horrible death that loomed so near. So with arms outstretched, like Moses in the Old Law, he prayed on, confidently, humbly, lovingly, all through the long, burning night, though every nerve ached and tortured as though he were plunged in a bath of molten lead. Yet in the Swift Flash of Fire that sanctified the accepted Sacrifice he was too

dazzled to remember aught but the Ecstasy of the ever-nearing Divine Presence.

Dawn came at last, beautiful, rosy dawn, calling the birds, brightening the earth, and flushing the skies. The weary travellers opened their eyes, and lo, not fifty yards away, where yester-eve was naught but endless, burning sand, they saw an oasis, this miniature Eden. At first they thought it was but a trick of fancy and each one plied the other with questions. But when, dragging their weary limbs after them, they reached the stream,—and drank the clear crystal water, and bathed their burning brows in the bubbling brook, and knocked down the cocoanuts and bananas, and felt the cushion-like grass beneath their feet,—then, and only then, they knew it was no dream, and their delight and gratitude knew no bounds.

But when they went to look for their missing friend they found him lying in the horrible sand, dead. His face, turned to the skies, was beautiful in its noble serenity, while a shadowy smile of triumph still played about the parted lips. His pure blue eyes were wide open, filled with wonderful light, as though for a brief instant the Angel with the Flaming Sword had unbarred the Doors of Paradise and let a single ray of the Light of Eternity flash on the upturned face and light up the loving eyes with a glory that never was seen on land or sea. . . . Some of these young fellows had never before looked on death, while others had pushed the very thought far away into the background of their lives as some hideous nightmare, something fraught with pain and agony. But as they gazed on this face which the Angel of Death seemed to have kissed so kindly, so lovingly, they realised, one and all, that here was no ordinary death, no struggle, no death agony, just the silent passing of a spotless Soul from its tenement of flesh to enjoy the Beatific Vision, to sit at the right Hand of God for all ages.

They buried him beside the flowing stream and planted pure lilies over his Sacred remains. And when they returned to their own homes they brought the memory of this young Saint with them. At times temptations came and darkened their paths, hiding the sunlight of God's graces, but ever and always the hallowed memory of their young friend came and, like a ray of light, led them back to the way of truth and sanctity.

Far away in Africa the sun still burns fiercely as of old, yet cool zephyrs blow quietly round the silent grave over which no one comes to mourn. There, no proud headstone, no artificial wreaths honour the last resting-place of a young Saint, but a wonderful mass of lilies cover the mound, and modestly, yet proudly, lift their silver chalices to meet the loving smile of the Eternal God.

# A Dominican Rose Window

## II.

E. SETON.

HENRY SUSO : THE SERVITOR OF ETERNAL WISDOM.

**P**ERHAPS the best epitaph upon the memory of this loving and human-hearted saint is to be found in one of the early inspirations of grace which he received. *By ancient right, said Eternal Wisdom Himself to him intellectually, love and suffering go together. There is no wooer but he is a sufferer: no lover but he is a martyr.*

The record of the spiritual and interior life of this servant of God is one of the utmost charm. The divine folly of the Cross fills his life with the beauty and fragrance which are linked with the memory of the Little Poor Man of Assisi. Gentle, sensitive, loving, by nature, Henry Suso's character is one that even in our own day makes an immediate appeal.

Like S. Dominic, the glory of this holy man's apostolate came from the devotion of his soul to the Eternal Wisdom; from his intimacy with Jesus and Mary came his power and success in leading others on the high and narrow path of perfection; and from the likeness of his wide heart and broad mind to those of his heavenly exemplars, he worked wonders with poor sinners, converting them with the utmost tenderness and compassion.

Of his external life we have only a scanty knowledge. Born on S. Benedict's Day in the year 1300 near Constance, both his father and his holy mother were of ancient and noble lines. His father's name, we learn, was Von Berg, but out of devotion to his mother's memory, he assumed her name, which was Von Seuss, which, Latinised, is Suso. He was named Henry in baptism, but years later, after he had attained to great holiness, God changed it into Amandus, or Beloved.

At the age of thirteen he entered religion, becoming a novice at the Dominican convent at Constance. Here he made his vows, and later he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Cologne. He made admirable progress, and was about to receive the degree of Doctor in Theology when a voice from God bade him relinquish this honour, telling him that he already knew well enough how to give himself to God and to draw others to Him by his preaching. "From that time forth," says Father Thomas Knox, in his Preface

to the Blessed Henry's *Life*, " he began to preach with great zeal and fervour, and to devote himself to the conversion of sinners and the guidance of souls along the highest paths of mystical perfection. At length, after many years of unceasing labours and sufferings, he died at Ulm, on the feast of the Conversion of S. Paul in 1365, and was buried in the cloister of the Dominican Convent in that city. Two hundred and forty-eight years after this, when Ulm had become Protestant, the Blessed Henry's body was accidentally discovered, A.D. 1613, by some workmen who were digging the foundations for a new building. It was quite incorrupt, and lay there clothed in the habit of the Order. The workmen went in alarm to inform the burgomaster, who bade them fill up the grave and say nothing about it, adding that he had always heard that the dead should be allowed to rest in peace. Meanwhile, during the absence of the workmen, a devout person went down into the grave and cut off part of the black mantle and white scapular—portions of which were afterwards distributed as relics among different Catholics. . . . At a later period, when Ulm was occupied by the French during one of their campaigns, they caused excavations to be made in the hope of discovering the sacred remains, but without success. The Blessed Henry has never been formally beatified, but his feast is kept by the Dominican Order on March 2nd, with the approbation of Gregory XVI., granted April 16, 1831.

" Such are the main outlines of Blessed Henry's external life and history. The details of the picture must be sought for in the brief record which he has himself left us of his experiences in the ways of God."

This *Life* has had a great vogue. In the Royal Library at Munich there is a manuscript of the end of the fourteenth century—the time at which our Beatus died, it will be remembered; and the first printed copies of it appeared at Augsburg in A.D. 1482 and A.D. 1512. Several translations have been made. Our present sketch is drawn from the authentic *Life*, first edited, from the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth century documents already referred to, by Cardinal Diepenbrock, Bishop of Breslau, in 1828.

The subject of our present picture from the great Dominican rose window of the centuries, is a saint whose work, though it affected thousands of souls, and though he was a preacher and confessor of note, was rather inward and interior, and whose private spiritual life was of so white-hot a type that its influence and magnetism has remained through the years, a help and an example to countless numbers.

Blessed Henry's *Life* came to be written in the following manner. He became acquainted with " a holy and illuminated person,

who was in poverty and suffering as regards this world," to quote his own words. Now this spiritual daughter of his used to beg the "Servitor of Eternal Wisdom" to tell her about suffering from his own experience that so she might be strengthened in her own trials. By degrees she drew many spiritual confidences from him, and these, without telling him that she did so, she would write down carefully and preserve. After a long time this was discovered, and compelling her to give him her notes he burned many of them, being restrained from completing the destruction by a voice from Heaven. Later he added the rest himself, giving much wise instruction, clear and safe, upon the subtle matters of the Spirit, instruction practical and full of illustration. It was indeed, as a manual of instruction that he composed these pages, and for a long time he intended to let others see it only after his own death. But various reflections caused him to submit it to a learned prelate, who, having examined it, "pronounced," says the mediæval Prologue, "that it was, all of it, as it were, a kernel of hidden truth drawn from Holy Writ for all clear-sighted men." This prelate died before the book was finished—for Blessed Henry added to it "the ordinary teaching that every man might find there what would suit him,"—and our Beatus went with all earnestness to implore from the Love of his life, the "beautiful Eternal Wisdom," guidance on the matter. And after a time the Master, as he styles the bishop, appeared to him in a vision, telling him that it was God's good will that the book should be given forth to all "good-hearted men."

He tells us that from the age of thirteen until he was eighteen he was not truly converted to God, taking care to avoid any serious fault, certainly, but still undetached and not scrupulous in avoiding small faults. Then there came a "secret illumination," and it wrought in him with speed a turning away from creatures. Henry's was an ardent and generous temperament, and so fervently did he pursue his quest of the Infinite Good, the practice of mortification, and detachment from created pleasures, that his health suffered much. Yet he was lovably human, and though so ascetic that the reading of his feats of penance makes us shudder and his great constancy in them makes us sigh for our own weakness, his shrinking and the efforts he had to employ to overcome his natural dread of suffering and privation are such as enlist our sympathy. He had no companions, either, with whom to pursue the thorny path, and this he felt deeply. "One thing," he says, writing of himself throughout the book in the third person, "was a sore suffering to him. He had no one to whom he could pour out his grief, and who pursued the same end in the same way. Therefore he went on his way in wretchedness, pining for love; and with mighty

efforts he withdrew himself from creatures,—a practice which afterwards became very sweet to him.” Little wonder that he was the darling of the angels, whom he reminded in one of his touching prayers, that he had never heard them so much as named but his soul laughed within him for joy.

The great devotion of his life, to Wisdom, commenced at this time, and he was even favoured with a high intellectual vision of that chosen Spouse from whose service his heart never swerved. It was at this time that he secretly inscribed upon his heart with a sharp instrument the holy Name of Jesus. This love-token he inscribed so deeply that for the remainder of his long life it remained there legibly; and whenever troubles pressed hardly upon him he would look at it, and his trouble grew lighter. “Lord,” he had said, bringing his newly-made wounds to his accustomed place of prayer before the crucifix above the pulpit, “I cannot imprint Thee any deeper in myself; but do Thou, I beseech Thee, complete the work, and imprint Thyself deep down into my very inmost heart, and so inscribe Thy holy Name in me that Thou mayest never more depart from my heart.” Concerning his devotion to the Holy Name there is an interesting passage in the notes taken by Sister Elizabeth Staeglin—the holy soul alluded to in the beginning of Blessed Henry’s *Life*, to whom he gave many counsels,—having noticed this attraction in him she made some little cloth badges with the letters I.H.S. on them and persuaded Blessed Henry to lay them on his heart and send them with a blessing to his spiritual children. It was revealed to her that those who would wear the Name upon them and would recite a Pater daily in its honour, would be treated lovingly by God in this world and would find grace before Him at their last passage.

Suffering was one of the great mark’s of our saint’s life, so much so that it would seem from his autobiography that the only time in his life when he was free from severe trials was a short respite of four weeks. It was at the end of this time that he was speaking at the grille with some enclosed nuns and was saying, in reply to their inquiries, that he feared things were ill with him and that God had forgotten him as he had had no crosses for the past weeks, when a messenger came hastily to him to tell him that a certain knight had sworn to take his life on account of the friar’s having persuaded the knight’s daughter to lead a devout retired life. Whereupon, in spite of the terror his sensitive and shrinking nature felt, Blessed Henry hastened back smilingly to the Sisters and said to them, “Be of good cheer, God has not forgotten me—He has sent me a cross in token of His love and care for my soul.”

In guiding and directing others, in fervent preaching, in many

travels—in such ways, and in many sufferings was the Blessed Henry's life passed. He was extremely charitable to sinners, no matter how great their sins might have been, and no considerations of personal comfort or the blame of persons less Christ-like than himself could prevent him from doing his utmost for the consolation and conversion of such souls. He was tried by the unkindness and roughness of many, even the lay-brothers in his convent sometimes added to his sufferings by rudeness and churlishness; sometimes he was popularly accused of being a poisoner and an impostor; many times he was threatened with death; he was caluminated, and beneath some of these cruel and baseless charges even friends he loved failed him. But always God cleared His faithful servant's name, and the reputation he justly acquired by his sufferings, patience, learning and gentle kindness was very great. At one time he was Prior of the convent, and the community were much tried by poverty, yet the Beatus, putting all his trust in God, ordered special intercession to be made "to the dear S. Dominic," and the reward of his faith and piety were manifested, for a Canon who was a particular friend of his came to him the next day with a bag "of twenty pounds of Constance pennies as a beginning," telling him that God had "admonished him during the night to be his helper in temporal affairs." And his rule was most successful, against the expectation of the less fervent of the Brethren who had secretly murmured at such a dreamer being given the office of Prior.

Constant visitations from the next world, of angels, departed souls, visions of his heavenly Mother and her Child, and raptures, were vouchsafed to this wonderful soul. On one occasion a friend who had believed a very cruel calumny against the saint and had repulsed him when he came seeking consolation from him. This friend came to him after death. "He appeared to the Servitor in golden garments radiant with light and, embracing him lovingly, pressed his face tenderly against his cheeks and besought his pardon for all the wrong he had done him, and prayed that a true heavenly friendship might continue between them everlastingly. The Servitor accepted this proposal with joy, and embraced him in turn very lovingly." He was often granted the greatest consolations after his terrible sufferings—these were constantly shown both to him and to many spiritual friends of his, under the symbol of roses. Some souls were guided to him in vision, being told by God to seek him as a director, and on one of these asking how she should know him among the other Friars, she was shown a wreath of red and white roses upon him, signifying the greatness and beauty of the sufferings by which he glorified God. Another vision

was that of the Child Jesus in the midst of a rose tree, strewing roses upon His beloved Servitor, and yet again the angels showed the Servitor himself the loveliest roses blossoming upon his hands and feet, all signifying the incomparable adornment of trials accepted from God with patience and united to the suffering of Christ.

His mother appeared to him after her death; a Dominican friend to whom he had been deeply attached also came to remind him of a promise they had exchanged, that whomsoever of them should die first the other would twice weekly say Mass for him; his dead penitents and spiritual children also appeared to him to console him in his sufferings.

Of Suso's devotion to the Passion, to the Blessed Sacrament—any time that he left his cell or returned to it his custom was always to pass through the Choir and spend a few minutes before the Blessed Sacrament, saying to himself, "He who has a dear friend anywhere upon his road is very glad to make his journey a little longer that he may have loving converse with him." "To comfort him in his trials God granted him continual intercourse with the angels, who, by conversing familiarly with him, strengthened and encouraged him in a wonderful manner."

"His superiors," says the *Rosary Life*, "appointed him Preacher-General for Germany. The success of his apostolate was immense, for he joined to his preaching great zeal in the confessional and an unbounded compassion for sinners.

"He composed many works in German, which have since been translated into other languages. Of these his 'Little Book of Eternal Wisdom' is, perhaps, the best known. When it was first written, now upwards of five hundred years ago, the impression it produced is said to have resembled that of the *Imitation of Christ* at a later period. Like that of à Kempis, Suso's work, though so different in style, is yet addressed to all ranks and conditions." By most spiritual writers Suso is highly esteemed, both as an ascetical writer and as a subtle doctor. Speaking of the nine last chapters of his *Life*, "which treat for the most part of deep points of mystical theology," Father Thomas Knox says, "They contain several passages of wonderful beauty, which every one will read with pleasure. They are, moreover, a protest against the errors of pantheism and quietism, to which a spirit of false mysticism naturally tends, and against which the Blessed Henry often raised his voice in warning. Lastly, to omit them would leave one side of the Blessed Henry's life wholly unrepresented. For they serve to remind us that if his personal and experimental acquaintance with mystical theology was great, he was no less conversant with it as a

science, and could treat with learning and accuracy the many deep and subtle questions which it suggests."

"After having laboured for God and the Church during many years, Blessed Henry died at the convent of Ulm, on January 25th, 1365. His body was buried in the church attached to the convent, before the altar of S. Peter Martyr, and numerous miracles attested his sanctity."

And thus concludes our account of the little that is known of our saint's life. We shall be pardoned if we add to this two or three exquisite pictures from the mediæval pen-painter's gallery to serve, as it were, for a handful of *Fioretti di S. Domenico*, gathered in the meadows of the Order whose heart is an everlasting spring-tide of youth for the Lord's work in the changing world of men.

"Once upon a time it was shown in a vision to a certain holy person, when the Servitor had gone to the altar to say Mass, how that he was gloriously arrayed with a vestment of resplendent love, and that divine grace kept dropping upon his soul like dew, and that he was one with God. Behind him there were seen standing at the altar a multitude of kindly-looking children with burning candles, one behind the other." These children showed great love to the saint, embracing him tenderly. The person who saw all this asked who they were and what the meaning of the vision was. "They answered, 'We are your brethren, and we praise God with joy in eternal bliss, and are beside you and take care of you at all times.' The holy person said, 'Dear angels, what mean you by embracing this man so lovingly?' They answered 'He is so very dear to us that we have much to do with him; and know this, God works unspeakable marvels in his soul, and whatever he asks of God earnestly, God will never deny him.'"

His devotions were exquisite, and the description of them is as a page from some paradisial primer. It was his custom—among other practices—to rest a little in his chapel after Matins, and there to await daybreak that he might salute Mary, the morning star. When "the watchman announced the break of day . . . he used to fall at once on his knees and salute the rising morning star, heaven's gentle queen, with this intention that, as the little birds in summer greet the daylight and receive it joyously, even so did he mean to greet with joyful longings her who brings the light of the everlasting day; and he did not merely say these words, but he accompanied them with a sweet, still melody in his soul." Once at this devotion "he heard something within him which rang so tenderly that his whole heart was stirred by it. The voice sang in tones sweet and loud, as the morning star uprose, these words—Mary, the morning star, has risen to-day. This strain resounded

in him with such unearthly sweetness that it filled his whole soul with gladness, and he sang with it joyously. . . . When his salutation of the morning star was ended, he saluted with a prostration the gentle Eternal Wisdom . . . and then followed a third salutation, which he addressed to the highest and most fervent of the Seraphim, and this he did with the intention that the spirit should so inflame his heart with divine love that he might both be on fire himself and enkindle fire in the hearts of all men. These were the salutations which he made every morning." On one of these occasions he heard the holy angels singing with loud voice the beautiful responsory, *Surge illuminare, Jerusalem*, . . . "and it rang with exceeding sweetness in his soul." Another night, before S. Michael's day, he heard angelic strains "and sweet heavenly melody, and this filled him with such gladness that he forgot all his sufferings. Then one of the angels said to him, 'Behold, with what joy thou dost hear us sing the song of eternity; even so, with like joy do we hear thee sing the song of the venerable Eternal Wisdom.'"

His devotions for the New Year, for May Day (when his spiritual "May bough" was the Holy Cross, which he hung over with spiritual adornments of love, praises, and every devotion, as people at that time were wont to adorn a fresh branch in their houses with flowers and ornaments), for Candlemas, and for Carnival time—that is, just before Septuagesima Sunday—are all reading as from some mediæval troubadour's book of lays and exquisitely graceful tales. We shall quote the "spiritual carnival which God once gave him" briefly as a conclusion. He had suffered much on this particular evening from cold and also from hunger and thirst, for his penances were painfully extreme. "That same night it seemed to him in a vision that he was in an infirmary, and that outside the room he heard someone singing a heavenly song, and the tones rang so sweetly that no earthly harp ever sent forth the like; and it was as if a little schoolboy of twelve years old was singing there alone." Entranced, the Servitor expressed his wonder, and an angel who was standing near told him that the Boy who was singing so beautifully was singing for him, and that Henry was "the object of His song." Whereupon the saint asked the angel to bid Him sing more, and the Child sang three heavenly canticles, "so that it resounded high in the air." Then it seemed to the friar that the Child came through the air to a little window in the room and gave the angel a pretty basket, filled with ripe fruit like strawberries, large and red, for Blessed Henry. The angel gave it to him, saying joyously, "Look, comrade and brother! This red fruit is sent thee by thy Friend and heavenly Lord, the delightful Boy, the Son of the

heavenly Father, Who has been singing to thee. Ah! how very dear thou art to Him!" He and the angel held converse thereupon concerning the loveliness of this dear Child, and the angel advised the saint to be ready for many sufferings since Christ regarded and honoured him more than many others. The Servitor declared his readiness and begged the angel that he might see the Child in order to thank Him. He was directed to go to the little window and there he saw "standing before the window the tenderest and loveliest little boy that eye has ever seen." As the saint endeavoured to come towards Him, the Child turned lovingly to him "and inclining Himself sweetly to him, with a friendly blessing, vanished from his sight."

Blessed Henry's was a pure heart, empty of himself, he had the simplicity and devotion of a child, together with a man's constancy in virile self-sacrifice for his Beloved, and thus he merited that, like the martyr S. Dorothy, the heavenly gardens themselves should burgeon for him, and that Eternal Wisdom should even on earth admit him to the familiar joys and endearments He prepares for His friends in Paradise. "Why," Our Lord once said to S. Gertrude, praying for a nun who found the Divine Office tedious, "should she complain of having to sing to Me on earth, when I will sing most sweetly to her for ever in heaven?" What wonder that Wisdom should deign, then, to sing sometimes for His devoted Servitor on earth—especially as we are told that great devotion to the Holy Name brings the grace of Spiritual Melody to the mystic soul. "We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother, on Eternity's jubilant shore," sings Faber in his lovely Christmas hymn. And Eternal Wisdom Himself is represented to us in the Sapiential Books as "playing,"—*When He balanced the foundations of the earth: I was with Him forming all things: and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times. Playing in the world. And My delights are to be with the children of men.*

We have seen S. Dominic's exterior life: in Blessed Henry's we have had a glimpse of Dominican interior life—the private life, as we may call it, of the Soul with Eternal Wisdom Whose house has its seven great pillars and Whose board is set with the Bread that is a Victim and the Wine of eternal Life. And that interior life is again a burning and a shining light.

# Irish Saints in July.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

OF the many Irish saints venerated during the month of July none have attained the world-wide celebrity of Columba or Columbanus, though Saint Killian and his two companions, who won the martyrs' crown in Wurzburg on the Maine, are honoured over Franconia, of which district Killian is acknowledged the apostle.

The chief information concerning this saint is derived from the Venerable Bede and from continental sources. He was born in Ireland and embraced monastic life while still young. Trithemius says that he was a monk in Iona, and afterwards governed the famous monastery as abbot. Killian was appointed bishop without any specified diocese prior to setting out for foreign lands. Perhaps the fact that there was constant intercourse between Ireland and the country of the Franks induced the saint and his companions to travel eastwards. At any rate the zealous missionary first rested at the monastery founded by his fellow-countryman, Florentius, who later on became bishop of Strasburg. From the banks of the blue Moselle the saint proceeded to Rome for papal authority to convert the heathens, and this he received from Pope Conon, who had just succeeded to the chair of Peter. The Pontiff, we are told, "gave thanks joyfully," and bestowed on the Irish exile all necessary facilities for his holy work of preaching the faith in Wurzburg. When Killian set out for that city he was accompanied by the priest, Colman, and Totnan, a deacon; both shared the saint's labours, and with him won the palm of the martyrs, and they are honoured on his feast day.

By the time Killian reached the scene of his future labours he had become acquainted with the language of its inhabitants. His eloquence was so great and persuasive that multitudes flocked to the trio for instructions. Many converts were made, and the fame of the saintly bishop at last reached the ears of the occupant of the ducal throne. Gospert was a just and unusually enlightened man, and, when Killian came in answer to his summons, he received him respectfully, and listened attentively to the instructions of the missionary. Nor did the duke accept the new faith till he thoroughly understood it, but then he accepted it heartily and humbly. Many of the nobles followed the example of their master, and became Christians.

But during the period of his instruction Duke Gospert had learned that his marriage with the beautiful and imperious Geliana, the widow of his brother, was illicit, and he at once decided to part from the lady. From the moment Geliana knew of the duke's resolve she determined to be revenged on the bishop. An opportunity soon occurred. Gospert was obliged to go to war with a neighbouring prince, and in his absence the vindictive woman engaged some ruffians to murder the bishop and his two companions.

He and the priest and deacon were engaged in prayer in the middle of the night when the murderers arrived.

But the awful crime was not to be hidden. The duke returned from war, and marvelled greatly at the strange disappearance of the missionaries. "Like thieves they came, like thieves they departed," Geliana said when questioned. One of the murderers went mad, and in his madness confessed his share in the crime, and told where the dead bodies were buried in the stable. The wicked Geliana died a raving lunatic soon after.

Many miraculous cures took place at the graves of the martyrs, and Saint Burchard removed the relics from their first place of honourable burial to the Church of Our Lady, where they were temporarily interred. Later when Burchard had obtained papal sanction for the public veneration of the holy remains they were placed in the new cathedral of the Saviour. Later still they were entombed in a vault of the cathedral erected on the spot where the martyrdom of the trio took place.

Longfellow tells of the legacy left by the troubadour, Vogelweide, to the monks of Saint Killian for the purpose of providing a meal at noon for the birds that collected about the churchyard :

From these feathered songsters  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long.

The New Testament of Saint Killian was preserved in Wurzburg cathedral till 1803, when it passed to the library of the university. The martyrs won their crowns towards the end of the seventh century, and their feast day, the eighth of July, is observed with much solemnity by the Catholics of Wurzburg.

Saint Declan, one of the few pre-Patrician saints of Ireland, is the patron saint of that part of southern Ireland known as Decies. Even at the early period of his birth Christianity had found a foothold in the maritime parts of the island whose people had frequent intercourse with Britain and Gaul. Declan was baptised by a

priest named Colman, and afterwards educated by a holy man who had spent a long period abroad. When his studies ended the young man proceeded to Rome. How long he remained in the Eternal City is not known; at any rate he not only became a priest, but received episcopal dignity from the sovereign Pontiff ere he returned to his native land. Tradition says that on his homeward journey he met Saint Patrick travelling to Rome, and that the meeting between the saints was friendly and affectionate.

Legend tells how Declan and his companions found on the coast of northern Gaul a little barque without sails or crew that bore them safely to Ireland. During the saint's stay in Rome he had obtained—miraculously some say—a small black bell which he gave to the care of a noble Roman youth named Lunanus, whose memory is yet venerated in the Isle of Man. In the hurry of embarkation the bell was left behind on a bit of rock which detached itself from the mainland, and following the small boat passed it and led the way to the south coast of Ireland, where it stayed its course by the cliffs of Ardmore, in what is now County Waterford. "Here," said Declan, "shall I wait the resurrection."

Some of the pagan inhabitants of the district were opposed to the saint and his comrades settling in their midst, but at a touch of Declan's staff the waters of the strait parted, and on a narrow peninsula so formed the saint erected his poor little oratory and cells. The strip of land is yet noted for its extraordinary fertility. Many converts were made by the saint, and men came from far away to listen to the preaching of the zealous missionary.

When at length Saint Patrick arrived to undertake his great work he and Declan again met, and the latter humbly put himself under the spiritual jurisdiction of the new-comer. The monastery and school founded by Declan grew and grew till a busy city sprang up around it. Only in the thirteenth century was the diocese of Declan added to the See of Lismore.

Many miracles are ascribed to the saint. Once Patrick sent a messenger to Declan, and the poor man was drowned in crossing the river Suck. When the saint heard of the catastrophe he hastened towards the stream, and saw the dead man, whose body had been recovered from the water, lying cold and stiff. Declan commanded him in the name of the Holy Trinity to rise, and the dead man sat up and was conveyed to the monastery, where he finally recovered. Soon after the saint passed to his reward, and was interred in his own oratory. His feast occurs on the twenty-fourth of July. The lands of Ardmore and its monastery passed at the time of the Reformation to the famous and unlucky Sir Walter Raleigh.

On the fourth of the month two Irish saints are honoured. One

is Saint Bolcan, a disciple of Saint Patrick, whose remains rest in the monastery he founded at Kilmore; the other bears the common name of Finbar, and is not to be confounded with the more famous saint of that name who was first bishop of Cork.

The Church honours on the fifth day of July Saint Peter, Cardinal-Bishop of Luxemburg, and two Irish virgins. Saint Modwena led a religious life in her own country before she went to England, at the invitation of King Ethelwold in 844. The monarch confided to her care his daughter Editha and founded for Modwena a convent in Warwickshire. Saint Modwena is greatly honoured in Scotland, where she established religious houses at Edinburgh and Stirling. In her old age she retired from the government of the Warwickshire convent, of which Saint Editha became abbess, and prepared for death, living as an anchorite in an island of the river Trent. When the magnificent abbey of Burton-on-Trent was founded in the eleventh century it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Modwena, and the relics of the latter were deposited there from the tiny islet where she had been buried.

Saint Edana is titular saint of a parish in Elphin and of another parish in the diocese of Tuam. Many cures were ascribed to the waters of her well in ancient times.

Saint Moninna of Mount Cullen died on the sixth of the month, on which day her feast is kept. Beyond the fact of her living a lonely and penitential life little is told about her.

The feast of Saint Idus, who was instructed by the national apostle, is observed on the fourteenth of the month. He later ruled a diocese in Leinster, and his name appears in some of the old Irish prayers attributed to Saint Moling.

On the twenty-second of July Saint Dabius is honoured. He laboured as a confessor both in Ireland and Scotland, where a church is dedicated to him at Kippau, in the Highlands. He is titular saint of a parish in Down.

Saint Nissen was baptised by Saint Patrick, and on his ordination was appointed abbot of the monastery of Mountgarret, in Wexford. He is honoured in that district on the twenty-fifth of the month.

Saint Turninus, whose feast is on the seventeenth of July, was one of the Irishmen who accompanied the famous Saint Foillan first to England, and afterwards to the Continent. The scene of his missionary labours was in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, where he died worn out by his apostolic zeal towards the close of the eighth century. His relics were long preserved in a monastery near Liege.

# The Relic of the Holy Blood at Bruges.

C. TOWNLEY.

**A**MONG the deeds of valour recorded in the histories of the Crusades those of Thierry d'Alsace, Count of Flanders, find a prominent place. His bravery and feats of arms were unsurpassed, and so greatly did he distinguish himself that the Patriarch of Jerusalem elected the Count as the recipient of a very special reward.

Thierry, known to be a god-fearing and religious man, was not one to whom gold or worldly honours made much appeal, and his wife, Sibylle of Anjou, was in sympathy with her husband's sentiments.

A precious relic, said to be the Blood of Jesus Christ, preserved since the crucifixion in a phial, was treasured in Jerusalem at that time. It was therefore decided that some of the Holy Blood should be given to the Count of Flanders as a peculiar reward for the worthy part he had taken in the Crusades. The joy of Thierry and Sibylle when the offer of this gift was made them was very great, for nothing else could have been so precious to them.

A magnificent ceremony was held in the patriarchal church in Jerusalem, and at the conclusion the Great Relic was solemnly handed over to Thierry d'Alsace, who set forth with it, under the care of his chaplain, Leonius, Abbot of St. Bertin's at St. Omer, for Flanders.

The Flemings were delighted at the return of their Crusader-Prince, but on hearing of the treasure he brought with him, so unbounded was their joy that the magistrates proclaimed the day of Thierry's arrival a feast day, so that all honour and respect could be rendered to the Holy Relic.

The Counts of Flanders had their hereditary castle and chapel in Bruges, and here the Precious Blood was to be kept, and, so, happy were the citizens in the thought of possessing within their walls such a sacred emblem of their Christian faith.

The Relic was duly placed in the chapel of the Counts of Flanders in Bruges in May, 1149. Thierry enriched the chapel with many gifts, and his successors have followed his example.

In 1301 Guy de Dampierre was the then Count of Flanders, and when the country was on the point of falling under foreign domina-

tion, Guy was made prisoner by Philip le Bel, and kept hostage in Paris. The Brugeois became alarmed, and, fearing for the safety of their Precious Relic, they sent a delegation to King Philip at Ingelminster to beg for the royal permission to keep it within their own walls.

The request was granted, Philip sending a warrant in the following terms :

" Philip, by the grace of God, king of the French, be it known to all : It is our will that the Precious Blood of our Lord, preserved for many years at St. Basil's in Bruges, and piously honoured by a great concourse of the faithful, shall never be removed by us, nor by our Successors, from the aforesaid church to be transported elsewhere in any way whatsoever. Moreover, we solemnly do promise that, should any person endanger the safety of the Precious Blood existing in the aforementioned church, we shall provide the chaplains with all succour, and we confirm the chaplains in the fulness of their rights. In faith of which, fully to express our will, we have attached to the present letter our royal seal.

" Given at Ingelminster in the year 1301."

During times of danger the Relic has on various occasions been removed from its resting place in the chapel (now called the Chapelle du Saint-Sang) and hidden in houses in Bruges. On March 20th, 1578, it was saved by Don Juan Peres de Malvenda from the fury of the hordes of Iconoclasts, and in 1584 the Brugeois were rejoicing at the return of the Precious Relic and publicly venerated it again.

At the end of the 18th century, when the peace of Belgium was disturbed by the French Revolution, the Holy Blood was hidden away once more, but was shown again in 1814, and thus continued to be for another hundred years until, in 1914, with the beginning of the Great War, it was considered wiser to remove the Treasure from the chapel to a private house in the town, and here it was kept until October 1918, when there was again much rejoicing at its return to the chapel and the renewal of its exposition at the special services.

From the memorable year of 1149, onwards, many people came to Bruges to venerate the Holy Blood, amongst them being—Louis, XI., King of France; the Archduke Albert and Archduchess Isabelle, who presented a small shrine to the chapel; Francis I.; Leopold I., who gave a precious stone; Leo XIII., who in the year of his jubilee sent a chalice; Leopold II.; Don Pedro and Don Carlos, Kings of Portugal; and Victor Emanuel, King of Italy.

Innumerable crowds of pilgrims have come to the chapel of the Counts of Flanders, some in supplication, others to give thanks for benefits received.

It is said that when Thierry d'Alsace was given the Relic, the Blood was in a liquid state, but that it gradually solidified, excepting on Fridays, when for a short time it became liquid again. It is referred to thus in a document in the archives of Bruges :—

“Clement, Bishop, Servant of the servants of God, to all the Christians and faithful who will read this letter : Greetings and Apostolic Benediction. Considering that in Bruges, a town in the diocese of Tournay, there is kept a small quantity of Precious Blood collected from the wounds of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and preserved in the church of St. Basil (where, as has been proved by careful examination, the action of Divine Providence has been made manifest by celestial favours and numerous miracles); considering that this same Holy Blood is liquified every Friday from 6 o'clock in the morning till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in such manner that it is seen to be distilled drop by drop and to run in the phial, whilst on the other days of the week the same Blood is no other than a fixed, coalesced and apparently petrified matter; considering that the aforesaid wonder has been duly attested by a great multitude of the faithful who journey towards the sanctuary in their holy and pious zeal; considering that our dear sons, the Burgomaster, Alderman and Communal Councillors of the town of Bruges have already instituted some years ago the solemn procession, in which participate the prelates and the clergy of this town and neighbourhood; that in this procession the Relic of the Precious Blood is carried with solemnity in the midst of universal veneration through the streets of Bruges, so as to attract by the merits of this virtuous act all the heavenly blessings on this town and on the people in general (as we have all been redeemed by the self-same Precious Blood); considering, moreover, that the example of these honourable gentlemen is an inducement for the other faithful to visit the holy place and so to honour the Holy Blood for the sake of their soul's salvation, we grant (. . . indulgences).

“Given at Avignon, on the first day of June, in the fifth year of our Pontificate.”

The seal of the Roman Court is attached to the charter, and represents St. Peter and St. Paul on one side and on the other side is the inscription : “Clement V., P.P.”

The liquefaction of the Blood ceased about the year 1325, only occurring once after that (in 1388), when William, Bishop of Ancona, was putting the phial into the new cylinder, in which it still remains, decorated at both ends with golden crowns and angels.

Amongst the miraculous facts connected with the Holy Relic the following are certified and dated :—

The resurrection of a child who had been dead and buried for three days. 1409 A.D.

The instantaneous healing of a sick person after a piece of linen used to cover the Relic had been laid on the chest. 1614 A.D.

The healing of Petronilla Decroes, of Mechlin, in the act of blessing the shrine. She was paralysed and declared incurable. 1724 A.D.

In the year 1648 the first jubilee was celebrated, it then being the 500th anniversary of the arrival of the Relic at Bruges. A second jubilee was held in 1686, and there have since been others in 1749, 1786, 1850, 1869, and 1900. Besides these jubilees, and the ordinary processions which take place every year on the Monday following the 2nd of May, there have been during the course of the centuries a few special processions organised purposely to obtain the cessation of a public calamity or to celebrate some great event.

The yearly, or Solemn Procession, dates probably from the 12th, and certainly from the 13th, century. The original date of its celebration varied, but in 1894 it was fixed so as to invariably take place in May.

In the descriptions of the order of procedure given in the texts of the fourteenth century the festival was conducted as follows :—

At noon the procession proceeded from St. Donatien and went direct to St. Julien's. Here the magistrate stayed to dinner, while the clergy, with the corporations, made the tour of the "cyngel" between the ramparts, returning to St. Julien, where the magistrate again took his place in the procession to return to the bourg.

The members of all the corporations and guilds took part, with their crosses, banners and candles.

The grand banner of Flanders as well as that of Bruges was also carried in the procession.

Certain alterations were made in 1578, but nothing has been changed since, with the exception that in 1870 the entry was not made by the Rue de la Bride, but the procession returned through la rue Philipstak. In 1908, however, the ancient custom was reverted to. Since 1900 biblical groups have been introduced into the procession, and in the same year the members of the "Noble Confrere" again wore the traditional costume.

Every week, on Fridays and Sundays, the Holy Relic is exhibited at certain services, and those whose faith is fervent are permitted to kiss the phial, which the priest holds, standing, while the stream of worshippers files by.

It is certain that from the days of Thierry d'Alsace to the present, the revered Relic has held a very highly honoured and notable position in the history of Bruges and its people.

# Pearl of Israel.

ETHNA KAVANAGH.

CATULLUS, THE ROMAN SOLDIER, TELLS OF MARY ON CALVARY.

“ A soldier, I, who many wars have seen  
In many lands where Roman eagles fly,  
And many dreadful deeds of blood have viewed;  
But of all sights none ever shook me so  
As did the spectacle of this great Man  
A-hanging on the hard bed which the men  
Of His own nation spread for Him. But not  
Of Him I speak now, though I hold Him in  
My inmost heart as the Chief prize for which  
I strive in life's dread lists; no, 'tis of her,  
His mother, whom I viewed beneath His Cross  
With ever-growing wonder; calm and still,  
As any statue sculptor's hand might cast,  
For grief; an ecstasy of grief too deep  
For tears or groans, her pure white face upcast  
To that Face downward bent, as if she'd draw  
Unto herself that too sore agony.  
So quietly she stood I did not dream  
At first she was His Mother; 'tis not so  
Our Roman matrons bear them in their griefs.  
My heart flew back to my own Tiber's banks,  
To where she mourns my absence, who brought me  
To this grim world. Were I upon this cross  
And she beneath me looking on my face,  
I think I hear the hills resound her cries  
And see her tossing arms and streaming hair,  
And hear her curse great Cæsar on his throne.  
But here was grief made grand by dignity,  
Which kindled in my breast not ruth alone,  
But admiration; and I championed her  
From that same moment, shelt'ring her bowed form  
From the outrageous mob that pressed on her  
As if they'd have her life as well as His,  
And sharing with one gentle Jewish youth  
The grateful task of sharing in her watch.  
And well I was rewarded, for three hours  
Were given to me to look on Mary's grief  
And Christ's heroic anguished conquest o'er  
Sin and the darksome gates of Hell and death.  
O shall she ask in vain for hardest heart,  
For soul sunk in what depths of sin soe'er,  
Who kept that superhuman vigil calm  
And steadfast to the end, though life itself  
Seemed ebbing with each drop of blood that fell  
A-down the sides of the rough cross whereon  
Love Perfect lay slain by the shaft of Love.

*(To be continued.)*

# An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

DOÓAS TAIŌS INSA MAISŌIM MUIRE.

127.

Díbre a Šaetūl bocta léigfeaoṛa eactra  
Cé claoiṛte tṛéit me coir taob na fairise  
I gcioṛaib Déireac as véanaṁ maétnaite  
Ar póimṫ 'r ar élaoncoṛta an tṛaoṣail malluigṫe.

128.

Laiṣeo ar gcéille aṣur méao ar n-amṫir  
I gcomhearcaṫ éactac ran éiteac rpalpaite  
Šan ruim ra éléir éirt ná rṫéir 'n-a n-aiteanta  
Do tuill maṫ céile úinn réala ar noamanta.

129.

An bṫṛdean ro ir léir tam go rcealac rcanalac  
Ṭṫuiṣeantac bṫéasac taotac tapcuirneac  
Šan ruim in éisean ná in éirteact aṫruim.  
'S do éṫort ná géillro, mo léan do meallac iao.

130.

Mo rciṛ mo rṫéacníṫ an tan ṣlaoṫa an t-aingéal ran  
Šuoct lbe ar aoncnoc go véarac veacraṫ  
Šo cruinn beir a tṫéite ar ṣac éaoan tapraingṫe  
As an ṣcloinn rin tṫéigṫear tu a bṫarla ṫarṫair.

131.

A éṫort let céarac go ṫaṫ do ceannuis rinn  
Šeoil ar nṣéarṣlair go véarac carṫannac  
A éṫorṫe na féile leis bṫaon beas beannuigṫe  
Det ṫioṫṫeul naomṫa as raorac ar n-anma.

132.

Ar tṫeacṫ an tṫéimṫreitṫ éactais ṫearṣais  
Šo liomṫa ar n-éirteact beir na rṫéarṫa ar lapac aise  
An taorṫe éraorac ma caorṫaib veaṫṫa  
Tioṫta ir rṫéitṫe uile an tṫaoṣail ar baillieṫ.

133.

Šuirṫim tu a Réitṫeann ṣléigéal ṣeanmnaṫ  
Fé binn do rceite inṫ ṣac baogal dom cearmoin  
Lá an rceimṫe véirṫnais ṣuirt pléir go ṫaingean me  
Ir ar an ṫaoib ṣclé rin ná léis me a banalṫa.

134.

Díom go réanmaṫ as ṣlaoṫac na n-aingéalaṫ  
Ir coirṫe as ṣlaoṫac na naom 'r na n-arpolaṫ  
Ṭár noion ṫár n-aṫaṫeact go nṣlaoṫaṫ rinn eaoṫta  
'n-ar raorṫe réaṫaṫa i réim na ṫṫlaitearaṫ.

## IARSHÓ NA NÉIREANNAÓ.

Fonn: Cairéal Mùhan.

135.

Mo ùeacair ùbhaé ir cearna cùmaé an ùràm reo ar Šaèvil  
 Do ùearca ùrùire ir le rpalraó mionn i mbeapnain ùaògail  
 Ir le taitneam ùlùit do fealbugaó go hàro ra traògal  
 An raémar úto do ùallann pùile càc go claoñ.

136.

Ir ùaimo ùúinn-na ná leanann cùrra asur cáil na naomh  
 A mbeata cùrra a ngairce ùlùmail a ráó 'r a réim  
 A raít a n-ioméar a ùtear a n-ùrpaét 'r a ngaró mar ùréim  
 Do pèaprain pùionnra na bflaítear tùrpaó ra pàir i bpéim.

137.

A šarra úto noé ùleaétar ùnfairt šac trát go tréan  
 I ngairce an mùnlais bpaais bpuétais bàròtis bpéim  
 Caparò lùmpa go chearta ciùin ar šràra an tréim  
 'S ná meallaó tñút rù ir šairto ùúinn an báp i šcém.

138.

Tá pcamail pmúite asur bpaais ùúba, mo éár mo éréim,  
 Ar éallais ùúin na pailmciúin le šáir Té Úéum  
 Ir pava éušann-na pèars éionn ùeít táir 'n-ár méim  
 Mo épeaé as ioméar an pèaca o'iompuis na táinte i bpéim.

139.

An ceangal:

A Úé šil na péile ir a átair na ngar  
 Let naomóit do céaraó, do bpaas cùm báp,  
 A ùenmic do paor rinn ón bpeaca ra pàir  
 Réiròtis na Šaèvil boéta ir learpis san rpár.

\* \* \*

Ni pèaca éantagairt ar na pàipèapais Šaèvilge reo agaimm um  
 báp ùuine de rna Šaèvilgeóirib ir pèapir oá raib aca le pava in  
 Alban, .i. an tátair Miceál Cambéal, de Cùmann Iopa. i  
 nŠaèvaltaét na hAlban do iugaó é, tuairum na bliadhna 1851. Do  
 éus ré an teanga Šaèvilge leir ó šlúin a mátar, asur ir leir an  
 nŠaèvilge do tógaó é. Ugar mar do b'earó é inpa teangaim rin  
 asur ir mó cùrra cpáibe do mar ré amearc Šaèval ar puato na  
 hAlban asur i Nòba Scotia mar a bfuil an Šaèvilge go beóba fóp.  
 Nuair a bí an pèapir mar ro i puétais báp, san aítne san uplabra,  
 do éus ré a n-ùrpaó leir ra Šaèvilge asur do pinn comairtai oá  
 péir, nuair nár éus ré Saxbèapla in éanóir. Nil éanagó ná go  
 mbionn ócáirí ven tróit ran ann, mar do tápla a leitéir annro i  
 mbaitle áé Cliaé cùpla bliadhna ó foin do mnaoi mar ó éonrae  
 Copeaige. Tá pùil agam go bfuil pèapir go leóir aca in Alban

cúim rasoctair do déanamh inna hoileánais ina bfuil an Saeóhúis fós a5 an bpobal. Nac i gcomhghairm na bliathna ro, mairi le céadtaib, do rugaó Colm Cille, naomh ip móir aca tál? Cualamair go rabhadar ar aighe lá móir do beic aca in í Colm Cille an bádta ro.

\* \* \*

Agur ó'r a5 tagairt d'álbain é, éim go bfuil an t-áitair pádrais bheathac, C.M., fear na leabair ciúil, tar éir ceart a baint amac do Seóire Mac Ragnaill ó condae Liautoroma, i gcúirai an aithrian úo an Oibhiteac ó Éirinn. Ip minic do pléirdeac an péal pan, acé ceapaim go bfuil pé pléirde rocrui5te fearoa i b'ádhair an Éireannaig, ionnar nac fúlair nó leagfar ar láir ar ro amac ainm Tomair Caimbéal mar u5dar ar an aithe rin. An tionntóó ip fearu d'á nbeathac ar an aithrian pan i nSaeóhúis ipé an ceann é ná iarracé Seán Uí Coileáin: tá ciot ip deallpam ái gcuro filirdeacéa féim ar na b'airai a5 Seán, puo ná fuit a5 éinne eile díob ro a tús féin obair do déanamh, mar file ceart criochnuighe do b'eató Seán.

\* \* \*

Seo puo aic i tsaob b'airai Seán um mairitir Tige Molaga: an t-áitair Ma5gáimín Ó hAigáin, tagairt parróirte na bliáinan, do b'é do cúir an péal i Saxb'airla i gcomhair an file; do rinn Seán i b'píreacé é: agur anpan do cúir an Mangánac i pannaib b'airla é, mar tionntóó! Deir daoine go páruigean pé iarracé Srae, acé má páruigean . . . !

\* \* \*

## XV.

### SUIM TIGERNAIS MEIC NA MARA.

a5 ro do ruim Tia5arnair Meic na Mara .i. Mac Conmeoa Mac Meic Con Meic Loéluinn Mac Conmeoa Moir, do peir fia5nair maor Muintipe Rodain agur Mapargáil na tije, do peir uagacéa a natár acur a peanatar, ar a Tuat mor: acur ipat ro na maor rin .i. plioct an maor puat .i. Pilib Ó Rodain acur Concubair Ó Rodain.

a5 ro an céo curo de rin .i. ceitje huinge deas a5 Mac Conmair anpa Raé acur a5 a Feomannacaib ann eagmar amantuir; acur uinge loir a 5án mbaintia5arnain pan c'luaimhinnró an eagmar amantuir Tiarina; acur tji huingi pan mbliagáin do éior baintiarnain a cCeatrúma Dloir na cceall acur Baile Uí Ceitiocair a neagmar, 7c; acur tji huinge dec de éior baintiarnain a cCeatrúma an Dúir do éior baintiarnain a neagmar 7c; ceitje huinge deas a leatbaile oirtearacé Tainnuighe do éior baintiarnain a neagmar 7c; leatmaric a mbaitle uí Reubacáin; acur ceitje huinge deas do éior Tiarina a mbaitle na cCoilean a neagmar 7c; ceitje huinge deas ra bliagáin a leatbaile uí Slacra a neagmar amantuir; acur 14 huinge a leatbaile uí Maolín a neagmar 7c; 14 huinge pan bliagáin o'fíacá Tiarina a leatbaile Ropa Carrúighe a neagmar 7c; 14 huinge a cCeatrúma Sleanna Dmí acur 14 huinge do éior Tiarina pan b'fearan beag; 14 huinge a cCeatrúma Liopa Míodáin acur a cCeatrúma na cCraobac; acur a cCeatrúma Baile Uirain a neagmar amantuir; 14 huinge ra mbliadain a leatbaile uí Dúarta; 14 huinge a leatbaile leara Coillein; 14 huinge a cuig leatceatrúmnais uí Dloir; 14

huinge a leatbáile an Ropa ruad; acur ta for biað aige a bfeairinn raora na tuaithe rin; 14 huinge as Mac Conmara a cCeathurua Tamnuige bige.

As ro oo Tiarnar mec na Mara a tTuat na haimann .i. 14 huinge ran cCeapad; 14 huinge a mBaile ui Feargoile; ceithe huinge [léas] a mBaile ui Naomain; 14 huinge a mBaile ui Oipín, acur biað uair ra mbliagáin a bfeairinn raora na tuaithe rin. As ro na maoin oo toigbat an cior ran .i. rluoet Maegáirna Finn ui Rodain.

[A fuiglae ran le teact.]

\* \* \*

Mi gába éandairt eile úioð oo joinnt, aet an ceann ran, mar tá an cur eile go léir gairu. Nuair beir deire agam leó tá beartuighe agam joinnt gearrarcéalta oo cur fi élo annro ó mí go mí, leatanae nó úó gac iarraet; reéalta gearra ón bfeairngcúir nó ón Spáinnir.

FIACRA ÉILGEAC.



## Books and Books.

### Some Priests in Modern Fiction.

J. JOHN.

THE priest has ever had his share as a character in literature and in that class of popular writing which we term fiction, even though it be of high literary standing. And since writers of very different calibre have tried their hands at drawing him, the results have been widely different, ranging from the study drawn with knowledge, sympathy, insight and a sense of proportion to the wildest caricature from the pen of a prejudiced and unobservant person. In the case of the latter the priest is never himself; he remains a grotesque figure of misrepresentation. The word *modern* has been here used, not in relation to the "modern school" of writers, but for the purpose of cutting down the subject to moderate dimensions.

Where it is a case of priests writing of their brethren we may expect to find that accuracy of description which comes from understanding. The priest is then, not a phantom in clerical habiliments stalking across the stage and behaving melodramatically, but a creature of flesh and blood who has his weaknesses, his whims and fancies. How, otherwise, were it possible to make contact with him; how else should he arouse our interest and affection? The priests in fiction vary as humanity varies, and we are entitled to a predilection.

It is long since *My New Curate*, perhaps Canon Sheehan's most famous novel, was first published—1913 saw it enter its 21st edition—yet to re-read it again to-day is a renewal of intense pleasure. We are again moved by the humanity of "Daddy Dan," as he is affectionately called by his flock. We find him in the opening chapters parting company with Father Tom, his friend and curate, "who had the same tastes and habits, was easy, contented, conservative, with a cordial dislike of innovations of any kind."

Father Dan awaits with profound misgivings the arrival of the new curate. Hannah, the old housekeeper, brings in a visiting card.

"I took it while I asked, 'Who is it?'"

"I don't know, your reverence."

"Is it a priest?"

"No, but I think he's a gentleman," she whispered; "he talks like the people up at the great house."

"'Tis the new curate," I said. Thereupon Father Dan goes out to welcome him, and although it was too dark to see the young priest, the old man was able to form his judgment from the way the curate spoke.

"He bit off his words as riflemen bite their cartridges; he chiselled every consonant and gave full free scope to every vowel. An accent of precision and determination and formalism that struck like a knell clear and piercing on my heart."

Later he sees his new curate, "tall, square-shouldered, not a bit stout, but clean cut from head to spur, large, blue-black, luminous eyes." We learn of the drastic changes made, with how much tact, by the new curate, *inter alia*, the polishing of the sacristy floor, "so that Daddy Dan slid along, and but for the wall would probably have left a vacancy at Kilronan." Yet in the end old age and youth come to understand each other, and a deep affection grows up between the two men. But we must not linger over this charming story of Irish life.

In the novels of Mgr. Benson, priests are often the leading characters, and in one book at least, *Come Rack, Come Rope*, the priest is made the hero. It will not be out of place to recall here the description of Robin Audrey before he received the call from God when, as a young man, he rode to meet Marjorie Manners.

"He wore great gauntlets on his hands; he was in his habit of green. He had his steel-buckled leather belt upon him, beneath his cloak and a pair of daggers in it, with his long sword looped up. He had his felt hat on his head, buckled again and decked with half a pheasant's tail. He had his long boots of undressed leather that rose above his knees, and on his left wrist sat his grim falcon Agnes

hooded and belled." It was this same young man who was later on to die for the Faith at Tyburn.

In the *Necromancers*, the same author presents us with a wholly different type, Father Mahon, "a fine solid figure of a man in rather baggy trousers, short coat and expansive waistcoat with every button doing its duty." And in *The Sentimentalists* with yet another Father Yolland, "who was neither blue-chinned and gross, nor spare and furtive eyed; on the contrary, he had a clean-looking, freckled face, blue eyes, stiff, sandy hair, a snub nose and an appearance of honesty. He resembled (said his friends) an intelligent Irish terrier."

In *The Coward* we meet the priest who was a great musician and, what is more, a deep student of character. And yet again with the old priest in *The Light Invisible*. Turning to secular authors, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has made a priest give the title to two of his books, we allude to *The Wisdom of Father Brown* and *The Innocence of Father Brown*. We decline to accept the view that these books are nothing more than "a brilliant piece of fooling." We believe that Mr. Chesterton had a very definite object in view in making Father Brown "a very commonplace and rather comic person." For although he was "a shapeless little figure who seemed to find his own hat and umbrella as unmanageable as a mass of luggage," he was more than a match for "atheists, with a depressing fixity of outlook, but great mobility of exposition."

Father Brown, in fact, is always able to explain the inexplicable and to confute the theories of eminent criminologists and specialists, and at times he is not without eloquence, as, for example, when addressing the Duke in the story of the *Purple Wig*, he says:—"I know the unknown God; I know his name is Satan. The true God was made flesh and dwelt among us. And I say to you: whenever you find men ruled merely by mystery it is the mystery of iniquity. If the devil tells you something is too fearful to look at, look at it. If he says something too terrible to hear, hear it. If you think some truth unbearable, bear it."

We have followed no particular sequence in dealing with this subject, and turn now to note with what delicacy and charm Henry Harland has drawn Cardinal Udeschini in *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, a book which has lost nothing of its first popularity, although to-day it is no longer young. "He was an oldish priest, sixty, sixty-five, small, lightly built, lean-faced, with delicate, strong features, humorous grey eyes. He was fond of music; he was also fond of snuff."

We learn also that the title which his Eminence cared for most of all was "The little uncle of the Poor," conferred upon him by the

contadini of his Diocese. Albeit a priest of the Church he was fond of a jest. "The Sacred College," I heard him remark one day, "has fifty centres of gravity; I sometimes fear that I am its centre of levity."

Everyone who has read *The Greatest Wish in the World* (who is there who has not) will call to mind the little chapel of Corpus Christi in Maiden Lane and Father O'Leary, a vigorous and cheery optimist, who says: "I have never seen a man yet who did his best when he was groaning the heart out of him with misery. I did not."

Among French authors we observe that *L'Abbé Constantin* has reached its 176th edition some time since. It has been translated into almost every living tongue, so that we may suppose the author had no reason to regret the day he forsook play-writing to devote himself to prose. We confess, however, to a strong preference for *Le Petit Chose*. Alphonse Daudet has drawn with inimitable skill *L'Abbé Germaine*. This priest was, it may be remembered, Professor of Philosophy at the school in which *Le Petit Chose* was employed as a monitor. Here is Daudet's description of him:—"Il passait pour un original, et dans le collège, tout le monde le craignait; il parlait peu d'une voix brève et cassante, marchait à grands pas, la tête en arrière, la soutane relevée—faisant sonner—comme un dragon—les talons de ses souliers à boucles." The author also tells us that he was badly marked with the smallpox, and that there was "pas un coin du visage qui ne fût haché sabré, couturé—un Mirabeau en soutane."

We learn also with sympathy that he was an immense smoker of clay pipes. "Aux grandes souffrances de la vie, Je ne connais que trois remèdes, le travail, la prière et la pipe de terre très courte."

Who could forget the dramatic scene in which *L'Abbé Germaine* saves the lad from the dreadful sin of suicide, and how he greets him with the mocking words: "Eh voila une idée de faire du trapeze à cette heure?" And when the lad claims that the priest has no right to interfere—"Un éclair de colere passe dans les yeux du prêtre. Ah! C'est comme cela dit-il." And snatching up the lad he carries him "comme un paquet" to his room.

Here with regret we must leave the subject, conscious that we have merely touched upon the fringe. No more is claimed than the attempt to bring into contrast the priests as pictured in the books under review. Standardisation would seem to be the passion of the day, but it would be a monotonous world indeed if priests were of the same height and weight and possessed the same temperaments and characteristics. But whilst we may appreciate the differences in externals, we know that there is beneath a unity of purpose, and that each possesses the divine machinery for carrying that purpose into effect.

*The Paradise of the Soul.* By Blessed Albert the Great, O.P. Edited by Fr. Raymund Devas, O.P. 3s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

This "Treatise on the Virtues suitable for use in Mental Prayer," as it is styled, will be welcome to many. Blessed Albert was, as is well known, the master of a yet more illustrious man than himself, the great St. Thomas of Aquin, and this beautiful little treatise "translated out of Latin into English by N. N., printed for William Brooks, 1682," has been carefully compared with the latest Latin text by the learned and devout Editor, Father Devas, a few corrections have been made and a little of the language modernised for the sake of intelligibility, "but for the rest left the book just as he found it, a little gem in quaint but by no means unsuitable language." The seventeenth century Translator's preface is left, and is delightful; and in the forty-two short chapters the virtues (together with the signs of their counterfeits, or that false virtue with which the devil deludes so many) which are treated of include the Love of God, of our Neighbour, Humility, Obedience to God, to Superiors, Patience, Abstinence, Fortitude, Temperance, Concord, Constancy, Meekness, Joy, Gratitude, Simplicity, Contemplation, Discretion, Confession, Truth, Liberality, the Theological Virtues, Religion and Silence, so that it will be seen that there is a very great deal of solid instruction and clear presentation of subjects often only vaguely understood, and sometimes quite misunderstood. Of Compassion our holy author tells us, "There is a double profit in compassion which ought to allure us thereunto—to wit, a strengthening of charity and a reigning together with Christ. Of the first it is said in Ecclesiasticus: 'Be not wanting in comforting them that weep, and walk with them that mourn. Be not slow to visit the sick, for by these things thou shalt be confirmed in love.'" And on Congratulation he writes, "The exceeding great profit of congratulation ought to induce us thereunto. For whatsoever perfection, goodness and beatitude the Omnipotent God has naturally in Himself, whatsoever glory the angels and saints have in heaven, whatsoever grace and virtue there is in the Church, and the faithful have, all this by congratulation is made proper to each one." A lovely and valuable book.

E. S.

*The Handbook for Servers at Low Mass.* By Mgr. G. M. Menghini, Pontifical Master of Ceremonies. Translated by Rev. H. F. Hall, Diocesan Master of

Ceremonies, Westminster. Wrapper 9d. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

This manual contains "complete directions for serving Mass under various circumstances," and the three chapters, *Before the Mass, During the Mass, of Certain Variations during a Low Mass*, are prefaced by fourteen or fifteen brief remarks, practical and very much to the point. It is to be hoped that this little work will achieve a wide popularity, for the rubrics are given in detail and cover much ground. For instance, instructions are given for a Conventional Low Mass, a Parochial Low Mass, Nuptial Low Mass, Low Mass before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, Low Mass celebrated by a Cardinal, Bishop or other prelate (this includes the offices of the first and second Chaplains also), Mass in presence of the Bishop, Mass for the Dead, Communion at Low Mass, and Directions for certain seasons.

E. S.

*Glimpses of the Passion.* By Richard Lytton Greaves. 1s. 3d. net, wrapper; cloth 2s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Here we have eighteen poems, for the most part, very brief, on the love and sufferings of Christ. The author has given us a booklet of much beauty and of touching heart. Father McMullen's Foreword observes, "Thoughts that are really thoughts—and not exuberant sentiments of doubtful orthodoxy—welling up sweetly and naturally from a heart full of tenderness and devotion, here find expression in melodious verse of simple diction. St. Alphonsus, I think, would have given it an especially hearty welcome." Let us quote a few lines as specimen blooms from this Passion bouquet culled by one who has already prepared his lips by singing *Laus Mariæ*. The subject is our Lord's thirst:

"The Angel of the Waters looked and longed.  
Not his it was, to slake that burning  
Thirst;  
The Thirst for that which only man can  
give;  
The Agony revealed that man might gain  
The blessing promised unto whoso gives  
A cup of water to His little ones.  
Unquenched, unstilled, the fiery anguish  
lasts,  
Though all those hours there leaped among  
the hills  
From stone to stone, among the ferns and  
moss,  
The rushing, rippling, sparkling, crystal  
wave."

E. S.

# To Banba.

EMILY HICKEY.

Is it in dream or in vision  
We see you stand,  
The glory of day around you,  
And in your hand  
The flag that shall bear no shaming,  
O Motherland?

No suppliant, you, our Banba,  
Pallid and cowed;  
Pressed down by woes and terrors,  
In shameful crowd;  
But erect, with holy freedom  
By God endowed.

Day for you now, O Banba,  
Whose night was long;  
A night of awe and trouble,  
Of woe and wrong;  
A night of deep clouds veiling  
The stars' high throng.

You have trodden the way of sorrows  
At stranger's nod;  
Ay, you have knelt in your anguish  
Low on the sod.—  
But your heart was ever and only  
Bowed to your God.

O star-like eyes, no longer  
With tears bedimmed!  
O heart your sons have circled,  
Your poets hymned!  
O glorious-souled, our Mother,  
As glorious-limbed!

Mother, the children have loved you,  
In passion true;  
Have struck amain for your freedom;  
Have given you too  
The gift than which none is greater,  
Dying for you.

No need to ask of the watchman  
If night be past;  
The glory of day o'ershineth  
All shades at last;  
The sun to his mid-day splendour  
Is riding fast.

Dear, is't in dream or in vision  
The children see  
The freedom, the joy, the glory,  
They will to be?  
Or in radiance of truth, O Mother,  
And verity?



CLONMACNOISE.

Photo by Geoghan, Dublin.

# Topics of the Month.

## THE OLIVER PLUNKET RELIC.

### I. HISTORY OF THE HEAD.

THE greatest Catholic event of the year in Ireland was the translation of the relic of Blessed Oliver Plunket from the Dominican Convent at Drogheda to the Plunket Church. The relic itself is one of the most remarkable in existence. Torturers and executioners did what was in their power to destroy the intellectual organiser of the Catholic revival that began in Ireland at a moment when the nation's Faith seemed on the point of being overthrown. To-day the torturers and executioners are scattered in dust, but the head of the martyr beholds the triumph of the cause which his wisdom rescued.

After the martyrdom, Oliver Plunket's body was cut down and disembowelled. The heart and other organs—such is the ferocity of persecutors in every age—were cast into the fire. The head was cut off. The arms were broken. The trunk was cut in quarters which four horses dragged asunder.

The history of the head is complete and incontestable. It was obtained by John Ridley, a surgeon, and a lady named Elizabeth Sheldon. When less violent years arrived Father Corker, who was imprisoned for the Faith, was granted freedom. And to him the head was given by those who had so reverently kept it. He had it enshrined in an ebony case

with silver mountings, and took it with him to Rome.

In the year 1714 the head was brought to Ireland. Dr. Hugh McMahon, the martyr's second successor in the Primacy, carried it hither from Rome and commended it to the care of the nuns at the Sienna Convent, Drogheda, of which Mother Catherine Plunket, grandniece of Oliver, was then in charge. There it remained, covered by the simple ebony in which Father Corker first enclosed it. On the 29th of June last it was borne with ceremonial pomp to the Church which bears the great Archbishop's name and enshrined in a reliquary of noble workmanship, studded with precious stones.

### II. THE PLUNKET MIRACLES.

Well-attested miracles were wrought by the remains of Blessed Oliver. Authentic portions of his remains were objects of veneration at different places. An arm bone was preserved at the Franciscan Convent at Taunton, where sickly children were made strong by its touch. Cases of goitre were also cured miraculously. In Paris the martyr's left arm attracted Catholic devotion, and fifteen years after his death it was observed that "the flesh, skin, hand, fingers, and nails were all as perfect and fresh as though still living."

Archbishop McMahon, writing in 1728, bore witness to other supernatural evidences. "The memory is quite fresh"—he said—"of those

things which the most illustrious Oliver performed after his glorious martyrdom, resplendent with such wonders and miracles that his head and members, having been carried into different lands, remain whole and incorrupt, and breathe forth a fragrant odour."

### III. SYMBOLS OF HOPE.

Oliver Plunket, coming to Ireland to be its Primate, beheld a stricken country. The Irish Hierarchy was all but extinct. Anti-Catholic persecution was in the high tide of its rigour. He himself passed through the country under assumed names—ordaining priests, confirming thousands of laity, organising schools, and consecrating chapels. The Government had its vast machinery of oppression. This man steadily,

patiently founded a network of Catholic activity—secret but virile—that was to wear that machinery out. The persecutors caught him in the end. They dragged him to Tyburn and they killed him there. But he had lighted a torch which can never be extinguished.

Very opportunely the mind of Ireland is being directed towards the patriot martyr at this juncture. His Beatification and the honours paid to his holy head are symbols that prove the futility of un-Christian violence. Reflecting on them, the Irish people realise that oppression cannot thrive. They see in his spiritual victory an earnest that injustice shall not prevail against them. And they will hasten the coming peace by the invocation of his potent aid.

## A HOLIDAY RESOURCE.

### I. THE IMPROMPTU.

THE summer holidays give the mind a chance to play if not to soar. One couldn't be studious on days like these. Even the literary bent must be turned to the purpose of amusement or put aside altogether. When the world had fewer interests to occupy it men whiled away an hour in making smart rhymes. From want of time to practise the art the present generation probably lacks the facility. Yet among our younger stock there must be many with the skill and capacity to rattle off impromptus. These lines, for instance, were suddenly spoken by a man listening to a barrel-organ :

'Tis only poor street music, yet  
How sweet it is to me!  
It seems to fill my inmost soul  
With tender melody.  
It brings back vanished memories  
Of golden—oh, I say,  
Here comes the fellow with the nat!  
Let's look the other way.

It is rather hard to do such things on the spur of the moment. The Frenchman was right. "There is nothing so unready as the readiness of wit." But we must not be deterred. There are plenty of examples, genuine and spurious, to encourage us. Abraham Lincoln, in his address to Congress during the Civil War, lapsed into unconscious poetry. He said :—

"Earnestly we hope,  
Fervently do we pray,  
That this cruel scourge of war  
Will speedily pass away;  
But if it should be God's will  
That it continue still——"

and then he talked prose, not knowing that for some seconds he was a poet. A more remarkable illustration was that of Whewell the mathematician. Lecturing to a class he delivered this excellent quatrain though he had not the least intention of making a verse :

There is no force, however great,  
Can stretch a cord, however fine,  
Into a horizontal line  
That will be accurately straight.

These are genuine cases. A spurious impromptu is the one ascribed to Queen Elizabeth. She is said to have uttered it in answer to a question as to whether she believed in the Real Presence. But her unspiritual mind could not have framed that beautiful reply :

Christ was the Word that spake it;  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what that Word did make it,  
That I believe and take it.

## II. THE DOCTOR.

Lord Chesterfield, one of Ireland's many Lord Lieutenants, sometimes rhymed a quick idea fairly well. When he saw Beau Nash's full-length portrait flanked to right and left by the busts of Newton and Pope, he exclaimed—

The picture placed the busts between  
Adds to the thought much  
strength :  
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly's at full length.

The greatest master of impromptu that the English language can boast was undoubtedly Dr. Johnson. He had that exquisite moral strain which is grave as well as gay. He rhymed a lesson of life as he looked at the skaters :

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,  
With nimble glide the skaters  
play ;  
O'er Pleasure's no less treacherous  
ground  
Thus lightly skim and haste away.

Then there were the sage and vigorous lines that he coined without a moment's hesitation when Mrs. Thrale, just recovered from an illness, told him she was thirty-five. Her actual remark was : " Nobody sends me any verses now because I am thirty-five years old." Without the slightest preparation Johnson turned towards her and burst into poetry :

Oft in danger, yet alive,  
We are come to thirty-five ;  
Long may better years arrive,  
Better years than thirty-five.  
Could philosophers contrive  
Life to stop at thirty-five,  
Time his hours would never drive  
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.  
Lady, stock and tend your hive,  
Trifle not at thirty-five—  
For howe'er we boast and strive,  
Life declines from thirty-five.

And he continued the severe but stately exhortation several lines further. Excellent as his spoken impromptus were, those he wrote were still more so. The lines which, without a pause, he scribbled into Goldsmith's " Traveller " are not the least valuable portion of that agreeable classic.

How small of all that human hearts  
endure  
The part that kings or laws can  
cause or cure !  
Still to ourselves in every place con-  
signed,  
Our own felicity we make or find.

This, at any rate, requires no further proof—the impromptu is possible. Our predecessors produced it pretty freely. Sometimes they did it in competition with each other, and sometimes as a solitary exercise. If other resources fail us, we might do worse than try it as an August holiday diversion.

## A WAGES WAR THIS AUTUMN?

### I. RELIGION AND ECONOMICS.

EVERYTHING indicates that before autumn is over we shall be faced again with the question of Labour's recompense. The Press for weeks past has contained inspired statements in the cause of living. Chairmen of companies, in holding out the hope of improved dividends to their shareholders, have more than hinted that cheaper labour is the source from which to seek that benefit. Labour must be content with less so that Capital may absorb more. The IRISH ROSARY has already foreshadowed the likelihood of a strong attempt to enforce this policy to whatever limit it can be carried, as well as the frightful danger to which it will expose, not alone the hand-to-mouth earners and the unprotected poor, but the whole social fabric.

The modern commercial system has created great blocks of finance. These own and control production. The small proprietor, unable to compete with them, tends more and more to disappear. That vast network of capital is in the hands of a comparative few. To a greater extent, as each year passes, the capitalistic few are bringing the rest of the population under their sway as employees and dependents. The few are the dispensers of livelihoods, the arbiters of life. And with no rule to actuate them but their own aggrandisement, their dominion over the bulk of humanity is a thing to be feared and combated.

Hitherto any attempt to set forth these facts was immediately met with the stale cry—"Socialism." In some quarters it seemed to be accepted that Christianity should defend abuses simply because socialists had attacked them. The public

mind is clearer now. If it is the duty of religion to resist the injurious theories of socialism, still more urgently is it bound to oppose and condemn the dictatorship of organised Money, which asserts the right to enslave the people and to starve them at will.

The most prominent statesman of England, now the spokesman of the Capitalist class, lately invented the doctrine that economic and political matters did not come within the religious sphere. But Catholics have had a very different assurance from the lips of Pope Pius the Tenth, who said—

"Questions regarding the conditions and hours of labour are not of an exclusively economic character. They are moral problems in their very essence, and can be settled only by having recourse to the fundamental principles of justice and charity."

### II. ORGANISE!

Nor should it be imagined that Catholic thought is not devoting itself to the matter. The recent address of Father McMenamin to the American Federation of Labour has boldly outlined the issues without the least vagueness. The speaker knew what he was talking about, for in his boyhood he had worked in the mines. "There is no excuse," said Father McMenamin, "for an economic system which in a land of plenty produces millions of starving men, women, and children, while the few increase their wallets by tens and hundreds of thousands annually. Too long have we been preaching the doctrine of resignation of labour. Too long have we been pointing to a home beyond the skies where poverty and privation will cease and justice be meted out to all. How ironical

the solicitude that held out death as the only means to right the wrongs of the poor!"

The clerical publicist did not stop at an indignant description of conditions that are familiar to every observant eye. He mentioned the remedy. The remedy is Organised Labour. Capital has ceased to remain in separate units. It has long since become collective in the hands of formidable companies, trusts, and monopolies. Labour, to have any power, must be collective too. Collective bargaining is the first means of checking evils against which the workers are individually helpless. Candidly facing every fact the speaker remarked:

"I will be told that I am violating the fundamental principle of the right of the individual to join or not to join a union as he thinks fit. I answer that there are many personal rights and privileges that you and I are forced to give up because of higher rights and higher privileges demanded by the public good. And the union, some of us believe, is one of the latter."

## THOSE SAPIENT REMARKS.

I ONCE listened to a man from Munster who, chiefly, I dare say, because he had been somewhat of a success in his own occupation, felt called to speak with authority on most things under the sun—and a few beyond it. At the moment he stood watching a little crowd of people as they filed out from a week-day Mass. And he had nothing save adverse criticism for their dress and manners. He thought the women would be much better employed in cleaning up their houses—the men should be looking for work, as they obviously hadn't got any, followed by a good deal more twaddle.

I happened to know that one of

The Church in France is no less energetic in handling the question, as witness the Social Week which Catholics under the leadership of Bishops and Priests have inaugurated. Already French Catholics have their Social League of Buyers, which aims at bringing the boycott weapon to bear, where necessary, on firms and industries that outrage Christian justice in their rapacity for profits.

To make the worker not merely a wage-receiver, but a participant in the profits, is a step that nearly all economic thinkers are beginning to recognise as necessary. Besides being a just measure, it is the surest means of giving masters and men that identity of interests which is essential if continual conflicts are to be avoided. It looks as if that reform will not be quickly realised. Meanwhile the great safeguard for the working masses is organisation. The unions can drag concessions from capital, just as they can force legislators to pass laws rendering the conditions of work more tolerable, sanitary, and humane.

the few men in the congregation was in an employment which terminated at 7 a.m. each morning. I was told the foolish man should be sleeping then—getting fit for his next night's work! "Still, I felt fairly safe in hazarding the opinion that practically every woman in the little throng had tidied up her abode before setting out for Mass, that the homes of these who can spend half an hour in church in the morning are at least as well-kept as are those of their neighbours who cannot afford the time. "Busy," says someone, "not as the bee but as the busybody."

Yesterday I felt really sorry for

the smug mortal who carped at the garb of the poor as they left the church. For the first time, I think, I realised the full significance of the comfort which poverty derives from the practice of religion. In a church standing in the poor quarter of a city was a little, devout assembly. Without exception they were needy folk—slipping quietly in from the summer blare to the holy calm of the sanctuary. The world's buffetings were forgotten in prayer; a look of supreme hope was on the faces as they were turned towards the door—

## AND THOSE

I QUOTE from a typewritten letter which lies before me: "It was our intention to shoot . . . at once, but when we tried to get nitro we found it impossible to get delivery of same, and also were unable to secure a man to take charge of the shooting operations. . . . However, since putting that notice in the papers, we have been successful in obtaining the nitro, and also a man with experience in shooting . . . decided it best to rescind the former notice and advise that we were now going to shoot. . . . The shooting operation should be made in about three weeks. . . . We have every confidence that the shooting of this . . . will give us . . ."

The horned length of those cows in Kerry is only equalled by the depth of oil in Canadian wells! For the quotation is from a circular from the President of a Canadian Company formed to extract oil from the "rich seams" round Toronto! The victim of the threatened shooting was to have been—a well! The victims—I mean the shareholders—of the company get periodical circulars telling of the experts who say they never saw anything like these particular oil wells (I can quite believe that), of pumps that appear to be

a look that one never sees on a face in the crowd.

With that picture in mind, I am trying to puzzle out the answer to this query: Why are so many people in city churches so anxious to get away just before Mass is finished? They are usually young people, so home ties can hardly call them so insistently. And the explanation scarcely is the necessity of being at a certain place by a specified time—for if there is a quarter-hour sermon they can wait and leave at just the same stage of the ceremony.

## OIL WELLS.

throwing gaseous vapours, of drilling companies ready to rush operations as soon as the rain stops, or something like that, of very experienced oil men who think that strong vacuum pumps would bring in production without the necessity of shooting! Instead of dividends, they get stories of unsuspected and inexplicable rock-masses that hinder drilling operations, of machinery that sinks into the oil-sodden bowels of the earth, of experts who have been deceived as they never have been deceived in their prophecies before, of the things that can be done if only more capital is forthcoming!

And more than one of these circulars have come to Irish addresses, to folk who are now realising that the promoters of Irish industries do not find it necessary to send specious advices, telling of vague hopes and still more vague fears, to their financial backers. Neither do they announce the purchase of necessary tools, or the failure to lift a pump out of a grease-filled hole!

One recipient of the series of circulars is busy on a new poem—a sort of lament having for title, "Deep in Canadian Oils," and light in money pocket!

There are some things that they do

better in America. Recently a New York Court condemned as "obscene" a book that is selling "very freely" in England. A book vouched for by the Dean of St. Paul's, and blessed by the Shaw who is G. B. S. and the Wells who

chronicles the history of the world's decades as glibly as he narrates the happenings of the centuries to come. I'm sure Mr. George B. Shaw will administer that New York Court one of the stage curate's "good, hard knocks!"

## THE JEWS AND THE FORD CAR.

OTHER things have been happening in the U.S.A. Mr. Henry Ford owns a paper—the *Dearborn Independent*—which adopts a pronounced anti-Semitic policy. (Journalism and Fordson go together, for quite a breezy little weekly is issued to the workers at the Ford factory in Cork.) But the Jews of U.S.A. do not take things lying down—so they've started a scheme of reprisals. In honour of Professor Einstein's visit to Hartford, the American version of a torchlight procession—a "grand motor-parade"—was arranged. And Jewish influence was sufficiently strong to secure the carrying out of the edict that no Ford cars were to be allowed in the procession. At Milwaukee no Fords are allowed in the Jewish cemetery: "A Ford car in the funeral procession will be considered a mark of disrespect to the dead." Indeed, so deep is Mr. Ford in the big, black books of transatlantic Jewry that New York's latest definition of an optimist runs: "A man who applies for Ford agency in Palestine."

We learn that the Ford is being

hit rather hard by this policy. That would-be humourist may retort that it takes a very hard hit to hurt a Ford, but it seems that even the Ford has a belt marking the line below which it is vulnerable. Knowing that he had placed on the market a hard-wearing car, selling, because of mass-production, at a price which no rival could compete with, Mr. Ford wisely took all the jibes hurled at his products as so much real advertisement free of charge. *Punch's* comment on the statement that one in every nine persons in U.S.A. owns a motor-car—"but in America they counts Ford's"—the hoary story of the squirrel, the two motor-cars and the Ford yarn, the tale of the brand new car supplied instead of the battered zinc shed which was packed up and delivered at the Ford works by mistake, these and many others helped to impress the public with the knowledge that the Ford was good value for small money. They made one-half of the car's reputation. But the American Jews are really injuring Mr. Ford's business—for in their anger with his organ they have taken his car seriously.

## THE PUBLIC AND NEWSPAPER CIRCULATIONS.

"THE public," says a literary critic dealing with newspaper circulations, "while it knows what it wants when it sees it, cannot clearly express its wants, and never wants the

thing it asks for, although it thinks it does at the time." And so editors proceed to give the public what it wants, though they only know that the public do not want what they're

giving it when circulations begin to drop! I hope I've made myself quite clear.

Readers who scan the English Press should know by now which paper across the water has the largest net sale. They should also know which is the best advertising medium, quite apart from questions of net sales. But it comes as a surprise when one discovers that the paper with the largest circulation in U.S.A. is not one of the big New York sheets, but the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. Its editor, Mr. Edward Box, who has written an autobiography without an "I" in it, explains how the feat was accomplished.

Years ago, before the American daughter took to lecturing and correcting her mamma, Mr. Box discovered that the American mother never took her daughter into her confidence. He said to himself: "If an inviting human personality could be created on the printed page that would supply this lamentable lack of American family life,

girls would flock to such a figure." And so Mr. Box sat down in his editorial chair, and headed his page: *Side-Talks with Girls*, by Ruth Ashmore." Within two days, we read open-mouthed, he had over 700 letters "from souls craving for counsel." And so the craving grew, and so the circulation grew, while Ruth administered the healing balm to the crushed hearts of her trusting clients!

Apparently in Yankee-land they take that sort of thing seriously. Yet, while one wonders at the mentality of the maiden who seeks for "Advice in Love" through the columns of a paper, one remembers that journals catering for this type of client find their way into Ireland. However, there is consolation to be found in the knowledge that a ladies' paper with which the great Arnold Bennet was connected editorially died a natural death, while the greater Sir J. M. Barrie has poked fun in one of his books at a gentleman whose main occupation was mainly similar in scope to that followed by "Ruth Ashmore."

## STORIES THAT MAY BE SWALLOWED.

You know the kind of story that credits a well-known personage with a regret that he had not performed a less-meritorious task executed by somebody else, instead of his own masterpiece? For instance, W. B. Yeats declaring that he would prefer to have written one Nat Gould story instead of his own whole output in verse: Dempsey (the boxer, not The Eloquent) vowing that he would rather be able to take off his hat like Charlie Chaplin than take punishment like a Trojan: Winston Churchill declaring that he would willingly forego the glory of having won the war had he but written "The Knave of Diamonds"—the masterpiece largely responsible for

the will of the old lady in Kensington who bequeathed her cat's-eye pendant, her six thousand odd and her platinum chain to Miss Ethel M. Dell, the author of the literary gem mentioned.

I am wondering if the visit of Mr. Louis Couperus, the foremost novelist of Holland, to England will result in the circulation of any further such stories. Mr. Couperus's reputation is sufficiently high to secure the appearance of his photographs in London's illustrated shilling weeklies. That he takes his art seriously is evident from some of the things he told the Anglo-Dutch Society on the occasion of his visit:

"The only secret," he said, deal-

ing with the subject of great novel-writing, "is that a man who writes novels must himself live every character he creates. He has to penetrate into the soul of every kind of character, from the baby to the grandfather and from the king to the beggar.

"I believe that in each man's soul there is something of all these and of everything that is possible to man, both good and bad. It contains an atom of every existing thing. He must make his heroes from the pinch of heroism in himself.

"He describes his sinners from his own experience. Generosity and abject sins, an angel and a demon, slumber in every man beneath the surface. A writer produces his novels from the elements that exist in himself."

The law of libel is such a queer contrivance, that one wonders if cer-

tain novelists have not above plenty of material to sustain an action against the man from Holland. But we are not concerned with that aspect of the case, so I hasten to record the basis of Mr. Coperus's real fame.

He is the best-dressed man in Holland!

The newspapers gave big headings to that fact—mentioning the item that he was a great novelist merely to excuse the reporting of his speech. His photographs certainly show him to be a very well-groomed man.

But what I am chiefly worried about is this: Are we now on the eve of an announcement from Mr. R. Kipling that any Tom, Dick or Harry can have all the honour and glory of having written "Barrack Room Ballads" if to Mr. Kipling can be given the knack of brushing his hair in the manner of Mr. Louis Coperus?



## The Sundial.

The lengthening shadows creep athwart its face;  
 (The face that only marks Life's sunny hours);  
 Shadows that, Fate-like, point us on tow'rds gloom,  
 And o'er-cast skies, and sharp and chilling show'rs.

But Thou, O Lord, dost mark in heav'n above,  
 Man's every hour of cloud and sorrow here;  
 And Thou wilt change his darkness into hours,  
 Golden indeed when deathless Joy draws near.

DOROTHY WAYLAND.

# Legend of the Moss Rose.

Thro' a garden fair, in the evening light,  
A beautiful angel strayed,  
He laid him down on a mossy bank,  
In a rose-tree's pleasant shade.

Then the rose breathed forth her fragrance sweet,  
Her thorns kept harm away,  
And the cool, green moss grew softer still  
Where the slumbering angel lay.

In the tinted flush of a summer dawn,  
The angel of light awoke—  
"What will I give thee, O Queen of flowers?"  
With silvery voice, he spoke.

But the rose made answer, "O angel fair!  
'Twas joy to be guarding thee."  
Then the angel whispered, "And thou, sweet moss,  
What wilt thou take from me?"

"Nought," said the moss, "'twould be happiness  
If thou wouldst but rest here still,"  
Once more spake the angel, his voice was low  
Like the music of mountain rill.

"Creep up, little plant, clothe the stem and the cup  
Of the rose in thy soft, green dress,  
And ye two shall be one, and shall each enhance  
The other's fair loveliness."

So it came to pass in that garden glade;  
And the sweetest of flowers that blows,  
Since the angel's visit, is known to all  
By the beautiful name "Moss Rose."

S. M. J.

# “'Twixt Heaven and Charing Cross.”

ENID DINNIS.

**I**F you should ever chance to come across the Nipper—I don't suppose you will, but you might be working in a settlement, or something, an author never knows whom he may be addressing—but if you do, and he tells you, as he certainly will, that God sometimes rides on an omnibus, don't, I implore of you, be so limited as to contradict the statement. It will only muddle him; and, moreover, it won't be true. He is getting on with his catechism and he will soon understand for himself. Meanwhile—but perhaps you will get the hang of the case better if I tell the whole story. I will do so as much as possible from the Nipper's point of view, so kindly forgive the vernacular:

Mr. Jupp, the grocer, was up a gum tree. (Why a gum tree I don't know: does anybody?) Mr. Jupp's guardian angel (oh, dear, yes; grocers have guardian angels—I've seen them myself with their finger on the weight side of the scales when short measure was being attempted), or any mystic, could have told you that it was holy circumstance working out the plot of one of God's fairy tales that drove Mr. Jupp up a gum tree on that particular occasion.

He stood in his white apron outside his shop and considered. He had a particular message to convey to another branch of the far-flung firm to which he acted as local manager. The 'phone had gone wrong, and he had no messenger to send. The other establishment was on the main road, some way along. If he could but find a reliable lad he would send him by motor 999. Even an unreliable lad would be better than nothing, but neither the rare nor the common specimen of the genus urchin was forthcoming. Mr. Jupp remained on his gum tree and all but despaired.

Then the lady who sold flowers by the wayside came to the rescue.

“There's my little Nipper,” she suggested. “He's not turned seven, but if you give 'im the note and put 'im in the bus he'd take it all right. 999 pulls up just outside your place. Keep an eye on my basket and I'll fetch 'im.”

In what would be inaccurately termed the time it takes to say

"Jack Robinson," the flower lady returned with her little Nipper. She lived in a street close by. He was a very little nipper. Mr. Jupp looked him over and demurred. "He is a bit of a kid," he observed, doubtfully.

The Nipper's Guardian Angel crept closer (if that is possible) to his charge, realising, as Mr. Jupp did not, the importance of the decision to the small boy who was waiting on the tip-toe of expectation, whilst also assuming that attitude physically in the hope of adding some fraction of a cubit to his stature. You see, the Angel Guardian knew that the Nipper had never been a bus ride but once in his life—many years ago, when he was small. Of course Mr. Jupp couldn't be expected to know that, or to know what the Guardian Angel himself only knew because he possessed the right of entry to the Nipper's soul, that to ride in a motor bus by oneself represented high adventure at its highest. It would be misrepresenting things to say that the Nipper's life lacked in colour. He spent pennies on "Pictures" which could have carried him to the garage and back, but Pictures happened to be among the things that are done, and joy-rides were not; so the Nipper hid his heart's desire in the recesses of its birth-place.

The Nipper, as his Guardian Angel had discovered, possessed many ideas of life which didn't coincide with those held by the street. One of these was the highly unconventional one that going to Church must be rather a cheerful and interesting experience. He was habitually late for religious instruction at school, but on the few times that he had been present it had struck him as being decidedly out of the common. Incidents, too, had strayed into the films, from time to time, that suggested possibilities of a fresh outlook on things in general that might knock spots into Charlie Chaplin's rather hackneyed interpretation of life. To put it concisely, the Nipper had developed a strong curiosity with regard to the nature and attributes of One Whom people alluded to as God.

Everyone seemed to know about God, and to take Him as a matter of course; but, on the other hand, Mr. Stapleton, the gentleman who mended shoes and was a great friend of the Nipper's, said there was no such person. It was confusing, because Mr. Stapleton seemed to have taken an intense dislike to the person who didn't exist, and mainly on that account. It muddled the Nipper terribly, but he had a devout respect for Mr. Stapleton's judgment, and, after all, to say first that a person didn't exist and then to call him names might be another way of being funny, like Charlie Chaplin.

In spite of his devotion to kind Mr. Stapleton, with his honest,

round face and genial smile (the Nipper's Guardian Angel was quite as fond of Mr. Stapleton as the Nipper was himself), the small disciple retained his wistful interest in the Unknown One. He felt it would be splendid to find out for himself that He really did exist, and to tell Mr. Stapleton so, because he had a sort of idea that the shoemaker's prejudices might be removed if he found God really existed. It was not a reasoned point of view, but then neither was Mr. Stapleton's. One cannot blame a non-existent Being for having made the war. It was this latter and oft-repeated indictment that helped to shape the Nipper's idea of the One whose portrait had never appeared in the newspaper. Mr. Stapleton, of course, could tell him why. And yet, withal, the Nipper pursued the "idea of God" with a wistfulness only to be explained by his Guardian Angel.

All this may appear a long digression to the reader, but I assure him that it is strictly to the point.

Mr. Jupp made up his mind. "Well, I'll risk it," he said, and the matter was settled, and the first chapter of the High Adventure opened before the Nipper.

Mr. Jupp delivered the message in a sealed envelope to his envoy, and, taking him across the road, pushed him into a 999 which happened to be the very one which Father Patrick Murphy (or was it some other name of the same nationality?) happened to be boarding.

The bus was crowded. There were five standing when it moved on. The Nipper sat tight on the edge of his cushioned seat and gave himself over to an intensive process of enjoyment. He surveyed the faces of those likewise embarked on the high adventure of traversing the South Lamberwell Road in a motor bus. There was a massive gentleman with a white moustache standing up in front of him, grasping a leather strap, who glared through him at the seat he was occupying. But the Nipper had no wolf-cub training to make him give up his seat. Indeed it would have been the very last thing that would have occurred to him. He couldn't see the faces of the passengers at the end of the bus where Father Walsh (did I say Walsh?) was sitting, on account of the occurrence of the massive gentleman.

"Pelican Arms!" the conductor observed pointedly, and the people began to stream out of the bus. It had been a short-lived thrill, and the Nipper had a feeling that he had not made the most of it. (Yes, dear reader, I know you expected a smash; and let me tell you at once, to avoid disappointment, that the Nipper is not going to be run over. Nothing of that kind occurs in this

story.) He climbed off the step on to *terra-firma* with the sensation of an original member of the Aero Club in the days of his youth. He sighted the Stores a few doors off, and clasped his sealed orders and the return tuppence. (No, truly, dear reader, he is not going to lose it. This story possesses no incidents of that character.) His Guardian Angel gave him a little push to the left and he found himself impeded by the figure of the gentleman who had been sitting at the end of the bus. He had been brought to a sudden stand-still by a passer-by. "Good afternoon, Father," the latter said, shaking hands, and then added: "You haven't forgotten what I asked, have you?"

"No indeed," the other replied, "I have just been speaking to God about it in the bus."

The Nipper caught the words and listened with all his ears. Then God must have been in the bus—at the end where the gentleman was—and he had not been able to see him because of the toff with white whiskers who got in the way. The Nipper became desolate to the verge of tears. He would so dearly have loved to see what He looked like. Moreover he could have told Mr. Stapleton that he really had seen Him, so He must be somebody real, not "no such person," like Mr. Stapleton insisted.

"What? Why, yes, I always talk to God on the bus—He's always there, you know."

The Nipper listened again. Always there! This added a new thrill to the high adventure connected in his mind with the automobilism of the people. He experienced no sense of incongruity. Not so much because of his ignorance of elementary theological facts as from the high esteem in which he held the chariot of the highway. For him it simply rounded off, or, rather, crowned the romance of the motor bus, that it carried this particular passenger. Oh, why had the obstructive gentleman intervened!

On the return journey he wistfully scanned the faces round him, but came to the conclusion that the gentleman had exaggerated slightly when he had said "always." But then, no doubt, he meant always when he was there.

I doubt if even the Nipper's Guardian Angel could quite get at the embryo in an intellect created to hold one great Truth, although it is probably the triumph of our Guardian Angels that they follow the abysmal workings of our minds in childhood, when, like our Lady, we ponder things in our hearts.

He carried home one consolation, however. He could tell Mr. Stapleton that there really was such a person as God. Perhaps the angel-intelligence likewise fathomed the strange, mysteriously over-

weening desire that the Nipper possessed to persuade Mr. Stapleton that God really existed. It was certainly not for argument's sake, for the Nipper loved Mr. Stapleton with all his soul and had no desire to "tick him off," as might have been the case with others who found the shoemaker's cock-sureness a little trying.

He was in a tremendous hurry to make known his discovery, and consequently he lost no time in seeking the leathery precincts where Mr. Stapleton has his being, when sticking to his last, and where he rehearsed in private, to stray listeners, the diatribes which he delivered in public later on under the ægis of the Secularisation Association. Providence; "propheteers" and patricians were trounced by Mr. Stapleton without detriment to the benevolent expression which made his countenance a real pleasure to look upon. Mr. Stapleton bore no personal ill-will to those whom he censured from an inverted tub or cart platform, when invited to do so by the chartered speakers of the A.Ass. who recognised his native talent and gift of epigram. He went a very long way beyond his last on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, sometimes justifying the ancient proverbist, in spite of his gift of epigram, but never very seriously disturbing his Guardian Angel, who made many allowances for human vanity.

The Nipper placed himself on Mr. Stapleton's bench, with his legs dangling, in a setting of unmended boots. It was a favourite seat of his. He came to the point tersely.

"I say," he said, "didn't you say there wasn't no such person as God?"

"Nor there ain't," Mr. Stapleton answered, with a piece of waxed thread between his teeth.

"There *is*," the Nipper retorted. "I went in the bus yesterday, and He was there."

"Reely," Mr. Stapleton said. "Did you see 'Im?"

"No," the Nipper admitted, "there was a fat man standing in the way, but He was there, 'cos I heard a gentleman what got off the bus tell someone that he had been talking to God in the bus, so He must have been there."

Mr. Stapleton put down the upper that he was manipulating and entered into a prolonged peal of laughter.

"That beats cock fightin'," he said, "you queer brat, you!"

"But He couldn't have been there if there was no such person," the Nipper objected, displaying a germ of argumentative force that Mr. Stapleton might have been tempted to cultivate for future street corner oratory.

The listener threw his head back and chuckled delightedly.

"Look here," he said, at last, "if you ever see God in a bus with your own blinking eyes (he really said "blinking" to the small boy. That was one of the things that made the angels so fond of Mr. Stapleton) I'll—I'll take you out for the day to Westminster Cathedral to see the Pope of Rome."

It was doubtless a composite of St. Paul's and the Abbey that the speaker intended, and the Pope of Rome was the Archbishop of Canterbury in hyperbole, but the Nipper took the speech at the foot of the letter. He drank in the words, hardly believing his ears, but never doubting that Mr. Stapleton would prove as good as his word if he, the Nipper, could but fulfil his side of the bargain—see God in a bus with his own eyes. He packed the promise away carefully in his mind; and from that hour the high adventure of the motor ride assumed new dimensions, representing for the Nipper a quest that many have undertaken in the wonderful history of the heart of Man.

He thought the whole matter out carefully. The grateful grocer had impulsively rewarded him with a shilling. He refrained scrupulously from spending this on pictures, setting it aside for a higher purpose. On Saturdays and Sundays, his free days, he haunted the bus queue and scanned the faces of the waiting assembly for that of the gentleman who always talked to God in the bus. For the Nipper had arranged the whole thing in his mind. Once he spotted the object of his quest in the queue he would slip in behind and mount the bus—a doughty deed, in sooth, seeing that such things are not done by unattached small boys; and then he would take good care to see whom it was that the gentleman was talking to, and no doubt the conductor would be able to tell him if he was right. Then he would be able to beard Mr. Stapleton in his lair with the tale of his glorious discovery, and incidentally hold him to his bargain. I say "incidentally," because the fact remained that the bedrock upon which the Nipper's desire to convince Mr. Stapleton was grounded was something far deeper down than the prospect of a visit to the Pope of Rome at Westminster, enthralling as such an outing would be. The Nipper's high adventure, as a matter of fact, for sublimity of purpose was worthy to rank with that undertaken by certain holy people of old who adopted a different mode of procedure in their Quest.

I forget how many Saturdays and Sundays he spent hanging about near the bus queue, incurring the suspicion of the police and the cold blasts of wind from four diverging highways, but in due time his patience was rewarded. One Sunday afternoon, with a leaping heart, the Nipper spotted *the* gentleman waiting in the queue

with the others. Quick as thought, for he had his line of action all prearranged, he sidled up and took his place in the queue. His heart thumped at the magnitude of the action. The grocer's shilling stuck to his moist palm. He was standing side by side with the gentleman who always talked to God on a bus, and the bus was coming up. There it was approaching. It pulled up—empty. The queue trailed on decorously, somewhat in the manner of the animals entering the ark. The Nipper followed Father Kelly (I fancy it was Kelly, after all) on to the top with mighty daring. He had seated himself in front, and the seat next to him was vacant, a circumstance to be accounted for by the natural phenomenon of Sunday afternoon, when everyone goes about in twos—gentlemen and ladies, like at a dance—but the Nipper, noting it, leapt to a conclusion of his own. The seat next to the gentleman was being reserved for his Companion, who would doubtless join him later. The fact that he had been alone had somewhat disconcerted the Nipper, but this accounted for it satisfactorily. He seated himself modestly at the back and took a look round as the bus started. There was a surprise in store for him. Seated there, just behind the gentleman, were Mr. Stapleton and his young lady. Once again the Nipper's heart leaped. Mr. Stapleton would see for himself when the gentleman's Companion arrived. Oh, this was indeed wonderful—like a story!

Alas, for the Nipper's hopes. A very few moments later the bus slackened and someone boarded it. The Nipper, peeping over the side, saw who it was—a most disreputable person, dressed in unsavoury garments, a regular ugly customer.

"Room for one outside," the conductor shouted (he was collecting fares on the top and had just given the Nipper his sixpenny worth, leaving sixpence for the return journey), and, to the latter's horror and disgust, the disreputable person appeared and proceeded to take the reserved seat next to the gentleman. The whole thing was upset. It was perhaps what might, after all, be expected by anyone seeking a heavenly vision in the South Lamberwell Road.

But the Nipper was not the only one to be upset by the occurrence. Sunday afternoon had started inauspiciously for Mr. Stapleton. He had been invited to stand on a tub on Mile End Waste and address an out-door meeting on the subject of the Brotherhood of Humanity, which, of course, meant Humanity untrammelled by the tenets of religion, which made for unbrotherliness. Mr. Stapleton had shaped his scathing sentences in his mind as he dressed himself that morning, and afterwards made notes on the back of a defaced invoice-form to recall them to his memory, for he was a

fluent extempore speaker, but a little overstrung and liable to forget what he had to say next. A few heads totted down on a bit of paper conserved many a fugitive inspiration for the audience on Mile End Waste.

The first complication on this particular Sunday had been the suggestion made by Mr. Stapleton's young lady that she should accompany him and form one of his audience. The suggestion had to be baulked. The presence of Doris would mean the complete undoing of the orator. Doris possessed the critical faculty allied to a smart tongue. Once when her *fiancé* (or were they merely "keeping company?"—I don't want to make a howler) had been addressing the family circle at Grandpa's, and had relapsed into the platform manner, breathing on his aspirates and waxing grammatical, Doris had punctuated a pause with the comment, "Come off that, you silly cuckoo." The memory of that occasion made Mr. Stapleton undesirous of including his young lady amongst his listeners. The difficulty was solved by an arrangement to take a joy-ride in the bus together as far as Doris's Aunt Jane's, where she could alight, Mr. Stapleton joining her for tea later on, after the meeting on the Waste. It was the best way out of the difficulty, although the presence of Doris in the bus would interfere pretty badly with Mr. Stapleton's final preparation of his speech, which he generally accomplished in the bus, getting the cutting sentences ready to fling at his audience, aided by the motion of the vehicle. "Priests and profiteers" (Mr. Stapleton was quite pleased with his *jeu d'esprit*) were to be the objects of his diatribe, and he had a number of smart and trenchant sayings running in his head which he had not got down on his bit of paper. The Young Lady was a chatter-box, and given to making lively comments on her fellow-passengers or things seen from the bus. Quite frankly, her young gentleman would rather have been without her on the present occasion, although he loved her with all his heart.

They started for the bus queue together. It is necessary for the reader to know that Mr. Stapleton "wasn't half a toff," which means that he was exceedingly well dressed and well brushed and, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, well greased. The Young Lady was one who required living up to, socially; her father was in the ready-made tailoring line. Moreover, a public speaker owes something to his calling.

Humanity first presented itself to Mr. Stapleton—before he had even commenced to roll the introduction to his speech off in his mind—in an embarrassingly practical manner. A particularly submerged and unlovable specimen it was. Like the rest, Mr. Staple-

ton had done his bit in the trenches, and the experience had brought him many strange bed-fellows. It was one of these who suddenly loomed within the pale of observation as they approached the waiting queue. Mr. Stapleton recognised in him an individual who had been known as "the jail-bird" in the dug-out on account of his inordinate pride in his past. The Jail-bird, with his idiosyncrasies submerged in the common khaki, had been suffered not ungladly by Mr. Stapleton. He moved in the rationalistic set, and politically he was in sympathy with the doctrine of community of goods, which, so he told his comrades, had made him a martyr to his creed on many occasions, at Pentonville and elsewhere. The Jail-bird, in point of fact, had closed one eye and thrust his tongue into his cheek and preached Bolshevism a year or two before it was invented by politicians. Though not an attractive personality, he had managed to get on to fairly intimate terms with Mr. Stapleton when they were wearing the King's uniform. It was reserved for the piping days of peace to reveal to the latter the manner of man, socially, with whom he had actually been indiscreet enough to get on to terms of 'Erb and 'Arry.

It was "'Arry" who was now approaching, with a wide and expectant leer of recognition on his face and the most disreputable rags on his back. He was haggard and hungry-looking, and his hair was cropped close to his head. His lips seemed to be already framing themselves to pronounce the intimate greeting "'Erb!"

Mr. Stapleton's young lady had eyes all round her head. The object before them was not likely to escape her attention. The recognition might not have mattered, but the "'Erb" and certain other signs of familiar friendship would be a social disaster. (It must never be forgotten that the Young Lady's father was in the ready-made clothes line.) A moment later she exclaimed, "My Godmothers! look at that sketch."

Mr. Stapleton looked, earnestly—in the other direction. He hustled her towards the bus queue, which was already on the move, and got her on to the top of the accommodating vehicle. They obtained seats, side by side, and Mr. Stapleton breathed freely. The seat in front of them was occupied by a Parson Chap—one of Mr. Stapleton's chartered enemies. The seat next to him was vacant. But, alas! this did not long remain the case. The moving bus was hailed, and a passenger arrived on the top. Mr. Stapleton went cold up his spine, for the newcomer was no other than the Jail-bird.

The seat in front happened to be the only vacant one, so it was not entirely effrontery that made the disreputable personage seat himself next to the Parson Chap. He was exactly in front of Mr.

Stapleton. The latter looked down quickly and perused his notes with frenzied intentness.

"My 'at!" the Young Lady exclaimed, invoking her head-gear by way of a change, "there's that awful feller again."

Mr. Stapleton applied himself in a marked manner to his notes. Really this was a worse distraction than the Young Lady's chatter. "Priests and Propheteers," he muttered—it was a pity the pun was not so obvious verbally. He continued the diatribe, in elegant tub-English, directed against a certain class of fellow-being. He wanted to get it pat, and the Young Lady had to be taught to take the hint. "When a man's down on his luck," he declaimed mentally to an invisible audience, "right down in the gutter, it isn't to the religious people that he turns, not to black-coated piety (the Jail-bird was shuffling about in his seat, but he couldn't see the man exactly behind him). It's to the man who understands the Brotherhood of Humanity and has no truck with the praying people and propheteers." Mr. Stapleton was brought back to his surroundings by the shock of hearing the Jail-bird's voice. He went hot and cold and looked up apprehensively. It was all right. His vicinity had not been discovered. The huddled-up person in front was answering a question that had been put to him by his neighbour. His answer was short and negative, but the other was persistent. The Parson Chap's face was positively glowing. "You *do* remember me," he protested. "Don't you know, I came to poor old Squeaker when he was done in. You fetched me, and you deserved the V.C. for it, for the others were pretty much off padres, weren't they, in that dug out? They all belonged to the Secularisation Association."

The Jail-bird turned a little more, and Mr. Stapleton was able to see his face in full profile, like the beaming countenance of the padre. A flicker of intelligence crossed his sodden features; he almost looked amiable.

"Dang them!" he said, with a plenary application of the extreme theological censure incurred by the Association, for of course he didn't say "dang."

It was a distinctly friendly advance, and it pleased the padre immensely. He glowed more than ever, and pursued his advantage with zest.

The little episode upset Mr. Stapleton. He tried to get back to his thesis, but the two in front continued to converse, and it was most distracting. He consulted his notes. "Skirts—gutter," he read, and supplied: "Piety draws its skirts away from the man in the gutter. It's afraid of what folks will say."

Somehow the words stuck in his gorge. They seemed a bit cheap, and so, for matter of that, did Herbert Stapleton, the orator. He tried to keep on preparing his speech. The Young Lady was good, on the whole, but at length she could contain herself no longer. She nudged her *fiancé* and whispered: "Look at them two. It's a minister, and look at the feller he's cottoning on to!"

Mr. Stapleton answered nervously, in a hurry.

"Ministers has to," he said, inadvertently standing up for the propheteers. "They're supposed to love everybody." He tried to throw the shade of sarcasm into the remark required by the S.Ass.

The Young Lady dissented. "No, it's not that," she said. "Can't you see? 'E don't love 'im, 'e *likes* 'im! Just look at 'im!"

Mr. Stapleton was impelled to look. No wonder the other had taken scandal. The padre's face was puckered up into a smile that certainly suggested liking—in a sense that Walter Hylton or Juliana of Norwich would have used the term, having "much liking" in the Thing which they pursued. The shoemaker was not in a position to explain how peculiarly unlikeable the Jail-bird was. He glanced at the unlovely countenance, and for one short moment he lived in the hope that he might have been mistaken. *Was* that the Jail-bird? His face was more sodden and scrubby than ever. He had deteriorated considerably from the army standard, yet—it suddenly came to Mr. Stapleton as he looked at him that there might be something, after all, that was likeable in the Jail-bird. It was the merest flash—a suspicion of potential manhood in the degraded object before him. And yet the outward signs of manhood had never been more lacking.

The padre had arrived at his destination and had got up to go. He shook the Jail-bird's "fin" in the most unministerial fashion—Doris was quite right, the padre didn't love the Jail-bird, he liked him.

The Young Lady took fresh scandal as she watched them with her eagle eye.

"He's a cough drop, I know," she opined, as the padre disappeared. "You always said ministers was a rum lot. I believe you're right."

"I wish you'd give me a minute's peace," her lover burst out, with quite unexpected irritability. "I can't think out my speech and drivel at the same time."

"Ho, can't yer!" the Young Lady retorted with a sniff; "I should have thought you did 'em both pretty easy at the same time; but stop on your perch if you want to," she snorted, and relapsed into silence.

The Jail-bird was sitting a little straighter up than before, staring in front of him. There seemed to be little danger of his looking round.

The Young Lady, as it happened, was not the only one to have taken grave scandal at the episode just related. The Nipper, from his backmost seat, had watched the whole thing. Not only had the gentleman allowed the reserved seat to be appropriated but he had actually pal'd on to the disreputable person who took it. The disappointment was a double one, for not only was the present opportunity gone for convincing Mr. Stapleton, but the Nipper, like the Young Lady, feared in his heart that the gentleman was a cough drop, and his associates, by the same token, suspect, to say the least of it.

When Aunt Jane's turning was reached, the Young Lady got down, and, with a sigh of supreme relief, Mr. Stapleton realised that the danger was over. He had behaved rather shabbily to poor old Jail-bird, but it might not be too late now to make the amend, and he would feel better qualified to speak on the Brotherhood of Humanity if he said a word to his former mate. A salutary sense of cheapness still held the orator in its grip.

He leant forward and tapped the Jail-bird on the shoulder. At first the latter took no notice. He was lost in thought. Then he turned round as the greeting was repeated. He surveyed Mr. Stapleton with no surprise in his manner, but with a grim and sardonic smile.

"Well?" he enquired. "What 'ave you done with your girl? You wasn't goin' to be seen talking to the likes of me whilst she was there, was you?"

He ran his blurred eye over the other's Sunday garments. "You ain't 'alf a toff, are you?" he observed. He didn't appear to have taken any grave offence at Mr. Stapleton's social exclusiveness.

"I'm going to speak for the Secularisation Association," the latter replied, with some slight return of his old confidence.

"Dang them!" the Jail-bird answered briskly, repeating the anathema of the previous occasion.

"Why?" Mr. Stapleton enquired. "I thought you had a down on parsons, and all that humbug."

The Jail-bird suddenly became vigorous. His dull eye kindled. "'Umbug?" he repeated. "Who's 'umbuggin'? That little Popish padre wasn't ashamed of knowing the likes of me, any old how!" And once again he anathematised Mr. Stapleton's humbug, using the other adjective to qualify it.

But Mr. Stapleton was not entirely dished. He found a rejoinder.

"The padre mightn't have cared to know you if he'd had his girl with him," he suggested sturdily.

The Jail-bird eyed him with the pity which is akin to contempt. "Girl!" he said, and emphasised his contempt at the risk of a forty shilling fine. "That sort doesn't 'ave a girl with 'im—'e 'as—God."

There was just a perceptible lowering of the Jail-bird's voice as he said the last word. Mr. Stapleton became conscious for the first time in his life of something that made the Name apply to a Person. It might have been the human association of ideas in the comparison, and it might have been the effect of that association, for Mr. Stapleton loved his girl—the reader must understand that. He sat there on the road, not to Damascus, but to Mile End, and wondered for the first time why he himself had such a down on priests and propheteers.

The Jail-bird got up. He had reached his destination.

"So long, Matey," he observed in a really magnanimous undertone; for all that it was still slightly sarcastic.

Mr. Stapleton thrust out his hand, but the Jail-bird was beyond its reach. Then Mr. Stapleton lifted his voice, trained on the Mile End Waste under the auspices of the Secularisation Association. "Good by, 'Arry!" he shouted, and at least half-a-dozen beautifully dressed young ladies stared at him, and their young gentlemen as well.

But Mr. Stapleton didn't care a dump. He felt extraordinarily elated. Yet, withal, it was not the kind of elation that on a platform would have impelled his thumbs to seek his arm-holes. Mr. Stapleton wasn't fancying himself—he was fancying someone else. He simply felt as though he had suddenly come in for a great and undeserved piece of luck. He couldn't for the life of him say what, but that didn't matter.

It was at that moment that his eye fell on the Nipper, his mouth still agape at the peculiar behaviour of Mr. Stapleton in his Sunday best. He himself would not have dared to address him uninvited in such array, being almost as shabby though less grubby than the Jail-bird. Mr. Stapleton beckoned the small boy to the seat next to him. "What are *you* doing here?" he inquired.

The Nipper hesitated. "Now then, out with it," Mr. Stapleton said, just to tease him.

The Nipper obediently outed with it. "I'm lookin' for God," he said, and explained, "I see the gentleman what always talks to God on the bus waiting to get on, and I got on too to see what he was like—God I mean—'cos you said you would take me to Westminster to see the Pope if I saw God on a bus."

"Which gentleman was it? Mr. Stapleton asked.

"The one in front," the Nipper replied. "I thought he was keeping the other seat for God, but that dirty feller came and took it."

He felt at once that Mr. Stapleton's whole-hearted guffaw must inevitably follow this admission. He had given the gentleman who was friendly with God away rather badly.

But there was silence. Mr. Stapleton's sense of humour seemed to have deserted him. He surveyed the small boy who had so naively stated his high quest, and seemed to be thinking. There were two large unfallen tears in the Nipper's eyes, but he didn't think Mr. Stapleton had noticed them. He seemed preoccupied.

They had reached the terminus and were climbing down off the bus. When they stood on the pavement Mr. Stapleton turned to the Nipper. "Look here, Sonny," he said, "I'm going to take you to Westminster Cathedral next Saturday to see the Pope of Rome."

The Nipper gaped at him with amazed and rounded eyes.

"Why, was God there all the time?" he asked.

"Now I'm going to put you in the other bus and send you back," Mr. Stapleton said, disconnectedly.

"I'd like to come and hear you talk," the Nipper ventured. "Mayn't I?"

"No!" Mr. Stapleton shouted with dreadful energy. Then he explained in milder tones, "I'm not goin' to talk to-day; I've had a few words with my young lady, and I'd best be getting straight back to her aunt's to smooth her down a bit."

Mr. Stapleton was as good as his word, and next Saturday he treated the Nipper to Westminster Cathedral; and if there remains a doubt in the latter's mind as to whether the very friendly gentleman who emerged from a cupboard and conversed with Mr. Stapleton in the most free-and-easy style was really the Pope of Rome, he hasn't so far given vent to it. Neither has he attempted to solve the question of what really happened on the top of the bus that afternoon, although there appears to be but one solution. Mr. Stapleton doesn't go to Mile End Waste any more. He takes the Nipper to Hyde Park, where a lot of gentlemen talk about God without calling any one else names, and one of these gentlemen is teaching him the Catechism. But, as I said at the beginning, if you do come across him and he makes that remark, don't be limited enough to say that God never rides on motor buses or both the Nipper's and Mr. Stapleton's guardian angels will be disgusted with you.

# "Thingummybobs."

(Continued.)

MARGARET KELLY.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Luke was up early. He sought a secluded spot and had a refreshing dip in the briny ocean, afterwards returning much invigorated to bath and breakfast.

As he ascended the staircase he met a young lady coming down. One glance from her (and that a rather shy one) did what all the girls of Wooltown and Briggaford had failed to do between them—it instantly captured his heart.

It was done! One little look, and never again could Luke Roddy play the rôle of bachelor, happy and free. He was as effectually enslaved as the most married man of his acquaintance. He thought with pleasure: "Surely this is Miss Thingummybob!" He hurried over his bath and toilet with a strangely new feeling of exhilaration and joyful expectancy. For once he glanced at his reflection in the mirror critically—then removed his tie, and turned over his whole collection without finding one which satisfied his newly-aroused sense of æsthetics.

"She" had been perfectly garbed, though it was only in a blue-and-white striped cotton frock. He could remember nothing else about her attire; but the picture of her filled his mind, just as last night the melody of the Nocturne had done. "She" and the Nocturne were fused together in his mind as he went to breakfast. He found coffee and ham, and fish, which had been taken from the sea only a few hours before, now lying on the hot dish before him, in crisp brown cutlets. He was hungry in spite of "her"; but for the sake of gaining a little information, he refrained from satisfying his appetite and entered into conversation with his landlady.

"I met a lady on the stairs," he ventured. "I suppose it was Miss Thingummybob who played the piano so divinely last evening?"

But Mrs. Yelland did not rise to the bait.

"Very likely, sir. She is very active for her age, and thinks nothing of running up and down them stairs many times a day."

This was disappointing—still it heartened him to think of her frequent tripping up and down the stairs. He made another attempt

to find something out. "Is she making a long stay?" he asked.

"Lor' bless you, yes, sir; lestways I expect so. She makes her home with me."

"How very delightful!" observed Luke.

"Well, yes, sir," Mrs. Yelland admitted doubtfully. "But it isn't all gentlefolks as like music. Why the best-paying gentleman ever I had, left me and went to Mrs. Elms' up in the village, on account of it."

"That was hard luck. I hope someone soon came to take his place?" sympathised Luke, who was secretly glad that the evidently-rich gentleman had *not* wanted to stay at Redrocks.

Mrs. Yelland, assenting, departed, leaving Luke to his breakfast and his thoughts. He found the latter dwelling upon his enchantress with a curious intermingling of apprehension and joy; so much so, that he was obliged to take himself seriously to task and tell himself various home-truths calculated to bring any reasonable young man to his senses—but which failed in his regard as he had become hopelessly *unreasonable*. He applied himself with hungry energy to the appetising meal set before him, trying to fix his mind on a programme for the day. However, every plan that he proposed to himself fell "flat, stale and unprofitable" before his cupid-stricken eyes. The central figure was missing in each case. Each picture was incomplete for want of a slender girl in a striped cotton frock—a girl with cloudy, dark hair, a fair, smooth skin faintly tinged with rose-pink, a coral mouth with lips most beautifully curved, and two serious eyes, star-like in the depth and brilliancy of their blue, but softened by the dark upturned fringes of their lids. What a sweetly-tantalising face it was! "The face of one of my own country-women, if I mistake not," Luke thought, though *qu'allait elle faire dan cette galère?* he could not imagine. With a shrug expressive of his helpless condition he set himself to the despairing task of trying to forget, using as aids a newspaper and a pipe of tobacco. The fates, however, were bent on disturbing his peace. The music began again with some incredibly smoothly and swiftly played scales, followed by a highly-finished performance of Chopin's Lento and Presto Etudes in E, and concluding with Luke's favourite Prelude—the seventeenth.

The newspaper was cast aside; even the plans for the day were forgotten. Luke listened with almost painful intentness to the music, every note of which was perfectly familiar to him, for he was no mean performer himself, and had, as a young man, practised these very works as a method of strengthening his fingers for surgical work. He had chosen this way because of his great love of

music. This helped him to estimate correctly the wonderful technical skill, as well as the delicacy of the pianist's insight into the inner meaning of the works of the masters in the musical world.

As Luke prepared to sally forth, when the last sounds from overhead had died away, he said grimly to himself: "Miss Thingummybob and her music make a combination that is hard to resist. No wonder the other fellow fled to Mrs. Elms'. If I do not follow suit soon, it means capitulation."

He spent a long day in the country, lunching at a neighbouring village, and returning to Petercombe weary in body indeed, but somewhat refreshed in mind. So he continued for a day or two, alternately on the heights of optimism or in the deepest pit of despair. Following well-established precedents he lost his reviving appetite, and slept badly. If he was not making up his mind to leave Petercombe he was engaged in unmaking it, for he could not bear the thought of going away. He resolutely declined, indeed, to think of himself in the future apart from the bright vision, who had even smiled at him of late, when they met, as was inevitably often, in the house.

Luke had been trained by his mother in the Catholic practice of hearing Holy Mass daily—and though this was difficult to adhere to when in the thick of his professional duties, he always reverted to it when holidays came his way. As soon as he had recovered from the physical prostration that had been his on arriving at Petercombe, he resolved to get to daily Mass even if it necessitated the curtailment of his early dip in the sea. He had ascertained before coming that there was a resident priest in Petercombe, and so he had recourse to Mrs. Yelland for information as to the whereabouts of the church. "Well, now, sir, it would be rather a difficult place to direct you to," she had replied. "But Miss Thingummy will tell you. She worships there."

"I don't know Miss—er—er—," Luke said, as his heart leaped with joy and began to thump so hard that he thought Mrs. Yelland would surely hear it.

"Beg your pardon, sir. It's Miss Pearse. I never can get hold of names, quick, so I just says anything that comes—Miss Thingummy or Miss What's-her-name. Everybody knows what I mean—it is just a way I have."

"Quite so, Mrs. Yelland; I understand. Will you introduce me to Miss Pearse, then?"

"Certainly, sir. She will be glad for you to go to the chapel. She says there's only a few that goes."

Very shortly after this Luke Roddy, in a very ecstasy of joy, was

being conducted by the enchantress to the outskirts of the town, where, attached to the Benedictine Convent, was the little oratory, a part of the community chapel set aside for lay folk from the outside world.

Miss Pearse was lovelier than he had imagined, Luke thought—and not shy—now that they had been introduced. She led the conversation with a brightness and ease that Luke considered very charming.

"Have you met all the household yet?" she enquired.

"I don't know," returned Luke. "Let me enumerate those whom I *have* seen. There's the worthy landlady, and the old chap, her husband. Then Vickey the maid, and a little old lady—an early-Victorian looking person; and lastly, or rather firstly (because I saw you first of all), there is yourself, Miss Pearse."

"That is quite correct," laughed Miss Pearse; but to Mrs. Yelland we all belong to one family—the Thingummybobs. I am Miss Thingummybob, and so is Miss Hall-Temple; and you are one of the various Mr. Thingummybobs who have been here at different times."

"Confusing, under certain circumstances," suggested Luke.

"And occasionally embarrassing," answered Miss Pearse.

"But Mrs. Yelland is a good old soul and does her best to make everyone comfortable, so we must try to bear up under the stigma of Thingummybobs."

"I am quite agreeable," said Luke. He would have been agreeable to anything just then, provided Miss Pearse were associated with him in it.

"Mrs. Yelland tells me there are very few Catholics here?" Luke observed.

"Very few indeed. When an Irish coastguardsman came with his wife and seven children, they just doubled the congregation at Mass on Sunday."

Miss Pearse laughed her happy laugh.

"Seven, eight, nine," counted Luke reflectively. "Eighteen, all told."

"Yes; we fill the little chapel now. In fact, you will be one too many. Rev. Mother Prioress was only saying to me, the last time I went to see her, that if another Catholic came to Petercombe there would not be room for so many of us, and that one would have to be accommodated on the other side of the grille."

A poignant thought flashed into Luke's mind and caused a sudden flutter among the happy ideas that had been gathering there. He could not control the tiny tremor in his voice as he replied: "Not you, I hope?"

Miss Pearse was young and unsophisticated, but she was highly endowed with the gift of intuition. She knew in that instant how “the land lay” with her companion. She understood the situation as well as if Luke had laid bare his heart and mind to her. At the same time there came to her, by some God-given instinct, the knowledge that in her lay the power to make or mar the human happiness of this fellow-creature whom one short week ago she had not even seen. It was a serious thought; and Luke, closely watching, saw the laughing light suddenly leave her eyes and the colour recede from her cheeks; but her gaze was quite frank and steady, contemplative rather than embarrassed by the access of fervour with which he had asked his question.

Then she smiled quietly and replied: “No; only the young and innocent may be admitted within the cloister.”

“But you are young, and innocent,” urged Luke, somewhat emboldened by the calmness of Miss Pearse’s demeanour.

The laughter came back to her. “Isn’t that a beautifully Protestant idea?” she queried. “It reminds me of the usual remark passed by Protestant acquaintances who hear one speak of going to Confession: ‘Surely *you* don’t go to Confession? You are not a thief or a murderer. What can you have to confess?’”

Luke joined in the merriment.

“I, too, have heard that question *à propos* of Confession, but it is not quite on all fours with mine,” he said.

“Ah! well, you see, to be, technically, young and innocent enough to be admitted freely to the cloister, one must be under seven years of age; so I expect little Una Power will be the favoured person.”

They reached the convent gate in silence after this; but as Luke swung open the gate he remarked: “I think Rev. Mother Prioresses are dangerous sort of persons. I hope you do not visit this one very often!”

“She is the joy of my life, and I practise my French on her,” was the reply.

“After the scold of Stratford atte Bowe,  
For Frensch of Paris was to hir unknowe”—

quoted Luke softly. They were approaching the chapel door, and Luke saw that it stood wide open because of the heat of the summer afternoon.

Miss Pearse looked at him. “How did you know?” she asked.

“Know what?” Luke was mystified.

"That I was ever at school at Bow?"

"I did not know; that was a chance quotation levelled at the Prioress."

"Strange," murmured Miss Pearse. "I was at the convent school there as a child. My aunt was the Prioress, and so my French began, if it did not end, 'atte Bowe.'"

"May I ask where your music began?" Luke enquired.

"Such as it is," she replied deprecatingly, "at the same place."

"True genius is always modest," Luke thought.

## CHAPTER V.

Compline was just ending—the nuns had begun the "Salve" when Luke and Miss Pearse reached the tiny chapel. It was Luke's first experience of hearing any part of the Divine Office chanted by nuns, though he was very familiar with Vespers and Compline "rendered" by the robust bass and tenor voices in the Wooltown church. Something in the sweetly penetrating voices coming up from the dim, hidden depths of the nuns' choir touched him inexpressibly. He felt himself trembling, quivering, vibrating, as does the violin when the bow is pressed upon its strings. Sweet beyond earthly sweetness he found that praise of Our Lady—"O clemens! O pia! O dulcis Virgo Maria!"

"If I had not made an effort all the time to remember that I was only poor old Luke Roddy, and therefore unworthy of such high things, I believe the last three phrases of the *Salve* would have sent me into an ecstasy. I was nearly caught up into the third heaven, I declare," Luke said, as he and Miss Pearse walked slowly home to Redrocks.

"Oh, yes, I love it, too. It seems to me always such a tender and caressing appeal to Our Lady." Miss Pearse's eyes shone with appreciation. "The appeal to Our Lord comes at Prime, I think. '*Christe, Fili Dei Vivi, miserere nobis.*' When I hear the nuns repeating that, it seems to me to be a cry that must go straight up to the Heart of Our Lord. It includes such a lot, doesn't it?"

Luke assented, but it troubled him rather to find in Miss Pearse such a seemingly intimate knowledge of the Divine Office. "Prime, for instance; why should she know all about it?" he asked. He had been a Catholic some years longer than she had, judging by ages, and yet he could not have quoted a word of it.

But again a soothing thought came: "I suppose girls educated in convents go to Prime and the other parts of the Office?" he said.

"Oh, no," returned Miss Pearse. "Prime is said too early. We never went to anything but Vespers."

"But you know all about it," urged Luke.

"Yes; that is because Rev. Mother Prioress here allows me, as a special favour, to come to Prime occasionally on great feasts."

This information did not tend to ease Luke's mind, and for a day or two he pondered over what it might mean. Could it be possible that she was going to be a nun! He had seen her at Mass and Holy Communion each morning, and had twice more walked home with her from Compline, a service which he would, we fear, have neglected, had he not expected to meet her.

On the fourth day of their acquaintance he met her descending the hill from the convent, and immediately turned to escort her to Redrocks. They talked about the weather, Devonshire lanes, the rocks, the sea, everything, in fact, but what Luke wanted to know—namely, whether Miss Pearse's frequent attendances at the convent chapel, and her visits to the Mother Prioress were the promptings of a religious vocation.

As he went along, apparently carelessly switching off the heads of numerous dandelions with his walking-stick, he was really trying to frame a question which should not offend Miss Pearse's susceptibilities, but which would put him in possession of the desired information. But suddenly, instead of the politely-worded, diplomatic speeches he had so many times rehearsed, he blurted out: "You are not going to be a nun, are you?"

Miss Pearse answered with dignity: "No; I am not one of those called to the higher life."

"I am glad to hear it," Luke said with more emphasis than was strictly demanded by the occasion.

"You are not very kind," the girl said with a faint smile, but beginning to feel embarrassed.

"I daresay it is selfish, Miss Pearse," he returned; "but, you see, it gives a poor fellow like me a chance to be happy."

Miss Pearse's face crimsoned over. She half-opened her lips as if about to speak, but she said nothing. She was not altogether surprised, but what Luke had said was somewhat ambiguous. It might mean much, but it might mean nothing. She must wait. Luke had been watching her face. He saw the movement of her lips, and misconstrued it. She was angry, he thought. Contrition seized him, not for what he had done, but for the stupid, precipitate manner of its doing.

He immediately tried to change the subject, and said, clumsily: "I wonder which of the Masters of music you will treat us to to-night?"

The sudden change of topic quite upset Miss Pearse. She felt

dreadfully inclined to laugh, or even to cry—but totally unable to answer. Luke saw her distress and, still attributing it to annoyance justly felt, would have liked to explain that he really loved and respected her, and that his ill-chosen and ill-timed words were not uttered in any spirit of impertinence or frivolity, but were the simple expression of what he felt strongly at the time. Her apparent indifference to his question about music he put down to the idea that she felt hurt and offended at his inconsequent behaviour; for he saw now that he had blundered completely in his manner both of approaching and leaving a delicate subject. At last he was constrained to ask gently: "Are you angry with me, Miss Pearse?"

She turned a mild and friendly gaze upon him, saying: "I don't think I could be if I tried."

"Why *should* you try?" Luke said, more cheerfully.

"Why should you think I could be, without trying?" she retorted.

They both laughed.

"I see I am forgiven," Luke declared. "But as a token that it is true and complete pardon, will you play the Seventeenth Prelude to-night?"

"I—I play what? Why, Mr. Roddy, I have not touched the piano since I came here!" cried Miss Pearse. "I am quite rusty."

"What do you mean?" asked Luke, whose earth for the moment seemed to be swaying under his feet. "Are you not Miss Thingummybob, who plays the piano so perfectly? Surely it is not Mrs. Yelland, or the old man? Is it a ghost, or am I mad?"

"None of these." Miss Pearse stopped to laugh heartily. "Why, it is the other Miss Thingummybob, who has lived with Mrs. Yelland for years—the little old lady."

"What—the early-Victorian?"

"Yes; Miss Hall-Temple."

Luke looked at Miss Pearse. Then with more spontaneity than good manners, he cried: "Well, I'll be blest!" To an immediate apology he added: "Whoever could have imagined that such a little old woman would be so complete a master of technique, and such an interpreter of most difficult music!"

"It is wonderful, isn't it," replied Miss Pearse, upon whose mobile features a shade of disappointment was appearing. This, however, was soon completely dispelled by the sunny smile that Luke turned upon her, as he thought: "Music or no music; I know where my heart has gone."

A letter from Peggy awaited him at Redrocks. She said, among other things: "We were very interested to hear about the pretty Miss Thingummybob, but a little bit sorry to hear that she is *so* musical. We thought that after your experiences with Miss Owen you would have shunned the exponents of the gentle art. Dr. Clarke says that everything is going well at Wooldtown—even Miss Owen talks of *going*, so we believe you will need a new housekeeper. Tell us more about the pretty girl. Doubtless she is a Catholic, and I hope and pray that her name is Josephine. *Do* write soon."

Later on Peggy received a letter from Petercombe:

"What a little witch you are, Pegs! Yes, she is a Catholic, and her name is Josephine. As in our case, her parents hailed from the Emerald Isle; but she is an orphan. She is wonderfully good and clever—a lecturer in Mathematics at one of the London University Colleges. Maureen is here; she sends her love, and is taking Josephine back to Briggaford with her at the end of the week. Be kind to her!"

Later still Maureen wrote to Luke: "Mother is completely captivated by Josephine, and Peggy is her devoted slave. The latter declares that though St. Joseph was slow in beginning, he has been very sure, and has shown perfect taste in his choice of you two 'Thingummybobs' for each other. Mother is sure you are going to write a big cheque for her pet charity, 'St. Joseph's Home,' as a practical proof of your thankfulness!! We have not thought yet what form our gratitude should take."

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## THE PLACE.

*"Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid."*

Agony, death; the tramp of crowding feet;  
The flash of blood-stained blade—a brutal horde:  
But in the midst, fragrant and pure and sweet,  
A garden—and therein they laid the Lord.

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

# The Old Devil and the New

J. P. REDMOND.

MY friend, the journalist, bought a decayed old cottage away in the country, where he used to doze and smoke through his week-ends. He was very proud of his property, and besought me so many times to go down and share his rustic bliss for a few days that at last I yielded. The prospect of leaving London even for a few days annoyed me throughout the preceding week. When the day arrived I went without enthusiasm, for, as one of the town-bred degenerates in whom the call of the country awakens but a feeble echo, I had persuaded myself that country life was hopelessly dull, that every field was like every other field, and every tree like every other tree, and every cow like every other cow; whereas in town it would be difficult to find two men with the same turn of the nose, or two women with the same shades in the hair. I went prepared to be thoroughly bored, and took care to safeguard myself by putting into my bag a goodly collection of pipes and books. My friend's cottage lay apart from the village, by the side of a stream, overshadowed by a fine old church.

I found him lazing in a deck chair beneath a spreading tree. He looked the very symbol of languid bliss. He did not even rise to greet me, but contented himself with a limp wave of the hand towards a vacant chair at his side. We chatted for a few minutes, and then he asked me if I would mind putting my head through the kitchen window and shouting to the old woman who did duty as housekeeper to ask her to bring out tea.

"You'll have to shout loud," he warned as I got up, "because she's appallingly deaf."

The tea refreshed us both, and we talked freely on all manner of subjects, as is the way with men who are good friends. Already I began to appreciate the peace and charm of the surroundings. My friend noticed this, and after a lull in our talk put the query, "Well, what do you think of it now?"

"Delightful," I replied; "I begin to understand what it is that draws you away from town every week-end. This place must be deliciously soothing to your nerves and conscience after five days of manufacturing lies in Fleet Street."

He gave a chuckle.

"That seems to be a fine old church," I went on. "Is there anything particularly interesting about it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," he laughed, "I have never so

much as taken the trouble to go and find out. That's more in your line than mine. Perhaps you would like to go and have a look now, before it gets dusk. You needn't stay long, and when you come back I'll show you your room."

I strolled along the bank which ran behind the cottage, and in less than two minutes was trying the main door. I could not get in, but even so I saw at a glance that the church was one of those venerable remains which make the heart of a Catholic swell with love and sadness. In pre-Protestant days, as I learned later, it had fostered the spiritual life of a community of monks, and was still known in the neighbourhood as the Priory.

"You've soon had enough," my friend remarked when I rejoined him. "Come along inside. I am sure you would like a wash and a brush up."

My bedroom, a tiny place something like a large cupboard, had a neat little window down near the floor, but neither too low nor too narrow to prevent me from thrusting out my head and shoulders to view the surroundings. In fact as soon as my friend had shut the door I looked out. The first thing that met my eye was a monstrosity glaring down at me. The effect was quite startling. I had not noticed that the cottage was planted so near to the apse of the church; a clump of trees filled up the space between; the apse was well hidden by the thick foliage, but the scowling monster appeared through a gap and at first glance seemed to stand alone. My first impressions were unfavourable. I wondered why such an ugly thing had ever been allowed to disfigure so beautiful a building, a discordant note, as it were, in a volume of harmony. But when I looked out again early next morning I saw that I had made a great mistake in hastily deciding that the gargoyle was ugly. He was grotesque, not ugly, and there is a vast difference. An ugly thing always repels, but a grotesque like this gargoyle gradually grows upon one; it attracts, and even fascinates. At any rate, the gargoyle had a fascination for me, and as I studied him more closely I began to catch something of his meaning. He had a big head, with pointed ears well set back; his mouth was very wide and tightly stretched open, displaying a row of sharp teeth. His expression was rather simian. His neck was long, scaly and supple; he had two beautiful folded wings, and a pair of strong legs terminating in claws. He seemed ready, in a desperate hurry in fact, to spring off and be gone; and yet at the same time he was loath to depart, for his face was turned towards the path by which the good folks approached to the main door, and so full of hate and mischief as to make it plain that, though he dared not, he was raging to stay, and with threats and gibes deter them from going in.

I went down to breakfast and found my friend struggling with a pile of newspapers and correspondence which the postman had just delivered. It amused me to think that his rustic shelter was not proof against the assaults of Fleet Street.

"What are you going to do to-day?" he asked at the end of the meal. Knowing him as I do, I understood that this was only his diplomatic way of letting me know that he wanted to be left alone.

"Oh, I shall just stroll about," I answered.

Right oh! See you at lunch I suppose." He gathered up his papers and went off to the little room which served him as study and parlour. I had made up my mind to have a good look at the old church; I was particularly interested to solve the mystery of the gargoyle. The door was unlocked, and I began by examining the interior. After a while I came to realise that this building was, after all, a lasting expression of the pious thoughts and emotions which the teaching of Holy Church had engendered in the souls of those forgotten monks. It was a practical lesson in Christian Doctrine. The church was in the form of a cross; the chancel was slightly deflected to the right, a touching symbol of the bowed head of the Crucified. Behind the altar, or rather behind the screen which marked the place where in ancient days the altar had stood, was the Lady Chapel. What more fitting spot could have been chosen! For if the Divine Child was present beneath the sacramental veil, the Mother should be near to watch by his altar crib. Or again, if the altar was the mystic Calvary, it must be linked with remembrance of the Mother who stood by the Cross.

A strong flood of light came down from the lantern of the tower. There was also an Easter sepulchre in one of the aisles, a reminder of the risen Lord. Outside I studied the calm and dignified saints grouped about the porch. As I examined them, a pleasing fancy crossed my mind; it seemed to me that they had been chatting amongst themselves genially enough, but had suddenly resumed their ceremonial attitude at the sound of an approaching footstep. At last I worked back to the gargoyle. I found that there was quite a number of them protruding at odd points. What did they mean?—How did they work into the scheme? I asked myself. Then it occurred to me that religion has also its darksome side. There is hell; there are also the demons, the vices and temptations, all those unseen evils which the compline hymn sums up as the nocturn phantasmata. Surely these are the sinister elements which are expressed in the gargoyles and grotesques. These weird creatures leaning down from roof and parapet, leering and scoffing, as it were, at those who would enter, full of hate any envy, terrified at the dread Presence within, remind the faithful of the hidden enemies

who scheme to frustrate their efforts to attain to the Kingdom of God. They are reminders, too, of all those evils, thoughts, desires, envies, hatreds, dishonesties and the rest which a man should leave outside when he enters the House of God. And again, since man is himself a temple of the Living God, the fleeing demons in the gargoyles warn him that he must drive out of himself all that savours of the devil.

I found that some of the gargoyles were so fantastically shaped as to move one to mirth rather than to serious thought. But then it has always been the privilege of Christian men to laugh at the devil; to pull him by the nose, after the manner of St. Dunstan. The devil and his attendant vices provided the buffoonery for the amusement of the faithful in the old miracle plays. There was wisdom in the ways of our Catholic forefathers. The best way to treat the devil is to laugh at him; but you must be strong in faith to do that. Nothing flatters him more than to be feared, and there is nothing that he likes better than to be taken seriously.

I became so absorbed in these musings that I forgot all about lunch, and found when I looked at my watch that I had broken well into the afternoon. I sat down in the shade by the stream and dozed until it grew near to the hour of the evening meal. "Where on earth have you been all day?" asked my friend, when I appeared at the table.

"Oh, just strolling about," I replied.

"Glorious country, isn't it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth I haven't seen much of it."

"Then what in the name of goodness have you been doing?"

"I've been meditating on gargoyles."

"What!—do you mean those hideous things that one sees stuck up on old buildings?"

"I do."

"My word, man! What a scandalous waste of time!"

"And what have you been doing all day?"

"Oh, I've been busy correcting proofs. "He made his reply with an air of superiority which amused me. I laughed outright. "I suppose you've got no time for meditation of any kind," I added. He gave a grunt.

The next morning I awoke with the call of town life ringing in my ears. We parted as friendly as ever, and arranged to meet in London a few days later. Although I had not drunk very deeply of the joys of country life, I felt that my visit had been by no means unprofitable; it had awakened in me a new interest, albeit a small one. Since then I have had a kindly feeling for gargoyles, and have often gone out of my way to look for them. The great

Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris glories in having the finest and most numerous collection in the world. For strength and originality they have never been surpassed, and reflect the subtle humour of the Gallic race. There are some good ones at Rouen, and a splendid set on the roof of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster Abbey. But often enough those who take the trouble to search will find quite good examples peering down from the tower angles of secluded old churches—churches which at one time sheltered the Blessed Sacrament. Gargoyles and grotesques are not favoured much in modern architecture; the few that find a place are weak and unconvincing, and a feeble grotesque is as ineffective as a cheap joke. There is a fatuous one, in the worst of taste, at Chester Cathedral in the restored transept, where Mr. Gladstone is represented with pen in hand in the act of disestablishing the Protestant Church of Ireland. Good gargoyles of modern production are rare, partly because the commercial spirit of our days requires things to be done cheaply and in a hurry; partly because in the atmosphere of modern life, crowded as it is with preoccupations and excitements, the imagination languishes in ill-health and sterility. But the chief reason why the gargoyles of the Middle Ages have never been surpassed is that they were created by men of strong faith, who were neither ashamed nor afraid to make known their belief in an unseen world of evil spirits. No one can deny that they succeeded when they chose the grotesque as the most forcible method of expressing their belief. They were men, too, whose faith was so real that they could afford to joke with it, for the gargoyles tell something of the laughter of the sons of God. How the monastic sculptor must have chuckled to himself as he shaped a merry demon suspiciously like Father Abbot or some member of the community; and how my Lord Abbot and the brethren must have enjoyed the joke! At Notre Dame there is a fascinating representation of a jolly party of devils conducting a bishop and a monk in chains down to hell, where two others are pitching the damned into a cauldron. Persons nowadays, whilst professing to be vastly superior to believing in the existence of the devil, often take him very seriously without realising it. Certain fashionable cults which, in the name of religion, of science, or of art, attract a considerable following are suspiciously like improved methods of devil-dealing. And many do not like to be reminded of the devil's existence. Those who dare not commit themselves to an open denial prefer some such jargon as "the principle of evil," or "the innate perversity of human nature"—which sounds scientific and vastly superior to plain speaking of "the devil and all his wicked angels who wander through the world for the ruin of souls." There was no such devil-dodging in the days of the gargoyles.

# A Dominican Rose Window

E. SETON.

## III.—S. VINCENT FERRER: "THE ANGEL OF THE JUDGMENT."

"SINCE the days of the Gospel themselves, perhaps God has never manifested Himself in so dazzling a manner in a human existence, and never has an apostolic life shown God's word and action so sensibly in humanity," writes Père Palanque, O.P., of the marvellous wonder-worker, S. Vincent Ferrer. High praise but few, if any, saints can be compared to this man of God who was called at the age of fifty from a dying bed, by Our Lord Himself, accompanied by SS. Dominic and Francis, to evangelise the world, and whose achievements were so stupendous. "History," to quote our learned Dominican again, "does not blazon for us any apostolic achievement (*geste*) comparable for either amplitude or profound impression to that of Vincent Ferrer. It surpasses the ordinary powers of nature and of grace."<sup>1</sup>

Born in the middle of the fourteenth century, of a family Anglo-Norman in origin (for one of the two Ferraris who came to Valencia in 1238 was a fourth son of William Ferrariis, Earl of Derby, and the other, Ansias Ferrer, was a Scottish lord), the age in which our saint lived, with its scandals, its fearful strife and bloodshed, its sins and sorrows, presents a striking analogy with the world and times of our own generation. Miracle presaged the birth of this most marvellous miracle-worker, prophecy marked the event, and his father dreamed that he was present at a sermon preached by a Dominican friar which the preacher interrupted to announce to William Ferrer that a son should soon be born to him who would become a Dominican and whose fame should fill the whole world. A blind beggar woman predicted to the mother, Constance, that her child would be an angel and would one day restore her sight to the poor mendicant.

The day of his birth, January 23rd, was celebrated as a festival in Valencia, his native town, to which in future years his gift of miracles and his sanctity and wisdom were to render many a service. The three city magistrates asked to be his sponsors at the baptismal font, and a noble lady, whose family is still proud of the honour, was selected as his godmother. Then a difficulty arose as

<sup>1</sup> S. Vincent Ferrer, *Apôtre de la Crainte de Dieu*. P. M. D. Palanque, O.P., Société d'Etudes Religieuses.

to the child's name, each of the sponsors (their numbers do not seem to have been limited in those times) desiring to give one of their personal choice. The difficulty was cut short by the parish priest, Don Pertusa, who chose the name Vincent, after the Martyr, to whom Spaniards, and especially Valencians, have special devotion, he having been martyred only a stone's throw from that church itself, and whose feast was then being kept. Thus was he named Conqueror, and so he became in truth.

Marvel and miracle adorned the young soul from the cradle. During a period of drought, when prayers for rain had proved unavailing, the babe—speaking distinctly though he was then only beginning to learn speech, and telling his mother to carry him processionally through the streets,—was the instrument of a copious rainfall; and to this day the inhabitants rejoice in S. Vincent's never-failing well. Attached to his father's garden, he bequeathed it to them, with the promise that it should never fail them, and it remains a source of comfort and help in seasons of the worst drought. When he was five he cured one of his little companions of a severe abscess or ulcer in the neck by his mere touch, and a scar remaining, this disappeared at the young saint's kiss. When, in later years, S. Vincent was canonised, the son of this Michael Garrigues placed the wonder-worker's statue and a burning lamp over his door, and this mark of gratitude and devotion remained as late as 1835, when, owing to the revolution, many memorials of S. Vincent's miracles disappeared from the streets, the State having prohibited them. "If every one who had been cured by S. Vincent Ferrer had done likewise, says an old chronicler, all Europe would be filled with monuments in his honour.

"All the saint's biographers speak of his remarkable beauty, the faint reflection of the inward beauty of a soul which was wholly given to God. This soul-beauty of grace he ever kept intact and untarnished by a life of prayer and self-denial. He loved to assist at sermons, particularly those on Our Blessed Lady, for whom he had a childlike love. Each hour he saluted her by invoking her name and claiming her protection; each day he recited her Office together with the Office of the Passion.

"Every Wednesday and Friday he kept a strict fast. He learned this practice from his parents and observed it faithfully all his life. His love of the poor was very great, and Razzano tells us that his parents having allowed him to use one-third of his inheritance, Vincent distributed it amongst the poor in four days."

These citations from Father Stanislaus Hogan's learned and interesting work, *S. Vincent Ferrer*, one of the *Lives of the Friar Saints*, shows us his great fellow-Dominican's youth in a lovely

glimpse. He commenced his classical studies at eight, under excellent teachers, and, being exceptionally gifted in intelligence and judgment, he speedily outdistanced his fellow-students—we are even told that he had completed his philosophical course and commenced Theology when only fourteen.

When he was seventeen Vincent presented himself as a novice at the Dominican priory at Valencia, receiving the habit on the feast of S. Agatha, the 5th of February. This renunciation of a great position as a prelate, which might easily have been his among the secular clergy, caused much sorrow to his parents, particularly to his mother, who endeavoured, before his profession, to induce him to return and embrace the splendid career she had fondly hoped for him. But grace triumphed, though the young novice felt the sacrifice of his affections, and Constance, after pouring forth her soul in a church near was spoken to by a beggar, who gently reminded her of her former hopes, joys and sacrifices, and her late withdrawal of her offering to God, disappearing when she was about to offer him an alms, leaving her the consolation of knowing that her son was indeed dear to God and desired by Him for other work than she had perhaps fancied.

Seven months later he was sent to commence his Dominican studies at Tarragona, and two years later became Lector of Philosophy at Lerida, where for three years he taught and then was sent to the House of Studies at Barcelona, there to devote himself to Scripture and to Hebrew.

Four years later, in 1377, Vincent, still a Deacon, was sent to Toulouse, where rested the glorious remains of S. Thomas Aquinas, the "Angel of the Schools." At this University our humble student, already the author of two Latin works of philosophy, remained a year, being then recalled to Valencia. "He had proved himself. He had been tested by temptation and had remained firm. He was worthy, therefore, to offer sacrifice; and when Peter de Luna came as Papal Legate to solicit the support of the King of Aragon in favour of Clement VII., he sent for Vincent Ferrer and ordained him priest at Barcelona in 1379."

Shortly after this, our saint was elected Prior of the house at Valencia, and now his public ministry commences. He began immediately to urge the cause of Clement VII., the claimant to the Chair of S. Peter, whose title was disputed by Urban VI. This difficulty, concerning the rightful Pontiff's identity, was the commencement of the Great Schism which lasted some forty years and was the cause of much trouble and sorrow to devout Catholics. The matter, seen in the light of history and in the calm of a later time, is clear enough, but in those days the uncertainties were so many

and the doubt so hard to resolve that the celebrated theologian, John Gerson, the holy Chancellor of Paris, taxed with rashness those who blamed the partisans of either side. On both sides saints might be found—S. Catherine of Siena, the seraphic Mother, and S. Catherine, daughter of S. Bridget of Sweden, were on the side of Urban VI., and S. Vincent Ferrer and Blessed Peter of Luxembourg on that of Clement and Benedict. It was a matter of judgment, concerning the election of Pope Clement V.'s successor. The Conclave, assembled in haste, owing to abnormal circumstances, was not complete in the number of the Cardinals, sixteen instead of twenty-three or twenty-four were the only members of the Sacred College who could come. They elected the Archbishop of Bari, not a Cardinal, whom they had known as Vice-Chancellor at the Papal Court so recently transferred from Avignon where it had been held for seventy years. Later it became apparent that in the new Pontiff, Urban VI., the very qualities they thought he possessed, tact, prudence, and equanimity, were lacking and that he was harsh in the reforms he began to introduce. Yet he had been freely elected by sixteen of the Cardinals, as is testified by a letter sent by them to their colleagues in Avignon; and though afterwards some of the Cardinals, through fear, repudiated the election, and the other eight who had not voted proceeded, together with some of the sixteen, to a fresh choice at Foudi, still the Apostolic succession remained unbroken and was vested in the person of Pope Urban. S. Vincent, on the other hand, knew that the Cardinals declared they had been terrorised into electing Urban. Queen Joanna of Naples fostered the discontent and received the Cardinals, who proceeded to a fresh election, joined by those who had not elected Urban. Thus, owing to the statement of the invalidity of the first election made by the Cardinals, it followed that S. Vincent naturally considered Clement VIII. to be the legitimate Pope, and, when he died and Cardinal Peter de Luna succeeded him as Benedict XIII., became his supporter also.

The magistrates of Valencia, however,—to return to our young, holy Prior,—refused, following the example of the King of Aragon, to take sides with either Urban VI. or Clement VII. Vincent thereupon resigned his priorship, but the happiest relations existed between him and the civic dignities, and he was invited by them to preach the Lent in their Cathedral. He also gave the Lectures in Theology which had been established by one of the Bishops and confided to the Dominican Order for ever. For five years he continued to give these Lectures, and in the year 1390, at their conclusion, we read that he received his Doctor's degree.

His preaching was fruitful of many conversions already, as is

borne witness to in records of the time. About this time, too, we hear of the saint's wonderful preaching to the Jews, so many thousands of whom he converted. "He was a marvellous preacher," says Father Hogan, "a man whose convincing eloquence had converted the famous Jewish Rabbi, Paul of Burgos, who died Bishop of Carthage in 1435. . . . In the uprising against the Jews of Valencia in July, 1391, he proved himself to be their friend, father, and protector, a fact which the Jews themselves recognised in a very marked manner. Some writers are only too ready to speak of *los males causados por Fray Vicente*, and represent him as a 'mad fanatic' whose 'brutality and cruelty should be proverbial.' History, however, that is, history which is based on facts and documents and not the romance which is misnamed history, tells us the contrary." Every kind of help, spiritual and temporal, was lavished upon the Jews, even before their conversion, by our kind-hearted saint. No one, indeed, ever seems to have invoked this Wonder-worker in vain—down to a poor wife who complained to the kindly saint that her husband had treated her hardly because she was plain, and who was made beautiful at his prayer.

Our saint was summoned next to the Court at Segovia. "There, as spiritual guide, he promoted domestic virtues as the basis and guarantee of the social virtues. As a wise counsellor, a discreet friend, he lightened the burden of rule, purified festivities, endeared himself to all.

The Queen Yolande, having heard him preach at Salamanca, was determined to secure the holy Dominican as her director and Grand Almoner—she was a woman of fine qualities of mind, yet hasty and imperious, we are told. The saint, by his gentleness, tact, prudence and firmness, wrought a noticeable change in his royal penitent, of whom a human little story is told. On the occasion of a visit to Valencia she heard of the saint's visions, ecstasies and the light which surrounded him at prayer. Then, availing herself of her royal privilege of entering cloisters, she induced one of the Religious to knock at and open Master Vincent's door. He was kneeling; all saw him but the Queen. "Father, where are you?" she exclaimed. "I am here," he replied, "hidden from your eyes. Leave at once, and understand that God would punish you severely but that you act through feminine curiosity." This, however, did not deter the Queen from making another attempt. She returned, accompanied by her suite. She prayed God to seal the eyes "of her terrible confessor, her desire was granted; and through the half-open door she saw the cell filled with dazzling glory, streaming from the holy form of the Dominican." She drew back, saying, "Let

us depart, the sanctity of this man surpasses all that has been told of him." And after this, following a very natural impulse, she spoke to him kneeling, as one might address an angel. In this cell angels have been heard, singing Matins on S. Vincent's feast; here also a statue bent forward in response to the prayer made before it by another Valencia Dominican, S. Louis Bertrand.

It is not to be supposed that so holy a man would be without the persecution of the Evil One and of malicious tongues. He was accused of heresy—but when Peter de Luna, now Benedict XIII. and successor of Clement VII. at Avignon, heard it, he indignantly sent for the documents which had been placed before the tribunal of the Inquisition and burned them, sending also for Vincent, whom he kept near his own pension at his Court. Meanwhile God protected His servant's reputation, for numberless miracles were wrought through him constantly.

Benedict endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to make Vincent a Cardinal, retaining him, however, as his own confessor and chaplain and Master of the Sacred Palace—a position, we may observe, always held by a Dominican. "Benedict was a kindly man, a brilliant speaker, a diplomat; but excessively obstinate. France had declared in his favour, yet tried hard to make him come to some understanding with the Pontiff at Rome. All was in vain, however, and Benedict XIII. would not move a finger to put an end to the scandal which existed. He absolutely refused to accept the decision of the council of Theologians which was held at Paris in July, 1398, when a practically unanimous judgment was given against him." Even when, by Decree, the obedience of France was taken from him, Benedict only shut himself up in his Palace at Avignon, "determined to resist to the last." We can imagine the sufferings of a soul like Vincent's in such circumstances, having done all he could to move Benedict. It was now that he fell so ill that his life was despaired of and that the vision was vouchsafed to him in which SS. Francis and Dominic appeared, praying with him for his health that he might preach. Our Lord thereupon appeared and, touching the saint on the cheek sweetly, restored him to perfect health, making him clearly understand at the same time that he was to preach even as the two saints present had done.

Obtaining Benedict's consent with some difficulty, Vincent now commenced the astounding work of the last twenty years of his glorious life. On the day of his cure, October 3rd, 1398, he became what "he ever afterwards loved to style himself, *Legate a latere Christi*." "Every step he took," says an old chronicler, "during the remaining years of his life, was a miracle; every word he spoke was a conquest over sin." He was very attractive, beautiful and

angelic in person, with golden hair like an aureole about his head, dark, large, expressive eyes, full of fire, but tempered by his gentleness, his colour glowed when preaching—and it was said that when he was an old man of seventy, when preaching he would become as a young man, beautiful and vigorous—and his wonderful voice, now silver as a bell, gentle, touching and persuasive, now clear and terrible as a trumpet or as a thunder-peal from heavenly coasts, now sweet, now vibrant—the miracle of its being heard at great distances is one that is frequently noted in the accounts of this marvellous missionary—"it seemed to search the very heart and to inspire fear when fear was needed, or to soothe with exquisite tenderness."

At once his apostolate was marked by its peculiar phenomenon, the following of the preacher from place to place by a great concourse of persons converted by his sermons. At one time the numbers of this "Company," as it was known, were as many as ten thousand, and the band comprised all classes, lay, clerical, rich and poor, University scholars and professors, "many of whom gave up all chances of worldly prosperity to accompany 'Master Vincent.'" These were carefully "weeded" out—only persons free from ties or debts were accepted, and none were allowed to join these penitents who were necessary to their parents' support. The men and women travelled in separate companies; their goods, if they were rich, were given to the poor; they led a life of penance and devotion to all sorts of good works, such as the instruction of children and the ignorant, wherever they halted; and to the masons of these Companies we owe beautiful buildings such as the Cathedral at Quimper, or at least its towers, and the Chapel of Folgoët—where lies buried the half-witted young man whose only words were *Ave Maria* and from whose grave sprang a lily bearing those words on its petals. Vincent's penitents also continued and made permanent his good work in many of the cities he preached in, living there as a kind of religious body, devoted to the practice of penance and good works. In Valencia, on the occasion of one of these apostolic journeys of his, Vincent founded an orphanage for poor little homeless boys, and founded or reorganised a community of Beguines to take charge of them, giving them a black and white habit. This *Collegio* still exists, and the boys, wearing white cassocks, take part in the Offices at the Cathedral. This orphanage still possesses the crucifix used by S. Vincent in his public processions.

Now had begun that last period of our saint's life which differentiates it from all others, that mission of preaching a spiritual crusade which took him "in journeyings often, in labour and painfulness" throughout France, Spain and many parts of Italy. He

was even begged by Henry IV. to come and preach in Great Britain, and tradition—unsupported, unfortunately, by historical evidence—has it that he did so in many parts of England and Scotland and also at Tallaght in Ireland. Henry, however, more blessed than his fellow-countrymen, was privileged to hear the saint at Caen, in Normandy. Seventy thousand Jews were converted by S. Vincent's wonderful preaching—it was at Salamanca that the famous miracle of the heavenly shower of little white crosses took place in the Jewish synagogue, when, the auditors remaining deaf to his words, Vincent, gazing fervently upon his crucifix, besought Our Lord Himself to intervene.

And here it was also that, outside the Church of S. Stephen, S. Vincent solemnly declared, in presence of an immense concourse of people, among them the Fathers of the Dominican house, many of whom were Theologians of the Inquisition, that he was the Angel of the Judgment spoken of by S. John the Evangelist in the Apocalypse. This startling announcement caused murmurings, but the Saint, calling the bearers of a dead woman's body who were passing to the neighbouring Church of S. Paul, bade the corpse testify whether his words were true or not. And before the eyes of all present, she came to life, bore witness to the truth of the saint's claim, and again lay down in death. "This mission was unique and without parallel in the history of the Church. Other preachers, saints among the number, have roused sinners to repentance by their vivid portrayal of the Judgment; but S. Vincent's mission was as different and distinct from theirs as his preaching was diverse." This claim of the saint's, substantiated as it was by miracle, he wrote of to Benedict XIII., and he approved it. The Bull of Canonisation compares the saint to "an angel flying through the midst of heaven," and uses the Apocalyptic description of S. John's vision, which has been incorporated in the Breviary Office for our saint's feast. S. Louis Bertrand also describes him in a sermon as the angel foretold by the Evangelist; and the Church sanctions those pictures which represent S. Vincent in this Office.

Yet the General Judgment, of which his sermons spoke, based on a favourite text of his, *Fear God, and give Him honour, for the Day of His Judgment is at hand*, has not yet come. There are several explanations of this apparent anomaly: Father Hogan offers an extremely thoughtful and ingenious one, harmonising difficulties. In the brief space of the present sketch we can only refer readers to this book, and also mention that of S. Antoninus, based on a text of S. Ambrose. S. Antoninus holds that, had it not been for the world-wide fruits of repentance and loving fear of God produced by S. Vincent's marvellous ministry of preaching and miracle, God's just wrath would then have inundated the world. But just

as with Jonas and ancient Ninive, penance disarmed the Merciful God. *His mercies are above all His works*, the Psalmist tells us.

In 1412 took place the well-known Compromise of Caspe—it will be sufficient to say that through S. Vincent a King was peacefully secured to Aragon and that his choice was more than justified by results. For in Vincent we have a man who was not only an angel, a prophet, a saint, and a miracle-worker perhaps unequalled in the Church's annals—the number of his miracles officially accepted as tested and proved beyond doubt by the Church is 873; those who know the prudence and reserve of Rome in such matters understand that no more eloquent testimony could be,—but also a sagacious governor, organiser, man of business and statesman. He was great in royal councils; and though he would not personally attend the Church Council of Constance in 1416 (the Master General of the Dominicans being present and he himself busy with his healing of the innumerable sick and converting multitudes of souls) he sent them a reply concerning a knotty theological difficulty which was regarded as a very marvel of light and accuracy. In 1416 the Great Schism came happily to an end,—Benedict XIII. alone of the claimants to the Papacy refusing to yield his claim for the good of the Church, Vincent withdrew (though at great personal sacrifice of the long friendship between them) his support from him, and a fresh Pope was canonically elected. Garson, the Chancellor of the Paris University, wrote to S. Vincent: "But for you this union could never have been accomplished."

"The later journeys of S. Vincent, his success, the miracles which he wrought and the conversions effected by his preaching, are well authenticated," writes Father Hogan, "and this is due not only to the Process of Canonisation, but also to the records which were kept by the various municipalities of the places in which he laboured." The sick were healed, the dead and murdered raised to life, enemies everywhere reconciled, vocations flourished marvelously,—at Clairvaux he visited S. Bernard's monks and found them dying of plague; at his blessing the visitation ceased, and the monks were all restored. The lepers were healed, the blind saw, the dumb spoke, the paralysed recovered; he had the gift of tongues, for though he only knew Spanish, Latin and a little Hebrew, wherever he went everyone understood the saint as though speaking in the hearers' own dialects. He met S. Colette, the great reformer of the Poor Clares, more than once; she predicted to him his speedy death and reward, and that he should die in France.

And all fell out as she had said. Falling sick in Brittany in 1419, he was tenderly cared for (his "Company" making two unsuccessful efforts to bring him back to Spain), and on the Wednesday in Passion Week he sweetly breathed his last.

# No. 5 'Bus.

MARY FURNEAUX.

## I.

**B**EFORE her sister's marriage, Pansy Heath was as jolly as she was good-looking. But Viola married Hamilton Golding, and defied her parents' wishes by doing so, as she loved this fascinating scamp, and believed she could reform him.

It was when Pansy, the only person in her sister's confidence, discovered that the reformation of Hamilton Golding had somehow failed to come off, and that Viola was desperately unhappy, that she quite forsook her former amusements. She would now only go to a theatre, a dance or a party if Viola was to be met there; her one desire was to be near her sister.

Colonel Heath had an important post at the War Office, and they had a delightful flat in Ashley Gardens. Both he and his wife were devoted to their two daughters. Viola's marriage had been a real grief to them, but she was a clever actress, and they now imagined Hamilton had realised his good fortune in the shape of a charming wife and had reformed.

So when they noticed Pansy's pale face, subdued spirits, and sudden indifference to amusement, they in no way connected these symptoms with Viola's marriage. They thought Pansy must be very much run down, and became so worried about her, that she occupied their thoughts at present more than their married daughter.

Then something happened to change matters for them all.

It began by the Heaths' motor going wrong, just when all the West End was afflicted by a taxi-drivers' strike. Pansy had an appointment at her dressmaker's, and the only available vehicle was a No. 5 'bus. No room on top this fine May morning. So Pansy got inside. Two Sisters of Charity engaged on some errand of Mercy got in after her, and took the two remaining seats.

The Sisters exchanged greetings with two ladies sitting next her. Pansy heard them say something about "Benediction that afternoon." So she concluded they must be Roman Catholics, though what sort of a ceremony Benediction was, she didn't know.

But what she did know was, she felt most wonderfully attracted by one of the Sisters, whom she heard the others address as Sister Blanche.

Sister Blanche had a beautiful face and an extremely intelligent

one. Pansy, like a good many others outside the Catholic Church, had imagined Convents to be refuges for the world's failures.

She looked at Sister Blanche and wondered.

The rest of the 'bus was filled with business people and pleasure-seekers.

The latter consisted of some noisy, laughing girls with tennis-bats. The former all looked more or less intelligent and more or less worried. Eager, restless types of modern "on-the-surface" cleverness. Sister Blanche's face had more thought in it than any of them, and thought, accompanied by marvellous serenity, made her such a contrast to her fellow-passengers in observant Pansy's eyes. Besides, ever since the girl's discovery of Viola's unhappiness she had felt that every very joyful face she saw rather jarred on her with its contrast to her feeling, yet Sister Blanche's wonderful expression of calm happiness soothed Pansy, and drew her like a magnet, though she couldn't understand why.

Pansy was still wondering about Sister Blanche when the 'bus conductor: "Fares, please."

Two or three people were standing. Pansy had to hand the nuns their tickets. This gave her an excuse to get another peep at Sister Blanche. She was more and more interested. And when the Sisters left the 'bus Pansy's new impression of a nun, and her awakened enthusiasm for the cause of it, reached a climax which was to have a lasting influence on her, when she heard one of the Sisters' friends say to the other:

"Sister Blanche has a big place among many wonderful people who have vocations. She gave up £900 a year she was earning as a journalist to go into a convent where she would never possess sixpence of her own."

"Yes," replied the other lady, "to say nothing of an interesting profession, in which she had exceptional success. I always give an offering to Sister Blanche for her poor. She is such a saint, and gave up such a lot, she makes others feel they must at least give up a little, too."

Then Pansy was transferred from surprise to delight by the first speaker saying:

"I used to know her well in the world when she was Miss Elizabeth Beaumont. They are a very clever family. Her brother, Charles Beaumont, writes the most delightful plays; he and his wife have lately taken No. 23 Ashley Gardens."

Pansy knew Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beaumont quite well by sight. The flat was just above their own and she often met them in the lift. He was a tall, distinguished-looking man, but his wife was over-dressed, and discontented-looking. Pansy would try to get

to know them since they were related to this wonderful Sister of Charity.

## II.

When she reached home, strangely enough her mother handed her this note from a cousin :

" MY DEAR MARGARET,

" Do call on Mrs. Charles Beaumont, who lives in your building; it will be real kindness. The tragedy is Charlie Beaumont has married a third-rate little woman (*why* do nice men do these things?). He hasn't even the excuse of her belonging to his own Church, as she is a ' Plymouth Sister,' or something awful—while he, and all his family, are Roman Catholics—but it really doesn't matter if *they* are Buddhists, when they are so absolutely the right sort. You are sure to like all *his* family. His brother—Harold Beaumont is a dear—all these naval men are—so absurd when people say they make love to everybody, as I'm quite sure the girls like it. Anyway, call on Mrs. Charlie, and be kind—as all Charlie Beaumont's many friends are keeping away. Which must worry him and interrupt his writing lovely plays.

" Love to Pansy, and to Viola when you see her.

" Yours always,

" JULIA."

Pansy lost no time in persuading her mother to grant this request—and was enthusiastically relating her experience that morning when Mrs. Heath remembered a note-book the hall-porter had brought to their flat by mistake, and said : " There is a name written so faintly, I can't read it. Can you, dear?"

" C. Beaumont," read Pansy. " Oh, mother, it is full of notes ! How exciting ! They may be about a play. I'd better slip it into their letter-box directly."

Mrs. Charles Beaumont had suffered much from the sight of her almost empty card-tray. In fact, it was chiefly waiting for visitors who failed to appear that made her develop an attack of nerves. And she made those " nerves " an excuse to persuade her husband that he must take her to her home in Plymouth for some weeks. It would be almost fatal as regards his work for Charlie Beaumont to leave London just then—but he believed in his wife's nerves.

It happened, his naval brother, Harold, who had a job at the Admiralty, called in on his way to lunch at his club to protest with

his sister-in-law on this subject, as he knew his brother was too unselfish to make a firm stand about it himself.

He found Dolly Beaumont alone—very much over-dressed—too much scent—and too much powder on her nose. She was pretty in her own style—but would have been much prettier had she taken less trouble to be so.

Unfortunately for the success of Harold's mission, he was neither a ladies' man nor a diplomatist, so instead of admiring Dolly's dress and her drawing-room, and then casually mentioning—like the P.S. to a woman's letter—that the Plymouth visit would interrupt her husband's work, he went straight to the point.

"I say, Dolly, you don't look a bit ill. Don't you think, as you are going to your own mater at Plymouth, you could leave Charlie in town those few weeks and——"

"It is for his own good," interrupted Dolly, furious with Harold's first remark. I'm sure he needs a change, too, and to have some company. Mother has arranged several parties and expeditions; he'll find my friends more sociable than his own seem to be."

"As long as he thinks you are out of sorts and want him, he'll go," continued Harold, ignoring her last sarcasm. "And you know all those rehearsals for 'Clouds' are coming on, and he could only get up here in time for bits of them—as far away as Plymouth and——"

"Well, and what more could you want? He could come up once a week. Mother won't have a party every day."

"Don't you see, Dolly, it may spoil the whole thing, his being away just now? Why, I'll give you an instance. When he first wrote a play, Binkie (that is my great pal) and I wanted to help him. So we offered to choose the leading lady—we thought we'd like that job, specially Binkie. Well, old Charlie explained to us then, that much as he loved us, he couldn't let us help—and said if Binkie engaged Venus herself to come and act, she might not suit the part. Without joking, now, he's got to do everything himself; he has, really. So you see how it is."

But with or without joking, Mrs. Beaumont didn't see, and wasn't inclined to try to. Harold wasted half-an-hour trying to make her understand.

When Dolly said for the sixth time, "I know Charlie needs a change as much as I do; he isn't acting in the play, and he can write and 'phone to those theatre people," then Harold lost his temper thoroughly and thought of a lot he'd like to say. Only, as his sister-in-law's drawing-room wasn't a quarter-deck, he'd wait till he got the door of the flat between them.

## III.

This is why, when Pansy, instead of taking the lift, came softly up the stairs to restore the note-book, she beheld a naval man in uniform, standing with his back to her, outside No. 23, engaged in expressing his feelings not loudly, but distinctly, in pretty strong language.

He turned and saw her, and stopped in the middle of a swear word.

Pansy slipped Mr. Charles Beaumont's note-book into the letter-box and rang the electric bell. As she did so, Harold Beaumont approached her. She guessed it was Harold Beaumont because he was so like his brother, only taller and broader, and more sunburnt, and he had a look of the Sister of Charity, too.

"I'm afraid you heard my language just now," he said. "I can't tell you how sorry I am. I never heard you coming upstairs and as long as the lift wasn't moving I thought myself alone. I was in a beast of a rage—and—well—I just said—what I did say—you know."

"You did make me jump," said Pansy.

"If you'll forgive me—next time I'm in a rage I promise to try not to say any of it. So please say you'll forgive me."

Pansy was fidgetting a gold bangle while he spoke. Viola had given her this bangle, and it made her think of her sister, and of her own hopeless and helpless misery, since she knew of Viola's unhappiness. She had felt lately she could sympathise with anyone who got into the most mad rages and said most wild things.

So she said, "I've often thought the swearing habit must be a relief sometimes, though I'm so glad you've promised to try not to—if I forgive you, which I do."

"Thanks awfully for forgiving me," said Harold Beaumont. "Can't I ring for the lift for you?"

"No, thanks," answered Pansy; "I'm only going to our flat just below."

A few moments later Harold found "Binkie" waiting for him in Victoria Street.

"Why so silent, old man—backed the wrong horse?" asked Binkie, as they walked towards the club, where they were to lunch.

"Well, as a matter of fact," answered Harold, "I've just been caught doing absolutely the wrong thing, by absolutely the right sort of girl and——" It suddenly occurred to Harold that the small, fair-haired girl he'd just made a promise to was so specially nice that he didn't even want to talk to Binkie about her. He

changed the subject and asked Binkie what he'd been doing, and offered him a cigarette.

Binkie, too sensible to force a confidence, lit the cigarette and proceeded to relate his own adventures.

"I was telling a very nice little flapper just now," he began, "that I'd ordered a box of chocolates tied with blue ribbons for her, because her favourite colour was blue. She at once declared she'd never loved or said she loved any colour but pink in her life. And I suddenly remembered it was *another* girl who loved blue. So now I've got to go and see the pretty girl with the topping hair at the chocolate shop, and ask her to change the addresses on the two boxes of chocolates I'd ordered. I've got a busy day."

"Good old Binkie," said Harold. "I shall write an essay about you and call it 'Overwork at the Admiralty.'"

"There is one fault I find with girls," Binkie remarked—"too good a memory; only one fault, mind you, and they put up with all of ours. God bless them all."

Later, Binkie (who was also a Catholic) knew Harold went to Confession that evening, but he didn't know that it was in order to make a good start in keeping a promise, made to "absolutely the right sort of girl."

You don't tell even your best pal everything.

#### IV.

Mrs. Charles Beaumont was delighted next day when the Heaths, those smart people from the flat below, called.

In fact she was so pleased, that she was quite ready to overlook the fact of the daughter having taken a crazy fancy to her crank of a sister-in-law, the nun. She even offered to take Pansy to see the convent, and finally decided there might be *some* advantages in her husband's religion, after all. For, as Pansy eagerly accepted her offer, Mrs. Heath suggested that their motor should be at the disposal of both of them the day they visited Sister Blanche.

So a few days later Mrs. Charlie Beaumont had the joy of being seen in the Heaths' motor. With her new Pekinese on her lap and her best Paris hat on, by special luck she met several people who should have called and hadn't remembered to yet. She was so delighted with the situation that she quite forgave the waste of a good hour at the convent. She had ceased to be a Non-Conformist, like her family, as she had discovered it wasn't the thing. But that didn't make her the least bit more interested in Catholics or their nuns. Yet she was glad to introduce Miss Heath to—anyone!

And Pansy was even more interested than she expected to be in Sister Blanche, and in all she heard of convent life and the work of the Sisters of Charity. She was delighted when she was told of a day when she might always find a Sister free for twenty minutes or so if she liked to come and see them.

About six weeks later Harold met Pansy at a large "At Home." He had come there with Binkie in order to entertain Binkie's new best girl's cousin, who, according to Binkie, was a tiresome sort of girl and couldn't see when she wasn't wanted. Never was good nature better rewarded: the cousin wasn't there, but Pansy Heath was. He soon found her a quiet corner of a balcony.

"Rather quaint the first time we met, wasn't it?" he said, "only I expect you've forgotten. I was just swearing, for all I was worth, when I saw you, and I stopped. And I've kept that promise I made when you were such a brick to forgive me. There'll be a mutiny when I go back to my ship, for lack of my thrilling eloquence—and it will all be your fault."

"The strange part is," said Pansy, laughing, "you don't seem bad-tempered a bit."

"Well, I'd been having a tiff with my sister-in-law that day. She wanted to cart old Charlie off to Plymouth—just when it would put a big handicap on his new play—'Clouds'—then rehearsing, for him to leave town. I had just been trying to argue her out of it, and couldn't—I was a silly ass. Your mater and some other people did the trick, without any swearing. When they all called and kept Dolly amused, she gave up the Plymouth trip."

"It would have been hard luck to have your brother's rehearsals interrupted," said Pansy.

"Yes," said Harold. "Dolly isn't a bad sort; but if she'd spoilt poor old Charlie's play with her fooling, I should have simply had to kill that beastly Pekingese of hers, and chop it up and give it to Binkie's bull-dog for his dinner."

Pansy laughed softly; then her laughter suddenly stopped as a louder laugh was heard. She turned her head slightly, and began looking in the direction of a long French window near.

Harold watched her and he was dismayed when he noticed how dreadfully sad she was looking. What was the matter? She had been laughing a moment ago. He hated to see her look so unhappy. In wonder and sympathy, he followed her gaze through the French window in search of an explanation. But he could only see a very good-looking and extremely well-dressed girl laughing and talking with friends inside.

At this moment the evident object of Pansy's thoughts joined them, and Pansy introduced her as "My sister."

Harold still wondered, as the sister herself did not seem to be fretting about anything. Yet he was certain he'd made no mistake in Pansy's expression as she watched her just now.

Presently Harold told them both that Binkie was there with one of his best girls.

"How many has he got?" asked Pansy, laughing.

"Oh, they all like Binkie," was the answer, "and he is generally engaged to one of them and not always sure which. He'll turn up directly. I want you both to meet him—he is such a good sort."

Viola laughed, and she said: "I'm afraid we must postpone the introduction for the present, as Pansy and I must be going."

As Harold went to look for Viola's motor among many waiting, he asked Pansy the name.

"Mrs. Hamilton Golding," answered Pansy.

The gallant men of our senior service are generally proof against shocks, but Harold got one at Pansy's answer.

He knew Hamilton Golding by reputation—or rather by the lack of it. Like all the nicest men, he detested gossip, especially when it originated at his club. He knew a man who is a scandal-monger is worse than ten old women. But he also knew it was not all lies about Hamilton Golding. A man in love takes a narrow view, and all his sympathy at once flew to Pansy, instead of Viola—the real victim—in this case.

While he was finding the motor he was reflecting that it was simply infamous to think of such a girl as Pansy being in any way related to Hamilton Golding, or having anything to do with any brother connected with him. Anybody would worry if their sister was married to Hamilton. Now he understood her sad look (which haunted him) when she had been watching her sister just now. Poor little girl—he wondered how much she knew about that mad devil, her brother-in-law.

When he saw both sisters into the motor and said good-bye he took Pansy's small hand in his rather large one and said, "God bless you."

As they drove away Pansy said to Viola:

"I do like the way naval men say 'God bless you.'"

Viola smiled. "I didn't know they usually said it," she answered. "However, your friend does, apparently"—she paused—then she added bitterly, "Yes, men are very charming—till you happen to marry; then you discover that at any rate one of them——" She stopped and exclaimed, "*What a beast I am to*

start spoiling your afternoon like this, and I did like your naval friend—but it is being unhappy makes me say horrid things—and—and——” Then poor Viola began to sob as if her heart would break—while Pansy gently put her arm round her and soothed and comforted her as if she were a child, instead of an elder sister.

## V.

As bad reports usually spread quickly and people are so slack over talking of good ones, it is worth noting that some weeks after the events just recorded, the World and his Wife said Mrs. Hamilton Golding had begun to succeed in the reformation of her scamp of a husband after all.

The best of it all was they spoke the truth, for a happy and smiling Viola, up in town for the day from Cowes, told Pansy all about it.

Hamilton Golding's eyes had become suddenly opened to a fact (too often never realised by his type) that in ruining his own life he was equally ruining that of the woman who loved him. And, as, though he had done his best to make her utterly miserable, he really loved his wife, he not only made up his mind to turn over a new leaf, but actually did it.

Pansy could have added another bit to the story of her brother-in-law's reformation. But that bit was too big a thing to talk about, all at once. So she just listened to Viola's version and shared her joy.

Harold Beaumont had known for a long time that Pansy was the “absolutely only girl” as far as he was concerned. But there was one obstacle in the way that had so far prevented him from asking her to decide his fate for him. Even his brother Charlie, who he thought worth six of him, wasn't making a success of a mixed marriage. He and Dolly had started already each going their different ways. It was true Dolly was quite happy and seemed to get all she wanted out of life, in the shape of lots of new frocks, a quickly lengthening visiting list, and an uninteresting little dog, who couldn't even catch mice.

But then Pansy was so different from Dolly in every way. There was no comparison. He didn't believe, as things were, he could ever make her happy, if she cared for him enough to marry him.

She'd see the barrier between them there must always be, in a mixed marriage, too plainly. And he'd be too much of a rotter to

knock that barrier down, by being able to teach her about his Church. Worse still, he might put her off, and so prevent people who weren't rotters from instructing her. The first time she'd met him, she'd caught him swearing. It would be wicked to make her unhappy. He simply didn't know what to do.

It was the Feast of the Assumption; he'd been to Mass that morning; he would go into Westminster Cathedral now and ask Our Lady to help him.

So, leaving the glare of the sunshine and the work-a-day world behind in Victoria Street, he entered the great building whose vastness seems to stretch beyond and above its actual size, and is only equalled by the half-concealed and indescribable atmosphere of holy mystery there.

Vastness and mystery, true attributes of the Catholic Church.

He first went to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and then he passed on to the other side of the church to Our Lady's Chapel.

And there—he could hardly believe his eyes—kneeling in front of the beautiful mosaic representing Our Lady, was Pansy!

Harold was too amazed for a moment to do anything. Then he saw the stand for the candles was just behind her, and, with a promptness and thoroughness characteristic of the senior service, he lit every candle he could get hold of. Afraid to disturb Pansy, he went to the back of the Church, still feeling so surprised he hardly knew what prayers he was saying.

He waited, breathless, on his knees, till Pansy passed beside him without seeing him. Then he got up and joined her in the porch. She looked all smiles and happiness as she greeted him.

"So you like my Church!" he said. "You come here sometimes?"

Pansy looked at him with wide open, smiling eyes.

"I love *my* Church," she answered. "I was received three weeks ago in a convent chapel."

"Thank God!" said Harold Beaumont.

"Mother and Dad were such bricks," said Pansy. "They never tried to stop me, when they found I was really in earnest, so I've had nothing to worry me, and Dad let me stay behind in town with him till I was received, and, after, for confirmation. I am going to join mother and Viola at Cowes later. And now you'll think me crazy telling you, but you are about the only Catholic I know—I've just been saying my thanksgiving for the wonderful way the nuns' prayers for me have been answered—something lovely about happiness for Viola."

"I don't think you one bit crazy," he said. "Just go now and

say all the thanksgivings you can think of, for me, for a beautiful surprise I've had."

Pansy turned back towards the church door, to grant his request, when he stopped her. "Just one moment," he said. "I've made a promise to you and kept it. Now I want you to make one to me."

He told her all about it.

It was some months later, when Mr. and Mrs. Harold Beaumont were returning from a *matinée* of his brother's most successful new play, 'Clouds,' that Pansy suddenly caught hold of her husband's arm and exclaimed:

"Look, Harold, there is No. 5 'bus." Then she added softly, "I always feel an affection for that 'bus. It was in No. 5 'bus I met Sister Blanche—and it was through that saint of a sister of yours I got instructed about the Faith."

"So it all began by your seeing my little sister going her errands of mercy—by No. 5 'bus? I'll send her the biggest offering for her poor she's ever had. And I'll tip *all* the drivers of *all* the No. 5 'busses."

"Don't forget all the conductors," said Pansy, laughing.



## Song of Our Lady's Lover.

O little stars that lace the dusk with gold!  
 O radiant stars that jewel the evening sky!  
 Shimmer beyond the shadows' silken fold,  
 And cluster, where my Lady walks on high,  
 To make a shining pathway for her feet,  
 Where softly she may tread—my Lady sweet!

O little flow'rs that winds have lull'd to rest,  
 Slumber, and dream of other gardens bright,  
 Where blossoms grow, by angel-hands caress'd,  
 And all is loveliness for her delight!  
 Dream of the glory that bedecks the rose  
 In those fair arbours where my Lady goes!

O stars and flow'rs, encompass her with praise,  
 Whose smile the deepest gloom of night dispels,  
 And makes the crowning gladness of the days!—  
 For, while afar my soul's Beloved dwells,  
 To me your beauty and your fragrance prove  
 A gracious symbol of my Lady's love.

CLARE STUART.

# Barbary Figs.

EDITH COWELL.

## I.

**R**ETURNING to my room unexpectedly one morning, to fetch some letters I had forgotten to take to the post, I surprised Maria, the ancient chambermaid, sitting at my table, turning over my papers.

She rose as I entered, but her beautiful manners did not forsake her. "Madame will excuse me," she said very simply. "I am anxious to consult a time-table, and I was sure madame would not object."

"Do, do," I replied. "Tell me. Can I help? I have three time-tables——"

"Thank you, madame, I have looked. Madame will excuse me. I have searched all three. But what I want to find is not there."

"Are you sure? I believe if you were to tell me, I could find it," I said. "I am very good at time-tables. Everyone comes to me, in fact."

I was fond of Maria. It seemed horrible to me that anyone so old and so fragile, with such a good education, and such beautiful manners—so superior, in fact, to her employers—should be obliged to toil early and late sweeping floors, making beds, and fetching hot water for me and twenty-three other people on the same corridor.

"Maria," I said, "sit down, do, and let us find out what you want."

She smiled and remained standing. I did not dare to press her. I knew that, according to her code of manners—"I was educated by nuns in a boarding-school," she would tell you on the second morning she brought your coffee)—it would be unthinkable that however tired she felt she should permit herself to sit down in my presence.

"If madame would be so kind," she said, doubtfully. "I was trying to find the railway rates for coffins."

"For?"

"For coffins, yes. Has madame any idea what it would cost to take a coffin from Algiers to Versailles?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said I. Then I remembered something I had once heard. "I believe," I said, "that in England it is a shilling a mile. So it might be, say, a franc, in France. And the sea-crossing would be much cheaper, I should think."

"A franc a mile!" Her eyes grew dark, and she stared out of

the window, evidently busy with some problem of mental arithmetic. But, her beautiful manners refusing again to forsake her, she soon recovered her presence of mind. "Thank you, madame." Then, in her soft, courtly old voice: "Madame has need of nothing? No? Then, madame——"

She shut the door softly behind her. I was left to swallow my curiosity. Then the clock struck eleven, and put her out of my head, for I was very anxious not to miss the European mail, and I had no time to spare. I snatched up my letters and fled. I was in such a hurry, in fact, that I nearly fell into a regiment of camels waiting with Gaddi Mohamed, the hotel guide, in attendance, to take some visitors for a ride round the town. Gaddi was perpetually hiring camels for the visitors, though how on earth, considering what people, and especially women, in European dress look like, perched on camels, they can permit themselves to mount them, is beyond my imagination. It is true they cannot see themselves. But at least they can see each other. As for me, nothing less than the Holy Father, and he speaking *ex cathedra*, would compel me to do such a thing.

I should have plunged into the middle of the camel corps if Gaddi had not put out a long, slim, henna-stained hand to prevent me.

"All right, mother! Take your time," he cried, in a loud, hearty voice, and a perfect Cockney accent.

*Mother!* I was furious. Of course I knew Gaddi loathed me: (1) because I spoke French, and was therefore in no need of the assistance of his Cockney accent; (2) because I had not chosen him for my dragoman, but had taken Brahim, an irresistible little black *chasseur*, instead; and (3) because I had very soon found out, and thereby caused Diana, who is his client, to find out, that it is simply nonsense to pretend that sensible European women cannot with perfect safety, at least in daylight, visit the native quarter, without Gaddi or anybody else in attendance.

For all these reasons Gaddi loathed me, and lost no opportunity to offending me subtly, by insisting on addressing me, always in that loud, hearty voice, as *mother*, whereas Diana is *missie*, in tones overflowing with milk and honey. Of course you think it most childish of me to mind? But I do mind. Diana may have bright and curly hair, and sapphire eyes, and a fur-coat which puts up the prices, wherever we go. I may have hair of no colour, and eyes to match, and be clothed by the united efforts of my more immediate relatives. Nevertheless, Diana is centuries older than I am. In fact, she will soon be forty. She says so herself. You see, therefore, how annoying it is, this trick of Gaddi's?

"Can't you understand," says Diana, "that he only calls you

mother because you insist on wrapping yourself up like a mummy?"

A poor joke! It does not console me in the least.

## II.

It was no doubt on account of Gaddi that I was searching in the glass for grey hairs when Maria came in that evening. It was a preoccupation she was spared, for she wore the most cunning and elaborate wig you ever saw—a jet-black one, and her face looked like a beautiful, tragic mask underneath it. For Maria might be old, but she was beautiful. She was one of those few and fortunate women whom age cannot wither. Prettiness is skin-deep. It depends on youth, and passes with it. But beauty is everlasting. The most beautiful woman I know is an abbess who has celebrated her golden jubilee.

"Maria," I said, "you look worn out. I believe you never rest."

"It is sometimes tiring," she said simply, "not to have a bedroom. I was promised a bedroom. In fact, I was to have a bedroom to myself. But so far Madame P. (the proprietress) has not been able to arrange it. The hotel has been shut up for five years during the war, and has only been open two months. So everything is disorganised. And a camp-bed is put up for me every night in the corridor. I sleep, it is true, but it is not very comfortable."

"But what a shame! Where do you dress, and where do you keep your things?"

"My valise is in the housemaid's cupboard on this landing, and I dress in the bathroom. As I go to bed very late, and get up very early, it does not annoy the visitors," explained Maria, simply.

"You poor thing! At your age——"

I paused, fearing I had hurt her feelings.

"It is true, madame. I am old. I am (she dropped her voice mysteriously) sixty-five!"

I could believe it. If she had said seventy-five I should not have been surprised.

"You ought to retire," I said, stupidly.

"Alas, madame!" she threw up her wrinkled old hands.

"Is it a question of money?" I asked timidly.

"Yes, madame, it is a question of money. It requires much money, to begin with, to return to France, for I will never return until I can take my husband with me. That is why I had the indiscretion to consult madame's time-tables. I have made—(she

dived into her pocket and brought out her spectacles and a piece of paper)—I have made calculations, after what madame told me this morning, and I find that at the rate of a franc a mile from Marseille——”

“Then, Maria,” I said, “your husband—you mean he is dead? It is his coffin——?”

“Yes, madame,” said Maria—and then she told me all about it.

She belonged, as I had thought, to a superior class. Her parents were well-to-do hotel-keepers at Versailles. She was their only child, and they spared no expense to have her brought up by a well-known teaching Order. They had social ambitions, and intended her to make a brilliant marriage. However, at eighteen she took it into her head to fall in love with the hall-porter, the son of a former cook in their employ. Naturally, they were angry, for it upset all their plans. The young man was sent away and the parents acted like parents in a story-book. But that was no good, for Maria took a leaf out of the story-book, too, and threatened to go into a decline! So the wicked parents repented and gave their consent on two conditions—Maria’s dowry was to be reduced to minute proportions; and she and her husband were to go right away. Maria was so overjoyed, and so anxious to please her parents, that she suggested that they should emigrate to Algeria. Paul, the husband, was willing, and they went to Algiers, and took a situation in a splendid hotel—he as concierge, and she as house-keeper. It was a good place, but they did not keep it. Paul was “extremely sensitive, and his health was not good.” So they took another situation, but somehow they did not keep that either.

“We were in our third place, madame, when my father died, leaving me a considerable sum of money. It came like a miracle, for my husband was far from well, and he suffered from having very delicate feelings. A word, madame, would upset him, he was so sensitive, poor Paul! So when the money came we resolved to set up on our own account in a pension at Algiers. By that time we knew the country and the people, and I was confident we should succeed. And we did succeed. For seven years, madame, all went well. My little girl was born, and we were very happy. Only—I have never liked Algeria. I did not say so, because my husband loved it, and it suited his health. But night after night I would dream of home. But every morning when I awoke, there were the Barbary figs! You have noticed, madame, that every time you look out of the window, in Algeria, there is a hedge of Barbary figs? Everywhere. They used to get on my nerves, reminding me I was in exile. Fortunately,” she added simply, “now I have no nerves.”

I sympathised, for those grotesque, heathenish prickly pears, which the French call Barbary figs, were hateful to me, too. They reminded me of evil *genii* of the Arabian Night's Entertainment.

Maria went on with her tale. All went well, until one summer's day there came a hail-storm which destroyed all the vineyards round Algiers and broke every pane of glass in Maria's pension. There was nothing to do but to send to Lyons for some more. The order was given, but the glass did not come, and, as time went on and the winter season was approaching, Maria suggested that the best thing would be that Paul should go himself to Lyons and bring the glass back with him. So he did. Unfortunately, on the journey back, the train went off the rails. One person was killed. It was Paul. The glass was delivered to Maria without a scratch!

Her heart was broken, and she made up her mind to get rid of the pension, spend the proceeds on educating her little girl in the same convent in which she had been brought up, in Paris, and take a situation as chambermaid in the hotel in Algiers where she had been employed with her husband first of all.

"Madame will wonder why I chose to be a chambermaid? It was on account of the tips. I had no pride, none. My one thought was to give my little Pauline every possible advantage."

She paused abruptly, then answered the question I dared not ask.

"Her also I have lost. She died at eighteen, when she was about to enter the Dominican Order."

### III.

It was one of my numerous faults that I can never refrain from thrusting my fingers into other people's pies. No sooner had I heard all this than I began plotting to get Maria out of that hotel where she had no bedroom. It was not very difficult, for all my friends regard me as a sort of registry office! Within a week I had found an excellent place for her at Algiers (where her husband was buried, by the way), with an old French friend of mine, a certain Madame de V. I wanted Maria to forfeit her month's wages, which I was sure Diana would make up to her, and leave at once, for I saw no reason why the hotel proprietress should be considered. But Maria would not hear of it. She would stay her month.

"No, madame," she said loyally, "I could not do that. To leave Madame P. without notice in the middle of the season would be a sin against charity. It is true that she is—(she mentioned the woman's nationality, which was not French)—and that she has not had the advantage of a good education. But she does her best. No

one works harder than she does herself, and she has always seen that we were well fed."

So I had to give in. I went away, on the understanding that Maria was to go to Algiers at the end of the month. I felt very happy about it. I knew Maria and Madame de V. would appreciate each other, and I hoped that Maria would end her days at Algiers, seeing that her husband was buried there, and that she would probably have considerable difficulty with the authorities, in the event of her wanting to transfer his remains to France. I never dreamt I was doing Madame de V. a bad turn! But I was. It ought to cure me of meddling with other people's affairs. Perhaps it has! But one never knows!

I might never have known what happened, if Diana had not taken it into her head to leave me to go home alone from Tunis, while she went back to Algiers to finish the winter there. She only got home last week, and wired to me to meet her in London. We had talked on end for hours when she suddenly remembered a piece of news she had for me.

"You remember," she said, "that old Maria you sent to Madame de V.?"

"Of course," said I.

"Imagine," said she, "that she was the first person I saw when I went on board at Algiers for Marseille. And what do you think? She was married. She was going to France for her honeymoon."

"You are joking," I said.

"Indeed I'm not," said Diana. "There she was, travelling first, and looking as smart as could be. And who, do you think, was her husband? Madame de V.'s *chef*—that priceless *chef* she has had for twenty years. Can't you imagine how she feels, and how she blesses you—for it is all your doing, you know!"

"Maria!" I exclaimed. "Maria married again! Maria on her second honeymoon, when she gave me to understand that her one ambition in life——"

"Yes, I know," said Diana. "I'm coming to that. I was going to tell you that. I saw them when we were getting off the boat at Marseille. They were having no end of trouble with the customs."

"Oh!" I said, beginning to see daylight.

"Yes," said Diana, "that coffin got them into no end of difficulties!"

# Irish Saints in August.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE little islet of Lindisfarne lies two miles off the coast of Northumberland, and some nine miles or more south-east of the border-town of Berwick. At low-water the island is joined to the mainland, and twice in the course of the twenty-four hours it is accessible by means of a track across the sands. The resemblance of the isle in the Northern Sea to the island from whence Saint Aidan went to re-evangelise the pagan people of old Northumbria has obtained for Lindisfarne the name of the Iona of England. Perhaps it was this resemblance, perhaps the instinctive love of the Irish monks for solitude, that induced Aidan to set up his bishop's stool at Lindisfarne in 635. The island became the centre of great missionary activity, and was the seat of sixteen successive bishops.

The erudite pen of the Venerable Bede tells much of Saint Aidan as a priest, a bishop, and an indefatigable missionary, but nothing of his lineage or place of birth, save that he was an Irish monk.

The saint whose memory is commemorated on the last day of August was of the race of Columba, and he probably entered the monastery of Iona at an early age. When Oswald of Northumbria was an exile from his native land he had received much kindness from the Irish monks, and he had imbibed the traditions of Iona. On the eve of the battle that was to decide the fate of the northern realm, Oswald, tradition says, had a vision of Columba, who informed him of his victory of the next day and of his restoration to the throne of his ancestors. Oswald set up on the battle ground a huge wooden cross to hearten his small army, and ere nightfall the forces of Cadwallon, the last of the British warriors, was defeated.

Safely established on the throne of his fathers, Oswald turned, not to Canterbury, but to Iona, for missionaries to re-Christianise his far-spreading kingdom. The first who came at his call found the task difficult, and went back to the island monastery to report his failure. "Was it their stubbornness or your severity?" Aidan asked. "Did you give them the milk first and then the meat?" In obedience to the command of his superior Aidan departed to become first bishop of Lindisfarne. Missionaries came to his help both from Iona and Ireland, and the work of instructing the people began.

Green tells how the bishop and the king worked at first side by side, Oswald translating the words of the missionary to his rude thanes. Soon the Irish monks learned the Northumbrian dialect,

and Boisil led a little band of workers to the valley of the Tweed, while Aidan wandered on foot among the peasantry of Bernicia.

From the first the saint tried, and not ineffectually, to check the reckless manner of life of the Northumbrian nobles, and many of the gifts bestowed on him by his converts did Aidan pass on to the poor and afflicted. In barren Lindisfarne the saint and his monks observed the austerities practised by the founder of Iona. Slavery was as prevalent in Northumbria as in the other kingdoms of the Saxons, and not a few of the king's gifts went in procuring the freedom of some poor slaves.

Over and over again has the story been told of how the saint, much against his custom, sat one Easter day beside the king. A sumptuous repast had been prepared, but ere the viands were touched word came that a hungry multitude waited at the castle gates. Oswald at once ordered the untasted food to be carried to the crowd, and gave directions that the silver dishes should be broken up and divided among them. Aidan blessed the royal hand—"May this hand never grow old"—and when all else of the saintly monarch had perished the white hand of Oswald remained firm and incorrupt in the church of Bamborough.

All too soon Oswald died, praying with his last breath for his men, but Aidan exercised the same beneficent influence over his successor. Once when the pagan king of Mercia tried to burn Bamborough, Aidan raised his eyes to heaven: "Oh, God, see what ill Penda is doing," he cried, and instantly the wind shifted, and the royal residence was saved.

Aidan was overtaken by his last illness on one of his journeys, and at his own desire he was borne back to the monastery. A tent was erected for him on the west side of the church, and there he died. On the night of his decease a shepherd lad on the hills of Laimmermoor saw his soul borne to Heaven by angels. This boy was Cuthbert, destined long after to be Bishop of Lindisfarne.

Saint Fiacre is honoured by the Church one day earlier than Aidan. In his own country little is known of him, but in France he is greatly venerated and esteemed, particularly by gardeners, whose patron he is. He was the son of an Irish prince, and born towards the end of the sixth century. He received his education from Saint Conan in the Isle of Man, and when ordained priest he retired to a little oratory on the banks of the River Nore, where the townland Kilfiachra still perpetuates his memory. Crowds of disciples flocked to his retreat, and at length, to find more complete solitude, he left his native land for France. He arrived at Meaux about the year 627, and was welcomed by Saint Faro, who ruled the diocese, and who recollected the graces which he and his kin had

received through Saint Columbanus. The bishop gave the Irish exile a site for an oratory at Breuil out of his own patrimony, and this oratory Fiacre dedicated to the Mother of God.

In time the sanctity of the holy hermit became known, and many men sought out his place of abode. In the little garden, beside his cell, the saint cultivated vegetables with which to feed his visitors, and simple blooms to decorate his church. In obedience to an order of the bishop, Fiacre erected a sort of hospice for the convenience of those visiting him, but in course of time the accommodation was not sufficient for those seeking the hermit's retreat, and the saint unwillingly asked the bishop for further ground in the forest and additional facilities for strangers. Saint Faro at once granted a further gift of land. Its extent was to be the ground round which the saint could erect an earthen rampart in the course of a single day. Fiacre went out with his staff, and as he walked he drew the staff along the ground. Instantly an earthen fortification rose. An evil-minded lady complained to the bishop that this had been done through magic, and an order was despatched to Fiacre to stop all work until the bishop could visit him. The saint obeyed, and sat down on a hard rock to wait Faro's coming, and the hard rock became soft and yielding, and was fashioned into a comfortable chair. In the new ground wondrous blossoms had miraculously appeared, and when the bishop arrived he implored Fiacre's pardon, and enabled him to erect a larger hospice.

The years passed tranquilly on till a pilgrim from Rome called at Fiacre's retreat. The pilgrim was a close relative to the saint, and through him the news spread to Ireland that Fiacre still lived. His father was dead, and his younger brother had been deposed for taking part in the Pelagian heresy. Ambassadors from Ireland sought the French king's intervention to induce Fiacre to take his place as head of the tribe. The poor anchorite prayed God that he might remain in the forests of Breuil, and his prayer was answered. When the ambassadors came they found Fiacre covered with Leprosy, and he was not urged to visit his native land. Saint Fiacre died on the thirtieth of August, 670, and was interred in the forest church not far from his cell. Miracles took place at his tomb, and centuries after a beautiful basilica was erected in his honour.

To the shrine of the Irish hermit Anne of Austria came on foot to pray Heaven for a son, and that son later came with his wife on a pilgrimage. Two English royalties interfered to their own disaster with Saint Fiacre. The Black Prince when ravaging the district gave orders to have his shrine opened, and he, himself, extracted a portion of the holy relics with the intention of taking them to England. When passing through Normandy he left the relics

temporarily on the altar of a church in Montloup, and not all the efforts of men could remove them. Shortly afterwards the Black Prince died.

The victor of Agincourt permitted his troops to pillage the district of Meaux. An ancient Scotch historian tells: "He invaded the lands of Sanct Fiacre, and by the vengeance of God he was stricken with sic infirmitex that na nigine of man micht cure him." Henry was attacked by a fistula—called the malady of Saint Fiacre—and died at the early age of thirty-four.

Among the modern saints who visited the tomb of the hermit were Saints Francis de Sales and Vincent de Paul.

Saint Andrew, whose feast occurs on the twenty-second day of the month, spent but a short part of his life in his native country. He is supposed to have been born about the beginning of the eighth century, but in what part of Ireland is not known. From early youth he and his sister Brigid—honoured in Irish martyrologies on the same date as her namesake of Kildare—were devoted to prayer and works of charity. A distinguished teacher of Divine philosophy came into the neighbourhood where Andrew lived. This teacher was Saint Donatus, afterwards bishop of the old-world diocese of Fiesole in Italy. Donatus had been educated in the monastery of Iniscaltra in an island of the Shannon, and it was his great desire to visit the Eternal City. When he set out on his journey Andrew accompanied him despite the opposition of his friends. After many adventures they reached Rome and, after visiting its tombs and churches, set out on the return journey. They halted at Fiesole and found the city distracted and without a bishop; Donatus was reluctantly obliged to take charge of the district, and in time appointed Andrew his archdeacon. The two friends laboured assiduously to reorganise the diocese, and with great success. Once as they walked outside the town they came upon a ruined church which had been dedicated to Saint Martin. Both lamented over the ruin, and Andrew humbly offered to make its restoration his business. The bishop accepted the offer, and Andrew founded a society for priests something like the Missionary Oblates of the Blessed Sacrament. He and his small band of helpers cleared the ground and procured new building material, and finally the church was restored. The people of the neighbourhood were generous with alms, which was used entirely for charitable purposes, the little community earning their scanty subsistence by the labour of their hands.

Even a brief enumeration of the many miracles attributed to Saint Andrew would cover many pages; the afflicted who only touched his garments were relieved. At length, after a holy and tranquil life,

death came. The dying saint longed to see once more his beloved sister, Brigid. And Brigid came, some authorities say miraculously, to comfort his last hours. She never returned to Ireland. Close to the source of the River Liece she founded an oratory, and dedicated it to Saint Martin; it is yet a place of pilgrimage, and the peasants of the Appenines never forget to invoke the intercession of Saints Donatus, Andrew, and Brigid.

Saint Blane, whose memory survives in the town of Dunblane, was born of Irish parents in the Isle of Bute. His uncle was Saint Cathan, and this holy man attended to the early education of his nephew. Afterwards the youthful Blane studied at Bangor, in Ireland, under Saint Comgall. On his return to Bute, where his uncle still lived, he decided to become a priest, and soon after his ordination he was raised to episcopal dignity. He continued his former austere mode of life in this position, and many miracles are credited to him, and among them is the restoration to life of a dead youth. The pious bishop selected the site for his monastery at a place equidistant from the German and Atlantic oceans, and this monastery was later created an episcopal See.

After a laborious life Saint Blane died, but authorities differ as to the date of his death. Butler's date—446—is manifestly incorrect, and the most reliable writers say he died towards the end of the sixth century. His feast is kept on the tenth of August.

The patron of Derry city was born in Leinster towards the close of the fifth century, and he received part of his religious education at the monastery of Clones, from which school he was captured by British pirates. On his release he studied under Saint Ninnian.

He founded the monastery of Kilnamanagh in Wicklow, and resided there till, following a Divine inspiration, he proceeded northward to preach the Faith. In Tyrone, at Ardstraw, he founded a monastery, and soon after was raised to a bishopric. Authorities differ as to the time of his death, but he passed to his reward at an advanced age fortified by the last rites of the Church. He is honoured on the twenty-third of the month. A beautiful cathedral in Derry bears his name.

Saint Bernard is the authority for saying that Saint Luanus founded no less than one hundred monasteries in his native land. He was educated at Bangor. The rule he gave his monks was very stringent and enjoined complete silence and recollection and hard manual labour. No women were permitted to approach the confines of the monasteries. When dying he received the Holy Viaticum from the hand of one of his monks, and his death is supposed to have occurred in the seventh century. Persons afflicted with ague were in the past accustomed to visit one or other of his holy wells in order to obtain relief.

Saints Nathy and Felimy are honoured on the ninth of August. The former was a priest to whom it is said Finian, Bishop of Clonard, gave the charge of a church at Achonry. By some writers the saint is said to have been a bishop. Saint Felimy lived in the sixth century, and was Bishop of Kilmore, where his festival is still kept with an octave and indulgence.

The patron and first bishop of Killala was Saint Muredach, a descendant of Leogaire, the high-king of Ireland at the time of Patrick's coming. Little is told regarding him; some writers assert that he was a contemporary of Saint Columba. His feast is observed on the twelfth of the month.

Saint Mac Cartan, titular saint of the diocese of Clogher, was appointed to that See by Saint Patrick, and governed it long. Tradition ascribes many miracles to him. He died in 506, and is honoured on the Feast of the Assumption.

Saint Crumin, whom Butler credits with writing a long and erudite letter to the fourth abbot of Iona urging him and his monks to conform to the Roman usage regarding Easter, is venerated on the nineteenth of August. He was consecrated bishop in some part of Ireland, but resigned his See to become a monk at Bobbio, where he died at an advanced age. The inscription on his tomb has been translated by Miss Stokes, and it begins: "Here the sacred members of Cunniam are dissolved."

Alban Butler does not mention, among the saints of the eighth of August, Saint Coleman, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who assisted at the famous Synod of Whitby. When the Assembly decided to adopt the Roman custom of the tonsure and the Roman method of observing Easter, Colman resigned his bishopric and retired to Mayo, where he founded a new monastery for the Irish and Saxon monks who had followed him across the sea. Later it became necessary to found a separate monastery for the Saxon monks.

Nor does the same ecclesiastical writer make mention of Attracta, on the eleventh day of the month. This holy virgin desired to become a nun, and though opposed by her family, she and a female attendant journeyed to Boyle where Saint Patrick was preaching. Patrick consented to receive her vows; and when he raised his hands to heaven to implore the Divine benediction for the young novice a veil of dazzling whiteness fell from the skies for Attracta. She founded her first convent near Lough Gara, and during her life often acted as peacemaker among the surrounding tribes.

# Pearl of Israel.

ETHNA KAVANAGH.

ESTHER TELLS OF THE VISION SEEN BY HER AND ASSUERUS AT  
MIDNIGHT.

“ Three days had passed and still our hearts were sore  
For Israel’s Lily resting in cold earth.  
Some secret prompting urged me towards the night  
To seek again the tomb of her I loved ;  
And Assuerus, now become my spouse,  
Came with me, for he shared my bitter grief.  
’Twas a clear night of stars, but no moon shone,  
When to that quiet spot we bent our steps ;  
Silent we were, our hearts too full for speech—  
Our hope, our stay, our dearest link with Him  
Who bought our every good upon the Cross  
Was shut away for ever from our eyes.  
How could we face the empty years of life  
Without that star now set in blackest night  
Of death? At last arose the olive trees,  
And we both started, for a light shone there  
’Over that tomb most like the light of day :  
My husband took my hand in his strong clasp,  
And, silent still, we came with wondering awe  
To where that light grew brighter ; then the sky  
Seemed like a jewelled hall with gates outspread.  
Our eyes could scarce such dazzling light sustain,  
And yet it seemed the glory not so much  
Came down to us as we were lifted up  
To meet it ; neither can my tongue now frame  
Nor symbolise ’neath form of star or gem  
The wonders of high heaven opened wide.  
But we saw Him Whose footsteps we had traced  
Up Calvary’s rude hill advance like to  
A Heavenly Bridegroom coming for His Bride,  
And all the Host of Heaven followed Him ;  
Among whose shining ranks many we saw  
Whom we had known on earth, whose bodies lie  
In graves ; and then an angel whisper said,  
“ Look down,” and on the opening tomb we bent  
Our eyes, and there we saw her slowly rise  
Fairer than any moon that e’er lit earth.  
Ah, now that wondrous whiteness even her  
Humility on earth could scarce conceal  
Unveiled we saw, and snow and lily flower  
Are but poor words to paint its lustrous sheen.

All trials of earthly pilgrimage now passed—  
 She rose in beauty of eternal youth.  
 Each tear she here had shed gave added light  
 To her most beauteous eyes; her hands, which toiled  
 In lowly tasks of earth, now folded calm  
 In endless rest, and waiting to be filled  
 With every perfect gift Heaven should through her  
 Send unto sinful man; thus she arose,  
 Encompassed round by angels who sang sweet  
 And joyous strains of welcome to their Queen.  
 But e'er she passed from view, that charity  
 Which waited on each word and act of hers  
 While here below, constrained her even now,  
 And she bent on us one maternal glance  
 And smile which filled our raptured souls with hope.

THE END.

## An Cuinne Gaedhilde.

Iy fáda rinn as cloirinc an péil rin leabair upnaróte ó lámh an ádair peardair a beir as teact ra cló: reo agaimn anoir é, agus do b'é an teact fáda rugin aige é. Déanam deap fáda caol atá ar an leabair, agus irteac iy amac le naoi rcoir leatanae atá ann. Mo Slige cum Dé an ainm atá air. Táro na paropeada go haoibinn iy go hoipeamnas, aet nil an oipead ann oib iy buo maít liom féin, mar iy beas plige atá oib tar éir môte mópa dála paropeada le linn an aifpinn, Turar na Cpoire, an Cópóinn mhuir, Seact Sailm na nditpige, a lán liodán, agus bpeir iy píde leatanae de dántaib eagailre (agus píldeact fuaíac a n-uphóir). Cuir leó ran na paropeada miona, na Snín, Teactaípeact an aingil—bíodair go léir agaimn ceana inra Teagair Cpiortarde do repib an tátair Ripteápo Smirt, pasair papóirte áeá fáda, agus nac caol an ppár atá ppáirca i geomair malairt upnaróte. Agus ní he rin féin é, aet (bíod ná fuil an Teagair Cpiortarde úo annro agam pé látair) ceapaim go bfuil tionntóe an ádair Ripteápo Smirt annro agaimn ar leatanae 41 ar fuo atá atarpuigte le fáda, mar cloirim .i.

“Ó a Dia fíorurde uile-éomáeataig (óir iy duit-pe amáin iy dual róbirt com móir ran) gaid léi gc. gc.” Táim deimnitae gur euala bpeir iy píde bliadain ó foim ná fuil éincaeir ag na focail rin “com móir ran” do beir ann fearca ná éinníó dá fóir, mar gur do Dia amáin iy dual éimróbirt in éanóir, móir ná beas, agus dá bpiú rin nac cóir tagairt do móir ná do beas. Nil éanagó ná go bfuil an tagairt rin oibpíte ar an bparoir ra Déarla.

Iy móir an iongna ar fáo náir copnuigead ag bairi an leatanaig, ar a lán de rna paropeada: i mbun an leatanaig nó i lán an leatanaig atá copnuigte ar a n-uphóir. Ina díaró ran iy uile, iy móir an nro an leabair reo beir ar pagáil—cpí iy péal a fíada—aet tá gáda ann pór do ceann eile agus do ceann eile.

Tá leabhrín leatréalaige tap éir teact pé cló, uimh a haon de "leabhríní bheirne" .i. An Paróiní páirteac agus Uimhíche eile i gcónaíam bheirne Cadé an maitear a páo, do cuireadar eirge go maí, agus ir ionmólta a paotap, bíod go bfuil loctai cló go plúirpeac ann.

\* \* \*

Leabair eile pé cló as Shán Ó Cuiv .i. The Sound of Irish, agus leatéopóinn a fiaca. Tá an méro reo pa péal pé ar uimh é, go bfuil na fuameanna go cuinn as Seán féin, com cuinn ir map atáro as éan-íaeóilgeoir beó, agus tá tréimpe paos caite aise as gabáil do cúrraib fuameanna inpa íaeóilge. Tá anacóir inu as an bpoilumóir peadar map bíod agus níl éanagó ná gur móir an éabair an leabair po don té go mbead beairtuighe aise máirírepeact úpaáil ar poirpaib na íaeóilge. Uimh ir Ó Nualláin do cuir pé cló é, agus atá dá foilríugaó agus tá plaet aca air.

\* \* \*

Ir beag ruim a cuireann a lán agáinn i leabhair a bíonn reiríobta inpa úeapla, aet reo eugáinn ceann go geuirpóir reiríomóirí na héiréann rreir ann .i. Mixed Farming, as Seóraph Ó hÁinle, agus gini a fiaca. Na hugóair a tug féin róir po leabair do reiríob in éirínn go uetí po, eactrannais do b'ead iao do reir cine nó do reir meón ir incinn, aet reo íaeóil atá ina íaeóilgeoir, mac reiríomóir, uime a cuigeann a éeact go cuinn, fear go bfuil éirínn ir eólar aise, agus atá tap éir tamall éirín, beag nó móir, do caiteam le cúrraí reiríomóiréacta i ngeac don tuat i néirínn.

Map a cuigpóir uime ón ueríoeal, tá cur ríor inpa leabair ar íaeac don taob u'obair an reiríomóir, agus uar uaríe ir mó ruo nac móir don bheiríomóir a beir ar eolar aise, pé map a cuigeann an té do caite éiríreimpe dá paogal ar reirínn. Dá uerínnuigínn ar áiréam na n-áirí atá inpa leabair, níor móir uam leatanae pé leir, aet ní págánn an t-ugóair éiríreir talínn, ná éanrórí baípa ná éanrórí ainmíoe gan cur ríor oiré, go ríu na eirce, ir an íabair ir an áiríal. Agus tá peiríuíní breagta ann eum an péal do léiríugaó do eac.

Níl éanrae ná go maírpóir an leabair po map ugoair i néirínn com paos ir beró a lán agáinn-na ruar, agus ábráo ina úiaró. Moláinn an fear do reiríob.

## DUAN NA NAOMH.

140

Ó! a bairíogáin na bflaitéapáib  
Ir tu mo éirínn baíapá  
Ir tu mo conrpaileir caitepeac,  
Do euaóar péc teapmoin  
Ir é m'incinn ir m' aigne—  
Ó! na mílte bhaóam dá maínnpe  
Ó! m'impíre meapíeannnac  
Ná uéanpínn t'atáppac.

141

Ní mionga go uerínn-pa caiteam uir  
Map ir tu an conneal íeal éuríoealac beannuighe  
Ó! mátarí breag íeapac ir banatpa  
An ríoríne naomta go uar do éeannuig rínn.

142

A shian fionn lonnrae na caeprae  
 Iarri go húr únnaróteae caetannae  
 Ar do eamcumann Cpiort Iora, ar malluigteae  
 Caitleamnae élaon épaora do deapmao

143

Lá éactae lá émlig lá greadaite  
 Lá daoréa na méirleae lá an anaite  
 An lá meilteae a veigilpar an vream damanta  
 Ó! mo pceimle, le bantpraet múirneae phionnrae pappitair

144

An phulero tap élaon Dé go ceanamail  
 An t-annpraet an páirt tá aget leand duit  
 Corra fiol éib dá mbead ar m'anam-ra  
 Ó! do gheobta-ra ót oróne, a maighe, a maiteam dam.

145

Ar a cunntar péim glaeópró in' aice me  
 I nroun na nopeaet na naom na n-aingealaib  
 Go copómeae craobaet péavaet paltapae  
 Ó! dá molaó le paogal na paogal go martannae

146

Abainpíogain na hdoine ir an tSatairn doibinn  
 Tabair eólar na rúge dam nári gabar puam poime reo  
 Stiúrpuig me go vótraeatae vípeae  
 Mar pinn an péiltean na pélaib ón píogaet toir.

147

Suar puavuis leat it lion me  
 Go cuan uapal na poillre  
 Mar a bfuil maigheana meavrae in doibnear  
 Ó! na maitepeae do lean Cpiort 'n-a gniomara.

148

Na pátrmarer áilne atapae go lionmar  
 Ó! na harpolaib ir na harpeae naomta  
 Na conperúirí cráibteae admarae ir doirve  
 Ir doctúirí órda onópeae na víodaeta.

149

Na páde rubáitae go bpiogmar  
 Ó! n oim éireann 'r a vte Deum le víogmar  
 Agus an pátrmar glóimmar Seóraph naomta  
 'N-a ghepar comaeatae Seóimmar ar an mburóin rin.

150

Níl pian ná bpión de lá ná v'oróe  
 Níl ciac ná ceó ar éio na paote  
 Mo cáir gáire a luatgair 'r a n-intinn  
 Ó! a tpiónóro oirdeire ót molaó san tpaioeao.

## 151

Tá an éliar breas ro i nghanán san díomair  
 i nghanán folurmar foilb san díogaltar  
 Smanán tar Smanán an traoisail  
 Ó ! pálar na n-áilleán ro i níosact nemí.

## XV. (a fúngleac)

A5 ro Tiarnar Meic na Mapa pan bliagáin ar Tuat Ó b'floinn .i. 14 huinge a ttri leatceatpúinnáib Cloinne lópós .i. an Cuaillee acur baile na nGiar acur Opumproille; 14 a ttri leatceatpúinnáib Inir Snáite, 14 huinge a ndonac Murcha b'pic, 14 huinge a ttri leatceatpúinnáib Cloinne Sioda; 14 huinge a leatbaile pleacta Donncha Meic lópós; 14 huinge a ttri leatceatpúinnáib Maóma Talmuin; 14 huinge a leatbaile típe Ó ndóda, a neagmar amantuir Tiarna a'oda uile; uinge dopi dípáda baintiarnain a leatceatpuma Sopta Congalaig; acur bia uair pa mbliagáin a bpeapannáib paopa na tuata pan; acur bonn acur peact n-uinge a5 Mac Connara a mbaile ui Muirpeagáin. Muintri Labuil Maoir na Tuata roin.

Tiarnar Meic na Mapa a tTuat an Gleana .i. 14 huinge a leatbaile an Iarla ruad: 14 huinge a mbaile Cuinn: 14 huinge a mbaile ui Maoldomnaig; acur ata cion da ttrián on da ait rin ar ceatpuma Dpoignicc bicc; 14 huinge a leatbaile an Cum; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Cluana ui Conaire; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Popmaoite; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Cluana Treaga; 12 huinge a ndorrigat; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Cluana Gaotinn, acur bia uair pan bliagáin a bpeapannáib paopa na haite rin.

Tiarnar Meic na Mapa a tTuat Ó cCongaile .i. 14 huinge a mDeil-Coille; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Baile ui Bpuacáin; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Baile ui Laenain; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Baile ui Típe; 14 huinge a mbaile ui Bpuain; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Corp acur ann pa ceatpuma Siopi; 14 huinge a cceatpuma Baile na cCleipeac; 14 huinge a cceatpuma ui Eóne agus bia roir Noóluig acur Oimro ann pa da Raáona acur a nOilean ui Corpagaig acur a mbaile ui Uptoile acur a cceatpuma Eac-Inir, agus bia uair pa bliagáin a cceatpúinnáib paopa na Tuata rin: agus pa hato Meic Rodain maoir na tTuata roin.

Tiarnar Meic na Mapa a tTuat Ó Rongáile: 14 huinge a leatbaile an Clocair uaetaraicc; 14 huinge a leatbaile an Clocair loetaraicc no caoil, agus a cceatpuma Cluana Coile; 14 huinge a cCluain Moctair; 14 huinge a cCul ui Riada; 14 huinge a nOpomairt; 14 huinge a nOpum-psamuir; 14 huinge a cCaithir Uptaille Cloinne Naipseir; acur ata bia a5 Mac na Mapa eadair Noóluig agus Innit a ttri ceatpúinnáib na ttri cCulpiabac; 14 huinge a leatbaile Uactair-Ruir, biad a mbaile Meic Domnail agus a cCluibpáin a5 Mac na Mapa roir Noóluig ir Innit, acur a mbaile Meic Con finn, agus bia uair pan bliagáin a bpeapannáib na Tuata roin.

Tiarnar Meic na Mapa a tTuat Eactaoi .i. 14 huinge a mBan na cCuileann; 14 huinge a Raithneacan; uinge dopi do eior baintiarnain ar an b'fiacail; 14 huinge a ttri ceatpúinnáib Cuil Ó cCompurde; 14 huinge pan cCoir Cluana; 14 huinge a LiaSopt; 14 huinge a nSopt ui Duinn; 14 huinge pan donac; 14 huinge a cCeatpuma an Cnoic berte; 14 huinge a b'fata ui Alimupain; agus muintri Rodain ir maoir innte, agus biad roir Inro ir Cairg.

fiacra éilgeac.

# Books and Books.

A *Life's Oblation* : The Biography of Genevieve Hennet de Goutel. Translated from the French of Marthe Alambert by L. M. Leggatt. With a Preface by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., and an Introduction by the Abbé A. D. Sertillanges. 6s. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

This biography, describing a truly great character, is, while thoroughly French (of that Frenchness which recalls to us the old boast, a not unfounded one, *Gesta Dei per Francorum*), thoroughly human, and Catholic also. In these twelve chapters we are shown the childhood, youth, devotion and the singularly numerous achievements of a soul ardent and generous beyond the average, a born leader. She was very talented, and came of a family where art was a tradition; she studied with energy: "An Englishwoman thinks she has gone fairly far afield when she has absorbed Nietzsche, Emerson, and Anatole France. Genevieve added S. Paul and Kant and a good deal more. But a blue-stocking? Not a bit of it. She was a most electrical person," says Father Martindale. She devoted herself, like a lay Sister of Charity, to the needs of others; she believed—contrary to a Jansenistic touch in Blaise Pascal's *Pensées*, to which she was very devoted—in pouring out the rich streams of her human affection upon others, and so reaching God. She was right, for S. John himself says: *If a man love not his neighbour whom he seeth, how shall he love God, whom he seeth not.* The heroic story of this young girl's devotion to the sick and to the poor wounded of the Great War, and her self-sacrifice in volunteering for the nursing in Roumania, where she died of typhus, makes stirring reading. Humility, faith, kindness and love, study and work, constant charity and effort—these are the teachings of her remarkable life of only thirty-one years. This book is one to be enthusiastically recommended for the libraries of our university girls, for secondary schools, and for Children of Mary of many an ambitious parish and convent—ambitious of achieving the very best that life offers to the woman, especially, whom neither the cloister nor

the hearth call to themselves. "This is a book," says Father Martindale's Preface, "which is very badly wanted. The moment the original appeared, the *Inter-University Magazine* prayed that a translation might soon be made. After innumerable difficulties, here at last it is. Read it!" E. S.

*Practical Guide for Servers at High Mass and for Holy Week.* By Bernard Page, S.J. Cloth, 1s. net; pluvius, 2s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

So many and so good are the Guides we possess nowadays for our young boyhood in the matter of sanctuary training that there is no excuse for the ignorance which one does find, alas, all too frequently. The small, strong book before us is intended for the use of priests in smaller churches; therefore, nothing in the way of ceremonial for elaborate occasions will be found in it. It is designed as an aid to the *parochus* (or the zealous curate) in instructing the small boys of the parish as servers. The instructions are clear, and very well printed. Invaluable in many a sacristy. E. S.

*The English Dominicans.* By the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. 18s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

This great work, handsomely bound in black, and enriched with fourteen full-page photographs of Dominican interest—such as, for instance, that of an ancient Dominican tower at Yarmouth, the old Dominican Church at Norwich and views of the present magnificent Priory at Hawkesyard—breaks new ground, and introduces us to an absorbingly delightful study. In the 236 pages of this volume we have a mass of information, interest, and often of amusement, for the Very Reverend Father Provincial has a fund of contagious humour, and his frankness is not one of the least of his literary charms, sincerity being quite naturally one of the distinguishing characteristics of the members of the Order, whose motto is *Truth*. There are ten chapters: The Foundations, The Priory, The Studies, At Oxford, The Preachers,

Royal Confessors, Observance, The Reformation, The Reorganisation, and The Restoration. Three Appendices gives us a List of English Dominican Provincials from 1221 until 1916, a List of English Dominican Provincial Chapters (it is marvellous how few gaps there are in so long a record, and in spite of storms so fearful and devastatingly thorough as the Reformation and its aftermath), and a List of English Dominican pre-Reformation Priors, with references to articles. Father Jarrett's more than modest "Introduction" of two or three sentences only claims for his labour of love that it is "a very cursory survey of English Dominican life." It is, however, a volume of great value, and will always rank, it is easy to predict, as the standard as well as the pioneer work on this enthrallingly interesting subject. History, pictures of the times brilliantly coloured, tales, not a few of humorous touch, the growth and progress of Dominican influence in the sphere not only of religious but also of political thought, detailed antiquarian information in a very mosaic of colour and interest, this, and much more, are presented to us with a firm, clear, yet light and sure touch, welded into a harmonious and well synthesised whole. Many fresh sidelights on history glow in these facile yet learned pages; the volume's interest is prismatic in its many sidedness. The house at Oxford shared with the Paris University the world's renown for learning; in 1246 the General Chapter "ordained that the Oxford house should become a *Studium Generale* for the whole Order. Up till 1261 nothing was done," whereupon the chapter of that year deposed the then provincial, and insisted upon this order being carried out. In the chapter, "At Oxford," we have a luminous and very interesting account of the rise of the influence of Aristotle in the schools of philosophy and the arts. Again, in the chapter, "Royal Confessors," we read (what no historian would proclaim nowadays in our college text-books): "As confessors of kings and in one public capacity or another the English Dominicans retained some small direct influence over national affairs; but it is to their indirect influence that their chiefest work was due, for it is at least arguable that the English Parliament in its form and constitution is due to the model of the Dominican Order." And we are referred to Mr. Barker's book, *Dominican Order and*

*Convocation*, for fuller development of a very interesting thesis. "Democratic in principle, aristocratic by connection," Father Jarrett concludes a stimulating chapter, "the Order of Preaching Friars in its full activity in England, advising, absolving, negotiating, must directly and indirectly be recognised as a powerful influence. Up till now this influence of the English Blackfriars has been wholly ignored." May that influence, beneficent—and as other anecdotes and documents quoted in this work prove—ever in favour of the poor, condemned and oppressed (until the very voice of authority had to moderate their clemency), may that voice grow in power throughout the land, so long bereft of its benedictions. It is now raised, true to its ancient and glorious traditions, as is known to any reader of *Blackfriars* (one of the new activities of the restored English Province), on the side of Justice, Peace and Humanity in the cause of Ireland. In the fourteenth century, during the awful ravages of the Black Death, we find a touching document addressed to the Holy Father by the Mayor and Worthies of London praying him to bestow on the city of London the well-known Dominican, John de Worthyn, or, in the event of his death, one of the London Dominicans, as their general Spiritual Father, to comfort and console and absolve them in that fearful visitation. "Right at the beginning of the Black Death we find the city of London asking for Dominicans to be its official guides in its spiritual life."

"From 1221, since the friars had first entered England, till the end of Mary's reign, in 1558, there had been a continuous Dominican life up and down the kingdom. The English Provincial ruled over a larger number of houses than did any other Dominican Provincial, for subject to him were fifty-three houses in his own borders. . . . There had been patiently built up a well organised band of friars, with an education secured to them that could not be surpassed by any other religious in England. . . . Graded from priory to priory, from arts and sciences and philosophy and theology to the higher courses of the special university lectureships, the Dominican curriculum was unique in Christendom for its order, its thoroughness, and its high standard of attainment. Working out from this central power, the Friars' Preachers settled themselves deeply in

the national life. . . . Even beyond the borders of their own four seas, missionary enterprise had fired their adventurous ambition, and driven them over the mountains of Armenia and in the cities of Asia Minor, and again it was later to plant their successors as pioneer bishops in North America." The simple, touching story of "The Restoration" is well told. Father Jarrett says, in his chapter on "The Preachers"—"The sermon of the average English Dominican was a very homely as well as a very learned discourse. John Bromyard himself composed a *Summa Predicantium*, which gives alphabetically an immense amount of information on every subject." It must be a family characteristic, for exactly the same praise and interest attaches to the work of this twentieth-century English Dominican. He also desiderates, with the scholar's humility, that "under the inspiration of the present work some . . . student, with fuller leisure and ampler opportunity, should compile a more detailed and more accurate account of this English Province of the Order of S. Dominic, up till now so curiously ignored." Yet such a writer and such a book must needs, after the appearance of this great work, be long a-coming. E. S.

*Some Aspects of the Dogma of Extreme Unction.* By Rev. Austin Quinn. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

We welcome this useful work on Extreme Unction from the pen of Dr. Quinn. In addition to an oral defence, in his Alma Mater, Maynooth College, the author presented the present treatise as his written thesis for the degree of Doctor in Theology. We think the National College deserves our congratulations for the good work it has done in securing from its distinguished *alumni* treatises like this one on Extreme Unction. Because of the comparatively late development of Sacramental Theology, the knowledge to be gained from Patristic sources on some of the sacraments is not as full as one could wish. This is especially so in the case of Extreme Unction. But, as Dr. Quinn truly observes, if some of the earliest commentaries on the Epistle of St. James—such as those of Clement and Cyril of Alexandria—were available, we would, without doubt, have more information on the teaching of the Early

Church on this sacrament. The author, however, makes the most of the material at hand. He supports his arguments by quotations from the Greek and Latin Fathers, and also from the Sacramentary of Serapion, the Ambrosian Ritual, and the Gelasian and Gregorian Sacramentaries. Venerable Bede only repeated the teaching of Innocent I. when he stated that the Holy Oils should be blessed by a bishop. The power is, however, a reserved one in the West, for in the East there is no evidence of any restriction of this power. It does not follow, however, that Sacred Orders are more perfect in the Eastern than in the Western Church; but rather, as Benedict XIV. asserts, that the Eastern priests have the power, because it was given to them by the Pope, and has never been withdrawn. The power, then, is one of jurisdiction rather than of Orders. We are sorry that the author does not follow St. Thomas's teaching regarding the unity of effect of the several anointings. To secure this unity the intention of the minister and the inter-relation of the senses contribute, even though each form may appear independent as to its efficacy. It is not difficult to see, therefore, how the effect can be immediate, if only one anointing is intended, and why it remains suspended until the last anointing, when several are intended. Scotus, who holds the opposite opinion, is quoted by the author, but the principle on which Scotus' view rests is not accepted by him in another portion of his work. It is only fair to state, therefore, that the author's defence for the immediate effect produced by each anointing does not rest on Scotus' theory. Referring to the subject of this sacrament, Dr. Quinn mentions two extreme practices: that of the Greeks, who administer the sacrament to those who are physically sound; the other practice was defended by Scotus and St. Bonaventure, who thought that Extreme Unction should not be given until the person receiving it has reached a critical stage of illness. The theological defence of this practice supposes that the primary effect of Extreme Unction is the remission of sin. The author rejects it on extrinsic as well as intrinsic grounds. According to the Church's teaching, it is quite enough if the subject is simply in danger of death. Besides, if the opinion were acted on, and the patient kept waiting until he is incapable of sinning, he would not receive the sacra-

ment at the time he is most in need of it. We may further add that if this opinion were followed in practice, many would die without the sacrament. The author makes a bold attempt to explain why monthly repetition of Extreme Unction is allowed in the case of those suffering from protracted illness. Dr. Quinn, with good reason, adverts to a great difficulty attendant on his explanation. It supposes that the Church tolerates what must necessarily lead to an occasional invalid administration of the sacrament. One finds it difficult to believe that this is so. We have no hesitation in commending Dr. Quinn's book, not only to professors and students of theology, but also the pastors and priests who are labouring for the salvation of souls.

P. McK.

*The Christian's Ideal: To Make God Known and Loved.* From the French. 2s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Long ago we learned in our catechism lessons that the primary object of our existence in this perplexing world was that we might know, love, and serve God here, and be happy with Him for ever in the next life. In that brief and simple answer we have the compendium of all wisdom. Love must be preceded by knowledge; if we know God we shall certainly love Him, and if we love Him we shall certainly serve Him. Thus any study, any book which increases our knowledge of God, of His Attributes, and especially of His loveliness, is of the first importance. The present little work is worth its weight in gold. In its one hundred and twenty pages we have chapters or essays on *The Immeasurable Advantages of a Good Knowledge of God*—a point which cannot be too much emphasised to-day—*The Infinite Perfection of God*, comprising considerations on God as Infinite Being, Infinite Life, infinite in all perfection, we live in the bosom of this Divine Immensity, let us praise the Divine Infinity; *The Divine Beauty*, subdivided into God, Infinite Beauty, and His Beauty revealed in Love; *The Goodness of God*, comprising studies of God as Infinite Goodness, Creation, the Incarnation, Redemption, Devotion to the Passion, the Eucharist, our Lady, the gift of Grace, Heaven, the Church; two short chapters follow, on *The Power and the Sanctity of God*. Three very useful meditations or instructions complete the work,

on *Suffering, Prayer and Meditation*. As the anonymous French priest-author says, "Even devout souls have as a rule too little real idea of what God is. They know that the Son of God became man and died for us; they know that He gives Himself to us as our food in Holy Communion. . . . Yet having but a superficial and conventional idea of His divinity, they are not very deeply impressed by His wonderful condescension and the miracles of His love. . . . *To know Thee is perfect justice: and to know Thy justice and Thy power is the root of immortality.* (Wisd. xv. 3)." And he quotes Faber on the mighty spiritual achievement that is ours, "when we increase by ever so little another's knowledge of the Most High." As a book of meditation, this is a magnificent investment; as a book of instruction it would be invaluable to directors and directresses of sodalities, in whose libraries, too, it should find a place; it has many uses for all of us: The Decrees of Councils and Pontiffs, the writings of the Fathers, dogmatic teaching, the revelations of the Saints, and quotations from scientific writers, all are laid under contribution. The author's claim is to *awaken interest*. On the value of our every-day devotional exercises one citation will suffice: "St. Alphonsus Liguori describes several times in the course of his writings how a nun, appearing after death, declared herself willing to bear the pains of her last illness until the Day of Judgment to obtain the increase of glory merited by one single Hail Mary."

E. S.

*The Blessed Sacrament Guild Book.* For the use of the Archconfraternity and Guild of the Blessed Sacrament. With Preface by Cardinal Bourne. Cloth, 2s. net; pluis, 3s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

This attractively bound manual, with its Host and Chalice impressed on the cover, is a compendium of information, practices, devotions and hymns pertaining to the Confraternity or Guild of the Blessed Sacrament. Given precedence officially over all other approved devout societies or sodalities, this great devotion has yet to be more widely and enthusiastically spread. The Guild or Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament is now required by Canon Law to be established in every parish throughout the world; and it is as a help to the fostering of the

devotion to the Eucharistic Presence of our Lord and to the organisation of these societies that the present exhaustive and able manual has been compiled by Fathers Dominic Hugo and Alfred Swaby, O.P. "The new Guild Book," says Cardinal Bourne, "we are convinced, will be of the greatest service in rendering more easy the establishment and the subsequent working of the Archeonfraternity. We commend it earnestly to the notice and use of the clergy, both secular and regular."

*The Church and her Members.* By the Rev. George Bishop. With Foreword by the Very Rev. Canon Sutcliffe, M.A. 1s. 3d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.

Father Bishop's clearly and simply written exposition of what the Church is, her organisation, government, her Four Marks, and the Communion of Saints, is an excellent help to those who have the instruction of the young. Canon Sutcliffe, the Westminster Diocesan Inspector of Schools, and as such competent to speak on instruction for the young, considers the present work to be easily understood by the ordinary boy or girl. "If the child is well taught and learns definite and correct ideas, the man will have nothing to unlearn; he will have a clear light to guide him, and will be fore-armed against dangers to faith which he may meet with in his daily life. Further, he will be able to help others; a non-Catholic will not ask him in vain for an explanation of some Catholic practice or doctrine. One of the most important matters for a man to understand thoroughly is the nature of the Church, its origin, its powers, its work, and our duty towards it. Now that is what this little book seems to me to make quite clear." Cast in the form of "talks" with his young audience, Father Bishop's book should be of great use to teachers; and it is books of this type which will help us most effectually against the dangers of indifferentism and consequent leakage.

E. S.

*Matters of Moment.* Short Souvenirs of Sermons. By the Rev. John McCabe. With Preface by the Bishop of Northampton. 6s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

Father McCabe, the rector of a small country parish in the North of England,

is a preacher of known repute. His sermons are as well known for their grace and richness of diction as they are for their breadth of thought and feeling, and for their dogmatic teaching. The gifted Dr. Keating, of Northampton, so recently translated to archi-episcopal responsibilities, contributes a stimulating and thought-suggestive preface. "Many years ago," he opens his Preface by remarking, "at a clergy retreat, a distinguished Jesuit Father strongly exhorted us to cultivate 'professional ambition' in the matter of preaching. It sounded almost unorthodox, because all our spiritual guides were wont to harp upon the need of humility in that particular office. But the conviction has grown upon me that, in the case of the parochial clergy at least, the lack of laudable ambition is a far commoner danger than any silly self-complacency. . . . Preaching is usually regarded as penance by 'pulpit and pew' alike. . . . Nearly all the discourses in this volume were delivered, if I am not mistaken, in the same church, and to mostly the same audience. Only those who have gone through it can fully appreciate the effort required to maintain, week after week, under such conditions, a high standard of freshness and vigour." And the reverend author's own modest preface describes these sketches as "souvenirs of sermons. . . . They are, of their nature, therefore, more suggestive than exhaustive."

E. S.

*A Week-End Retreat.* Charles Plater, S.J. Sands and Co. 2s. 6d.

Lay people wishing to devote a few days to meditation and prayer will find Fr. Plater's book helpful. His name as a theologian is well known throughout the English speaking world, and is sufficient to guarantee that soundness of doctrine for which the soul craves in Retreat. In eight lectures he puts before his reader—the meaning of a retreat, the meaning of life, the value of our souls, sin as "the blot in creation," and suggestions to help on the path of salvation. The language and general tone of the book is American. This in the end proves an attraction—and a *force* to drive home the eternal truths. We wish Fr. Plater's book success.

O. B.

## RONDEL.

### NOT PITY—NO!!

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“ And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accursed that were not here;  
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's Day.”  
—SHAKESPEARE.—*Henry V. before Agincourt.*

*No pity need the dead who died  
For Ireland wheresoe'er they sleep;  
Nor they who o'er the whole land wide  
Pray God for them the while they weep.*

*The fondest love, the noblest pride  
The martyred dead for aye shall keep;  
No pity need the dead who died  
For Ireland wheresoe'er they sleep.*

*One day to come, shamed shall they hide  
Who felt not Ireland's anguish deep;  
From Ireland's wrongs who turned aside  
For self a bitter crop shall reap.  
No pity need the dead who died  
For Ireland wheresoe'er they sleep.*

*Magdalen Rock.*



"SUNSET ON THE SHANNON."

# Topics of the Month.

## CATHOLIC LAND-MARKS IN HOLIDAY TRACKS.

### I. THE COMMON TIE.

MANY Irish people, wearied by a year of terrible nervous strain, have ventured to take their holidays abroad. Stories of the value of the pound encouraged them in many instances to seek Germany and Italy. France and Belgium, although offering a lower rate of exchange, presented a certain appearance of financial advantage also.

But the traveller who has now got home knows from his experience on the Continent that the purchasing power of the pound, whether its exchange equivalent be fifty francs, or eighty lire, or a hundred marks, remains pretty stationary. It goes about the same distance in all countries. In places where the pound can be exchanged at a high rate, as in Italy, things are dear. In lands where it stands at a discount, as in Switzerland, things are correspondingly cheap. Exchange rates vary, but the buying capacity of the pound-note seems virtually standardised.

A feature of interest to the passing observer was the evidence of Catholic action everywhere, from the North Wall to the banks of the Poe. Crossing to France a few weeks ago an Irish traveller heard the strains of a Catholic hymn bursting forth on the vessel as it moved from the quay at Folkestone. Hundreds of voices were singing "Faith of Our Fathers." The vast majority of the passengers turned out to be a pilgrimage party going to Lourdes under the auspices of the English Catholic Association. Nuns from India happened to be on the boat, too, as well as a sprinkling of

American Catholics and a few Irish voyagers. The link of a common Faith led to friendly intercourse between these strangers for the brief sea trip. Soon they touched land and then they wended their several ways.

Travellers for the most part have to converge on Paris. It is the point of radiation to nearly every other part of Europe. And there in the French capital, day by day, the wagonettes and char-a-bancs that bear the sight-seers are visible in every quarter. What are the chief attractions? These visitors pass in their hundreds through the aisles of Notre Dame and the Madeleine and the Basilique of the Sacré Cœur. Frivolous Paris has its profound side. The most impressive spectacles its offers are these monuments of Catholicism, ancient and modern.

Do holiday-makers reflect on what they see? If so, they must realise the vitality and permanence of the Catholic Church.

### II. IRELAND ABROAD.

It is a striking fact that bigotry is noticeable only in lands where the Reformation got a hold. The passenger through London beholds many bookshops and institutions whose purpose is to circulate anti-Catholic ideas, often in the most libellous and mendacious form. The people of Catholic countries, on the contrary, make no attacks on the followers of other creeds. They know too well the meaning of charity. Thus in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland one finds no trace of anti-Protestant prejudice. But in the Protestant cantons, where the spirit of Calvin still flickers, the anti-Catholic animus is too frequently apparent.

All voyagers seem to be fascinated

by what one might term the wayside signs of Catholicism that the Continent furnishes at every turn. As the diligence passes a shrine or a crucifix on the road, there is a sudden production of cameras. This phase of religious beauty is able to touch the most prosaic. One begins to understand the power of the Church in developing artistic refinement. She has studded Europe with masterpieces of human genius. Any land that was true to her has gained a rich heritage of painting and sculpture. England fell away—and has no better native achievement to show than a few thousand tall chimneys. Does any traveller photograph these? Do they move the same curiosity and admiration as are stirred among the passengers on the Lake of Lucerne when the steamer passes the Christ statue at Maggenhorn?

Every Irish person who has been on the Continent in recent weeks received first-hand proof of the world-wide importance of the Irish question. In a train, in a hotel, in a restaurant, when it became known that one came from Ireland there were eager inquiries about the truce, the outlook, the intentions of the Irish leader, and so forth. The foreign mind showed sound knowledge of the merits of the case. The utter insincerity of "the Ulster difficulty" was quite perceived. Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Swiss, Czecho-Slovaks—all were aware that Ireland was struggling for the fulfilment of the Wilson principles on the strength of which the Allies won the war. And it can be truly said that the heart of every European nation has a deep and genuine sympathy for the Irish cause.

## IRELAND'S IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

### I. A COMPARISON.

A POLITICAL settlement of the trouble in this country may come soon or late, but it can only be the beginning of things. From that point everything has to be built up. The slightest acquaintance with other countries is enough to convince the ordinary mind of the primitive and chaotic state in which material well-being remains in Ireland, because of the age-long unsympathy of those who had the power, but not the will, to organise it. If authority passes into new hands a new condition of affairs may be possible.

Remembering what has been achieved in a brief time by progressive rulers in Denmark and Sweden, it is not rash to say that a visible change for the better, in the lives, habits, and opportunities of the people could be made even in the

space of ten years. To lift Ireland to the material standard of the small self-governing nationalities there must be more employment to make the people steady workers, and there would need to be such restrictions on drink as would accustom men to enjoy leisure without alcohol. These are the two points in which the foreigner surpasses the Irishman. Abroad one sees whole populations whose appetite for work is unflagging and whose spare moments are not disfigured by drunkenness.

### II. THE "HISTORIC CAUSES."

In Ireland the tradition of economic fitness was deliberately and thoroughly destroyed. One may exaggerate the historic causes of a country's misfortunes. But it is impossible to overstate the ruthlessness with which the will to prosper

was stifled in this country's inhabitants. As far back as the time of William the Third the rulers of England had the idea of monopolising the commerce and manufactures of the world. By a policy of piracy on the high seas the trade of foreign countries, so far as it conflicted with England's aim, was effectively impeded. Ireland, being directly under English control, was the greatest sufferer of all. History preserves the very words in which King William gave his assurance to the British merchants that he would kill Ireland's trade. That trade, to use the expression of Swift, was then "glorious and flourishing." The woollen industry, the salt fish industry, and other branches of Irish prosperity were soon made penal pursuits. Terrible fines and long terms of imprisonment were imposed on persons who engaged in them. The importation of machinery into Ireland for a manufacturing purpose was a heinous offence which the judges were instructed to deal with severely.

Ireland made a mighty struggle to retain her trade and carried it on for a long time by smuggling. But the methods of its suppression grew so barbarous that eventually it was killed. The country's arts and crafts disappeared. This reduction of the people to enforced idleness, coupled with the laws against their religion, were well calculated to debase the race to a degree that would make recovery hopeless. The wonderful recuperative power of the Celt was there still. And it saved Ireland from extinction.

### III. THE MODEL SMALL NATION.

These circumstances, taken in conjunction with what one sees in Belgium, Switzerland, and other small nations, clearly show that freedom is essential to success. When Britain attempted, in a much milder way, a system of exploiting the American colonies which would have imposed on them some of the disabilities endured by Ireland, Washington and his friends revolted. And little more than a century of full liberty has sufficed to make that new country "incomparably the greatest in the world."

Ireland has everything to expect if she gains entire control of her resources. The character of her people is a tremendous asset. Looking at the subject peoples of the Turkish Empire we realise how pitifully the highest human types can be degraded by the long action of tyranny. It is very remarkable that despite centuries of the same destructive influence Ireland's inhabitants stand, in the moral and intellectual sense, second to none in either hemisphere. The results of oppression are mainly observable in a certain thriftlessness, insobriety, and lack of working energy in the lower stratum of her people—traits which the economic strangulation of the country sufficiently explain.

Under a new order of things these should be the first blemishes to correct. Ten years of sound patriotic administration could do much to eliminate them. Once entered on that progressive path, what is there to stop Ireland from becoming the model small nation of the earth?

## AMERICAN'S EVERYWHERE!

### THE GREATEST TRAVELLERS.

THE "travelling public" has come very little to Ireland this year. Visitors might well be deterred by a

strife which allowed of no safety. But apart from that fact there was not much likelihood of the tourist traffic reviving.

The people of Great Britain, after a year of paralysed trade, had very little money for holidays. The resorts which they used to frequent, both in their own country and on the Continent, got slender support from them this summer.

Persons of other nationalities have been prevented from travelling by the abnormal state of the money exchange. Parts of Switzerland, for instance, which largely depended on the patronage of German and Italian visitors, have had a ruinously bad time because the Italians and Germans, who stood to lose frightfully on exchanging their money into Swiss coinage, were constrained to remain away.

The only great travellers in Europe this season were the Americans. They were everywhere, in big battalions. Their dollar was at a magnificent premium. It was possible for them to see the world at a cheaper rate than ever before. They were the mainstay of the Swiss hotels and railways. They poured into Italy and occupied the country from Milan to Venice till the heat drove them out of it. The quieter state of affairs in Ireland had by this time determined many of them to pay a flying call at Dublin on the way home.

Their energy for travel was enormous. Most of them were ladies, going in parties that varied from two to twenty. A batch would arrive in Lucerne in the afternoon, take a trip on the lake and a drive through the town, and flee away early next morning. At Lugano I met a group of American ladies who were just twenty-two days in Europe. In that time they had slept in eighteen hotels.

American voyagers were glad to talk about Ireland. The case of this country had been kept well before them in their own, they said. They had listened to lectures on it from

every point of view. Some who had been in Ireland spoke almost with enthusiasm of the impressions they received. Without depreciating the value of the emigrant, they considered that the Irish whom they had encountered in America were not truly typical of the people they met in Ireland itself. For natural beauty and comfort of travel, several Americans did not hesitate to place Ireland higher than any Continental land.

One circumstance deserves to be recorded. The London papers a few weeks ago, hurt at the brief stay of the Americans in the English capital, alleged that they were hurrying off to the Continent because the London drink restrictions were not to their liking. The inference was that the main object of Americans coming across was to get temporary escape from Prohibition. But truth will out. The Americans are voluntarily carrying Prohibition round with them wherever they go. In any European hotel it is possible to gaze along a line of tables occupied exclusively by citizens of the United States, and not see one glass of wine, spirits, or beer.

## II. A GOOD COMPANION.

The American is a very pleasant *compagnon de voyage*. In Geneva a porter was carrying a large grandfather's clock on his back. A New Yorker on the hotel steps observed: "That man would find it more convenient to carry a watch." One day the table-cloth was splashed and the wife of the delinquent told him he should be fined a franc for every spot. "Then," he said, lifting his soup spoon, "I had better rub these three spots into one." A meeting of international women was announced to take place at Geneva. "The programme seems long," remarked a Bostonian, "but they'll get it over quickly, for they'll all talk at once."

The chickens looked rather small at lunch one day. "I expect it was pretty difficult to kill them," said a man from the Middle West, "unless they used insect powder."

One of the chief benefits of travel is that it gives different races and nationalities a better estimate of each other. The English system of education, as well as the tendency of English books, imparts the false idea that other peoples are dirty, ignorant, and poverty-stricken. One has only to spend a very short period in Belgium, Switzerland, or Italy to

realise how far the great bulk of these foreign peoples is superior to the masses of Great Britain in intelligence and comfort. Britain has no rural life. It is a collection of large towns inhabited by a certain number of financial magnates and many millions of industrial slaves. It presents a spectacle of un-Christian extremes in wealth and misery which is sad to contemplate. The ordinary man who goes abroad for a holiday begins to get the true perspective of these much-distorted facts.

## THE CHANCELLOR'S ROBE.

IN the great central hall of our National Museum, among many vivid costumes of silk and satin and many various colours, one seems to stand aloof—dark, dingy and dignified. This was the robe, as Chancellor, of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, of whom one may say, as was said of Bacon, that he was the greatest, basest, meanest of mankind.

This robe, which has only recently been acquired, though showing plainly the wear and tear of years, still gives ample proof of the rich black Irish poplin, lavishly ornamented with gold braid, of which it was made. There, too, is the long, closely-buttoned vest worn with it—once, doubtless, of a rich creamy whiteness, as it came from the loom of some Dublin weaver.

These are relics of the man whom Lecky describes as "the ablest and at the same time the most detested advocate of the Union," and whom Sir Jonah Barrington considered "the greatest enemy Ireland ever had"—the man who was flouted even in the English Parliament as one who had betrayed his country.

Though an Irishman, Fitzgibbon, says O'Flanagan in his "Lives of

Chancellors," "evinced no love of country and sought his own aggrandisement at the expense of his country." In spite of the fact that his father was a Catholic, who abandoned the old Faith to pursue a legal career, he represented in its harshest and most arrogant form the old Protestant ascendancy and laughed to scorn all who thought there could be any peace between the different sects of Irishmen. He was a steady and bitter opponent of every measure of concession.

"He was," says a personal friend, "the pivot on which all the movements of the Castle turned; the centre from which all its schemes and designs radiated; his words were strong as written law with successive administrations . . . . Nothing was undertaken without his oracular sanction. His will was the law of seven governments; he ruled in every department with unbounded activity—the Lords, the Privy Council and Chancery Court."

In private life, says Lecky, Fitzgibbon "appears to have been an estimable and even amiable man, and the determination with which, in spite of a large inherited fortune, he pursued his career at the bar shows

the energy and seriousness of his character."

In public life, however, says the same authority, "he was arrogant, petulant and overbearing in the highest degree, delighting in trampling on those whom he disliked, in harsh acts and irritating words, prone to strain prerogative and authority to their utmost limits, bitterly hostile to the great majority of his countrymen and without being corrupt himself a most cynical corrupter of others."

His arrogant temper and vitriolic tongue made him many enemies whom he never attempted to conciliate. He was reckless in his assertions and if his pistol missed fire thought little of knocking down his opponent with the butt. Love of power was with him an infirmity. The premiership of Pitt gave him his opportunity, and under a succession of Viceroy and Chief Secretaries he became virtual ruler of Ireland.

In 1790 Fitzgibbon was made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage as Baron Fitzgibbon, being the first Irish Chancellor, the post having been thitherto reserved for Englishmen.

Immediately after the recall of Earl Fitzwilliam, in 1795, and the withdrawal of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, Fitzgibbon was made Earl of Clare, the government, as Joyce says, thereby showing in the clearest way its approval of the leading part he played in bringing about these two events.

The Dublin populace showed its opinion of this sorry Irishman when during the riot which occurred on the day of Camden's arrival, as successor to Fitzwilliam, the Chancellor nearly paid for his exploits with his life. Had the stone which struck him on the forehead been thrown with greater force it would undoubtedly have killed him. His

house in Ely Place was then attacked by the mob, in no merciful mood. The cleverness of his sister, Mrs. Jeffries, alone saved him from rough justice. Mingling with the crowd, who were ignorant of her identity, she eventually succeeded in deceiving them and inducing them to seek their victim elsewhere.

Clare's influence was the chief obstacle to Pitt's determination to carry emancipation concurrently with the Union. He stated that he had been deceived by Pitt and would have voted against the Union had he suspected that it was the forerunner of a project to extend concessions to Catholics. He looked upon the Union as shutting the door for ever upon the Catholics.

One may here recall the following words from a speech of Fitzgibbon's in 1798 with reference to the state of Ireland under a native parliament: "There is not a *nation* on the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and in manufactures with the same rapidity in the same period."

Lecky makes light of the scenes which occurred in Dublin when the Chancellor's remains were borne to the grave, in January, 1801, stating that the riot "appears to have been the carefully organised outrage of a few men."

Cloncurry, however, in his "Personal Recollections" gives a more vivid account of the incident.

"The mob," he says, "irritable from their recollection of the atrocities of the rebellion and treacheries of the Union, showed indications of a disposition to wreak vengeance on the corpse of one whom they esteemed among the chief of their enemies and from hooting and throwing of dead cats at the hearse" (Clare had said he would "make the people tame as domestic cats") "it was feared they would proceed to a

more mischievous attack on his house in Ely Place."

This being but a few yards from Lord Cloncurry's, Countess Clare appealed to him to protect the house by his presence.

For such a miserable triumph did Lord Cloncurry that very day return to Ireland after nearly two years' imprisonment without trial, or investigation of his case. Suffice that he had written a pamphlet "Thoughts on the Projected Union"—one of the

first written against the measure—which was replied to by Under-Secretary Cooke in a pamphlet, but more effectively, the writer tells us in his "Recollections," "by the repeated imprisonment of the author."

The title of Earl of Clare has been extinct since Crimean days—the last male heir having met his death in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava—"the title being," says O'Flanagan in his "Lives," "better lost than won."

## THINGS THAT MAKE THE JUDICIOUS GRIEVE

IRELAND is not the only country where the imported mediocrity is exalted above the native genius. But so far as literature goes we have rather a curious dog-in-the-manger formula for our creative artists. We support the writers on whom the British public has set the seal of approval, to the neglect of Irish authors. Everyone knows that a writer catering for an Irish reading public is badly restricted as to sales. Perhaps we conveniently forget the fact that very often he who wields the pen must live by the pen—may be compelled, as Douglas Jerrold once put it, to feed his wife and family out of an ink-bottle. Yet how many are the critics who are ready to pounce on the native scribe should he flavour his literary dish with an eye on the bigger public across the water? It is not necessary that he should pen one line in derogation of his native land to have the finger of scorn pointed at him—the fact that he deserts the Ireland that has already neglected him is sufficient guilt. Like the operative policeman's, the Irish author's life is not a happy one.

If we are rather unique in imposing a sort of national censorship on the writers whom we are pleased to call Irish, at the same time reserving our right to neglect the support of

our Irish publishing houses, we sin in a numerous company in our patronage of the authors who come to us with the halo of distance woven around them. Many an Irishman with pretensions to culture is content with third and fourth rate modern authors so long as they are non-Irish, while he almost boasts of the fact that he has not read one work by the half-dozen novelists who stand in the front rank of the little band of native authors who find plenty of scope for their pens in Ireland.

But if we are to believe a writer in one of the American literary monthlies, the folk of U.S.A. are very easily gulled as to the importance of present-day English writers and very blind to the merits of the home scribes. In this wise is the poor public in the States imposed upon:

"When X is appointed Editor of a literary periodical, he at once proclaims his old college friend Y the greatest English living poet. Whereupon Y, who hopes to become a contributor to the aforesaid periodical, or has already been placed among the strenuously selected list of contributors, announces that X is the finest critic in England since the death of Arnold. As most of these pæans are published in unsigned articles they provoke smiles only

see the bleary-eyed scarecrow the world calls tramp shuffling by, you are not really thinking of Might Have Beens. You do not vividly see yourself reduced to such a plight—but you do visualise the tramp as he walked at an earlier date, and you do think that Might Not Have Been ought apply in his case. You deal with the concrete things around you, and will readily admit that a pitfall which might not have been descended is a greater source of repentance than a pinnacle that might have been climbed.

The fatuous folk who foolishly re-

fer to some period as the proudest moment of their lives probably forget the dictionary definition of pride. They may have been joyful, elated, happy, conscious of merit or righteousness, relieved, delighted—but hardly proud in the accepted sense. It is recorded of a Front Bench member of Parliament who was once bored by the florid speaker who was referring pompously to what he called the proudest moment of his life, that he turned to a colleague to remark audibly: "The proudest moment of my life was when my pig won a prize at a show."

## WORDS THAT IRRITATE.

Mr. John Butler Yeats has recorded the fact that the author of "Erewhon" and himself used visit a certain London restaurant, where one day Butler met a man who told him that he never "used" hasty pudding. This application of the verb use was, Mr. Yeats assures us, a source of endless amusement to Butler. But few are so fortunate in deriving entertainment from the manner in which other people use or mis-use their words. The more usual experience is that one takes rather a dislike to certain words, or finds that their use, colloquially at any rate, is rather irritating.

You know the kind of silly article which many papers publish nowadays? "Can girls in cream jumpers cook crisp omelettes?" and, "Should brunettes marry men with long noses?" Well, I dipped into one of them the other day and found it largely a lament over the alleged fact that the grand old custom of partners in the married state referring beautifully to one another as "mate" was dying out. Offhand, I should unhesitatingly declare that, except in circles of which the average man knows nothing, married men do not

use and never have used the word "mate" when referring to their wives. To my ears the word has an almost offensive sound. Listening to many renderings of a well-known song has not helped to give me any better opinion of it. Though perhaps I am prejudiced by reason of a vivid, decade-old recollection of a befuddled and frowsy gentleman I overheard as he started a story for a friend's ears with: "Me and me mate." Its slangy synonym "pal" is little better, but is almost exclusively used by the flippant and the young to denote their skin-deep friendships. So, notwithstanding those "trained observers" who write for the daily press, I cling to my contention that the word mate is about as unpleasant as any other in the English language. (I still wonder why Arnold Bennett thinks pavement the most beautiful word he knows.)

One scarcely knows why he likes and dislikes certain words. I am sure my own favourite word would not appeal to many folk, for I cannot explain why it is that I do like it. It is: "Infinitesimal."

# The Present Position of Catholicism in France.

MABEL B. WILLISON.

IN attempting to give to the readers of the IRISH ROSARY some idea of the present position of Catholicism in France, there is one grave difficulty which confronts both writer and reader at the outset: the difficulty of understanding one country and, still more, of expressing one country, in terms of another. True, the subject being Catholicism, the difference is not one of fundamentals; but it exists, nevertheless, and in the understanding of this subject even, it plays a part. It is not easy for peoples, members of the Church though they be, to accord to one another the understanding on things Catholic, which, in principle at least, they should accord; and this results in misunderstandings which are not without grave consequences to the very cause held most dear. This misunderstanding is due primarily to the fact that the Catholicism of each country will, and indeed, must, if it is to be a living force at all, bear the external imprint of national characteristics. And just as it is the (apparent) impossibility of understanding differences of national characteristics which militates against the peace of the world, so it is this which accounts for the lack of sympathy, and the unfavourable criticism prevalent between Catholics *qua* Catholics of varying nationalities. "Atheist France" has been the term used by more favoured lands; and as such France has gone forward ploughing a lonely furrow, achieving without help or sympathy, and often without the belief of her fellow-Catholics, a stupendous apostolate, as remarkable for its numbers as for the strength and vitality of its individual members, until to-day, out of the awful horrors of the War, Catholicism stands triumphant on the graves of the very forces which sought to accomplish its ruin.

Catholic Ireland, regarding with horror the anti-clerical *régime* of the past, can have no conception of the thoroughness with which that *régime* was carried out. Persecution it can understand, having an age-long acquaintance with it; and it not unnaturally assumes that any Catholic country will meet it in the Irish way—defiance; if need be, death. But the anti-clericalism of France did not take the form of persecution leading to martyrdom. The Catholics of France were called upon to achieve a far more difficult task. They had to live for their Faith, not die for it; they had to be prepared to live *without* it, to keep the lamp of Faith burning when there was

little opportunity of replenishing the oil; and they had to stand against the doctrine known as "peaceful penetration"—the insidious infiltration of irreligion into every department of life; literature, art, music; in the workshop, in the home, and, more important still, in the school. Added to all this was the great factor, that owing to the economic and other causes, the population in the large towns was increasing at an alarming rate; not, indeed, so much by an increase in the birth rate, but by the migration from the country districts to the towns. This fact is proved by the following figures: In 1802 the Diocese of Paris had 800,000 inhabitants; in 1906 it had 3,800,000. In 1802 it had 125 parishes and 422 priests; but in 1906 the number of parishes had only risen to 148 and the number of priests to 765. So that while the number of inhabitants was nearly five times as great, the number of priests had not been doubled. Thus when the anti-clericals had perfected their policy, by 1906 (a policy which had been subterraneously pursued since the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War) they were able to impose it upon a people already themselves striving against overwhelming odds within their own borders. Catholics in more fortunate countries often remark, glibly enough: "It's only the French in the towns who are atheist; the country districts are Catholic enough." But do those Catholics realise all that is contained in that relatively true statement? Taking the figures already given, there were, roughly, 25,000 souls for each parish, with five priests to each parish, or one priest to every 5,000 souls. Only those who have practical knowledge of work and life in a big town can estimate accurately, or even understand sympathetically, the conditions which French Catholics were supporting at the very time that the anti-clerical campaign was brought to a head. Yet between the years of 1901 and 1906, so strenuous had been the labours of the Archbishop of Paris, and so loyal the support of his flock, that 24 new chapels had been built to meet the ever-increasing needs of the diocese.

It is very important that some idea of the immediate past should be obtained if an accurate understanding of the present is to be arrived at. The present position needs to be illuminated by the past, otherwise the conception is merely a superficial estimate, and may even be definitely false and pernicious.

It is often a difficulty for other Catholic countries to understand the persecution of the Church in France *by their own Government*. But what is the answer of the French Catholics? The anti-clerical policy was definitely inaugurated by Germany at the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War. In support of this they point to the letter written by Bismarck to Comte d'Arnim, dated 16th November,

1871, containing his instructions regarding France. The following passage, of which a free translation<sup>1</sup> is given below, shows what this policy was intended to be, and to achieve :—

“ Nous devons enfin desirer le maintien de la Republique en France pour un derniere raison qui est majeure ; la France Monarchique etait et serait Catholique ; sa politique catholique lui donnerait une grande influence en Europe, en Orient, et jusque dans l'Extreme Orient. Un moyen de contrecarrer son influence au profit de la notre c'est d'abaisser le catholicisme et la papaute qui est la tete ; si nous pouvons atteindre ce but, la France est a jamais annihilee. La Monarchie nous entraverait dans cette tentative ; la Republique nous aidera.

“ J'entreprends contre l'Eglise catholique une guerre qui sera longue and peut etre terrible. On m'accusera de persecution, et j'y serai peut-etre conduit ; mais, il le faut pour achever d'abaisser la France et etabliir notre suprematie religieuse et diplomatique, comme notre suprematie militaire. . . . Eh bien, je le repete, ici encore, les republicains nous aideront ; ils jouent notre jeu ; ce que j'attaque par politique, ils l'attaquent par fanatisme antireligieux. Leur concours nous est assure. . . . Entrenez dans les feuilles radicales francaises a notre devotion la leur de l'epouvantail clerical, en faisant propager les calomnies ou les prejuges qui ont fait naitre cette peu . . . faites aussi souvent parler dans ces feuilles des dangers de la reaction, des crimes de l'absolutisme des impietements du clerge. . . . CES BALIVERNES NE MANQUENT JAMAIS LEUR EFFET SUR LES MASSES IGNORANTES. . . . Oui, mettez tous vos soins a entretenir cet echange de services mutuels entre les republicains et nous. C'EST LA FRANCE QUI PAYERA LES FRAIS.

The results of such a policy were, of course, inevitable. We have to remember also that the people of France were struggling to find

<sup>1</sup> “ We must maintain the Republic in France for another great reason. With a Monarchy she was, and will be, Catholic. A Catholic policy would give her a great influence in Europe and as far as the Far East. If we wish to counteract her influence for the benefit of our own cause we must humble Catholicism and the Papacy, which is its head. If we attain this end France is for ever annihilated. . . . I undertake against the Catholic Church a long and terrible war. . . . It is necessary to achieve the humiliation of France, and to establish our religious and diplomatic supremacy as well as our military. The Republicans will help us. . . . Try to keep up in the French Radical newspapers the hatred of the clerical scarecrow by propagating the calumnies or the prejudices which have caused that hatred. Very often also speak in those newspapers of the dangers of the reaction in France and of the unwarranted intrusion of the clergy in public affairs. These fables have always great success with the ignorant. Take good care to exchange these mutual services between the Republicans and ourselves. IT IS FRANCE WHO WILL PAY THE PRICE.”

that form of Government which should most truly enshrine their own National aspirations, and the way was long and difficult. Moreover, they were reeling under a staggering defeat; they were crushed economically, and they, in common with the rest of Europe, were feeling the effects of the disastrous Franco-Prussian War. The wonder is, seemingly, not that French Catholics let go so easily, but that they held on so well. The Bismarckian policy contains in it the germs of a destruction more powerful than open persecution; it is insidious in its operations, certain in its results; while its progress is so slow that its very presence can pass unperceived by the great mass of those in whom its poison is working. Thus for thirty years and more was the ground being prepared for the culminating point in the policy, the overthrow of Catholicism in France; and in 1903 the Religious Orders were expelled from France and their funds and property confiscated. It is estimated that 200,000 Religious, men and women, were expelled from the country, and that the Church was deprived of upwards of £24,000,000.

Obviously, before such a climax could be reached, the country had to be ripe for it; and, unfortunately, it was in a condition the chief characteristics of which were religious indifference, intellectual free thought and moral depravity. Though the action of the Government sent a shock of horror through many of the sections of the people, they were powerless to protest effectively—the awakening had come too late.

But what was one of the chief effects of the policy? Exactly what Bismarck had foreseen—the alienation of the sympathy of Catholic countries from France. In other words, the isolation of Political France, through the condemnation of Religious France. “Atheist France” became the symbol throughout the religious world for all that was worst in the Catholic conception of Government; her social activities were tainted; and therefore repudiated. To speak of immoral literature, was to imply French novels; of indecent Art, was to mean French pictures; while immorality meant, almost exclusively, Paris. This is, of course, speaking of the great masses of the people; not of the few, who by virtue of their personal knowledge of France, or of their opportunities of intercourse with those who knew the true state of affairs, were in a position to form a more accurate estimate.

Against this weight of unenlightened hostility French Catholics were powerless. But what was their reply? Between 1906 and 1914 fifty new churches were opened in the Diocese of Paris alone; and this in spite of the difficulties placed in the way by the new laws. If we think for a little upon the multitude of questions involved in

such an achievement as this we cannot but be struck by the *vitality* of the people accomplishing it. The bulk of the revenues confiscated, the clergy were literally dependent upon the alms of the Faithful. The Religious had been expelled, consequently the work usually allocated to them in a diocese fell upon the parish priests; and the multitudinous interests confided, under normal conditions, to nuns, had to be delegated to the laity; and for this work they had to be trained. The schools, too, had been secularised; and the whole burden of providing religious instruction fell upon the parish priests and the parents. Yet the colossal task was achieved. The name "Atheist France" seems particularly unjust, in view of such a record!

Then came the War.

Then each side reaped what it had sown. The anti-clericals failed to win the sympathy of Catholic neutrals; while the Catholics of France found themselves, if not exactly in a position to dictate terms to their Government, at least in such a strategic position that their very Catholicism had to be requisitioned by their late enemies.

"L'anti-clericalisme n'est pas un article d'exportation," Gambetta had once warned his compatriots; he was more far-sighted than the rest. But persecution cannot remain concealed from the world; and sooner or later the conscience of the world awakens and demands that the persecutor shall pay the price of his injustice. There is little doubt that in the early days of the War, when her need was very great indeed, France was deprived of much sympathy from neutrals, especially Catholic neutrals, because of her anti-clerical *régime*. The knowledge that her priests were serving in the trenches as common soldiers was in itself sufficient to alienate many whose opportunities of estimating facts accurately were few. As the War proceeded, indeed, an Office of Propaganda became a necessity; and apart from the many political issues to be dealt with, the question of religious persecution forced itself forward for attention. This was the great opportunity for French Catholics. The action of their Government had discredited France in the eyes of the Catholic world; they produced *their own action* to restore that credit. Missions were sent to several countries, missions with no political object, with no war aims, but concerned only with letting in the light upon the dark places; they put before the Catholics the actual position of the Church in France; the truth about their literature; their social laws; and generally demonstrated that though there was much that was to be deplored, there was much that was heroic, and that the people were sound at heart, however corruption may have permeated high places. One such mission visited Ire-

land; and though it is not proposed to enter into details here, it can be stated that much mutual enlightenment resulted. The choice of the missionary<sup>2</sup> was a singularly happy one; and those responsible for the selection showed their appreciation of the nature of the mission very clearly in their choice.

The soldier-priests are regarded by many as having been the re-religionising force in France. Over 30,000 priests served in the War as soldiers, more than 6,000 of whom had been previously banished, and who voluntarily returned at the outbreak of war. Upwards of 3,000 priests were killed; while very many have received decorations for valour and devotion to duty. It has been calculated that upwards of 600,000 Masses were celebrated every month in the field, often in the very trenches themselves, and the constant daily intercourse between the soldiers and the priests, sharing the same life, the same hardships and privations; facing the same dangers and serving the same cause has, it is claimed by both clergy and laity alike, proved more efficacious than years of teaching from the pulpit. Men accustomed to sneer at religion from afar came at close quarters to it, and found that it supplied a motive, if nothing more, for enduring hardships; men who believed that only the ignorant had need of a God found that the most humble priest possessed a knowledge that gave him confidence in the face of supreme danger and enabled him to face death calmly, and often to seek it in the execution of his duty as a priest, even when his right as a soldier entitled him to security against it for the time; while the ordinary man who had abandoned his religion, more through carelessness than deliberation, was drawn back to the Altar through the *camaraderie* of the trenches.

The Government were not insensible to what was taking place. They had seen that the Allied Forces were definitely provided with the means for the practice of their religion, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Jew. Whatever might be the views of the French Government upon the question of religion they were not, apparently, shared by the Governments, or the people, of their Allies. This fact probably accounted in a large measure for the change of front, for expediency is ever a powerful factor in the political game; but whatever the reason, positive anti-clericalism was suspended *sine die*. Whether it will be revived remains to be seen. The French Government have recently sent a Representative to the Vatican; the appointment is only temporary; but once made, it is unlikely

<sup>2</sup> L'Abbe Henry Flynn, Parish Priest of Memilmontant, Paris. M. L'Abbe is a Frenchman whose parents were both Irish. He himself has paid a visit to Ireland every year for over thirty years, so that no more suitable choice could have been made by the French Government. It is to him that I owe the figures in this article, and also the copy and translation of the German letter *re* the War on the Church.—M. B. W.

that it will be rescinded. The protests were feeble and received little public support. Recently some protest was made in the Chamber against the return of the Religious Orders, many of whom are commencing to return to the country, an act which is still illegal, as the Law expelling them has never been repealed; but on the whole, the policy seems to be one of live and let live. This may be negative rather than positive; but given this, together with a spirit of toleration and mutual good-will, there is no reason why Catholicism should not once more recapture the hearts and souls of the French people of all classes. There are plenty of signs that the haven of grace is at work. Persecution such as has fallen to the lot of the French Catholics must make or break a people's Faith. Martyrdom in these days is spectacular. One man done to death for a cause creates hundreds of fresh adherents to that cause. Not so the insidious persecution of the Church in France. Even now, it often requires courage to be a practising Catholic; not because life is in danger, but because one may be laughed at. This is the great Terror to the French; for *La Mode—that which is done by everybody*—is everything to them! Yet there are men and women, living in the reddest of red Socialist districts, who are daily Communicants, and who face the laughter of their neighbours and fellow-workers every time that they set foot inside a church. I have heard of nine religious vocations, two going to the Carmelites, from the most violently socialistic district in Paris. Thus does grace blossom in unexpected places. The following list of Intentions was copied in the basilica of the Sacre Cœur at Montmartre on the occasion of a chance visit:—Vocations, 521; marriages, 173; families, 423; conversions, 328; spiritual favours, 304; temporal favours, 97; graces, 218. It is illuminating because of the relative numbers of the different petitions.

What, then, to an onlooker, is the position, present, and in the immediate future, of the Faith in France? Certainly inspiring, and full of promise, and calling for the fullest measure of sympathetic understanding from Catholic peoples. Each nation has its own peculiar destiny in the world of religion no less than in the world of politics; and it must develop this along the lines of its national characteristics if it is to accomplish the work. The finished work must contain the national aspirations of the people enshrined in the casket of their Faith, and those national aspirations must be, in their turn, illuminated and guided by the teachings of the Church. This is true of all peoples; and if we bear it in mind when studying the Catholicism of different nations we shall not make the mistake, so often made in the past, of condemning as bad a manifestation of belief which differs from our own.

For France, the questions confronting her are mainly social. There are grave economic and political issues, naturally, which are calling for statesmanship of the highest order; and upon them much of the well-being of Europe rests; a fact the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. Hatred, the aftermath of war, is a very real force in Europe, and is a tangible sentient entity in France. But apart from these questions, the discussion of which is outside the scope of this article, it would seem that the problems for France group themselves round the task of social amelioration and reform. It is around these that the fiercest battles will be fought. The birth-rate is her foremost concern; public morality a not inconsiderable second. Public health and sanitation, housing; the immediate and pressing problem of tuberculosis; while industrial conditions and the rights of the workers are all questions which are occupying the minds of different sections of the people. Catholics realise that they must take their share in the work before the country, and the extent to which this realisation is followed by active participation is the ultimate solution to their religious differences and difficulties. Whether we will or not, the world demands that these questions shall be attended to, in the spirit of the fullest sympathy, and by the most enlightened methods. This is true in whatsoever country they arise; and for Catholics to stand aside is to deliver their rightful territory to the enemy.

When the time comes for Ireland to grapple with her social problems on her own lines, the sympathy extended by her to France will be one of her great sources of help. Work is made easier by the knowledge that others have ploughed the same furrow, encountered the same difficulties, and perhaps have been cheered by the same sympathy. Anyway, the claim of France is a very real one; and her right to admiration and respect is based upon stupendous achievements and infinite possibilities.

# The Story of the Rocks.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

LENA BUTLER, M.A.

*Time*—Our own day.

*Place*—On the coast in North-west Clare.

## *Dramatis Personæ:*

EILEEN, a girl of ten years.

COLM, her twin brother.

OLD MAN, their grandfather.

LUCY, a middle-aged woman, their mother.

*Scene*.—A ledge of rock overlooking a nook of strand. In the back-grounds are cliffs of limestone rock, separated by a mass of clay and loose boulders from the ledge which forms most of the stage. A zig-zag path leads down from the cliffs to the ledge. In the foreground another path leads from the ledge down to the strand, which is supposed to be at the left-front of the stage.

When the curtain goes up the OLD MAN is seated on the ledge of rock. He has stray white locks and white side-whiskers, yet he looks hale and firmly built. On his knees are some sheets of writing paper. His hands, holding a pencil, are firmly clasped, his forearms resting on the paper.

He looks long and earnestly out towards the sea.

A child's shout of glee is heard from the strand beneath. Soon there enters, from below, the little girl, EILEEN. She is weather-bronzed, simply clad and bare-legged except for sandals.

EILEEN: Hallo! Grandfather.

OLD MAN: Hallo! Eileen. You're welcome, child.

EILEEN (*running up to the OLD MAN, who seats her affectionately on his knee*): What are you writing, Grandfather?

OLD MAN: Nothing, child. (*He shows her the blank leaves of paper.*)

EILEEN: Yes; but what did you mean to write when you sat here?

OLD MAN: Oh! I was trying to end a story which I have been writing this thirty years.

EILEEN: And why is it so hard to end?

OLD MAN : Because the story is true, and a true story never ends.

EILEEN : And what is the story all about, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : About rocks.

EILEEN : Rocks! Then it's no good. There should be people in a story, or dogs or elephants, or something live.

OLD MAN : Oh, but plenty of live things come into my story.

EILEEN (*incredulously*) : Into rocks?

OLD MAN : Yes, child, into rocks.

EILEEN : Do you mean the big, hard rocks like these? (*pointing to the cliffs overhead*).

OLD MAN : I do.

EILEEN : Oh!

OLD MAN : What do you suppose those rocks are made of?

EILEEN : Made of? Why, of stone, of course.

OLD MAN : But there's stone and stone.

EILEEN : Yes; but isn't all stone, stone, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : Of course it is, child.

EILEEN : And how could stone be alive?

OLD MAN : Well, you know, stone wasn't always stone.

EILEEN : Why, what else could it be?

OLD MAN : Well, you see, in the very, very beginning of our world, when the earth came whirling into space as a separate mass of matter, it must have been so very hot that it was not even all a molten mass, but, hotter still, a gaseous mass.

EILEEN : What's gaseous, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : It means "in a state of vapour."

EILEEN : Like steam, is it?

OLD MAN : Well, yes. And then the earth cooled down and became liquid and cooled still more until it became a great solid ball with wrinkles on its surface; and in the hollows between the wrinkles water collected and formed oceans.

EILEEN (*looking mystified*) : Oh!

OLD MAN : And when the ocean water had grown cool enough the first signs of live things appeared on earth, and these were tiny organisms like little blobs of jelly, and they floated in the waters.

EILEEN (*growing interested*) : Oh! were they like jelly-fish, Grandfather, and could they sting?

OLD MAN : They must have been like jelly-fish all right, only much smaller; but, as for stinging, you see there were no little girls bathing in the sea that time for them to sting.

EILEEN : But why, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : Because men had not yet come on earth that time, nor birds, nor beasts, nor even real fishes for that matter.

EILEEN : How do you know, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : Because, if they had, there would have been some trace of them in the oldest rocks.

EILEEN (*climbing down from the OLD MAN'S knee*) : Oh, I don't understand that a bit. Come, and I'll show you a big, real, live jelly-fish that was on the strand when the tide began to sink back.

OLD MAN : No, I won't, little girl, now. My old bones are too stiff to let me skip down your path; and besides, I have seen jelly-fish a thousand times. But you just run down to the strand and bring me up some shells and some nice round stones of different colours. I want them.

*(The little girl runs off down the pathway, shouting back, as she goes) :*

EILEEN : Wait till you see the grand ones I'll bring.

*(The OLD MAN'S eyes follow her wistfully. When she is out of sight, he covers his face with his hands, like one thinking deeply. Then he looks away to the horizon and remains plunged in thought till he is interrupted by the little girl, who comes running up, both hands full of shells and rounded stones.)*

EILEEN : Now, Grandfather, will they do?

OLD MAN : Yes, perfectly, child. Come and sit down now and I'll tell you my story. Put them all there near us.

EILEEN : Oh, yes, Grandfather, tell me the story. *(She puts the shells and stones on the rock beside the OLD MAN, then climbs up and seats herself cosily on his knee.)*

OLD MAN (*taking up a small cockle shell*) : Now is that a live thing?

EILEEN : 'Tisn't live now, you know, Grandfather; but it was once.

OLD MAN : How do you know?

EILEEN : Haven't I seen plenty of cockle-shells with live cockles in them?

OLD MAN : And periwinkles, too, have you, and tiny shell-fish?

EILEEN : Of course I have. Didn't Colm and I often fish them up with a net out of the pools in the rocks?

OLD MAN : And what do you suppose happens when all the little shell-fish die?

EILEEN : I suppose they go to the bottom of the sea.

OLD MAN : And suppose now that the little shells were falling to the bottom of the sea for thousands and tens of thousands of years, wouldn't there be surely a great pile at the bottom?

EILEEN : I suppose there would, Grandfather, be a terrible pile.

OLD MAN : Indeed there would, child. And they would become pressed down and become cemented together by the ocean sludge till at length they would no longer be separate little shells, but a solid mass of stone. Then one fine day, when they would have risen above the sea, they would form big layers of solid rock like the cliffs up there, and like this rock beneath us.

EILEEN (*jumping down and rubbing her hands over the rock*) : Oh, but, Grandfather, this rock wasn't made all of shells, real right shells; never!

OLD MAN : Indeed it was, my dear.

EILEEN : And all the big cliffs above?

OLD MAN : So they were, child.

EILEEN : And the limestone quarry down at the road?

OLD MAN : Yes, that too.

EILEEN : And how did they rise out of the sea?

OLD MAN : That I can't tell you, child, but I know they did.

EILEEN : Oh, isn't it great! I say, Grandfather, let us come and tell Colm.

OLD MAN : No, I won't, child. You go; and listen; first run into the kitchen and tell Mary to give you a bottle of vinegar and a glass and bring them here to me.

EILEEN : I will. — (*She runs off along the pathway leading up the cliff and disappears.*)

(*The OLD MAN examines the stones which the child has brought up and sorts out three—one a bluish-grey stone, another a sandy textured, purple stone, and a third a small pink, transparent stone. These he lays on the rock to the right. The sound of a boy's voice is heard coming up the path from the strand, shouting "Hallo, Grandfather!"*)

(*Enter COLM, much heated, dragging after him an enormous thong of sea-weed, which he lays in triumph at the OLD MAN'S feet.*)

COLM : I say, Grandfather! Look what I got round the cliffs. The tide washed it up.

OLD MAN (*smiling*): It's great. Come, sit down and rest, laddie. Eileen was just going down to look for you: but I asked her to bring me some things from the house, so she'll be back in a minute.

COLM (*seating himself beside the OLD MAN*): What did she want me for?

OLD MAN: Oh, to tell you something she had found out.

COLM: Ugh! Girls are always finding out things. It is only yesterday she wanted me to believe that some flowers are male and some female.

OLD MAN: And what if she were right, laddie?

COLM: But she couldn't. Sure, flowers aren't live things at all, Grandfather.

(*Enter EILEEN from above, carrying a large bottle of vinegar and a glass. She shouts down*):

EILEEN: Hallo, Colm, are you there? Did Grandfather tell you?

COLM: Tell me what?

EILEEN: Oh, that the cliffs are all made of shells, and the limestone quarry and——

COLM (*mockingly*): And some of them are male, I suppose, and some of them are female.

OLD MAN: Now, Colm, easy, boy! Run and help your sister down with those things.

(*Colm runs up the pathway to meet EILEEN, takes the bottle and glass from her, and with mock gallantry helps her down the rugged pathway and motions her to seat herself beside the OLD MAN. Then he hands the bottle and glass to the OLD MAN, bows like a knight in a picture-book and remains standing.*)

EILEEN (*seating herself comfortably on the ledge of rock beside the OLD MAN*): What do you want the vinegar for, Grandfather?

OLD MAN: To show you something.

EILEEN: Oh, what?

OLD MAN (*taking a cockle-shell and pouring some vinegar into it*): Look at this.

(*COLM and EILEEN watch the OLD MAN intently. All three watch the shell for a few minutes.*)

COLM (*excitedly*): Oh! but if it isn't fizzing like soda-water! Look, Eileen! Look, Grandfather!

EILEEN: What makes it fizz, Grandfather?

OLD MAN: What do you think, child?

EILEEN : I suppose it must be the shell ; for vinegar does not fizz on your plate nor in the bottle.

OLD MAN : Well reasoned, girlie ! (*He pours some vinegar into the glass.*)

OLD MAN : Now, Colm ; try what will happen a shell in the vinegar.

(*COLM takes a shell, drops it in the vinegar and watches intently for a few minutes ; then claps his hands with glee.*)

COLM : Oh ! I say, Eileen, look at it fizzing away for all 'tis worth.

(*Both children watch the glass with delight.*)

EILEEN : And would all the shells fizz away in vinegar like that, Grandfather ?

OLD MAN : Why not try all you have there, child ?

(*Both children take to dropping the shells one by one into the vinegar.*)

COLM : Oh, look, Grandfather ! Look how the vinegar fizzes ! (*All three watch the shells intently till the fizzing dies down somewhat.*)

EILEEN (*disappointed looking*) : Oh, Grandfather, are they going to stop ?

OLD MAN : We'll make them go on again, child. (*He pours out more vinegar into the glass.*)

EILEEN : I say, Colm. Look, they're at it again better than ever.

COLM : I declare, but they are.

EILEEN : Would the stones fizz too, Grandfather ?

OLD MAN : We can try, child.

(*EILEEN takes one of the transparent pebbles and drops it in the glass. Both children watch it intently.*)

COLM : No good, Eileen. 'Tis only the shells that are fizzing.

EILEEN (*looking hard at the glass*) : I wouldn't be sure. What do you say, Grandfather ?

OLD MAN : I'd like to make sure. Here, throw out all these things and we'll get some fresh vinegar in the glass for the stone itself. (*He hands the glass to EILEEN.*)

(*To be continued.*)

# The Soldier's Duty.

(AFTER THE HENRY V. OF SHAKESPEARE.)

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

HENRY THE FIFTH, of England, if he preaches, that

“ In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility,”

—even as Cuchulain, and Lancelot du Lac, and the typical meek knight, of Chaucer, overcomer, nevertheless of all his foes—would, yet, in war,

“ imitate the action of the tiger.”

He is

“ a soldier,

A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,”

—a soldier, and a pitiless one, though pious. Religious, and a moralist, he is put before us, in Shakespeare. He is no “pagan,” as Suarez would say, to “think that war may be declared in order to win fame and riches.”<sup>1</sup> He is, in his own words, “a Christian king.” His conscience must be clear that his war is just. He consults his moral theologians, in bounden duty. Yet Shakespeare's Henry is no “cold prig,” as Sir A. Quiller Couch, Cambridge professor, smartly says;<sup>2</sup> nor an indulger in “humbugging rant,” as run the words of another modern. How far he is a human self-deceiver, the creator-dramatist does not discuss. But, that Henry assures himself he is acting in the right, “his cause just,” and his quarrel honourable,” is the basis of the whole play; which, for character, is the king. Shakespeare saw him, as, when, on his very deathbed, the victor of Agincourt was heard to maintain, that “he went into the war, not for ambition, but for just motives, instructed by men of holiest life and wisest counsel, that he might act without danger to any soul.”<sup>3</sup> Certainly, Henry had also assumed that it

<sup>1</sup> Even Mr. G. B. Shaw writes, in 1921: “Are you going to tolerate secular education, which for the last fifty years has meant the very grossest materialism? . . . If you have people legislating without any religious foundation, you will get the sort of thing we had from 1914 to 1920. When irreligious men control affairs the danger of war is greatly increased. . . . The only remedy for war is religion carefully taught and inculcated.”

<sup>2</sup> Gervinus speaks of Henry's unassuming nature,” and sees “that grand feature in Henry's character, that profound modesty.”

<sup>3</sup> His later cousin, the eighth Henry, would spare naught for his will; but even such an one as he—whose “conscience has crept too near another lady”—explains:

“that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience . . .  
By all the reverend fathers in the land,  
And doctors learned.”

is lawful to be a soldier, and right to be a conqueror. Milton's reproach would touch him unheeded, that

" They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
Large countries, and in fields great battles win,  
Great cities by assault . . .  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy."

And Henry's bishops did not try to insert the canker thought, of a conqueror's nothingness, into the bud of the English king's purpose to win France. (The English Archbishop of Dublin was one of Henry's envoys to declare his absolute right to France.) He was "Christian," as he says; but he had no thoughts, when started, except for the war—under God. It would not have been the moment for a Bossuet, with : *Ce vainqueur, enflé de ses titres, tombera lui-même à son tour entre les mains de la mort. . . . Du creux des tombeaux des vaincus sortira cette voix, qui foudroie toutes les grandeurs : " Vous êtes devenu semblable à nous."* And there is more reality in Henry's determination to be a conqueror (not utterly forgetful of death), than in many a funeral oration on one too much worshipped, and thoughtlessly, in life. "Well, to our work, alive"—*hic et nunc*. Yet Henry would be no more a mere conqueror, than would a king Alfred, who added to his Boethius *De Consolatione*, the words : "Never without fear, difficulties, and sorrows, has a king wealth and power. To be without these, and yet have these, were happy. But I know, that cannot be." And Henry, seeing where stands a king, cries aloud :

" Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children and our sins, lay on the king !  
We must bear all. O hard condition,  
Twin born with greatness. . . .  
. . . . What infinite heart's-ease  
Must kings neglect—that private men enjoy."<sup>4</sup>

Not that this moral-theologian conqueror will admit it fair, that he answer for his subjects' sins—"Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own." Every subject's soul, and every

<sup>4</sup> Later in Henry's century, Philippe de Comines, on Louis XI, (ob. 1483) : "I knew this mighty king, and served him in the flower of his age, and in his great prosperity; yet never saw I him free from toil of body and trouble of mind." "Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest," says Bacon.

king's soul; in the true human equality, the Christian—"they are my bloody brethren," "quod pieres," "for God boughte vs alle.""<sup>5</sup> The subject is free, free in his soul. Henry's Christian kingship was not the pagan Stuart divine right of James I.'s *Basilicon Doron*, attacking the Catholic Jesuit theologians Suarez and Bellarmine—the former of whom approves "the great canonists and casuists who agree that the prince has that power of lawgiving which the people have given him." The royal dignity, answers that English Solomon, King James, "is at once civil and ecclesiastical; the king is not a simple laic, as the papists, anabaptists and puritans fancy in their dreams." "The kingdom is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom," had, to him, answered St. Thomas. And Balmes (in *Protestantism and Catholicity compared, in their Effects on the Civilisation of Europe*, p. 456), notes how the Inquisition in Spain—in 1624, the last year of James I. in England—made a preacher (who had said, in presence of The Catholic King, that kings have absolute power over the persons of their subjects), retract, and made him read out, that "kings have no other power over their subjects than what is given them by the divine and human law; they have no power proceeding from their own free and absolute will." Jurieu (d. 1713), the Huguenot divine, is quoted by de Lamennais, saying: "It is certain that princes are born heads of the Christian Church, as well as of civil society, equally masters of the religion as of the State." (Though Jurieu—in the interests of monarchy—did attack Louis XIV.'s despotic rule). About a decade ago, were recorded words of the German Emperor to his troops: "The soldier should not have a will of his own; but all of you should have one will, and that is my will. There exists only one law, and that is my law."

Shakespeare's Henry V.—Act iv., Scene 1—when going about, at night, with something of his earlier companion-loving way, and with his desire to feel a man among his men—uses those words already quoted, concerning the burden on the king. A poor soldier had suggested, that the king would be judged, at the last day, as responsible for soldiers dying, in his service, in mortal sin. Not so, says Henry; sons and servants, thus dying, cannot lay their damnation on those who sent them forth; nor sinful soldiers theirs on kings. Ruffians and blackguards may be soldiers. But, "if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's soul is his own." And it is not the whole truth, says Henry, to affirm—with another of his wretched

<sup>5</sup> Piers Plowman VI., 210.

soldiers—that “if the king’s cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.” For, I am I.

Shakespeare, here, no more places natural for supernatural, and no more confounds nature and grace, than when he shows the elder Hamlet praised as a true and noble husband, father and king, yet pitied as a soul that may be lost. Not otherwise than St. Augustine, weighing things eternal and things of time, and standing as man before God, would, at first, hint, in his reverence and godly fear, that his soul is troubled even for his saintly mother, one child of Eve.

The excellent though blundering Kingsley, author of *Westward Ho!* confounded such things blindly. Yet if he was muscular, and greatly gifted in mind, he wished, much more, to be truly Christian. Nevertheless, though he read: “What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” he wrote: “Farewell to chivalry, and to desperate valour, farewell to patriotism and loyalty, farewell to England and the manhood of England, if once it shall become the fashion of our preachers to bid every man, as the Jesuits do, take care first of what they call the safety of their souls. Every man will be afraid to die at his post, because he will be afraid that he is not fit to die.” Dying at his post won’t make him “fit to die,” answers the English “Jesuit” king, to the English “Lutheran” divine:—“Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage.” And was Henry the less of a man, or Hamlet either, because they thought more of the soul than of the body? And were the Jesuit martyrs of North America—Jogues, Breboeuf, Lallemand—soon after the days of Kingsley’s British bucaniers, the less brave; for all their Jesuitism, their Christianity, their commonsense? Even the Paris bourgeois *Le Temps*, of our time, can “not see any possible utility in *diminishing the strength and courage* of our sailors, by ostentatiously placarding official *scorn of the source* whence they borrow it”—when the French Government forced the sailors from their traditional observance of Good Friday. Perhaps Kingsley, who was so good a parson, though he had Jesuits on the brain, and rushed at the priest Newman—impar ingressus Achilli—did not think enough, to weigh and consider Shakespeare’s Henry’s words. Kingsley wrote: “Christ is the Lord of Hosts, the God of armies; and whoever fights in a just war has Christ for his Captain and his Leader.” And he probably meant, not only that, but that such a fighter would save his soul, or—if he prefers it—in plain terms, go to heaven. Truly we may repeat: “Every subject’s duty is the king’s.” “But . . .” And there is much virtue in “but.” Here, however, in our day,

comes a Roman patriot Cardinal—Mercier—explicitly, as it seems, to preach the confusion which Henry saw through—"If I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply, that, without any doubt whatever, Christ crowns his military valour; and that death accepted in this Christian (*sic*) spirit assures the safety of that man's soul." Thus adding to the great pagan Coriolanus's natural words: "Brave death outweighs bad life."\* But this is not so; as Henry would answer, troubling his logical Christian head about soldiers not all unspotted, and about the valorous and the brave, who are raiders, and robbers, and murderers. "If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it," said the murder-gang, going among the Scottish victim peasants, in the valley of Glencoe. Quite so, says King Henry, for that massacre's policy. Whether the policy be just or unjust, those who are themselves food for powder, have not to say. But, for your own souls you must answer. Kingsleyism, though Cowper lived before a Kingsley's time, is the butt of the quiet poet's irony, about all this canonisation of fine fellows. As if very nice people could not be very abandoned souls.

"Right, says the ensign; . . .  
 The best of every man's performance here  
 Is to discharge the duties of his sphere. . . .  
 A soldier's best is courage in the field; . . .  
 Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay;  
 An hand as lib'ral as the light of day.  
 The soldier thus endowed who never shrinks  
 Nor closets up his thought, whate'er he thinks,  
 Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,  
 Must go to heav'n."<sup>6</sup>

Whatever is true, that isn't true. Commonsense enlightens, to an agreement, both the impious and the pious, to make that denial. Otherwise, indeed, it is the canonisation of Pistol, with his:

"Yoke-fellows in arms  
 Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys.  
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck."

\* An ordinary half-paganised sentimental English lady said she heard why Lord Roberts died, just then—"to welcome the young soldiers killed in the war." At which folly, revolted the common sense, and also, of course, the Catholicism, of a young widow of the war.

<sup>6</sup> *Hope*, ii., 397 *sqq.*

But thou art in a parlous state, Pistol: "those who rush off to the wars for money, having no conscience about plundering and murdering, are in the plain way of damnation." (To that effect, in the end of that century of the Hundred Years' War, Cardinal Cajetan, Dominican General.)

Is the passage in the text, "Every subject's duty is the king's," Shakespeare's answering to Cardinal Allen's defence of Sir William Stanley<sup>7</sup> for surrendering Deventer to the Spaniards? That English Cardinal's purpose was to show that no Catholic soldier could plead the command of a heretic sovereign to serve against Catholics. He hardly speaks on "every subject's soul is his own." Yet this is the subject matter of Henry's argument for the individual soul's responsibility to self under God. The Shakespeare Society's editor of this play says that, truly. He adds: "While the soldier's duty in relation to a heretic prince, is not even alluded to." Perhaps he forgets to add, also, that Shakespeare may not have wished to read post-Reformation conditions, and the existence of Protestant princes, back into the days when they were not.

However, the whole matter of lawful and lawless war cannot be absent from the mind of the *Henry V.* reader—not to say, the lawfulness of war at all.

"Ez fur war, I call it murder."<sup>8</sup>

In spite of the fact that one finds St. Maurice and his martyred legion in 206 saying to the Emperor Maximian that though they would not obey him in offering sacrifices to the gods, yet they were bound by soldiers' duty to him; after their duty to God binding them to keep themselves from all sin—which duty to God was the cause, they said, of their faithfulness to the emperor—yet there is a not unnatural, and, *a fortiori*, a Christian instinct, against war; a

<sup>7</sup> Sir William Stanley, 1548-1630.—v. *Dictionary of National Biography*—of a family remaining Catholic. Volunteer under Alva, 1567-1570, when he left Spanish service. For 15 years in service of Elizabeth, serving Grey in Ireland, though he was Catholic, taking part in hunting down the Earl of Desmond. Writes to Walsingham that he had hanged 300 "rebels," and so terrified the Irish that "a man (*sic*) might now travel the whole country and none molest him." Disappointed at not getting more Desmond spoil. Recruited Irish—1,400 of them—for England against Spain in Netherlands. At Zutphen when Sir P. Sidney was killed; and Leicester says he was worth his weight in pearl. Took Deventer from Spaniards. Made Governor, with 1,200 of a garrison, mostly Irish Catholics. On January 29, 1587, surrendered Deventer to Spaniards. His garrison nearly all entered Spanish service. Elizabeth seems, just before, to have been thinking of making him Viceroy of Ireland. He went to Spain, and recommended Ireland as base of Spanish Armada invasion of England. In 1591 met Cardinal Allen and others plotting to put down Elizabeth's tyranny over Catholic English. Guy Fawkes, of, later, Gunpowder Plot, was his subaltern officer. But Stanley himself seems to have been trying to get pardoned by James I.'s government. His grandson got back the English estates. He himself died, at Ghent; and had a funeral there, public and splendid.

<sup>8</sup> Lowell's *Biglow Papers*.

feeling, if not a conclusion. In Erasmus's words: "Nothing is more ridiculous, accursed, base; in short, more unworthy of a man, not to say a Christian, than war." Tertullian (ob. c. 230) had that instinct; saying, that when Christ disarmed Peter, He disarmed soldiers. (Yet he acknowledged that there were Christian soldiers.) The early Christians, as a whole, had no praise for war, rather praise for refraining therefrom. There is, by S. Basil, one *ὁμελία εἰς τοὺς ἀλίους τεσσαράκοντα μαρτυρες*—soldiers who had refused to serve. S. Basil kept from communion for three years, soldiers who had fought. And the Council of Nice (325) had set among penitents, for thirteen years (as maximum), soldiers who had gone back to the profession of arms. But this long penance was for their taking part in idolatry.<sup>9</sup> Still, S. Augustine (ob. 430) argues somewhat as Henry V., concerning the soldier's duty; limiting it, however, of course, against doing what is wrong *per se*. Cum ergo vir justus, si forte sub rege homine etiam sacrilego militet, recte possit illo jubente bellare civicae pacis ordinem servans; cui quod jubetur, vel non esse contra dei praeceptum certum est, vel utrum sit, certum non est: ita ut fortasse reum regem faciat iniquitas imperandi, innocentem autem militem ostendat ordo serviendi. (Lib. xxii. *contra Faustum*; cap. 75.)<sup>10</sup> He adds, indeed, in the *De Civitate Dei*, that as to crushing people who have committed no act of aggression against you, just to make yourself lord and master over them—that is nothing but the plundering of savages. But one may add, all wars are represented as punishment of bad people. And Henry, "King of England and France," wrote to "Charles our cousin and adversary of France," that "We appeal to the Sovereign Judge, that we have done everything to preserve the peace. . . . We will fight to death in the cause of justice. Friend, restore what thou owest; for such is the will of God, to prevent this effusion of the blood of man who was created in His likeness." And to his

<sup>9</sup> So judges Vanderpol: *La Guerre devant le christianisme*; suivi d' une traduction of the *De Jure Belli*, of Victoria (Tralin, Paris); p. 60.

<sup>10</sup> Anyway, St. Augustine's *City of God* is not of this world; and he asks (V. 17): "What skills it in respect of this short and transitory life under whose dominion a mortal man doth live, so he be not compelled to acts of impiety or injustice? . . . What does conquering, or being conquered, hurt, or profit men's lives, manners, or dignities? I see no good it does, but only adds unto their intolerable vainglory."

(Ib. XIX. 7): "A wise man, they say, will wage none but just war! . . . The remembrance that he himself is a man ought to make him the more sorry that he has cause for his just war, . . . seeing it is the other men's wickedness that makes his cause just. . . . Wherefore he that does look with pity on all dreadful sorrow and bloodshed, must needs say it is a mystery. He, however, who endures them without feeling of sorrow, giving them no thought, is far more wretched, imagining he has the bliss of a god, while he has lost the natural feeling of a man." And truly, had said St. John Chrysostom (ob. 407), soldiers outrage God with their daily violence, their looting and plundering; happy in others' misery; wolves, rather than men, feeding on blood, their souls in a turmoil of evil passions; proud and insolent, jealous of their equals, intolerable to those under them; their life nothing but robbery, brutality, shameless lying, mean and cowardly flattery.

prisoner, the Duke of Orleans : Never was there greater sin than now in France : no wonder God is wroth at it. "God gave me victory over the French, not that I deserved it; but because, as I fully believe, He wished to punish them." Henry—fairly or unfairly—was doing what the Christian tradition, as expressed by theologians, said he had to do : weigh and consider if he was going to war justly ; not judging, (as his listeners have heard him say), without the soundest and justest advice of other men.

Since this our last war, there has been published in England a pamphlet, "Nationalism and Catholicism," by Lord Hugh Cecil (Macmillan, 1919). The pamphlet may be said to be on our text, concerning a subject's duty and a subject's soul. The soldier, if not the Christian citizen in peace (pp. 19, 45), "is required to have no will and no conscience, in the operations he undertakes at the bidding of his superiors" (p. 10).<sup>11</sup> Henry perhaps went as far as this—in practice. Though he says "duty," and declares that he meddles with no man's conscience. Henry may be Catholic in best and wisest tradition. Of course, Lord Hugh is, at least for English soldiers, but Bourbon-Catholic, Napoleonic-Catholic; not to say Stuart-Anglican. But early in Shakespeare's century, that teacher of theologians, the Spaniard, Franciscus de Victoria, O.P., (b. 1480), condemner of his own Spaniards for taking the lands of the American-Indians in unjust war, wrote in *De Jure Belli*: and has been cited, during this last war, as laying down that if a subject is convinced of the injustice of a war, he ought not to serve in it, even on the command of a prince. True, he could receive Henry in his flock; for he adds, that, commonly, lesser folk may rely on the opinion of their betters, who are indeed bound to examine the war's justice. Pope Adrian VI. (ob. 1523), that broken-hearted, rigid moralist, in the age of Julius II. and Leo X., came to say that a subject may not serve in a war, about whose justice he is even in doubt. Disobedience, he says, is better than murder. But if he is in doubt, that is the very case where the subject should serve

<sup>11</sup> Lord Hugh Cecil absurdly, as it would seem—compares unrestricted self-surrender, under conscienceless politicians and ambitious militarists, with voluntary submission (when without transgression of divine law), under religious superiors. He says that "this subordination of the individual," "with no will and no conscience," "exists elsewhere, and notably among monks and members of religious societies like the Society of Jesus" (p. 8). And he says, quite blindly or unreasonably, (on p. 28): "A man sets aside conscience in obedience to the State; just as, if he be a Roman Catholic, he sets aside private judgment in obedience to the Church," not seeing, or not allowing that the "Roman Catholic" is acting out the author's principle (p. 19) that "the incorporation of the individual in the State is indeed a sort of idolatry"; but "the Christian is taught to believe that he is incorporate in Christ . . . and this, well, only because Christ is perfect and divine." If the Church is not the Body and the Mind of Christ, and perfect and divine, then indeed incorporation therein is a sort of idolatry; and destroys the non-Roman Catholic author's illogical plea for such incorporation (p. 43).

with free conscience, answered Victoria. The inflexible Pope did not, perhaps, consider, that, if the subject was in doubt as to the justice of the war, he might not be at all in doubt, thus, as to his duty in serving therein.<sup>12</sup> So at least Henry V., that dutiful son of the Church, as he meant to be, and honest moralist as he is presented in the play, would say, once more: "Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should

<sup>12</sup> Speaking generally, following Victoria, as the Rev. W. Kent, O.S.C., on "The Ethics of Patriotism" (*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct., 1900), says: "It is the principle of moral theology that, although no one can lawfully take part in a war which he certainly knows to be unjust, the soldier"—anyway the soldier in low position—"is safe in obeying his orders." So, again, for instance, Scavini—*Theologia Moralis Universalis*, IV. 272—"Milites (non voluntarii) debent obedire suis superioribus ubi peccatum non est certum—quamdiu nulla vehementer suspicio occurrit in contrarium—nam certum est et possidet jus superioris."

And Wetzer and Welte's *Theological Encyclopædia*—that "The Church has always allowed military service"; the opposition in the first centuries being, they add (with a half-truth), from the fear of idolatry in the pagan army. And these writers see, in any religious opposition to the profession of arms, a confusion between man as an individual and as a member of the State. A Christian should love enemies, presumably; but certain men are enemies to him as a member of the State, and are fought against by him as such.

Still, Tertullian, *De Corona Militis*, cap. xi., does not limit his opposition by fear of idolatry; though that fear was present:

"Vexillum quoque portabit æmulum Christi? Et signum postulabit a principe, qui iam a deo accepit? . . . Quanta alia inde delicta circumspecti possunt castrensi munium transgressionis interpretanda! Ipsum de castris lucis in castra tenebrarum nomen deferre transgressionis est. (Plane, si quos milita praevenitos fides posterior invenit, alia conditio est, ut illorum, quos Johannes admittebat ad lavacrum, ut centurionum fidelissimorum, quem Christus probat et quem Petrus catechizat). . . . Nec enim delictorum impunitatem aut martyriorum immunitatem militia promittit. . . . Nulla est necessitas delinquendi, quibus una est necessitas non delinquendi. . . . Si omni ope expulero militiam, frustra iam de corona militari provocarim." One and the same soul cannot serve two masters, God and the Emperor; so he concludes in *De Idolatria*, cap. xix.

And Lecky: *History of European Morals*, II., 248, notes, concerning Fathers mentioned above, and others: "Of this military religion (of the Greeks) Christianity had been at first the extreme negation." He adds—mixing dates of saints and schismatics, for over a century—"Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Origen, and Basil maintained that all warfare was unlawful for those who had been converted to Christianity; . . . and Maximilianus suffered death (A.D. 296) under Diocletian solely because, having been enrolled as a soldier, he declared that he was a Christian, and that therefore he could not fight.\* . . . At the same time there can be no question that many Christians, from a very early date, did enlist in the army, and that they were not cast off from the Church. . . . A Council of Arles, under Constantine, condemned soldiers who, through religious motives, deserted their colours; and St. Augustine threw his great influence into the same scale." But, of course, after the epoch of Constantine, and the beginning of Christian empire. St. Gregory the Great (ob. 104) also; as in the allusion in the Breviary—March 12—"Mauritium imperatorem, eos qui milites fuissent, monachos fieri prohibentem, a sententia deterruit."

In any case, a modern theologian may, perhaps, be cited: "I always think questions about fighting, patriotism, etc., are included among those of which it is said, *Mundum tradidit Deus disputationibus eorum*. . . . I should think therefore that ancient treatises or decrees are not of any extraordinary value on such questions. They are of course valuable as giving the mind of the most enlightened and best of the Christians of the times. I do not know that any great weight would have to be attached to their assertions—in these matters. It is the reasons which they may allege that would have to be examined."

\* "Non possum militare, non possum malefacere; Christianus sum. . . . Non milito; caput militis praecide, non milito saeculo, sed milito deo meo."

See his Acts, cited in Harnack's *Militia Christi, Die Christliche Religion und der Soldatenstand in den ersten drei Jahrhunderten*, p. 114.

every soldier do in the wars as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare." Williams, who, before, was irritated and puzzled by a soldier's double duty, and his lot and his fate—saying, " I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument ? " and adding, " if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to do it ; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection "—is now, by Henry's argument, calmed and satisfied : " 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head ; the king is not to answer it. "



## Cradle Song.

Sleep, my little one, for the night-wind's softly blowing—  
Weary droop the flowers in the shadows' tender fold !  
Dream, my pretty one, of the angels softly going  
To and fro in Heaven, with their gleaming lamps of gold—  
*To and fro with Mary, where she walks in bliss untold !*

Slumber, my own darling, safe and surely they shall guard you—  
The little, white-robed angels, whom Our Lady loves the best !  
From all her shining train she has chosen them to ward you—  
For a memory of the Baby long ago she lull'd to rest—  
*For a memory of the Christ-Child, whom she cradled on her breast !*

Sleep ! And Mary's angels shall watch over you till morning ;  
You shall hearken to their happy songs thro' all the livelong night :  
Dream ! Their Queen shall lend them, for your Dreamland's sweet  
adorning,  
All her blossoms, fair and fragrant, gather'd from Heav'n's gardens  
bright—  
*All her jewels, rare and radiant, to be your heart's delight !*

CLARE STUART.

# A Dominican Rose Window

## IV.

### BLESSED CATHERINE OF RACONIGI: THE "HEAVENLY MAGICIAN."

E. SETON.

THERE are many glorious and marvellous Catherines in the Order of S. Dominic. Foremost among them shines she who is the glory of Siena's ancient and peaceful city, the second patroness of the Eternal City itself, the "Seraphic Mother," as we affectionately name her; the great Catherine de' Ricci, a nun of S. Vincent's at Prato, near Florence, rivals her in the wonders of her supernatural graces and dignities and in the gentle tenderness of her rule over those committed by God to her; and now we pause before a third of those white flowers that glow and gleam in such beauty in the great Rose window of S. Dominic's Order.

Like the two first named Catherines, our Beata was also a member of the Third Order; unlike S. Catherine de' Ricci, she did not pass her life in a convent, but in the world, in her father's poor and humble home and then in a modest house with another secular tertiary companion. Bound by no vows but her promise of chastity, working with her hands to earn her living, charitable to the poor in the midst of great difficulty caused by her own lack of where-withal to succour the needs of others, recollected and extremely mortified in her way of life, marvellous in her charity towards both the souls and bodies of her neighbours, these are the imitable glories of the life of this wonderful Tertiary Saint. It is the *practical ecstasies* of the Saints, as S. Vincent de Paul used to style all work and labour and suffering gone through for the love of God which we have to bear in mind while we devour with interest the more unusual features in their lives, their ecstasies and revelations, their devotions and various austerities, their prophecies and miraculous answers to prayer.

Blessed Catherine of Raconigi is a noteworthy example of these latter. Her whole life seems to have been one series of marvels and heavenly interventions and mysteries; her offerings and immolations of herself for souls were constantly accepted and favours showered upon others as the result; her prayers were never refused; her grace glorious. She was born at Raconigi, a Piedmontese city, in the year 1486, in very troubled times. Her father's name was George Maltei, her mother's had been Bibbia de Ferrari. Great poverty and want set their seal upon

this household, and from the babe's first days she might have said, *I am in poverty and in labours from my youth.* This distress was owing to a cruel local war, one of the many which have torn the fair land of Italy, and besides the plundering of the part of the country they lived in, their own home itself had been rendered roofless and was exposed to all the rigours of the weather, which is chill in that northern region. "The blessed child," says the abridgement of her *Latin Life*, written by a nobleman, the Count John Francis Picus, "lord of Mirandola and count of Concordia," a personal friend and great admirer of the Beata, "was thus brought up in poverty and often suffered from want, but she bore all with patience, and although she was so young, showed signs of her future sanctity." She is one of the special saints of devotion to the Holy Ghost, it appears, and was favoured, at different ages, with His divine Coming to her soul four separate times. The first of these was when she was five, when, one Sunday, a white dove descended into her room and flew to her right shoulder. The holy young soul was startled by this portent, and making the Sign of the Cross, invoked the Holy Name. Upon this a ray of brilliant glory shone from the dove's bill and fell upon her mouth, and a voice said to her, "My daughter, receive and drink the power thou shalt never hunger or thirst after in the world; but thou shalt be contrary, have hunger and a great love for God, and a great love for the souls of Jesus Christ." Her vocation was then given her, an age that she was then in. It was about the age of five that she appeared to her, in a robe and a crown, and asked her Son. This vision as though she were one, timid and how she was in Our Lady's arms, give her a prompt answer, as Beata said, "I am a poor creature, and I am a poor creature."

to Him by love, and to give thyself to Him with all that thou hast, and so shall all thy works be like so much good fruit which thy tree bears, good and ripe fruit, which shall please the Divine Majesty." Then the little girl said humbly that she was very poor and had nothing to give Him in the world, and Our Lady replied that He only wished for her heart. Catherine's naive answer to this shows the reality of the wonderful vision and its spiritual effects, for the young child said that she did not know where her heart was, "but if you find it for me I will very willingly make Him a present of it." Our Lady, smiling, touched the innocent little heart, saying, "This is the place of thy heart which thou must now give Him for a present, with a ready intention of keeping His holy commandments, and enduring all hardships for the love of Him."

And now, to continue the exquisite divine idyll of the relations of the Word made flesh with one of the children of men with whom it is His delight to be, Mary's Little One entered, "in the form of a little child, about Catherine's own age, His Face white and red, clothed in a white tunic ornamented with gold about the neck and an Agnus Dei hanging to it, with an image of Our Lady of Compassion on it." (This description would seem to tally with that of these portraits as fashioned in Italy in similar style to this day; for they always under symbols familiar to His children that God made Himself visibly.) "The divine Child was accompanied by many angels and saints, among whom were a Seraph, SS. Jerome, Peter Martyr, and Catherine of Siena." He presented her dearest Son to Catherine, desiring her to accept Him as her Spouse, to which Catherine tremblingly made no answer. She would never dare, but on being reassured by Our Lady's wish and that Christ would protect her as His Spouse, she joyfully consented to the spiritual espousals of the Word. The Child also consented gladly, and gave her one of the jewels which He bought with His sweat. Our Lady took a ring of twisted gold with a diamond on her own holy hand, and, she the while the Child Lover of souls placed it on Catherine's finger. "I take thee for My spouse in Faith," said the Child, and thus He exhorted her to study to please Him, to be humble, meek and gentle of heart, and to be as pure as she was already doing, and to be as obedient. He also recommended her to His Mother, and besides the Angel Guardian she already had, the Seraph who had come with Him and the Holy Spirit. He finally added to Catherine that He would give her SS. Jerome, Peter Martyr

and Catherine of Siena, who, after His Mother, was to be a mother to her, and that Peter Martyr was to be her father.

The second visit of the Holy Spirit to this chosen soul occurred when she was fourteen. Perceiving that it would not be easy for her to maintain her resolution of remaining unmarried on account of the opposition of many, she had much recourse to the Saints, "especially to those whose feasts were being celebrated" (a good hint of practical use for ourselves), "that she might more easily obtain what she desired." Praying before dawn with fervour to the holy protomartyr, S. Stephen, on his day, she begged him to protect her, especially as the Apostles had given "him the charge and care of women," when he appeared to her with a face beaming with joy and assured her that her prayers were heard and that she should prepare for receiving the grace of the Holy Spirit. Immediately she saw "an immense and admirable light, with three rays, descend visibly upon her and communicate a sweet fervour to her soul; a voice like a trumpet sounded saying, 'I am come to dwell in thee, and to purge, illuminate, enkindle and animate thy soul.'" The maid was so terrified that she fell motionless upon the ground, but as soon as her strength returned she offered the most joyous thanks to God and to her advocate S. Stephen. "Ever after she bore on her face a certain white splendour, mingled with red, so that her neighbours wondered at it, and asked her how she made herself so beautiful, thinking that she used paint or some artifice. She used to answer, smiling, that she only used bread, but her secret meaning was that the brightness and glory of her face proceeded from the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, and the grace of the Holy Ghost."

Again, one Pentecost, when she was twenty, while she prayed with closed doors in her room, the Holy Spirit descended upon her as a very bright cloud. "It was then that the fervour of divine charity indeed increased in her, and zeal for the honour of God and the salvation of souls, and a greater and clearer knowledge of divine things was supernaturally planted in her soul."

Two years later, on the same feast, she was praying in her oratory, contemplating the great Gift given to the Apostles on that day and its wonderful effects, and considering with thanks to God for His mercy that every soul come to the age of reason, "may by serving God in purity and innocence, make itself worthy of so great a grace." Then there appeared to her two angels and with them the spiritual father and mother given her by Our Lord when she was five, SS. Peter Martyr and Catherine of Siena, and they exhorted her to prepare herself to receive a more abundant grace from the Holy Spirit. "She made her confession to S. Peter Martyr, as no other Confessor was then at hand, and as soon as he had given

her absolution a loud sound was heard and the oratory was filled with shining light like fire." The maiden fell on the ground in sudden fear, but S. Catherine, raising her, she beheld a globe of fire from which proceeded seven sacred tongues which penetrated her heart. She also saw the Eternal Father, "after an ineffable manner, and the ardour of her charity grew to such a degree that she was surprised by the desire of suffering torments and even of dying, if it were necessary, for the glory of God and the salvation of her neighbour." She also received great courage and a great understanding "which enabled her to distinguish true visions from false ones."

As regards the efficacy of Blessed Catherine's voluntary sufferings and prayers for souls—to which ministry, as we have seen, she was called while yet a child—a vision which she had wonderfully testified. At seven years of age she had seen a fresco in the Servite Fathers' cloister at Raconigi, representing S. Peter Martyr, the great Dominican, with his sacred wounds and a palm in his hand. This picture "pierced her with the desire of holy martyrdom, which lasted the remainder of her life." One day, praying with this intention to the holy martyr, she saw him appear in immense splendour bearing a chalice filled with blood. This he held out to her, telling her to take it "and taste its precious contents, for thou also shalt drink in time the cup of much tribulation." Fearing some delusion, Catherine recommended herself to Christ, praying Him never to forsake her nor allow her to be deceived. He then appeared like a child of ten, bearing His cross, and said, "My dear spouse, do not let what thou hast just seen give thee the smallest fear, for this is My faithful servant Peter Martyr, whom I have before assigned thee as a master and a teacher. *And neither more nor less than he has done, who for his great love to Me and his great zeal for My faith drank the chalice of My bitter Passion, shalt thou for My love and for the zeal of the souls redeemed by My Precious Blood, endure many great trials and afflictions.*" He then placed the cross on her left shoulder and said, "It will seem hard and bitter at first, but in the end it will become sweet and pliable, because of My love which makes heavy things seem light."

On many occasions He appeared and presented this holy maiden with His own heavy cross, and once angels girded her shoulders and arms with a stole covered with crosses. Our Beata, when only twenty-three, praying at dawn on the second day after the Easter festival and longing to suffer something for Christ, received the sacred stigmata, in hands, feet and side, "her dear Spouse approaching her, clad in hed and surrounded by glory, uttering most loving words and making her the gift of His holy wounds." She

also had the crown of thorns, "from the tope of the head to the nape of the neck, and it was so intense that it hollowed a deep circle in the bone." At her own prayers these favours were rendered invisible, though some marks of coagulated blood and the hollow alluded to were visible.

Like S. Thomas Aquinas she was girded by two angels with "cincture of chastity."

She beheld the Royal Prophet David once in vision, who sang most sweetly to his lyre; she also was cured, when very young, of fearful pain in the head by S. John the Baptist, who bade her "follow boldly the movements of the Holy Spirit and serve God with good will, for by His grace thou shalt produce very great fruits in the Church militant." Another time, when she had been poisoned, S. John the Evangelist appeared to her, giving her to drink from a silver cup, which instantly cured her although her life had been despaired of. "She was very familiar with several of the Saints of Paradise, and spoke with such openness and simplicity of their actions, their martyrdoms, and their glorious qualities that it seemed as if she had been brought up with them, and had seen with her own eyes what their heroic deeds had done for posterity."

She described the personal appearance of the Blessed, or rather, what it had been on earth, and though these descriptions are extremely interesting we must content ourselves with the mere mention of them. The life of this holy servant of God who maintained herself, and, during her parents' lifetime, helped them also, by her weaving and spinning and needlework, abounds in so many charming events that it is difficult to choose among them; and it aptly illustrates Father Faber's remark that the Third Order of S. Dominic rivals Carmel as a garden "of multitudinous child-like Saints," and that its restoration in England was not one of the smallest favours for which Catholics emerging from the penal times had to thank God.

Miracle upon miracle adorned this wonderful virgin's life. She was communicated by angels; she enjoyed the constant company of them, especially her own and her Seraph's company; Our Lord Himself frequently communicated her; "she received many other favours and small gifts from our Saviour and from several saints . . . and also money when she was in need and could not provide for her minor wants by knitting, sewing or spinning." She was also taken by angels to Jerusalem and there adored Our Lord in all His sorrowful mysteries, and received from Him the gift of two relics of the Holy Cross. These she gave to the nobleman who has written her Life, and to his daughter, and their

efficacy was often proved by the many miracles they worked, particularly on possessed persons.

One or two miracles vouchsafed to her childlike simplicity and faith may be cited ere we touch on her more public miracles and wonders. When she was only nine she one day wept, leaning her head on the loom at which she performed her weaving, for her poor mother's poverty and the sufferings of the household and prayed fervently for help. Then a little poor child of her own age, having nothing better than a cotton shirt to wear, stood before her and begged an alms. She told him sorrowfully that there was no sacrifice she would refuse in order to be able to relieve his poverty, but that they had nothing, adding that she would look carefully for any little piece of bread there might be in the house. Then Our Lord disclosed Himself to her, consoling her, and gave her a silver piece to provide for their necessities, exhorting her also to patience under the misfortunes of life. Another time, in her early childhood, she broke a glass cup accidentally and began to weep bitterly, fearing to be beaten by her mother as the latter had threatened, when a most beautiful child appeared in the room and picking up the broken pieces gave them back to her whole, to her immense delight, vanishing immediately he had done so. Another time, on an Ash Wednesday, an altercation between her parents greatly upset Catherine, it had arisen out of her desire to take her meal alone, as she fasted that day on bread and water, and Biblia had gone off in a fit of vexation to one of her relatives. Catherine wept violently and then Our Lord appeared in the form of a boy of fourteen and consoled her and foretold to her that her mother, then in trouble, would enjoy a very happy old age, would be saved, and go to Paradise. Then taking Catherine's bread He broke it in small pieces with His sacred hands, blessed it, and graciously invited her to eat. "This action," says her Life, "made such an impression on her that she broke her bread without a knife, in memory of it, as long as she lived." She was also taught to read by Our Lord Himself, that she might be able to recite the Office of her Order.

Her title of "heavenly magician" was given her by the people on account of the well-known marvel of her being frequently carried invisibly great distances to help her friends, and those who asked her prayers from imminent dangers. She was called in their dialect "the Masque of God," masque meaning magician. This marvel began when she was quite young, for she was thus carried by angels to a very holy priest to whom God had made her sanctity known when she was only ten or eleven. He could do nothing with a penitent of his who was bent upon a crime and so had recourse to

her help. She went therefore miraculously to the young man in question and by God's grace and her powerful words succeeded in changing his heart. She did much the same in another case, and with the same happy result. On another occasion she thus miraculously went the distance of a hundred miles to a powerful noble, the principal cause of the continuance of the civil war in Italy, and exhorted and admonished him with so much power that at length he promised her what she required—this wonderful event, as she herself told the Lord Pico del Mirandola, her biographer and fervent admirer, occupying four hours in all. She also appeared to a Dominican Father together with a companion of her Order and convinced him of her powers being from God, which he had doubted openly, although he had never seen her—after this dream he went to see her and was totally changed in his opinions and became one of her most intimate friends. She could read hearts, and often advised people in the most wonderful manner; she foretold many things, for instance, the death of Pope Julius II., the coming of the French into Italy, and the French king's imprisonment at Pavia. She also had many visions, under the symbol of camps and battles, of the troubles that then agitated Christendom, especially with the Turks. For her sake and on account of her offering herself as a victim Raconigi was spared all danger from a terrible epidemic raging everywhere else in Piedmont—so true it is that the Saints are the greatest benefactors of their countries.

Her raptures and visions of purgatory, of hell itself, and of the unutterable mysteries and raptures of heaven, were constant and very great: there are far too many of them for more than this mere naming of them here.

She constantly gave away everything she had, even necessary wraps, to the poor; and one exquisite story of her girlhood relates how S. Catherine of Siena once appeared and begged from her at a time when they were more than usually poor and she feared giving her some of the little bread they had on account of her mother's anger. However, thinking it over, she blamed herself for hesitation, and finding again her young mendicant, dressed all in white and a little older than herself, she took her some with many humble apologies. The mendicant tasted a little, smiling, and gave it back, telling her that her alms had been very agreeable before the Most High and disappeared. Only years later, as the Life beautifully says, "when the Beata had become very familiar with S. Catherine of Siena, did S. Catherine relate to her that it was herself who had thus come." Another time she gave part of her dress to Our Lord Himself Who came as a poor man to her door, He in return gave her a rich robe; another time she took in a little half-frozen child

in winter, warmed him, gave him some of her own things to wear, and combed out his long hair. Christ then appeared to her with a wreath of red and white roses, saying that He gave her these for her charity to the child and that in the next life she should have a much greater reward.

In spite of her child-like virtue and simplicity, or rather, perhaps, the better for it, she was distinguished by the rarest wisdom and by the gift of counsel. The Bishop of Marseilles visited her one day with the Lord of Raconigi while she was ill in bed, and went away much edified after a two hours' conversation with her, saying that he had never met a man who had a brighter or clearer intellect, or who was richer in spiritual light : he was then Doctor of Laws. Many other persons, holy priests and religious, saw her spiritual glory : the Lord of Raconigi frequently saw splendours from heaven, in the dead of night, illumine her little home, and learned later that it was precisely then that she had had visits from Paradise. Many miraculous Communion were known to have been administered to Blessed Catherine, and various priests found particles taken away by heavenly agencies during their Masses for her Communion. A great and beautiful star was often seen above her as she prayed ; a Benedictine monk once had a vision of her pierced through with Our Crucified Lord's sufferings ; heavenly fragrance often breathed from her ; her confessor saw her walking in company with three Beatae of her Order (she was the only person in Raconigi who wore the habit) ; her profession was marked by many beautiful marvels ; she was subjected many times to cruel treatment by fiends ; she worked innumerable cures ; she often extinguished fires by a simple Sign of the Cross, and protected her town not only from this, but also from hails and heavy rain.

And her death, which took place after a long and painful illness, was like her life, for by this last sacrifice, augmented by the loss of her Dominican confessor and friends who were not able to be present with her, she obtained peace from a grievous war for her poor, devastated country. Consumed with divine love and with compassionate affection for her neighbours to the last she died peacefully on the 4th of September, 1547, aged sixty-three, and many miracles, the fragrance which issued from her sepulchre, and her beauty in death, manifested that the great lover of Christ had gone to enjoy Him for ever.

# A Psychical Experience.

ENID DINNIS.

“**H**AVE you ever had a psychical experience, Father Philip?” the youngest young man asked—he was the kind of young man who would.

“D’you mean have I ever seen a ghost?” Father Philip answered, with his unfailing habit of translating into the vernacular.

“Well, yes, something of the kind,” his interrogator said. “We were discussing the super-normal when you came in, and I’m sure you could contribute something on the subject.”

“Super-normal,” Father Philip repeated. “What’s that? Let’s see. The normal is an every-day miracle. I suppose the super-normal is a miracle that doesn’t happen so often. A flesh-and-blood man is a common miracle and a ghost is a rare miracle. Is that it?”

“I believe you’ve seen one,” a member of the company interrupted. “Please tell us your ghost story.”

Father Philip took a good look round. They were all very superior young men, and some of them were quite aware of the fact. They were trying their vocation in the ancient Order to which Father Philip belonged. In some of them (I don’t mind saying they were converts, being one myself) the apostolic spirit took the form of a certain zeal for instructing their seniors in the spirit of the Order.

“All right,” Father Philip said. “I’ll tell you my ghost story with pleasure.”

“Has it a rational explanation?” the first speaker asked.

“Most decidedly,” Father Philip said. “Now listen, and see if you don’t agree with me.

“Well—like many converts, I came into the Church with a somewhat inverted idea of the position of things. I was a young fellow, fresh from the University, and I really did think Rome rather lucky to secure me. Amongst other things I was a Liturgical enthusiast. What I didn’t know about rites and ceremonies was negligible. I was intensely fastidious in all my tastes in those days, and the grand decorum of the Liturgy and, above all, of the Divine Office, satisfied my inmost cravings for seemly and becoming worship. That’s the kind of young man I was. I don’t mean that I actually translated ‘Liturgical worship,’—‘worship of the Liturgy,’—but I tended that way.

“I naturally turned my attention to the religious life. I read

the histories of all the great Orders carefully and critically, and the lives of their founders—I can remember a friend of mine coming into my room one evening and seeing the array of volumes and saying, ‘Well, my boy, which one have you decided to reform?’—and after I had digested them I decided to enter this Order. The Father Superior accepted me as a postulant, and promptly sent me on to a house in a remote corner of the country where the Order was established, to learn a bit more before passing into the novitiate proper.

“The monastery was a curious place. Absolutely unecclesiastical in outward appearance. The monks had purchased a house, about a couple of hundred years old, in the grounds of which Roman coins and bronze vessels had been dug up. It was a stucco mansion with ridiculous eighteenth century battlements, to which had been added a sham gothic annex. There was a pagan flavour about the whole place, which was heightened by the presence in the grounds of one of those preposterous little pseudo-classical erections which our great-grandfathers,—Heaven forgive them!—delighted in setting up in their gardens—sort of miniature temples of Jupiter. This particular one stood at the end of a long avenue of firs, where one would expect to find a Calvary. It was an attempt to reproduce the style of architecture to match the associations of the place, but the designer had got muddled, and the result was a kind of composite of the Temple of Solomon and the Temple of Venus. Anyway the Community was quite pleased to use it as a tool-house and to erect their Calvary elsewhere. The atmosphere of the place didn’t seem to affect them in the least. It got on my nerves from the moment I entered. Still in a sense an outsider, I was able to take a bird’s-eye view of the whole Community, and a very bird’s-eye view it was, too!” (Old Father Philip smiled grimly to himself.) “The members of the Community whom I happened to be associated with were not of the cultured classes. Their manner of saying Divine Office was a positive shock to me; I had great ideas about worshipping ‘in spirit and in truth.’ Their deportment, moreover, left much to be desired. I came to the conclusion, from my bird’s-eye elevation, that the Order needed reforming, and that I was probably the person ordained to do it. I entered upon my trial stage full of apostolic zeal in regard to the ancient Order of St. X,” Father Philip observed dryly.

“Obviously, my only way was to teach by example—to begin with. I would show my brethren the way in which the Divine Office should be recited. I delighted in the sonorous Latin syllables—the very sound of which was worship—like the notes of an organ. I had taken grave scandal at the mumbling of a Brother near me. I hoped by my example to improve his method, but it appeared to

have no effect whatever, although I accentuated my own style with a view to producing a result. I took a hearty dislike to the Brother in question." The narrator paused when he came to this point and glanced at the company sideways. "You see," he observed, "I was bent upon worshipping God in spirit and in truth.

"Well, things came to a climax one day when I saw an old monk engaged in taking snuff during the Antiphon. I went straight out and spoke to the Novice-master about the scandal I had taken. He was quite unshocked, and quite unsympathetic. He thrust out his underlip and surveyed me narrowly, and then enquired after my health—the most irritating thing he could have done. 'Is Choir getting on yer nerves?' he asked. 'It might do yer good to be in the fresh air for a bit. Don't come into Choir to-morrow or the day after. Say yer Office in the grounds. I'll tell the Infirmary to give you a tonic.'

"I was desperately mortified. I couldn't protest. I was 'under obedience.' I felt I had been definitely snubbed, and I felt correspondingly sore. I must admit, however, that I found the reciting of my Office under the new conditions a decided refreshment. I sought out the long avenue and repeated the gorgeous sentences slowly as I paced up and down. It had a marvellously soothing effect on me. Soon a pleasantly complacent feeling took the place of the sense of outrage. I had already embarked on the martyr's rôle. I was suffering for righteousness' sake. I had spoken up according to my size, and who could say what fruit my courageous conduct might not bear in the future? I rolled the words of the psalms off my tongue, giving utterance to the inward feeling. The peace and quiet, and the 'inward feeling' helped the words to form a sort of gentle tide which carried me onward to a yet more enthralling contemplation of——"

Here Father Philip stopped. He hunted out his snuff-box and took a pinch of snuff, presumably to clear his head so as to enable him to find the word he wanted. When he had replaced the little box in the pocket under his scapular he had apparently forgotten that he had left the sentence uncompleted.

"Then, at that moment," he continued, "a strange thing happened. I suddenly seemed to hear a hoarse laugh, just at my side. I turned round quickly. There seemed to be someone breathing on me with a horrible, malodorous breath, reminiscent of the pot-house. At first I saw nothing. Then there seemed to form before my eyes the shape of a head—a large, red, bloated countenance, bearded and pock-marked. The eyes were fixed on my book. Then they were lifted to my face with a hideous kind of leer. I knew that I was looking upon some foul and evil thing, but the horrible part of it

was that there was no antagonism in the devilish face before me, but, on the contrary, a kind of hideous *bon camaraderie*. It revolted me more than I can possibly explain. Instinctively I held out my book as a kind of challenge. The hoarse laugh was repeated. The hateful leer expanded into a broad grin. There was a kind of impudent familiarity about this emanation of the evil one that positively turned me sick. It reminded me of that crowning horror of hell—the companionship, and the conditions of companionship. I felt frantically for my crucifix, and the thing vanished. The entire episode had lasted but a few seconds.

“It was a disturbing experience, to say the least of it. I remembered the associations of the place, and then I realised that the head had on it a Roman helmet. Something had jumped at me out of the remote past, something pagan and vile. I tried to shake it off, but the horrible impression of fellowship clung to me. The loathsome thing embodied all that I shrunk from and abominated, for, thank God, my fastidiousness had kept me aloof from vileness in all outward forms. It gave me a kind of soiled feeling. As the impression wore off, however, I began to view the occurrence from another angle—a very characteristic one.

“If I had seen a vision I was already embarking on the ‘mystical way.’ The devil regarded me as a dangerous enemy. That was highly gratifying, coming at the present juncture. I preened my spiritual feathers over the thought, and next day I armed myself with some holy water and prepared to face any further molestation, feeling a person of some consequence on the spiritual plane. This feeling was by no means diminished by a meeting with the Father Superior, whom I encountered in the grounds on my way to say my Office. The Father stopped and made some kind enquiries as to how I was getting on, and I was moved by his kindness to unburden myself of the scandal I had taken at the behaviour of my fellow-religious in Choir. Unlike my Novice-master, he listened sympathetically. No doubt I expressed myself more humbly. He seemed to take to heart the remarks I made, this time with all due diffidence, and expressed a gentle approval of my sense of reverence and devotion which was balm to my wounded pride. When he passed on he gave me his special blessing.

“I was triumphant. How beautifully I would get even with my own Superior when he learnt the attitude taken up by his Father in God. I stood vindicated. I recalled the shrewd glance, and the sarcastic enquiry as to my nerves. I realised that it was still rankling. To think of it was like stirring a muddy pond. But now it would be set right. I found my place in my breviary and started to recite the Divine Office with extra punctiliousness and unction.

"I repeated the words audibly; and all the while there ran through my mind the thought of the reckoning with my Novice-master. My mind actually shaped the words in which I would, with due humility, convey to him the intimation that the Father Superior had approved of my attitude, or rather, 'condoned my discouragement,' whilst my lips framed the words of the psalm—I think it was CXXX., *Domine non exultatum cor meum: neque elati sunt oculi mei.*

"This dual occupation no doubt left the remainder of my thought-harbours open to receive impressions of an entirely uncontrolled nature. I had not got far with my devotions when I was once more visited by the psychic experience of the day before. I suddenly became aware that I was no longer alone. There was the same horrible odour of the pot-house. I felt myself turning cold and, looking up from my book, I saw standing before me the figure of a man clothed in a short tunic and wearing a Roman helmet. It was the same leering face, more horrible than ever. The figure was holding in its hand a long trail of some kind of winding plant, the fresh earth adhering to its roots as though it had just been wrenched out of the soil. It had a thick stem and enormous spiked thorns. I had noticed nothing of the kind growing near. He came close up to me and once more peered at my book, taking hold of it with his unpleasant hand. Then he gave a coarse chuckle, nodded his head, as though entering into some obscene joke, and held up the trailing plant for my inspection. I stared at him bewildered. He surveyed me with an expectant leer, then pointed, first to my book and then to the fearsome thing in his hand. He twisted it round and round until it formed a triple circle, stopping every now and again to mutter something in an unknown tongue and to suck his finger-tips as the thorns pricked them. Then he turned round and made his way towards the summer-house. And then I saw, with a kind of benumbed bewilderment, that the latter had assumed the aspect of the entrance to some building of imposing dimensions. I stood stock still whilst the figure moved towards it. I remembered the ancient associations of the place. What photographed episode of the past was I witnessing? The figure turned and looked backward at me. The face showed surprise that I was not following. He started gesticulating and pointing to the 'garland' in his hand. He was carrying it very carefully because of the thorns. He reached the portico and disappeared. I stood trembling with an unaccountable horror at the thought that I might be impelled to follow. I can't describe the feeling; it was almost as though I were following, in spite of myself. I clutched the ground with my feet, it seemed. Then for greater safety I went

down on to my knees. And yet I had no knowledge of why I was doing all this. I flew for further protection to my breviary. I tried to remember the place where I had left off. I had no recollection of the words that I had been saying. I had been repeating them mechanically. All I could remember was the little pseudo-humble speech to be made to my Superior.

"I glanced up again, fearfully. The visionary building was still there; and at that same moment there broke upon my hearing the sound of a great roar of laughter as one hears coming from a place of roystering. A sound of long-continued, boisterous merriment. Then there followed a loud, concerted shout from the unseen rabble:

" ' Hail, King of the Jews! "

"The horror of it was too much for me. My book slipped from my hands on to the ground. I knelt, rigid with terror and overcome by an awful sense of shame. It was to this that I had been summoned. Why? And in this spirit of *camaraderie*.

"Gradually the sound died away. I stooped and picked up my book. It lay there open at the place where I had been reading. I read the words: 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!' Doubtless that was what I had been reciting whilst my mind was otherwise occupied. To put it simply and straightforwardly, I had been crowning the King of Glory with a mock crown. And I had been crowning His representative, my Superior, with thorns.

"I remained on my knees. I felt that I could never rise again. I had discovered the secret of the relationship between me and the 'boon companion' who had so justly claimed kinship."

The Father's voice had suddenly become husky. Some of those listening began to realise what it had cost him to tell his ghost story. He continued after a moment's pause;

"At length I ventured to look up. The portico had vanished. The old summer-house was back again, the vision had cleared. I got back on to my feet after a while. I had one desire. It was to find my Novice-master without delay. I must have looked a pretty object when I presented myself to him a few minutes later. He was sitting at his writing-table when I went in.

" ' Well, are you feeling any better? ' he asked. And then, as he took a look at me, the most genuine and kindly concern expressed itself on his face.

"I told him straight away, there and then, what had happened, just as I have told you. I made a clean breast of the thing, and I felt I wanted cleaning horribly badly. I didn't spare myself. I don't suppose that Roman soldier would have done so if he had discovered Whom he had crowned." (Once again Father Philip's voice threatened to give out.)

" 'God be thanked!' he said, at the end, perfectly simply. 'I was praying for yer, that God would let yer get at the spirit and not be held up by surface things. I prayed pretty hard, but I never dreamt that He'd rub it in like that. Child, He must be very fond of yer!'

"He contemplated me with the kindest eyes that I have ever seen in a man's head. That was my Novice-master. He had no suggestions about super-sensible psychic force, or the possibility of a past association being photographed on the ether, and my own pious associations with Roman soldiery subconsciously superadding details to the picture. Your scientific folk, no doubt, would have argued like this—'Give a religious-minded person, a monk, a suggestion of a Roman soldier, and his subconscious mind will at once fill in certain details, automatically, from constant association of ideas, so that a part of the vision will be subjective.' Isn't that so? But all my old Novice-master said was, 'Well, Our Lord always did teach by parables. Glory be to God that yer had the ears to hear.' "

"But there could have been something in the other theory, though," the youngest youngster said. (He would.) "It could have been merely super-normal."

"Goat!" someone murmured, oblivious of fraternal charity.

"It was certainly super-normal," Father Philip answered. "That was God's way of rubbing it in, to use my old Novice-master's term, but, you see, he didn't worry about incidentals, he went straight for the main thing."

"Super-sensible psychic force is a force of nature," the Goat went on sturdily.

"And nature is supernatural," Father Philip returned.

"A reiterated miracle, isn't that what you called it, Father?" someone said.

"As for the miraculous element," Father Philip said, with a smile, "the miracle was that I went back to Choir a humble man. I don't know what super-sensible psychic force accomplished that."

# A Stroll in Trastevere.

EVELINE LEONI.

**T**OURISTS to Rome who can spare the time to cross the river and make acquaintance with the old district known as Trastevere, are generally satisfied with visiting the famous churches of Sta. Cecilia and Sta. Maria in Trastevere, and Santo Chrisogono, all of which are rich in beauty and interest. It is only those who can afford the time to spend many months in the Eternal City, or who have, either by choice or destiny, made that city their home, who really have the leisure to explore and enjoy this wonderful old "City across the Tiber." It is the portion of Rome that has changed least since 1870, and the inhabitants differ still in many ways from the other Romans.

One afternoon during the pleasant month of April, when Rome always looks at her best, with the wistaria and early roses running riot wherever there is room for them to grow, and the trees are bursting into leaf, I crossed the river by the old Ponte Cestio, and presently found myself in a small piazza which contains the little, old church of San Benedetto in Piscinula, built actually on the site of the house where Saint Benedict lived when he was studying in Rome in his early youth. The church was shut, but seeing a bell in a corner I pulled it vigorously and, after an interval, was rewarded by seeing a head appear at an upper window of the adjoining house. The owner of the head, an old man, whose appearance was something between that of a sacristan and a schoolmaster, waved his hand to me to convey that if I would wait he would presently come down and show me the church. A few minutes later he opened the little side-door and invited me to enter. The church is small and smelt of damp, for it is only opened on Sundays, but to all lovers of Saint Benedict it is rich in associations. Over the High Altar is a very old portrait of the saint, believed to have been actually painted while he was alive; and in a small side-chapel there is a picture of the Madonna and Child, before which Benedict was in the habit of praying. This chapel was the room in which Saint Benedict pursued his studies, and opening out of it is a tiny cell where the boy saint used to sleep, with a large, rough stone for his pillow. It was in this very spot that he passed his last night in Rome, before he fled to Subiaco to live as a hermit in that wild mountain gorge, far from the pleasures and allurements of the world, and this at the early age of fourteen.

On emerging from the darkness of the little church into the sunlight outside I turned my steps towards the old hospital of San Giovanni dei Genovesi, a spot little known, but well worth a visit. On entering in I found myself in a lovely old cloister surrounded by low arches, surmounting light and delicate columns which were almost hidden by the masses of roses and flowering plants which filled the little garden. Orange trees, weighed down by their loads of golden fruit, reared themselves from out the tangle of greenery, and about the old well in the centre of the courtyard great branches of wistaria and tiny yellow rose-buds intermingled their delicate tints and filled the air with a delicious fragrance. A short flight of steps led me to the upper cloister, from which I could look down upon the garden and from where one could see the neighbouring campanile of Sta. Cecilia, rising slender and stately against the deep blue of the Italian sky. I could have lingered for hours amongst the roses in that peaceful, old-world retreat, but the afternoon was drawing on and there was still much that I wished to see. So, very unwillingly, I made my way from the quiet spot, past the great barrack of the Bersaglieri, those gallant, plume-crested soldiers, the flower of the Italian army, who now occupy the fine old monastery of S. Francesco a Ripa, which once belonged to the Franciscans. A pleasant-faced friar was just opening the church as I ascended the steps and he at once offered to show me the cell that the great Saint Francis had been wont to occupy during his visits to Rome. Over the altar, where Masses are constantly being offered up, hangs an authentic portrait of the "little Saint of Assissi," and in a niche on the right is the stone that served him as a pillow. In former times the room had been divided into two cells, one of which was occupied by Francis himself, the other by a companion friar. It contains a large number of relics of various saints and also several memorials of Blessed Carlo da Sezze, a Franciscan who died in this convent. In the church there are some objects of interest, amongst others the tomb of Pandolfo d'Anguillara, the tower of whose castle may still be seen opposite San Chrisogono, and a beautiful Madonna, by Baciccio. Close to San Francesco a Ripa is the Convent of San Cosimato, which used to belong to the Poor Clares, but is now a kind of almshouse for old men and women. I entered by a lovely old cloister with a garden in the centre, where several old men were sitting smoking and chatting together, while the more able-bodied amongst them were leisurely digging at some flower-beds and raking the paths. The old people are cared for by the Italian Sisters of Charity, who do so much good work amongst the poor in Italy, and they all looked happy and contented with their lot. The women occupy a larger

courtyard with a picturesque fountain in the centre, and it is from this court that one enters the church by a beautifully-carved old door. What charmed me most in the interior was a beautiful fresco by Pinturicchio, on the left side of the altar. It represented Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Clare, with Our Lady and the Infant Jesus in the centre. The nave of the church is decorated with modern frescoes representing scenes in the lives of Saint Cosmas and Saint Damian. Opening out of the left aisle I found a small side-chapel containing a most fascinating altar reredos, with Saints Severa and Fortunata, and small statues of Faith, Hope, Charity and Justice. As I left Saint Cosimato the bells of a hundred belfries began to chime out the Ave Maria and I had only time to pay a hasty visit to the upper church of St. Chrisogono, in which is the tomb of Anna Maria Taigi, whose beatification last May filled the hearts of all good Trasteverini with joyful pride. The church is served by the Trinitarians, and Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was once its Titular Cardinal. There is a fine mosaic behind the High Altar, in which is represented Saint Chrisogonus, a young knight who was martyred under Diocletian and his body thrown into the sea. Exactly opposite the church is an Excubitorium, which was discovered in 1866. It was one of the outposts of the Roman firemen, and to get down to it I was obliged to descend several long flights of steps, showing how much lower old Rome lay in the Trastevere quarter than in most other parts of the city. Wonderful is the state of preservation in which the little edifice still exists, when one calls to mind the fact that for centuries it was entirely covered in with earth and built over. Doubtless it was after the discovery of this old building that Professor Marucchi set to work to bring to light the ancient church which his clever and patient researches had made him believe must exist under the comparatively modern one of Saint Chrisogono, and which is to-day one of the most interesting spots to Christian archæologists in Rome.

# The Monk of Devenish.

I. COSTELLO.

IT was a lovely sunny day in September when I went down the long, narrow lane, with its whitewashed walls on either side, from Enniskillen's pretty town towards the stony shore of Lough Erne, where my boatman was awaiting me. Anything less eerie or suggestive of spirit influences I could hardly imagine than this brilliant and buoyant forenoon so reminiscent of the jubilant hours of young Spring. Nor was my quiet boatman in the least to be described as ghost-like in his conversation, and certainly not as regards his appearance, which was decidedly everyday, plain, and a little melancholy. My own disposition is generally regarded by my friends as belonging to the obviously practical and matter-of-fact category, and imaginative experiences have never been considered either by myself or by anyone else to be my *forte*. Thus equipped, I set out upon my reasonable entertainment of sailing a little among the islands of wide and lovely Lough Erne and of seeing a few of the greater, notably famed Devenish.

The sun sparkled upon the bluish silver waters of the lake with its thousand currents, both of air and of water, the soft green hills and the many green islets seemed to bask placidly in an atmosphere of peace, brightness and utter contentment. And my boatman, after gentle conversation regarding the town and any objects of interest about us, including a mild description of the blasting operations which hollowed out a deeper stone basin for this mighty lake and prevented its annual overflowing into the lower rooms of the houses of Enniskillen's island town, commenced at my request a legend or story concerning a castle's ruins, suggested by an ancient stronghold we had passed.

The boat glided onwards, never did my boatman's eye stray from his delicate task of piloting our little skiff among the many cross currents, while his soft voice poured out the history of the lords of the castle and some tale of heroism and terror of "Crummle's" days. And whether it were the magic of the brilliant sunlight which was too strong here among the thousand islands, where, in spite of the breezes crossing and re-crossing, one seemed to be shut in, whether it were the soft monotone of his voice, certainly my thoughts seemed to become as it were freed from the bounds of time and space and, by some enchantment, to roam in another world of deeper, more inward silences than even those of the sunlight, the waters and the green islets.

What, it seemed, was the use of speaking of the old monks who were gone—they were not gone at all, their presence was like an atmosphere in this place of outward and inward silence. It was true one could not see them, the wattled huts, the stone churches and cells no longer peopled, the empty green isles, the very flowers hardly grew there any longer. But the monks were only round some bend, only hidden by a curve, *they were there*.

I came to suddenly; my thoughts had drowned me in a deep place of their own. The boatman was still speaking, the story was going on, but he looked at me curiously once or twice.

"Now we have arrived, Madam," he said, navigating his boat with greater care than I had seen him use yet, "at the island of Devenish. As ye see, there are ruins there, and if you will just wait a few moments I will make the boat safe and then ye can go ashore and look at the ould church up there."

So it was done, and amid the tall rushes our boat was pulled up until she lay safely, and we went up the bank. There was little to see, as my guide did not fail to point out, upon the Holy Isle, but we looked at the ruined church, walked silently down its grass-grown length and looked into the peaceful enclosed space without, lying within its low grey walls of stones piled together by holy hands in the long ago. It had been, it seemed, the burying ground of Saints.

The winding stone stairway in the square tower attracted me, and I was told that I should find the upper chamber there closed by an iron railing and filled with pieces of masonry, stone head and remains. I said I would go up, and my boatman slipped out of the ancient building, informing me as he did so that he would wait on the green shores, but that he was within hailing distance. I assured him that I should be back again in a moment or two, and, obviously thinking me rather unwise, he left me.

He went, and I stood for a moment looking adown the nave of the small, ruined, but still holy fane. My boatman's feet made no sound on the green sward. I was alone, quite alone on this heaven-enchanted isle. After a moment I commenced the small ascent slowly, looking at the tower all the way as I went up. A strange cool wind blew through the ruined windows at the summit, and, having arrived there on the small square landing I stood looking at the great, grotesque, calm stone faces lying collected and enclosed there before me. They were mighty pieces of simple, old-world masonry, said my everyday sense as I looked.

They were faces from a thousand years ago looking at me, said this strange new self which had awakened here amid the hills and silences. I looked at them until I began to fancy I should presently

imagine a human face of flesh and blood, or the semblance at least of one, to be looking steadily at me from out that medley of cut and carved stones and grey, uncouth blocks. Turning, I looked out of the broken window at my back. Down there, quite by the lake where our boat waited, I saw the boatman stand, his back towards me, foolishly perched in my tower among rather ghastly stone heads, as I knew was his unspoken thought. Well, I must be going, or else the wind and those calm, terribly calm, stone faces, so huge and mesmeric, at my back, would cause me to fancy—I hardly knew what. A large dark cloud, too, with one of those changes which make the climate in some parts of Ireland so moody and which yet have a witchery all their own, was looming every moment greater in the sky. Perhaps a squall was imminent. Was it all the effect of the change of light? As I turned to descend I cast another glance, half of interest, half of a strange feeling that was neither fear nor repulsion yet had elements of both at the railed chamber opposite. It seemed a room now cold, uncivilised as regards creature comforts, rough stone blocks served as bench and prie-dieu before an equally rough and rather large stone rood and roughly hewed figure of the Great Mother. There must have been a roof, after all, or perhaps it was all the darkness caused by the great cloud. At the same moment an eerie rustle of wind swept through the tower and chamber, and it seemed to my fancy like the movement of a habited figure. Was it shadow, was it fancy?—a greyish pale figure seemed to stir in that windy chamber.

I did not stay to look, a kind of panic held my reasoning powers and I fled down the stone stairs. Yet the presence that I felt following, following was altogether kind, friendly, very far from hostile. After all I was a Catholic, and my interest had not been that of the antiquarian alone. But the presence was too remote, too holy, too austere for a soul of smaller stature. I remembered, all at once, a strange dream once told me by a cousin since dead. He knew this Holy Isle, and he dreamed that he had come hither by night, taking the boat at the command of a tall man dressed in some long dark flowing garb who had come to his door at midnight, carrying a shaded lantern whose light was like a star. They went down to the dark, lapping water in silence, and the boat went gliding, rowed with powerful, smooth strokes by the monastic-looking figure and finding its way swiftly under the stars, among the black shapeless masses of the islands, to the wind-swept Holy Isle. His stern, silent guide took his hand in a cold grasp and drew him ashore. Above them on the island the ecclesiastical mass of the ancient church rose massive and powerful, outlined against the stars, and as he looked the light of tapers seemed to shine

through the windows, whether still ruined or perfect, he hardly knew, and the sound of a dirge, chanted in low voices, rose and fell, like sighing, upon the gusty night-wind.

He listened as together they went towards the dimly lit, shadowy church, and he could distinguish the Latin words—it was a lament over the ruined house of God, for Jerusalem wherein not a stone has been left upon a stone. And as he stood, his hand still held in that cold, powerful grasp, a voice, like a presence, seemed to come yearningly towards him from out that assembly of mourning, black-clad figures, and he understood the strange Call of the Holy Isle to him—that he should give up all, be, as it were, a victim, for the glory of the House of God laid low and for the kindling of a great light of faith and of continual prayer there on that spot again in the future. A cold terror seized him as he hearkened—what did all these sad ghosts want to do with him? And wrenching his hand free from the chill hold in which it lay he fled, swift as an arrow, to the waiting boat and sailed fast for home. Three times the dream had recurred to him, at long intervals, and each time his resistance had seemed to grow less. And the idea had grown in him of possibly doing something, in some way, to get some tiny, contemplative community to take up residence as near as might be to Devenish some day. And then one evening, years later, and my cousin one of a party yachting on the Lough, the stars shining wonderfully and all who were aboard the yacht with him admiring the beauty of the scene in the clear darkness of the hour, a strange wind had blown from off the Holy Isle and the yacht had dipped before it, and another tragedy had been added to the Lake's list of conquests over man. My cousin had been drowned—the rest were rescued.

The weird little story recurred to me as I ran swiftly down the steps. Yet to prove to myself that my nerves were completely under control I paused at the foot of the steps and looked upward and then into the ruined church. Everything was very dark, and the first splashing drops of a late summer thunderstorm were falling with a strange effectiveness of sound, and so possibly my eyes deceived me, for the church, for a brief instant, seemed a real, though small monastic church, with two rows of grey-clad figures standing in it. At that moment the wind entered the building with a wild swirl, a great bell from one of the churches over at Enniskillen pealed the hour, and a mighty roll of thunder following instantaneously upon a vivid blue flash of lightning (which showed me an altar with lights and cross and lamp and hanging dove of gold in the church) filled my ears as with a world of sound coming simultaneously. At that instant also the boatman ran towards me seeking the shelter of the

tower. It was as if to my startled senses a burst of organ music and men's singing had suddenly broken forth.

"O," I said, when I had regained my breath, "I will never come here again!"

"Ah! sure," he said, but very gravely, and I could see that only for the dangers without he would not have remained another moment in the ancient church; "they were all holy men that lived here long ago. And the storm won't last long."

It lasted for a wild ten minutes, but the whistling of the wind, the crashing of the thunder, and the sharp beating of the rain were all we heard. Then with a sudden, long-drawn, sobbing sigh, as it seemed, the disturbance subsided as suddenly as it had arisen, and the sun began to peep fitfully from among the flying clouds.

We lost no time in picking our way through the soaking grass down to the muddy shore, and there we embarked again. As we put out into mid-stream I looked back again at the lonely tower rising from the green banks of the Holy Isle where the presence of the saintly men of old is as distinct as the shining of the sun, or the blowing of the wind among the hardly-trodden grass. Was it again my fancy? a face seemed to glimmer from the upper window of the tower, and then was gone.

"Sure, the shadows and the sun do make wonderful play there, Madam, on the ould church," said the boatman. But his voice and his eyes were grave and almost sad.

# Blind Mick.

ELSIE REDMOND.

"GET out of my sight!" With his heavy boot he kicked the three-legged stool from under Mick, and sent him sprawling over the floor.

The tone of irritation in the man's voice expressed what he felt. Mick, too, knew all the hard things it meant. With throbbing heart he got to his feet and wished to hide in some dark hole and never be seen again.

Since Granny had died, and left him alone with this uncle, life had been cruel for little blind Mick. Though twelve years of age, he was but a child in mind, with a nature almost too sweet for his sex. He had never mixed with other boys. His gentle sensitiveness made one feel he could not battle long alone without Granny.

Mick would never be able to work on the farm as another boy and earn his keep. He would not even be fit to mind the sheep or drive the cattle home. He could only sit on his three-legged stool at the kitchen door in the summer and listen to the sounds of the farmyard at his feet, or close to the hearth in the cold weather and listen to the crackling of the coals and the singing of the kettle. And show his blind eyes to the sun or the flame, and dream, dream all day.

When meals were over, and his uncle back to his toil on the land, Mick's fears and dreads vanished and he would dream again the dreams he loved, and live through the beautiful fairy legends Granny used to tell.

His uncle, long since a widower and childless, was as hard as the rocky soil on which he toiled from sunrise till evening. His mean and crusty nature bitterly resented the existence of the blind boy. He saw no use for cripples in this world. Gradually he began to consider himself imposed upon to have to feed this useless lad, who would never be of any good to him, or even work in return—work as he did, till the bones of his back had grown bent and his hands twisted like the roots of an old tree, and his wrinkled skin as tough as brown leather. Work, work, hoard in money. Nothing else mattered or counted in this world for him. Every bit of gentle kindness was worked away. His heart was but the machine which worked to keep him working! Mick could not work or hoard for him. He hated Mick. "He is not worth the bread he eats!" he often said. And many were the times that Mick went hungry.

But worst of all was on a Saturday when his uncle had been

drinking he took a delight in cruel jokes, and would roar with laughter to see Mick fall headlong into a tub of water, or tell him to fetch something off the table which in reality was not there at all, and then feign fury at the child's stupidity.

To-day something or other had gone wrong outside, as it often did, to make his uncle's humour so black. "Get out of my sight!" he shouted again, with a frightful curse.

The sight of the motionless child on his three-legged stool, as he stepped into the kitchen, seemed to bring his vicious temper to a head.

Poor little Mick! With an ache in his heart his groping fingers felt for the door. He swiftly crossed the yard and crawled up the ladder into the hay-loft, where he usually slept, and hid, frightened and hurt, under his tumbled-down bed. This was Mick's favourite hiding place. There he was out of the dreaded man's sight. There it was no darker for him than in the sunlit yard, from where he heard the fowl cackling and the ducks paddling through the puddles.

When his heart had stopped aching a little the cruel words kept ringing in his ears.

"Get out of my sight!" He repeated it again and again to himself.

"If I could see. I would not wish anything to get out of my sight—it would be so wonderful to 'just see it.'"

Mick spoke aloud to himself, huddled amongst the hay which made his bed.

To see! What did it really mean? He heard that the flowers had colours, given them by the sun. Colours!—What did that mean? He heard of day and night, sunshine and shadow. Day!—What did that mean?

He had felt the softness of the grass and the pricks of the hawthorn hedge as he felt his way along the fields. He had heard the ducks quacking as he neared the big pond, to warn him to leave the hedge or turn back. Ducks!—What were they like "to see"?

The only things he could really picture to himself with delight were the fairy legends Granny used to tell. They remained clearly engraved in his little head, and, as he lingered on these, he fancied he could see, too, such moving pictures before him. Then, and only then, did he fashion the trees and the flowers.

Especially one of these legends he recalled with greater pleasure. Was it that Granny had told it with more feeling?—but it formed a more vivid picture in his mind than any of the others.

Far away in a distant land lay a calm and limpid lake, surrounded on all sides by steep, gigantic, almost perpendicular reddish

cliffs, so sharp and pointed and with so many precipices that no living man had ever travelled over them. The waters were blue, deepened by the shadows of the rocks. There were steps carved in the side of the cliffs nearly to the water's edge. Yet no man had crossed that lake. Swim it they would try, but the first step on the far side was too high for their reach, and, exhausted with vain efforts, they would sink and be seen no more.

Why did they try, seeing the failure of their fellow-creatures? Each man said of the other: "He is foolish! What I seek is not the unattainable." And he would swim through the calm waters, thinking he saw success on the far rocks. And he, likewise, would vainly grab at the step, but miss it and sink.

One day a stranger came from the city to rest a while in the country near this wonderful lake.

The battle of life had been long and hard; he was a weary soul. Desolate, he sat dreaming one evening on the summit of the cliff. Years had brought pain and bitter disappointment, and now he gazed with tired eyes on the cliffs at the opposite side.

There a strange and wonderful light shone, making the peaks of the rocks glitter like great rubies.

Beyond were green meadows bathed in sunshine, with flowers such as he had never seen waving in the grasses.

A beautiful lady slowly walked along. The birds came at her call, while the flowers she pulled never withered. The tall grasses lay down to let her pass, and golden butterflies hovered round her head as a dancing halo, ever shimmering, never tired.

The weary soul, from his resting place, without clearly analysing his thoughts, stared, until his eyes pricked and tears fell, at the glorious sight of the picture over there!—which meant peace—peace for him, from the torments and heart-sores of this world.

He understood clearly now the enigmas of the past. All the injustices, all the vain joys, were made plain now, and life lay bare before him. Other men had thought to see the zenith of their ambitions lying on the peaks of those opposite cliffs—Wealth, Honour, Praise, Luxury, Art—the world.

The stranger stood up. No ambition was worth the desperate journey, the struggle across the waters, except to gain that peace within the soul.

Determined, the stranger slowly felt his way down the steep cliff on which he had rested.

The battle across the lake was hard, perhaps harder than he had expected, for under the smooth surface of the water the current and whirlpools were strong. But the Heavenly picture never left his thoughts. The fight was nearly over. He was nearing the end.

Would he ever reach the step?—Would he sink, too?—Or——With a crash that echoed in the heavens and for miles down the valleys the mighty rock split asunder! The beautiful lady was standing in the rent, close to the water's edge, with tender hands outstretched to help the weary soul. She led him with care to the ruby heights, where he wandered in peace through that sunlit meadow.

. . . . .

A loud curse coming from the yard, and a sound of voices, brought little Mick back to reality with a jerk!

He fumbled down the ladder again, fearing lest he should have dreamed too long. He crossed the yard, but paused a moment at the kitchen door.

A lot of men were talking and joking. His uncle had, no doubt, picked up a drunken crowd at the tavern. Mick knew the stage of drunkenness his uncle was in by the tone of his voice, and turned to cross the yard again, when a shout from within nearly froze him to the ground:

"Come in, you blind brat!"

They all laughed.

A most terrible feeling of dread came over Mick, and his heart began to thump again. A second roar from the kitchen made him move slowly towards the door and walk in, with hands outstretched to feel the way.

"Get a move on, you mummie!" And a hand roughly pushed him forward. A member of the drunken guests had fallen to the floor and was fast asleep in front of the fire. Mick tripped over him and fell, with his two hands on the red hot bars of the hob.

It had all happened so quickly, and for a few seconds Mick felt no pain. Then slowly the agony in his burnt hands became intense; almost frantic now, he ran out into the yard again. Through a buzzing in his ears he caught the sound of stupid laughter, and the remark: "See, he can be quick when he likes." More thick words and laughter; then his uncle added with a jeer: "A red hot poker will get some work out of him, may be!"

Mick danced round the yard in pain; yet, realising he was the cause of the drunken mirth from the kitchen, he ran away—right away. He almost flew past the wicket gate; instinctively he followed the hawthorn hedge without touching it. He was madly rushing for the big pond at the end of the far field. He must plunge his burning hands into something cool. The pond was the only cool place he could think of.

On and on he ran, stumbling over stones and tearing his clothes and bruising his feet. But he felt nothing but the throbbing pain

of his poor hands. At least the still water beyond would be soothing.

In his frenzy of pain and anguish of heart, he rushed wildly right into the quiet pond. There was a splash, and the flutter of ducks, yet Mick ran deeper and deeper into it, not even the loud quacking of the friendly ducks could stop him now.

The cold water was wonderfully easing at first; yet now, to his utter disappointment, his hands seemed to hurt him more than before. He could scarcely feel the cool at all. He splashed them about frantically, but his feet were sinking in the mud.

Soon the water was about his neck, now, close to his mouth.

Then out of the terrible silence around him a terrific clap of thunder sounded in his ears.

The mighty rock was rent for Mick!—The beautiful lady stood before him. She took him in her tender arms and kissed away the burning pain.

She smiled so sweetly at him that an untold peace crept over his wounded heart, and his gentle soul was at rest.

She kissed his eyes, and, most wonderful thing of all, Mick saw! . . . Lying quietly in her arms, as they slowly moved, he asked nothing better than to watch the shimmering of the golden butterflies as they fluttered untiring round her head.

Mick could see everything now—the waving flowers in the meadow of wonderful glory at the top of the ruby cliffs, where he was being borne.

Only cruelty and suffering of heart and body were “out of his sight” for ever.

# An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

CUAIRD AR MANAINN.

Cuairt dá dtugas féin ar oileán Manainn le déiríonaíge do fíuoblúigear saé ploc de, agus do mearar sup maít le Saedilgeóirí beagán éigin do élor um an dtír rin, ir a muinntir ir a teangain, &c.

Deic pícead éigin míle ir fáro don oileán, agus níl de leitead ann aét doraem míle trearna imra páirt ir leithe de. Tá pé lán de énoaib ir de gleannraib, ar éuma ná fuil éinteópa leir an méro ríor-ruar atá ar na bóitirib ann. Tá an áit anaénocánaé don té beaó ag déanamh tupaí ar poé, aét táro na bóitíre go maít, na bóitíre móra go háiríte.

Síoiad na príomhailte: Dubglair, Rampae, Baile Cairtill, Post na hInre (.i. Píl), agus tá eaglaíre Catoilicíge i nsaé ceann aca ran. Tá beagán or cionn píce míle tuine i mbaile Dubglair, aét áiteanna anaéaga ir ead na trí cinn eile Rampae an ceann ir mó aca, agus níl ann aét beagán or cionn éitíre míle pearra. Aét bíonn irtead ir amac le túbailt an áiríu rin ar an oileán imra traíraó, ag luét cuairtá ó Sápána, ó Éirinn ir ó Albain. Ir é beal an oileán cuan Dubglair.

Tá Hóme Rule dá gcuro féin aca, nó a ainm péir doíman é, aét tuigim naé mó 'ná pártá atáro leir! Tá beirt bpeíteamán dá gcuro féin aca go dtugair deempíreir orá, aét tá comáet tap coimpe fór ag an nSubainóir atá ann ag Seán Duíde. Cuirto deic míle púnt go lonndain saé bliadain, a peapí-ran éum copanta na píogaéta. Anuipró a tórnúigeadar ar píníonir d'íoc le rna reánoaíne, agus an bliadain poimíe rin a íocadap cáin ar ioncam, nó income-tax, den céad uair, aét níl imra páta a íocair aét neamhíó.

Táro na doaine anaénómaí le muinntir na hÉireann ar a lán éumaí. Feirmeaáa beaga ir mó atá ann, agus níl deire fór ann le tigítib ceann tuíge, aét do deallpogaó an peéal ná fuil na díonatóirí com clípte aca ir mar atá againn-na adfur, mar bíonn téadain ir rúgáin aca ar saé trois den díon agus meatócánt ar ríle le saé rpeang díob. Dío na tigíte rin com beag le n-áir dtigítib féin, aét ceapaim sup plaétmara na tigíte feirmóirí atá tall tríó ir tríó 'ná mar bíonn in Éirinn.

Ón nSaedilge agus ó teangain na loélanac atá saé ball ann ainmníge: tá Mullac Oóar ann, agus Sliab na bPaoóán, agus Sliab leatán agus Camar na Ríog, Baile na Cíoiré, an Cnoc Slar, Sliab Dub, Sliab Móna, Cloc Bán, Baile an Maírbáin, Baile Síobáin, Gleann an Chuitíre, agus Fob an Seadóin, agus na céadta ir na céadta eile, aét ir minic atáirpugaó ar an bPocal Cnoc go dtí cíoc nó epánk, nó epónk, mar rómplaí Cíonkdaíac, Cíonkbán, Cíonkgaib, Cíonkglar, Dallachpúnk (Baile an Chnuic), &c. &c.

Seáct bpapíóirte déas atá ar an oileán ar fáo, agus iao ainmníge (le kirk nó eill) mar peo: Pátopaig, Seapmáin, Micil, Baile Laítege, Íomárbí, Ainopéar, Dpíó, Lepaíre, Maugholá, Lonán, Conaéan, Dpáóan, Mapone, Sanctan, Malewe, Cambíre, Cíóíort (.i. Rurhen).

A'c m'á tá an Saeòhlais ina gcuir oinnreanachair (agus ip mór an nìo rin) tá an teanga caillte as an rluas. Tá an Diobla aca ina oteanga féin, a'c nìoir táinig liom an leabair ran o'feicrint, agus tá aca com mairt poelóir Mic Uiróin, ó bliadhain a 1838, agus do cuirpeadar a'céló air in 1908. Sin a bfuil aca ina oteangain féin a'c amáin leabair Uirnaíóte an Teampuill Sall agus poimnt reanachaball. Níl éinfilirdeact eile aca, nuad ná reanra, ná péalta, ná cluicé p'áitpe ná éinníó dá póip, ná ponn o'ra cum a leicéio do reiríobad, ná a deallmair o'ra go noéanpíó coróóe é. Nuair cuipio cum cluicé do reiríobad ip é puo a t'apainisio cuca ná teanga ar múnla f'axhéapla Cill Tarcan.

Ip poit liom a p'ad ná fuil aca den Saeòhlais, com f'ada lem tuairimpe, a'c o'píodair c'píocnuigste. Níl c'píóde ná r'píio m'pna o'aoine cum na teangan, bíod go bfuil ma'gluad na t'píe fúta réimíó. Tá o'pream beas f'io'raon as o'éanam a noicéil as cong'báil cúis nó ré de b'uirdeantaib ar r'ubal cum teagairc na teangan, a'c ip é deipio ná gur ab é fo'gn'ad von obair i gceairt ná c'p'ad agus p'ianaó agus p'ionór agus cor ar bolg féib mair atá f'acta le cian as Saeòlaib éipeann.

### DUAN OÉAGLÁIN.

156.

A Oéagláiin ó'ra onórais, a earpuig  
Ip o'it t'p'ullar go diaóda 'n-a no'preamaib  
Pobul geal Oé le cléir na palm  
Ip a ngurde o'ut'p'actac uirnaíóteac 'ot agall.

157.

Gluaipio 'n-a rluaisge go o'agaro  
An bant'p'act féin ar taob na f'aille  
Annran ip r'ám g'rápac do g'adaro  
'n-a g'cúipai go h'úipíreal cnearta.

158.

Ip ciallmair clúimail a o'itíun 'r a o'agaro  
Ip ma'galta a ngreann or ceann na mair  
Ip o'ag'épíódeac a n-aic'píge 'r a ma'ctnam  
A Oéagláiin gléigil ar naoim'act do beataó.

159.

Iapparo do éongnam ra éongcar cum rearam  
'n-a b'píeim as r'píor'éanam an gairce  
A naoim glum uapail fuarcail f'reagair  
An cualla'act doct buadarta ro i nglaraib.

160.

Mair éeann ar ar gcam'p'má t'agair  
A g'eneral glóimair éeólmair, éailce,  
Ní t'eicream ót Ríó coróóe ra c'airmip  
A'c t'píor'eam go bion b'píogmair f'et b'p'atag.

161.

Déanfaim tré naomneart ar n-átaí  
Éirleac go héadtae ar ar namaro  
Beir an macaire agaimn féin o' éir an áta  
'S beir an lá agaimn go hátaeac it aice.

162.

Ir beir gárta hupá agaimn marí cantair  
Anáirde á lámae ipna. flaitir  
Ag bpeir burdeacur leatra, denmíc do éeannuis  
So daoir rinn ar maolinn énuic Calbair—

163.

Let fíorpuil do rcaoirle ir do rcaire  
Dé hAoine ina minterpuite 'ot fladao  
Ar an scaoinépoir 'r an rpiice dá gheadao  
It deámaeáa gpiáomara geala.

164.

An té éluineao go cruinn cíocmar ir cnagaó  
Na gcarúr otiom bpoelae ag feallaó  
Duó éruaóa pá éri a époirde ipris 'ná an éarrais  
Muna ríleao go raob réannmar trit peannaro.

165.

Míor b'iongna tré teinneaet a éaitnín  
Dá gpiúeao 'n-a blaom gpiéaoa go gpiéanta  
Ina teine 'n-a éaoi épaoraé ar lapaó  
Le hannraet o'íora, impire na n-aingeal.

166.

Dá mb'ugaoi léigean éadtae me, in acmáinn  
Auguirín éaoim, Cípuan ip Bapil  
Émoportóm, Póil gíl ip péaoair  
Eóim, San Séam, Clément ip Deapnair—

167.

Do mólfaim go háro ábalta an éatair  
Ir píogda péim céim ip ceannar  
I gcuing éeart lé ééile do éeangail  
Ceann na péx réaltaeac paémair.

168.

Díor gupí baotépéirt beas i bpiatáinn  
Sinn san rpié 'en éipeaet ná 'en eagam  
Mo díceall opeaet gléarao má glacair  
Ó inntleacé baot éaganta an péacaig.

169.

A deigrtiúip éirt deigrtiúipreac deagpmaetac  
Deagdomaipreac deagdomaetac deigéaeacac  
Deagcongantaé deigpiúntac deagaetac  
Deagpírac deagpáiróteac deigpaeacac—

## 170.

Deaghrómplac deaglócrac deaglaectac  
 Deagfáirtneac deagcláileac deigcleaectac  
 Deigtréadac deigréadac deagfleaectac  
 Deigméinneac deigbéarac deigbleaectac—

## 171.

Deagcóirreac deagcóinneac deagclannac  
 Deigpionnrac deaglonnrac deaglannac  
 Deigcionnrenac deagcóirrac deigceanac  
 Deagrmúinteac deagmúnac deagmunnac—

## 172.

A deagmáctair deagfáilteac deigbheactac  
 Deagtál go deagfáilteac deagmaireac  
 Do deigcióda ar do deagcloinn gíl 'r ic deagmac-ra  
 Deaglán órda onórac ár n-deigearros.

\* \* \*

1 nriaró na panna ran ar Deaglán tá an méro reo as reirbheoir an leabair atá or mo comhair:

“Ar na reubadó le Tomár Ó Uruin a liorabagna an bliadain u’aoir ar oirgearna 1797, asur an t-ara lá de January. Corp ó Dia ar námaio ár gceiróim. Atá pé máite go bfuil na cosa. Suaimior ríorpuirde go bfaig anam an ughair.”

Suaimnear ríorpuirde go maib as anmainn na beirte aca—Tadg ir Tomár.

\* \* \*

Iré an méro atá agáinn de thantair diaóa Tairg ná 91 panna eile, asur ir gearr a beam á gearr ran pé éló.

\* \* \*

## XVI.

A pe po cunora Donncha i lmair pe Cloinn Matgáimna Mac Seain tuib .i. da píeró bo do tábairt do cloinn Matgáimna Meic Seain tuib, mar gell ar lecceatramain na Craige do Baile i Compuirde, acur do ceannais Donnchaó bitoilpe an fearain rin o rliect Meic mac deóda le ceile. A pe po gell Donnchaó i lmair ar lecceatramuin Suirtin i Beollain do Baile i Compuirde .i. oet mba acur da píeró o Doncha do cloinn loclainó Meic Ruairi acur do cloinn tSroa Meic Ruairi, acur do ceannuis Donchaó bitoilpe an fearain rin uata le ceile, acur ona clann mac nuille. A pe po gell Doncha i lmair ar da tman leatcetraman beanuir le loclainn Meic Concubair i Compuirde do cetrama an Doirpe .i. deic mba acur tui píeró [ ] acur tui ba deo as Doncha mar gell ar cuio Maiteactuinn Compuirde don fearain rin. A pe po gell Donchaó i lmair ar lecceatramuin an Acain Sganmláin do Baile i Compuirde .i. tui píeró acur euis pinginde déce do tábairt o deó Mac Concubair Meig Clannchaóda, acur san an fearain rin tpuaragalao go ceann tui mbliadán, acur a fuaragalao fa fel ran Seain do fobann eun lai. Ar ríao ar Urraóda iir an cunnraó rin do comail .i. Seain Mac Sroa acur mac Donchaó Mac Concubair Meic Sroa.

fiacra éilgeac.

# Books and Books.

## Juliana Horatia Ewing and Her Books.

MOIRA WINN.

THERE lingers over some people a nameless charm. It is difficult to define, yet we feel it as we feel the subtle fragrance in the breezes that have passed over heather and gorse and cowslip fields. Such a charm pervades the stories which Mrs. Ewing has left us. There is nothing morbid or melodramatic about her stories; they bubble over with the joys of child-life and touch its sorrows with a tender, sympathetic hand, they lend a gentle sadness of farewell to Death itself, with the sure hope of better things to come.

Juliana Horatia Gatty was born at Ecclesfield, near Sheffield, in 1841. Her father, Dr. Alfred Gatty, was Vicar of the little village in the midst of the moors; her mother was a writer who is perhaps best remembered for her "Parables from Nature." Both parents were enthusiastic students of Natural History, and Julie inherited the taste. She was always delicate and was educated at home, except for a very short period when she was at school at Brighton.

In "Six to Sixteen" she describes her home life and surroundings. The country through which Eleanor and Margery travelled on their way to the northern vicarage is the country around Ecclesfield.

"Over the horizon and the lower part of the sky a thin, grey veil had come—a veil of smoke. We were approaching the manufacturing districts; grander and grander grew the country, less and less pure the colouring. The vegetation was rich, almost to rankness; the well-wooded distances were heavily grey. Then tall chimneys poured smoke over the landscape and eclipsed the sun; and through strangely-shaped furnaces and chimneys of many forms, which here poured fire from their throats like dragons, and there might have been the huge retorts and chemical apparatus of some giant alchemist, we ran into the station of a manufacturing town. I gazed at the high, blackened warehouses, chimneys and furnaces, which loomed out of the stifling smoke and clanging noises, with horror and wonder.

"What a dreadful place!" I exclaimed. "Look at those dreadful things with flames coming out; and oh! Eleanor, there's fire

coming out of the ground there; and look at that man opening that great oven door! Oh, what a fire! and what's he poking in it for? And oh, do look, all the men are black, and what a frightful noise everything makes."

Eleanor was looking all the time, but with a complacent expression. She only said, "It is a very busy place. I hear trade's good just now, too. You should see the furnaces at night, Margery, lighting up all the hills; it's grand."

As she sniffed up the smoke with, I might almost say, relish, I felt that she did not sympathise with my disgust, but any discussion on the subject was stopped by our having to change carriages. We had just settled ourselves comfortably once more when I got a bit of iron filings into my eye. It gave me a good deal of pain and inconvenience, and by the time that I could look out of the window again we had left the black town far behind. The hills were almost mountains now, and sloped away on all sides of us in bleak and awful grandeur. The woodlands were fewer—we were on the moors. Only a few hours back we had been amongst deep hedges and shady lanes, and now for hedges we had stone walls, and for deep, embowered lanes we could trace the unsheltered roads gleaming as they wound over miles of distant hills. Deep below us brawled a river, with here and there a gaunt mill or stone-built hamlet on its banks.

I had never seen any country like this; and if I had been horrified by the black town, my delight with the noble scenery beyond it was in proportion. I stood at the open window with the moor-breeze blowing my hair into the wildest elf-locks, rapturously excited as the great hills unfolded themselves and the shifting clouds sent shifting purple shadows over them. Very dark and stern they looked in the shade, and then in a moment more the cloud was past and a broad smile of sunshine ran over their face, and showed where cultivation was creeping up the hillside and turning the heather into fields.

Eleanor leaned out of the window also. Excitement, which set me chattering, always made her silent; but her parted lips, distended nostrils and the light in her eyes bore witness to that strange power which hill country sways over hill-born people. To me it was beautiful, but to her it was home!"

Hobbies and collections were encouraged among the young Gattys, and are often referred to in Julie's books. Again quoting from "Six to Sixteen," when "the boys" came home for the holidays and Jack, the younger, was just going to drive Margery back from the station in the donkey-cart, he caught sight of some luggage which had tumbled off the cab. "Oh!" he screamed,

"there's my hat-box! Take the reins, Margery," and he flew over the wheel and returned, hat-box in hand. "Is it a new hat?" I asked sympathisingly. "A hat," he scornfully exclaimed; "my hat's loose in the cab somewhere, if it came at all; but all my beetles are in here, pinned to the sides."

In "A Bad Habit" the heroine, a touchy, discontented little girl, who was somewhat spoilt from the effects of listening to servants' gossip, is advised by her god-mother to make a collection of some kind, if it were only of buttons. "Have you and Joseph any collection?" said Lady Elizabeth. "When I was your age, I remember I made a nice collection of wafers." "Joseph collected feathers out of the pillows once," I said laughingly; "he got a great many different sorts, but nurse burned them, and he cried." "I'm sorry nurse burned them, I daresay they made him very happy. I advise you to begin a collection, Selina; it is a capital cure for discontent. Anything will do; a collection of buttons, for instance. There are a great many kinds: and if ever some travelled friend crowns your collection with a Mandarin's button, for one day at least you won't feel a grievance worth speaking of."

Mrs. Ewing quite unintentionally drew a faithful portrait of herself in "Madam Liberality."

"It was not her real name, it was given to her by her brothers and sisters. People with very marked qualities of character do sometimes get such distinctive titles, to rectify the indefiniteness of those they inherit and those they receive in baptism. The ruling peculiarity of a character is apt to show itself early in life, and it shewed itself in Madam Liberality when she was a little child.

Plum cakes were not plentiful in her home when Madam Liberality was young, and such as there were, were of the "wholesome" kind—plenty of breadstuff, and the currants and raisins were at a respectful distance from each other. But few as the plums were, she seldom ate them. She picked them out very carefully, and put them into a box, which was hidden under her pinafore. When the vulgar meal was over—that commonplace refreshment ordained and superintended by the elders of the household—Madam Liberality would withdraw into a corner, from which she issued notes of invitation to all the dolls. They were "fancy written" on curl-papers and folded into cocked hats.

Then began the real feast. The dolls came, and the children with them. Madam Liberality had no toy tea-sets or dinner-sets, but there were acorn-cups filled to the brim, and the water tasted deliciously, though it came out of the ewer in the night nursery, and had not even been filtered. And before every doll was a flat oyster-shell covered with a round oyster-shell, a complete set of

complete pairs, which had been collected by degrees, like old family plate, and when the upper shell was raised on every dish lay a plum. It was then that Madam Liberality got her sweetness out of the cake. She was in her glory at the head of the inverted tea-chest; and if the raisins would not go round the empty oyster-shell was hers, and nothing offended her more than to have this noticed."

It may seem strange that Madam Liberality should ever have been accused of meanness; yet her eldest brother did once shake his head at her and say—"You're the most meanest and generousest person I ever knew." Madam Liberality wept over this accusation and it was the grain of truth in it that made her cry, for it was too true that she screwed and saved and pinched to have the pleasure of giving away. "Tom, on the contrary, gave away without pinching or saving. This sounds much handsomer, and it was poor Tom's misfortune that he always believed it to be so, though he gave away what did not belong to him and fell back for the supply of his own pretty numerous wants upon other people, not forgetting Madam Liberality."

What a clever analysis of character this is! We have all known the "Toms," they are numerous; and some of us have known, and perhaps but scantily appreciated, the far rarer Madam Liberalities.

Madam Liberality was a plucky little soul. "When a pic-nic or a tea-party was in store, if she did not catch cold, so as to hinder her from going, she was pretty sure to have a quinsy from fatigue or wet feet afterwards. But if her luck was less than other people's, her courage and good spirits were more than common. One side of her little face would look fairly cheerful when the other was obliterated by a flannel bag of camomile flowers, and the whole was redolent of every horrible domestic remedy for toothache, from oil of cloves and creosote to a baked onion in the ear. No sufferings abated her energy for fresh exploits, or quenched the hope that cold and damp and fatigue would not hurt her 'this time.' In the intervals of wringing out hot flannels for her own quinsy, she would amuse herself by devising a desert island expedition on a larger and possibly a damper scale than hitherto, against the time that she should be out again.

"One Christmas she was resolved to surprise the others with a Christmas-tree, but as the time drew near she was almost in despair about her presents. This was the more provoking that a nice little fir-tree had been promised her. There was no blinking the fact that mother had been provided with pin-cushions to repletion, and most of these made the needles rusty, from being stuffed with damp pig-meal, when the pigs and the pin-cushions were both being fattened for Christmas. . . . She wondered what emery-

powder cost. Supposing it to be very cheap, and that she could get a quarter of a pound for next to nothing, how useful a present might be made for mother in the shape of an emery pin-cushion, to counteract the evil effects of the pig-meal ones! But then, if emery were only a penny a pound, Madam Liberality had not a farthing to buy a quarter of a pound with. As she thought of this her brow contracted, partly with vexation and partly because of a jumping pain in a big tooth, which, either from illness or many medicines, or both, was now but the wreck of what a tooth should be. But as the toothache grew worse, a new hope dawned upon Madam Liberality. Perhaps one of her troubles would mend the other!"

Being very tender-hearted over children's sufferings, it was her mother's custom to bribe rather than coerce when teeth had to be taken out. The fixed scale of reward was sixpence for a tooth without fangs and a shilling for one with them. If pain were any evidence this tooth certainly had fangs. But one does not have a tooth taken out if one can avoid it, and Madam Liberality bore bad nights and painful days till they could be endured no longer; and then, because she knew it distressed her mother to be present, she went alone to the doctor's house to ask him to take out her tooth. The doctor was a very kind old man, and he did his best, so we will not say anything about his antique instruments. At last he said he had got the tooth out, and he wrapped it in paper and gave it to Madam Liberality, who was relieved to get away. As she ran home she began to plan how to lay out her shilling for the best, and when she was nearly there she opened the bit of paper to look at her enemy, and it had no fangs!

"I'm sure it was more than a sixpenny one," she sobbed; "I believe he has left them in." Her first thought was to carry her tears to her mother; her second, that if she could only be brave enough to have the fangs taken out she might spare mother all distress about it till it was over, when she would certainly like her sufferings to be known and sympathised with. She knew well that courage does not come with waiting and, making a desperate rally of stout-heartedness, she ran back to the doctor. He had gone out, but his assistant looked at Madam Liberality's mouth and said that the fangs had certainly been left in and would be much better out. "Would it hurt very much?" she asked, trembling. The assistant blinked at the question of hurting. "I think I could do it," said he, "if you could sit still." "I give you my word of honour I will sit still," she said with plaintive earnestness. We need not dwell upon the next few seconds. The assistant kept his word, and Madam Liberality kept hers. She sat still and kept on sitting

still after the operation was over till the assistant became alarmed and revived her by pouring some choking stuff down her throat. After which she staggered to her feet, put out her hand and thanked him. He was a strong, rough, good-natured young man, and little Madam Liberality's pale face and politeness touched him. "You're the bravest little lady I ever knew," he said kindly, "and you keep your word like a queen. There's some stuff to put in the place, and there's sixpence, if you'll take it to buy lollipops with. You'll be able to eat them now." Madam Liberality staggered home, giddy, but very happy. When her mother gave her two shillings she felt in honour bound to say that she had already been rewarded with sixpence; but her mother only said: "You quite deserved it, I'm sure."

We read sympathetically of her losing two of her precious shillings and her vain search for them in the snow; of her heroic efforts when nearly suffocated by quinsy to go on preparing her little gifts; and how we rejoice when a cart rumbles up to the door and brings a load of beautiful presents sent by an old lady who has known Madam Liberality's desire to make purchases for her brothers and sisters and has determined to give her a surprise.

In June, 1867, Julie married Major Ewing, and a week afterwards they sailed for Frederickton, New Brunswick, where he was stationed. One of her Canadian friends has described Mrs. Ewing as having an earnest face, with deep-set, thinking eyes; while her slight form seemed almost too frail and small to carry the abundant crown of golden hair which she wore coiled at the back of her head. Their favourite house was "Reka Dom," on the bank of the St. John River, and in "Benjy in Beastland" Mrs. Ewing describes the view from her window. "Near the dog's home ran a broad, deep river. Here one could bathe and swim most delightfully. Here also many an unfortunate animal found a watery grave. There was one place from which (the water being deep and the bank convenient) the poor wretches were generally thrown. A good deal of refuse and worn-out articles of various sorts also got flung in here, for at this point the river skirted the back part of the town. Hither at early morning Nox would come in conformity with his own peculiar code of duty, which may be summed up in these words: 'Whatever does not properly or naturally belong to the water should be fetched out.' Not far from the spot I have mentioned an old willow-tree spread its branches widely over the bank, and here and there stretched a long arm and touched the river with its pointed fingers. Under the shadow of this tree was his morgue, and here Nox brought the bodies he rescued from the river and laid them down. I use the word bodies in the most scientific sense, for

it was not alone the bodies of men and animals Nox felt himself bound to reclaim. He would strive desperately for an old riding-boot, the rung of a chair, or anything obviously out of place in the deep waters."

The dog from whom the likeness of Nox is so lovingly drawn was a retriever whom Mrs. Ewing rescued from death and adopted. She named him Trouvé. Poor Trouvé had such an enormous appetite that he was never satisfied and was always stealing meat; often had his mistress to send and borrow from some kind neighbour, as "Company is expected and Trouvé has eaten the joint." His mistress's fondness for all animals is shown throughout her writings. In reading that delicious bit of wild woodland life depicted by Father and Mother Hedgehog we realise with what wonderful insight the author saw the true instincts of animal life under prickly coats of quills. Dogs were her special favourites; nothing was too good for them to eat, no place too clean to be climbed on by their muddy paws. All readers of "Six to Sixteen" will remember the "dear boys." "As our footsteps sounded on the stone passage there arose from behind the kitchen door an utterly indescribable din of howling, yowling, squealing, scratching and barking." "It's the dear boys," said Eleanor, and she ran to open the door. For a moment I thought of her brothers (who must obviously be maniacs), but I soon discovered that the "dear boys" were the dogs of the establishment, who were at once let loose upon us *en masse*. I have a faint remembrance of Eleanor and a brown retriever falling into each other's arms with cries of delight; but I was a good deal absorbed by the care of my own small person under the heavy onslaught of dogs, big and little. I was licked copiously from chin to forehead by the more impetuous, and smelt threateningly at the calves of my legs by the more cautious of the pack. They were subsiding a little when Eleanor said, "Oh, cook, why did you shut them up? Why didn't you let them come and meet us?" "And how was I to know who it was at the door, Miss Eleanor?" replied an elderly, stern-looking female, who, in her time ruled us all with a rod of iron, the dogs included. "Dear knows it's not that I want them in the kitchen. The way them dogs behaves, Miss Eleanor, is scandilus." "Dear boys," murmured Eleanor, on which all the dogs, who were settling down to sleep on the hearth, wagged their tails and threatened to move. "Much good it is, me cleaning," cook continued; "when that great, big brown beast of yours goes roaming about every night in the shrubberies, and comes in with his feet all over my clean floor." "It makes rather pretty marks, I think," said Eleanor, "like pot moulding, only not white; but

never mind, you've me at home now to wipe their paws." "They've missed you sorely," said cook, who seemed to be softening. "I almost think they knew it was you, they were so mad to get out." "Dear boys," cried Eleanor once more; and the dogs, who were asleep, now wagged their tails in their dreams.

The delightful animals which figure in Mrs. Ewing's book are innumerable; but I will only mention Saxon, the yellow bull-dog in "Mary's Meadow," who "looks very savage, but is only very funny. His lower jaw sticks out, which makes him grin, and some people think he is gnashing his teeth with rage, but it is really only the shape of his jaw. I loved Saxon the first day I saw him, and he likes me and licks my face. But what he likes best are Bath Oliver biscuits." Rough, the faithful terrier, "rough without and gentle within," as his epitaph tells, who died of joy when his little master, Benjy, came down for the first time after a long illness; M. le Vicomte's friend, the toad, who was the young aristocrat's only companion in the dark, damp dungeon in which he was imprisoned "in secret" during the Reign of Terror; and finally Toots, whose portrait is a perfect study in feline psychology.

Two stories were inspired by Mrs. Ewing's Canadian life: "Three Christmas-Trees" and "An Idyll of the Wood." In the former she speaks of the cold, dry, powdery snow, so strange and wonderful to her English eyes, telling how, when the boys tried to make a real, live snow-man, "the snow would not stick anywhere, except on his shoulders." This story sketches the life of Frederickston in her day, and tells of a custom, still kept up by the Governor of the Province, of giving the children a Christmas-tree. Christmas-trees were by no means so universal, even in England, as they are now, and in this colonial town they were unknown until the Governor's wife gave her great children's party. "The Governor had given a great many parties in his time. He had entertained big-wigs, and little wigs, the passing military, and the local grandees. Everybody who had the remotest claim to attention had been attended to: the ladies had had their full share of balls and pleasure parties. Only one class of the population had any complaint to prefer against his hospitality; but the class was a large one—it was the children. However, he was a bachelor and knew little or nothing about little boys and girls: let us rather pity than blame him. At last he took to himself a wife; and among the many advantages of this important step was a due recognition of the claims of these young citizens. It was towards Christmas-tide that the Governor's "amiable and admired lady" (as she was styled in the local newspaper) sent out notes for her first children's party. At the top of the note-paper was a very red

robin, who carried a blue Christmas greeting in his mouth, and at the bottom—written with A. D. C.'s best flourish—were the magic words: A Christmas-tree. In spite of the flourishes—partly, perhaps, because of them—A. D. C.'s handwriting, though handsome, was rather illegible. But for all this most of the children invited contrived to read these words. There was to be a Christmas-tree! It would be like a birthday party, with this above ordinary birthdays, there were to be presents for everyone. One of the children invited lived in a little white house with a spruce-fir-tree before the door. The spruce-fir did this good service to the little house—that it helped people to find their way to it. Of all the children who looked forward to the Christmas-tree, he looked forward to it the most intensely. It was certainly a pity that two days before the party an original idea on the subject of snow-men struck one of the children, who used to play together with their sleds and snow-shoes in the back streets. The idea was this: that instead of having a commonplace snow-man whose legs were mere stumps, they should have one who should walk on competent legs, to the astonishment and (happy thought) perhaps to the alarm of the passers-by. When it came to the point, no one was willing to act the part, but at last it was undertaken by the little boy from the fir house. The snow-man was not a success, and the end of the matter was a feverish cold, and when the day of the party came the ex-snow-man was still in bed. So the first of the Christmas-trees, the real one, he did not see. He saw the other two, but they were not real, they only existed in his fancy, and I leave you to read of them for yourselves.

In the "Idyll of the Wood" she describes the beautiful Canadian woods, which she loved; the hazel copses, the place where the wren sits on her eggs, and where the rare fern grows; hear what she makes the wise old man say—"Well, well, my children, to know and love a wood truly, it may be that one must live in it, as I have done; and then a life-time will scarcely reveal all its beauties and exhaust its lessons; but then one must have the ears that hear, and the eyes that see." She herself was exceptionally endowed with such ears and eyes.

In 1869, Major Ewing was ordered home and stationed for eight years at Aldershot, and during these eight years his wife's pen was never idle. To her life here we owe what is perhaps her best-known book, "The Story of a Short Life," which has for its motto "*Laetus sorte mea*"—Happy in my fate: and which is full of the most graphic descriptions of the huts and the soldier's life in camp. O'Reilly, the useful man of all trades, with his warm Irish heart and his devotion to the Colonel's wife, his erratic and

haphazard way of performing his duties and his admiration for the little gentleman in the velvet coat and lace collar, who stood erect by his side when the funeral passed, to the music of the Dead March, imitating his soldierly bearing and salute, is a vivid picture drawn by the skilled hand of a word-painter. So also is the figure of the V.C., who, in his first talk with the crippled child, stands before us as the ideal of a brave soldier, who sets little store on his achievements, modest, as the truly great always are; who encourages the boy to fight a brave battle against irritability and impatience at the heavy cross of suffering laid upon him. The pathetic soldier-story, "Jackanapes," which her sister ranks highest among her works, though not actually written at Aldershot, owed its existence to her life there. The scene is laid in the neighbouring village of Yateley, which has altered little since she sketched it. There is still the Goose Green, round which residents of any social standing lived. "The houses had no names, everybody's address was 'The Green,' but the postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived; as for the rest of the world, what has one to do with the rest of the world when he is safe at home on his own Goose Green?" There lived the big Miss Jessamine and her niece; there the Grey Goose felt the ground shaken under her by the thud of a horse's hoofs when the Captain carried off the little Miss Jessamine to Gretna Green—it was Michaelmas-tide when they came back and were forgiven. But they were trying times. One afternoon the black mare was stepping gently up and down the grass with her head at her master's shoulder, and as many children crowded on to her silky back as if she were an elephant in a menagerie; and the next afternoon she carried him away, sword and sabre-tache clattering war-music at her side, and the old postman waiting for them, rigid with salutation, at the four cross-roads. Then the news came of the glorious victory of Waterloo, followed by the casualty list. Thirty-five British Captains fell that day on the field of honour, and among them little Miss Jessamine's. Three days later the big Miss Jessamine was left with only a tiny yellow-haired boy. "Will he live, doctor?" she asked. "Live? God bless my soul, ma'am, look at him! the young jackanapes." And Jackanapes he remained.

*(To be continued.)*

*Rebuilding a Lost Faith.* By an American Agnostic. 10s. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

This is the work of a convert who has been a traveller upon a long and bitter road. Brought up in an evangelical form of Protestantism, and having the example of very pious parents whom he lost at an early age, our convert went through various experiences, first training as a Congregational minister (his words on his seminary experiences are very instructive and worth attention), after which he speedily went into Rationalism, in which spiritual wilderness he remained for over forty years. The wandering soul, however, was found at length by the Good Shepherd, and after such experiences and a long period of careful and humble thought and reserach, the glorious gift of Truth was finally bestowed upon him by the *Father of lights*. "This book," says the anonymous author, "is the result of numerous requests to write an explanation of the motives, influences and arguments which brought me back to faith in God, the Bible, Immortality, and the Christian Religion, and finally led me to enter the ancient, Apostolic, Catholic Church, whose Primate is the Pope. . . . Many of the usual differences between Catholics and Protestants are here discussed, but not with a desire for controversy. As I formerly took a more or less public stand towards prominent religious questions—unhappily in opposition to what I now, through God's grace, recognise as truth—I feel myself constrained to state with equal frankness my present religious convictions. As possible readers, I have had in mind especially such Protestants and Rationalists as, like myself, have grown up under modern sceptical and materialistic conditions, with little or no conception of ecclesiastical authority. To them the point of view from which I have approached the study of the Catholic Church will seem familiar and natural, however much they may differ from me in my conclusions." In its twenty-three chapters this deeply interesting book, a true "human document" easily and clearly written, treats of a great number of subjects allied to one another, such as "Searching for Light (the Existence of God)," "The Moral Law," "Immortality," "Revelation," "What think ye of Christ?" much matter upon Luther and Protestantism in Germany and America, the Church of England; then Difficulties Surmounted, among which are noted Papal Infallibility, Purgatory and Indulgences, the Sacrament of Penance, the Reverence shown to Our Lady and Saints, Miracles ancient and modern, the veneration of images and relics, Persecutions for Heresy

by Catholics and Protestants, then the Final Step, and "Some Catholic Privileges and Compensations." For those of us who have friends of an unbelieving type, and for young Catholics of the college and secondary school class, as well as for the library of the priest who comes in contact with unbelief, this is a work of great and permanent value, and should do much to help Catholics to understand the difficulties of those not privileged to have been brought up in the light of the Faith, and thus to pray more for these poor and needy souls of whom our modern world is full. It was the horrors of the Great War which brought our Agnostic to an awakening from his drifting state; and one of his sayings (Chapter VIII.), furnishes a final reply to many foolish and thoughtless objectors who urged that such a state of things could not come about if there were a God, "It is unquestionable that something has failed and broken down, *but that something is not Christianity, it is Christendom.*" In other words, Man had not accepted, but had trampled repeatedly upon, the Grace lavished upon him.

A. G.

*The Love of the Sacred Heart: II*, Illustrated by S. Gertrude. With a Preface by the Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. 6s. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

The second of these red-bound Manuals of the Love of God, as we may call them, is even more delightful than its predecessor. The first treated of true and solid devotion to the Sacred Heart as taught and exemplified by the life and writings of its apostle, St. Margaret Mary. This one preaches the same beautiful lesson in an even more winning and touching way by drawing its maxims and instructions from the life of that very great mystical saint, the wonderful Gertrude, whose *Revelations* are one of the Church's treasures, containing *old things and new* for the consolation and enrichment of souls, and for the great glory of the Loving Heart Whose tenderness they reveal. More winning and sweet than the records of S. Margaret Mary's life, with whom her Spouse's ways were often baffling to our lesser souls, the teachings and example of Gertrude are a great treasure of wisdom and of consolation, and souls cannot do better than model themselves on the broad, peaceful spirit of union and devotion taught by this mediæval Saint of the Sacred Heart. "The note that rings through all her writings," says Archbishop Goodier's preface, "is the love of Jesus Christ for the individual soul: the joy He finds in this, the lavishness with which He pours it out, the way He solves the mystery

of human suffering, the reward He provides, even in this life, for anyone who will give Him love for love. S. Gertrude may be said to have brought nearer together heaven and earth than any other mystic, so easily does she seem to pass from one to the other, to converse with the Saints and with our Lord Himself, as with members of her own community. . . . S. Gertrude's view of devotion to the Sacred Heart draws us by its intimacy, its loving fondness, its lavish promises, its gladness of union." The Saint's own life, her favours, revelations, and the practice of this devotion in our own daily and spiritual lives are clearly drawn out in the sixty-nine short chapters of this holy and very delightful book.

E. S.

*A Shorter Bible History, Old and New Testament.* For the use of Catholic Students. By the Rev. Charles Hart, B.A. 3s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., Orchard Street, London, W.

In 337 pages Father Hart, an authority on Biblical study, has given us a book of the greatest possible utility, a most compendious mass of information. It contains a condensation of the Biblical narratives, always quoting some considerable part of them, and briefly gives explanations, notes, etc., wherever necessary. The recent Biblical Congress and the Holy Father's Encyclical on *S. Jerome and Holy Scripture* must have aroused interest in us all in this holy study, and instead of regarding the matter as too much above us, we should resolve to get Father Hart's work and to read it quietly by ourselves as one of the best ways of carrying out our Holy Father's wishes. For the Voice of Peter has spoken. Although this *History* is chiefly intended for teachers, it is simple, brief and clear enough for all to read with profit. "From long experience gained in teaching," he writes in his preface, "the author is of opinion . . . that the book is a suitable one to place in the hands of students in the junior classes of our colleges, in the middle forms of our secondary schools, and in the higher standards of our elementary schools. The general reader who wishes to revive his knowledge of Bible History, and who has neither the time nor the inclination to wade through more advanced works on the subject, may likewise find it of service. Much care has been taken, while sketching the Old Testament history, to bring to the notice of the reader those types, figures, and prophecies which foreshadowed and foretold the realities to come, and which we see so strikingly verified when He, the desired of nations, made His appearance upon the earth. . . . To make the work more valuable from the student's point

of view, three carefully drawn maps have been inserted." We marvel how so much value not only in the quantity of matter, but also in clear type and good binding, can be had at the present time for so moderate a price at 3s. 6d. This is a standard work.  
G. R.

*The Fiery Soliloquy with God.* By the Rev. Master Gerlac Petersen, of Deventer, Canon Regular. 3/6 net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

This great spiritual classic is one which should be on the library shelf of all communities, whether of men or women, which cultivate the contemplative life. Its especial fruit, one gathers from even the first reading, would be the beautiful gift of Peace, and indeed the book's dedication is to "the God of Peace and of all Consolation," and it prays that He may give His servants who diligently use this book that Peace which the world cannot give. Lovers of the Sacred Face of Christ,—that devotion which He Himself has urged upon our generation with so much pathos through His contemplative Carmelite confidant,—will find it not one of the least of the attractions of this manual of contemplation that the object of the mystic's strivings and the Divine power which accomplishes his transformation is none other than the Face and look of God, to which there are continual beautiful allusions. It is an ancient and much loved book, this famous *Fiery Soliloquy*, written by a friend of Thomas à Kempis, and it is, as the Editor's note to the present edition states, "the great work of an old master; great, that is, not in size, but in merit and exceeding beauty." The present edition is practically a transcription of an old English translation, and is of great beauty. A new feature is the addition of an appropriate text at the end of each short chapter or meditation. A deep and beautiful book of God's secrets.  
M. W.

*S. Jerome and Holy Scripture.* The Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., on the Fifteenth Centenary of the Death of S. Jerome, Doctor of Holy Church. Authorised Translation. Wrapper, 1s. net. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.

Perhaps our best way of honouring this latest message from the Vicar of Christ is to enumerate its contents, so that interest in the matter of which it treats may be more widely aroused. Under Section A we have five pages devoted to a description of "S. Jerome's Life and Labours": B gives us "His Teaching Regarding Holy Scripture," (a) Its Plenary Inspiration, (b) Its

Authoritative Character, (c) Its Immunity from Error. Section C considers "How Certain Modern Views compare with this Teaching;" (a) There are no such things as "Primary and Secondary Elements" in the Bible, (b) Nor can we allow of a "relative form of truth" in it, (c) Is the Bible genuine history? (d) Neither can we admit the Theory of so-called "Tacit Quotations," (e) None of these Notions are compatible with Traditional views on the Bible, nor indeed with Christ's own method of employing it. Section D is on "How to Study the Bible;" (a) We must love it and read it, (b) He also shows us the need of a lively Catholic Faith." Section E is devoted to the "Part the Bible must play in Priestly Education: (a) The need for Biblical learning, (b) Of the Pontifical Biblical Institute, (c) The Immediate goal of our Study of the Bible is our own Spiritual Formation, (d) The less immediate goal is the Defence of Catholic Truth, (e) For this purpose S. Jerome lays down certain Rules of Interpretation, (f) In what true Pulpit Eloquence consists." Section F is on "The Ultimate Goal of our Biblical Study; in the Bible we shall discover the Soul's true delights. In it we shall also discover the Church. We shall then learn with S. Jerome what it is to labour for love of Christ." And in G we have the Epilogue. This booklet would surely convince the Protestant souls which so sincerely believe us to be entirely bereaved of the Bible, unknown by "Rome!"

R. G.

*Spiritual Teaching of Father Sebastian Bowden, of the London Oratory. Edited by the Fathers of the Oratory. 6s. net. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., Orchard Street.*

This is a book which will be found a mine of spiritual help and riches to many, notably to those who had the privilege of knowing or being under the direction of this holy old soldier-priest, a convert in early youth. It consists of counsels on various subjects, privately written down by his penitents and friends, brief, forceful, and full of spiritual wisdom; many a time mere jottings, it is true, yet pregnant meditations even as they stand. It also contains notes of addresses given by him to the Hospital Visiting Society, and a small selection of letters. There is an Introductory Note, of much heart and feeling, followed by a Memoir of the holy priest, who lived to be a veteran of eighty-four; and the notes of his spiritual counsels, revealing as they do a virile, direct, and utterly *thorough* character, have been arranged, as far as was possible, on Ecclesiastical Seasons, the Saints, the Religious Life, and the last and most extensive selection, on Miscellaneous Subjects. Perhaps the following excerpt will show his practical counsel in a matter which concerns us all: "I do think that our treatment of others is a very good test of our own state; and I believe that we shall never know till we die how much harm we may have done to our neighbours by want of gentleness and consideration towards them. Everyone who has to deal much with the souls of others finds this out more and more, and there can be no doubt that many good works have been injured, and that people have hurt and spoilt their own undertakings . . . by giving way to irritability, impatience, overbearingness, or whatever sort of inconsiderateness for others springs from self or pride. We should be on our guard against all this, and pray for more and more grace to overcome it all."

P. H.

## THE LEADER.

*Shield him, Ye Angels! All the day and night  
Close to him tread,  
Shed tenderest halos of your heavenly light  
On that dear head.*

*Cluster around him, Spirits of the slain,  
In struggle dark,  
Whose frames were strewn upon the hill and plain,  
Riven and stark!*

*Teach him, dead sages, what is best to learn:  
Wisdom of Youth  
Which passing prize of life can lightly spurn  
And die for Truth!*

*Ghosts of our glorious "felons," haunt his breast,  
His doubtings solve,  
Soothe his regrets, strengthen his soul—but best—  
Steel his resolve!*

E. CHRISTITCH.



VIEW IN PEOPLE'S GARDENS, PHCENIX PARK, DUBLIN.

# Topics of the Month.

## THE ORANGE BUBBLE.

### I. BURST FROM WITHIN.

THE murderous Orange outbreaks in Belfast have had one good effect. They have completed the demolition of the "Ulster" myth. All over the Continent of Europe it is now well understood that "the claims of Ulster," so loudly espoused by English politicians, are merely the pretensions of a small but bloodthirsty minority of bigots.

The homicidal conduct of that minority has proved to Europe how far it is inferior to the population in the rest of Ireland. America has also taken due note of the fact. And by an opportune coincidence a book published by two outspoken Protestants has helped to demolish forever the silly old falsehood that the anti-Catholics of Ulster stand higher in civilisation, intelligence, morals, and prosperity than the other inhabitants of the country. Mr. McKnight and Mrs. Bryant, two Protestants of considerable weight, have collaborated in the candid work. They bring forward little that is new to any well-informed Catholic, but their disclosures have been a revelation to people outside Ireland who had been fed on the "Ulster" fable. A few of the facts will illustrate the line of the exposure.

### II. HOME TRUTHS.

Sectarian politicians have represented the Catholic parts of Ireland as "priest-ridden regions." The census returns show that the Protestant sects have, in proportion to

their numbers, nearly three times as many clergymen as the Catholics.

Nothing is easier than to quote figures to exemplify the degree of public prominence allowed to the small Protestant minority in the Catholic portions of Ireland as compared with the exclusion of Catholics from public functions in the Protestant North. In Ulster two-thirds of the magistracies are held by Protestants. In Catholic Munster, where Protestants are such a small minority, more than half of these appointments are held by Protestants.

The trite lie that "Ulster" so-called is more prosperous than the remainder of the country has been blown to atoms pretty often, but brazen propagandists go on reconstructing it to gull the uninformed. Mrs. Bryant and Mr. McKnight have no trouble in establishing that the rural people of the Catholic parts are more prosperous than those of Protestant "Ulster."

The intellectual superiority of "Ulster" is the most ridiculous sham of all. "Ulster's" demand to be let stand apart is constantly represented to outsiders as the natural unwillingness of an advanced and enlightened community to attach itself to the backward and benighted South. What is the truth? According to the British official figures, in every thousand of the population "Ulster" has more illiterates than are to be found per thousand in Munster and Leinster. The province of Connaught, although appreciably poorer than Ulster in natural resources, so far exceeds Ulster in educational zeal that it spends four-

and-a-half times as much on university scholarship as the self-sufficient North.

Ulster's sanitary record is deplorable. Tuberculosis is more rampant there than in any other portion of the country.

### III. THE MORAL SIDE.

Turning from the mental and material aspects, let us glance at the moral side. The melancholy fact must be stated that the dominant feature of the non-Catholic area of Ulster is illegitimacy. In Connaught, out of every ten thousand births the illegitimates amount to 70. In Ulster, out of every ten thousand births the illegitimates amount to 372—or more than five times the Connaught average.

In point of criminality Ireland as a whole has a clean record, so clean that statisticians reckon her criminals on the basis of every hundred thousand of the population, and the proportion found in that large number is smaller than in any other country in the world. The number of habitual offenders per 100,000 of

the people stands thus in the different provinces:

Munster	...	...	6
Leinster	...	...	7
Connaught	...	...	2
Ulster	...	...	35

The official returns supply particulars of houses described as "resorts for habitual criminals." Here are the details:

Leinster and Munster	...	17
Connaught	...	Nil
Ulster	...	165

Reading these figures one gets a clearer insight into the murderous tendencies of Orange "specials" and Orange mobs.

There is, as I have said, nothing new in such statements. But it is satisfactory to have them reiterated and admitted by two impartial and distinguished Protestants.

It is not to be expected, however, that the exposure will inspire a touch of decent shame in the mendacious partisans who, in the teeth of cold statistics, go on repeating the "Ulster" fable.

## MONKS IN ENGLAND.

### I. A NOTABLE HISTORY.

THE interest evoked by Father Jarret's book on the English Dominicans has not been confined to one hemisphere. The work has been extensively noticed in America. During a certain period the history of the English Dominicans is, one might say, the history of England. The Order early found its way to English soil. Its members were welcomed by the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Stephen Langton, who played such an important part in compelling King John to grant Magna Charta. From the religious capital to the worldly capital their efforts were soon extended, and

even to-day London bears many traces of their presence. The district still known as Blackfriars commemorates their labours by its name.

It is known that they had property in Holborn as well as in the vicinity of the Thames. The London Corporation was friendly to them, and their influence with the public steadily grew. Their monastery at Blackfriars became a sort of national institution. On more than one occasion it was the meeting-place of the British Parliament. Ultimately it was the scene of the fateful tribunal at which Cardinal Wolsey and the Papal Legate inquired into Henry the Eighth's petition for

divorce from his lawful wife and Queen. The hour when the sons of Saint Dominic were to feel the tyrant's venom was not far off.

Meanwhile, apart from the activities which people saw, there was a quieter but no less potent side to their toil. The Dominicans had gained a firm footing at Oxford, and they moulded the university into a form which it practically retains to this day. It is exactly seven centuries since their arrival there. And by a notable coincidence, this year—which is the seventh centenary of their appearance in Oxford—is witnessing their return as a teaching body to that ancient seat of learning.

## II. "THE NEEDS OF THE MOMENT."

The Pope has observed with sympathy the re-establishment of the Order at Oxford. He addressed a special letter to the English Provincial on the occasion of the opening of the Dominican college there a few weeks ago. His Holiness expressed a hope that it might be the means of recalling souls to Catholic Truth. He went on:

"You foster hopes of an abundant harvest, because the new house will not cultivate the perfection of the religious life alone but will also promote the zealous desire to benefit others by means of study, and will impart both divine and human sciences. You know the needs of the moment and

what Christ desires now from the members of each religious family. Therefore we trust that under your direction the ancient cradle of piety and true doctrine, destroyed at Oxford by the violence of regretful events, may return to its former life and splendour, with the utmost good to the Church and to society."

These sublime and practical words augur well for the new undertaking. It is the destiny of Catholicism that it must always be prepared to see the results of its zeal and energy apparently obliterated, and it must have the fortitude to rebuild, steadily and patiently, the shattered structure. The builders of course, are strengthened by the assurance that in the end the forces of darkness shall not prevail against them. Britain will be the gainer if she facilitates and encourages this revival of an old school.

As their reverend historian points out, the by-gone Dominicans in England arranged treaties and staved off wars, defended national interests abroad and Roman interests at home. They were champions of the liberties of the people. They influenced the public mind in favour of representative Government. Then, as now, to repeat the words of the Pope, they "knew the needs of the moment." The same power of discernment, if allowed to function freely, may go far to tranquillise the England of to-day.

## AN IRISH DEFECT.

### I. NOT SIMPLE ENOUGH.

WE must bow to adverse criticism when it is just. In a Transatlantic review I notice that Irish writers of the present day are censured for their too constant use of long words and long sentences.

The reason for this undoubted

failing is fairly obvious. For some decades oratory was the chief medium of the country's thought. Ideas were put in the form of speeches, and inflation became inevitable.

Hack talkers soon lose all sense of economy in diction. We have reason to know it. For the Irish news-

papers were daily weighted and freighted with the pronouncements of speakers who never used four words where forty would fit.

The result is that even Irish writers show traces of the taint. To express themselves in the fewest and simplest words is a duty they overlook. And so their work too often suffers from pleonasm and redundancy.

## II. PAST MASTERS.

Now that the school year is opening, teachers in secondary schools ought to take up the matter and point out to the young essayist the value of the monosyllable. It is not a new discovery. Shakespeare and the translators of the Douai version of the Bible were well aware of it.

The eighteenth century introduced a spell of decadence. It was an age of orators. Simplicity of expression suddenly went out of fashion. The strongest writer of the period, Dr. Johnson, had to cultivate a rhetorical style in order to impress his contemporaries. The rounded sentence and the "mighty line" were indispensabilities.

In his heart the Doctor was well aware of the right course. And on the few occasions when he forsook prose and burst into poignant verse he instinctively followed it. His fine lines on Charles the Twelfth's short-lived glory are an example :

"He left a name at which the world  
grew pale—  
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

For simple sincerity and force it is hard to beat the lines he inserted in Goldsmith's "Traveller" :

"How small of all that human  
hearts endure  
The part which laws or kings can  
make or cure."

It is not to be forgotten that his literary idol, Pope, was perhaps the greatest master of simplicity that ever handled the English language—a fact that we may ascribe to Pope's Catholic education, which taught him that complexity was the enemy of truth. Pope's universal prayer illustrates the beauty of short words and short sentences :

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see.  
The mercy I do others show  
That mercy show to me.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay.  
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart  
To find the better way.

## III. A MODEL.

The American verse writer, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, now and then penned a few lines which caught the public by reason of their directness and brevity. This was an instance :

Laugh, and the world laughs with  
you.  
Weep, and you weep alone.  
For the sad old earth has need of  
your mirth,  
It has troubles enough of its  
own.

Rejoice, and men will seek you.  
Grieve, and they turn and go.  
They want full measure of all  
your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.

The sentiment—if one can call it such—is untrue, fortunately for human nature. There is more sympathy in the world than the versifier was aware of. But such is the power of simplicity that even a half-truth makes an impression when clearly and concisely stated.

While Irish writers are impeached for their fondness for big and superfluous words, it must not be imagined that this is a permanent or even an old defect in them. Moore was an admirable handler of monosyllables.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,

And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.

Goldsmith cannot be described as a

word-waster. In fact our habit of sonority and redundancy is modern. Therefore it should be all the easier to correct.

Simple writing can best express the varied moods of the mind. It admits of majesty, dignity, passion, eloquence. A good writer may be judged by his capacity to get on without adjectives and adverbs.

These are facts worth mentioning in the class-room. And as a literary model it would do no harm to cite and recite the "Hail Mary."

## STILL ANOTHER "STAGE IRISHMAN."

THERE is obviously yet a large reading public which pays for caricatures of "those Irish." And the liking of non-Irish authors for unloading chunks of their own special brand of the "brogue" on to their delighted readers is only equalled by the avidity with which a certain species of writer displays the now familiar brand of bigoted ignorance when the object is to malign Catholicity. In a story which I read recently, the author was so careful over his Irish dialogue that the one Irish character was made to pronounce door as if the word were spelled "doore"!

Mr. Robert W. Chambers has joined the ranks of those who try to swell their royalties by labelling one or more of their puppets as Irish. In "The Moonlight Way"—of some aspects of the book, 'The Moonshine Way' would seem an apter designation—there are several characters dubbed Irish. Murtagh Skeel is a patriot poet, but the largest corner of the green canvas is reserved for Larry Soane. Larry either has or has not a daughter named Dulcie (I didn't finish the volume), who is red-haired—just as was "Peg O' My Heart" and the rest of them. And she sings songs that were written by her mystic

mother—just as Peg quotes from speeches which were made by "me father." But Larry is the outstanding Irish caricature in the work. He is usually drunk of course—but the kind Mr. Chambers makes him a "sob-souse"—which means that he was never ugly in his cups. Larry is handsome and reckless-looking, "a battered, middle-aged by-product of hale and reckless vigour," walks with a swagger, yet carries himself with the dignity of a "Hibernian Hamlet"—whatever that may mean. When drunk he is very inclined to weep over the immortal wrongs of Ireland the tit-bit of his oratory comes when he pictures Ireland "wid the hob-nails av the crool tyrant foreninst her bleeding neck"!

If Mr. Chambers's knowledge of Irish pronunciation is not extensive it is at least peculiar. Larry is made to use such words as "anny," "manny," "injuiced," "parrt," "harrm," "cud," "dirrty," and so forth. I should like to be present at a phonetic demonstration by the author, illustrating the pronunciations of the words as Larry Soane uses them, and as they should be pronounced. Naturally enough, our author does not forget to sprinkle such atrocities as "Phwat," "Sorr,"

"Ut," "Phwy," "Becuz," "Kape," "Dommed," and so on through his pages.

Larry's favourite phrase when addressing his daughter Dulcie is: "G'wan, now, ye little scut." He is rather fond of referring to other folk as, "futtherin' and muttherin'," "lokin' and jokin'," "Gillipin' and gallopin'," and using other similarly obtuse descriptions. The genuine stage Irishman touch comes in such sentences as this: "Barrin' thim three amadhauns yonder, I'd show ye a purty bed o' posies." (The three omadhauns are—cats!) And how imaginative that reference to the gentleman and the "ideas he has slitherin' in his head?" Larry is such a wonderful Irishman that he uses the word, "worritin'," he refers to himself with, "me fut in

me hand," he moans and bemoans with a "wurra the day," and he doesn't like "wurruk." One can almost see his creator labelling him as a first-class broth of a boy all right!

With a sigh of weariness I flung away Mr. Robert W. Chambers and sought refuge in an Autumn Fiction Number. Here again I bumped into the ubiquitous Irishman of fiction. This time he was a gentleman living on his nimble wits—the chief incident in the story was connected with a modest little game of cards at which Pat won a trifle of fifteen thousand. But our author this time was not content to call him Pat. His name was Philip Michael O'Sheamus Cassidy. I like O'Sheamus!

## A TRIO OF CRITICS.

I OFTEN feel sorry for the poor critics who suffer so keenly because Irish folk fail to applaud the libels on Ireland which have been so frequent during the last decade. And they are always 'literary' critics—and the libels are nearly always works of art. Synge's "Playboy" has recently been staged at a London theatre, giving the literary and dramatic critics opportunities for going over the ground they have so often covered before. In particular, is the dramatic critic of "Truth" full of a sorrowing wonder when he thinks that the play isn't yet really popular in Ireland. And, it's such a gem of art! So poetic, the way that Pegeen falls in love with Christy when she thinks he has 'done in his da' with the loy—how promptly she falls out of love with him when she discovers that he has botched the job! You see, all the poetry has oozed out of the business, just because sufficient blood hadn't oozed out of the head of Christy's

da. The curious feature is that works which do not caricature Irish folk are never by any chance works of art at all—they are just drab pictures of humdrum life in Ireland.

In the same week when "Truth's" dramatic critic was bemoaning the scanty and tardy recognition afforded in Ireland to the masterpiece of Synge, one of Mr. "Punch's" staff of learned clerks was trying to whitewash a recent Irish novel having for hero "a swash-buckling, humbugging trickster, three-quarters politician and one-quarter real patriot; superficially generous in word, gesture and emotion—actually parting with nothing except for something. A schemer and a simpleton in one: in a word, a typical Nationalist politician of the type that used to terrorise Westminster with its tongue. . . ." The reviewer had discovered that certain other critics professed to see in the book caricatures of certain living personages—but Mr. "Punch's"

young man was sure they were never intended. Then—with a sort of, 'I never hit him, but I hope I haven't hurt him' flourish—he goes on: "But if there is caricature, the parties concerned will be the first to applaud Mr. —'s robust and never mean-spirited satires." Our sapient reviewer acknowledges that the work is an extravaganza, but "not nearly so extravagant as sensitive Irishmen would have their friends believe." How concerned these critics be for our thin skins! Yet, this member of the tribe admits that his author is a poor story-teller, but as against that he has none of the "gloomy subtlety that so many modern Irish authors affect," and "he is a caricaturist, merciless, perhaps, to the point of cruelty." The "Punch" notice gives one the impression that its writer thinks this Irish author is worth reading because he slings mud at the mere Irish, and for no other reason.

The third critic is Mr. James Milne, the literary lion of the London "Graphic." He was responsible for two announcements in a recent issue of that weekly. One was that the Irish jarvey has no monopoly in the practice of finishing up his journey with a "trot up the avenue"—English drivers exist with a liking for that same final flourish!! His second discovery related to a book which has been published anonymously by a London publisher. Mr. Milne professes to

be much intrigued over the question of the identity of the wonderful author—a rumour has reached his ears that it is the work of a certain novelist. And he can quite believe that the name of the little bird whispered in his private ear is the right one—because the stories are so good. Now, when a reviewer quotes one sample from a book chock full with wonderful yarns, we may assume that he gives the one which to him seems best: he is trying to sell the volume and—like an unscrupulous potato-dealer who packs the finest tubers at the top of the bag—naturally selects the cream of the ware for exhibition.

Mr. Milne assures us that the story is "real good" and "real Irish"! And he has told us since that he is "Celtic-fringed" himself. This is the gist of the story:

"A Roman Catholic bishop proclaimed a fast of indefinite length in an Irish town, in which his brother was a fish merchant. The brother was well stocked—hence he made money very quickly. But the other fish dealers soon woke up to the possibilities, and after a while a fleet of fishing vessels appeared in the harbour. Whereupon, the bishop called off the fast, and it was lack-a-day! and lack-a-day! with the other fish merchants."

The inventor of that fatuous nonsense must be a very sorry type of scribe indeed. But—who has singed poor Mr. Milne's "Celtic-fringe"?

## AN AUSTRIAN HOLIDAY SCHOOL.

WITH holidays at an end and winter on the threshold, it may seem a little out of place to refer to holiday schools. But, reversing the processes of the fisherman who prepares for stormy nights while the day is calm, may we not pause from the contemplation of a course of reading for the winter to discover if our next

vacation cannot be turned to better mental advantage than was its predecessors?

Before me lies an account of the first session of the first post-war Austrian Summer school. It was held in the birthplace of Mozart, and it happened to coincide with the local Mozart celebrations—so the

students lacked no opportunity for musical recreations. Salzburg is "an exquisitely picturesque little town" snuggling between wooded hills, dominated by a mediæval fortress of fantastic beauty on one hill-top and by a Capuchin monastery on another, with a turbulent mountain stream rushing between its streets." The school was held in the Mozarteum—the fine building which is the memorial of his native-place to the sweetest of composers. The students, chiefly young men and women, came from the United States, from France, Japan and Germany, from China, India and Austria. In the new Tower of Babel they discussed internationalism in education, psychology and many other subjects. And they succeeded in rubbing many corners off one another.

They listened to a series of lectures lasting a fortnight. The professors and lecturers were youthful. They expounded the science of political education, they stressed the need for adapting the teaching to the nature and requirements of the

taught, and they led discussion on "any and every question thrown up by the art of living." A lady lecturer showed how women have in their hands the preservation of world peace—because war wastes the lives of their children. Then, "in more technical language, and with a wealth of biological illustration," a precise professor demonstrated the futility of modern war methods as a factor towards the survival of the fittest.

There were lectures on French poetry, on modern composers, and so forth. Each evening a concert was held in the big hall of the Mozarteum. And "an Austrian baron, no less," placed himself at the disposal of visitors, acting as guide to the beauty spots in the neighbourhood. The venture was an unqualified success. It has acted as a stimulus towards the holding of holiday schools at many other centres on the Continent. And perhaps it conveys an example that may not be completely without point for Ireland.

## IN PRAISE OF CHEERFULNESS.

STEVENSON says somewhere that the world being so full of a number of things, he was sure we should all be as happy as kings. Though kings may not always be examples of happiness, it is certain that the un-kingly section of the world does not always seem over-chirpy. But, like truth and honesty, cheerfulness pays for itself. It's good for body and mind—"Cheerfulness, sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health": it disarms much of the grumpiness of the other man; it actually takes slices off your troubles. You know plenty of people who are always smiling. They have just as many worries as yourself—though you wouldn't have

thought it. Just their buoyancy of spirits keeps them floating gaily in the sea of worldly sorrows. Some of them are born that way, but you can so adjust your outlook that in a little time you'll be able to gaze in daydreams on the golden light that shines beyond the edge of dawn!

Old Nietzsche has counselled us to 'Live dangerously.' Let us forget him, and resolve instead to live cheerily! It makes things pleasanter for ourselves because of making them pleasanter for other people. Your gloomy soul is really a despised person, for his glum looks are an admission that the world is getting the upper hand of him—and few folk have any great sympathy

for failures. Look at Wordsworth's man of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows"—an example of the truth that cheerfulness breeds confidence and confidence assures success! Ninety-nine per cent. of the world's great men have been able to smile in face of difficulties, and the remainder were great only by accident. If you can really find nothing in yourself to brighten your view, try and emulate the gentleman in "Hudibras," who went about, "Cheering himself up with ends of verse and sayings of philosophers."

After all, bad a place as the world is, it might be worse. Long faces and glowering looks but tend to add to the prevailing gloom. Have you ever seen a blubbering youngster being taken before a mirror and advised to see how ugly it looked? It usually smiled after a very little time. Use your looking-glass if you think a countenance of dolorous import suits you, and ask a friend if you're still in doubt. You'll ultimately come to recognise that somebody might have said: Grin, and the world grins with you. Frown, and they'll send you home.



## Prayer of the Fisherwomen.

Home they shall come again, at set of sun,  
 With flashing sail across the summer sea;  
 Back they shall come to us, when day is done,  
 With faith that rests secure in God and thee!  
 And "Ave, Ave!" shall the breezes sigh,  
 When shadows fold the silent land in sleep;  
 And "Ave Maris Stella! Shine on high,  
 To light their homeward way across the deep!"

Mother of Jesus! Canst thou intercede  
 And be denied what thou dost ask of Him?  
 Or for thy children canst thou vainly plead,  
 Who shelter'd once the Babe of Bethlehem?  
 So "Ave, Ave!" from our hearts the cry  
 Shall rise unceasing, whilst our watch we keep;  
 And "Ave Maris Stella! Shine on high,  
 To guide them safely home across the deep!"

CLARE STUART.

# A Brother of the Common Life.

ENID DINNIS.

THERE is a young man sitting opposite to me in the railway carriage in clerical dress, with a face like St. Stephen. He is reading *The Fioretti*, and just now, as we were passing over a labyrinth of streets in a mean suburb of outer London, he looked out of the window and shuddered. We were crossing a long street of yellow brick houses, quite respectable, and all exactly alike; and although I didn't catch sight of it, I know that there was a general shop at the corner—there would be. It has reminded me of a story that I have always meant to write down, so I have taken out my pad and am trying to scribble it, by way of passing the time, as I haven't my copy of *The Fioretti* with me.

I owed my introduction to Mr. Michael to Mrs. Samms, my landlady—strictly speaking, that is. I had previously purchased a pound of candles at the corner shop, and presumably it was Mr. Michael who served me. That was before I had realised that my landlady was a lady all through, and not likely to restrict my consumption of tallow. Mrs. Samms had completely dissipated the misgivings I had felt when circumstances which I need not go into led me to seek *pro tem.* accommodation in a dreary outlying urban district, and at length in desperation, to engage the "Apartments" advertised in the bow-window of a yellow brick, entirely attached villa, the front door of which was approached by an incipient tunnel. It was a long, yellow street, and there was a general shop at the corner. My landlady was "mine hostess" in the most finished sense of the term. She not only provided me with food and lodging, but made it her business to put me *en rapport* with my neighbours by acquainting me with their various histories. With an admirable instinct which showed that "lady" was no freak in nomenclature, in my landlady's case, though "land" might be (the Samms family certainly do not figure in Burke's *Landed Gentry*) she started by introducing me to the story of Mr. Michael, of the corner shop, on account of his being "of my persuasion."

Mrs. Simms interpolated the particulars of the grocer's past between chapters nine and ten of the *Life of Gemma Galgani*, which I was reading after supper. No doubt I had given an impression of needing a little taking out of myself. It is hard lines for a hard-working woman to be done out of a holiday at Assisi, with Paray-le-Monial taken in on the way home, and to find herself instead

sojourning in a long, yellow street with a general shop at the corner. Good Mrs. Samms regarded reading as a negligible occupation. She discoursed genially as she cleared the supper things, and put me in touch with the history of the little man in a white apron who had served me to candles. I put a mark in Gemma and listened.

Mr. Michael—he was always called that because of the old firm, the one up in the Broadway—a beautiful big place—being Barnbuckle Brothers—Mr. James and Mr. Michael. In Mr. James's time the brothers had a big business opposite the town hall. Mr. James had been a good business man, like his father—hard, was old Mr. Barnbuckle, but a good business man (there was lots more about old Mr. Barnbuckle which must be omitted from lack of space), but Mr. Michael took after his mother, who was Irish—he had strange ways with him when he was a lad. They did say that he had asked his father to let him be a monk, but of course people will say anything. My landlady never mixed scandal with her talk without some qualifying comment of this kind. (I am certain that Mrs. Samms will take a high degree at the great Tripos.) But his father, who was English, you see, put a stop to it, and Mr. Michael went into the business. After Mr. James's death things went to ruin under Mr. Michael—the crash came all of a sudden, but Mr. Michael had just enough to set up in the shop at the corner. It was a shocking come down, for they had kept a matter of three assistants and a cashier in the other business, and now poor old Mr. Michael had to do it all himself, for he had never married, and hadn't even a wife to help him. . . .

I returned to Gemma Galgani when Mrs. Samms finally desisted and retired with the supper things, and Mr. Michael, and the business on the Broadway were pressed gently out of my mind by chapter ten.

I gave no further thought to the occupant of the corner shop until I happened to be passing one day and found that I had a fancy for Garibaldi biscuits, and remembering that Mr. Michael was a member of the household of faith I felt that it behoved me to give him my patronage.

A little bell tinkled when I entered the corner shop and its proprietor emerged from the back parlour. He was a little, round-faced, elderly man, interested in Garibaldi biscuits, as a grocer should be. He found them, and weighed them out with precision. There was a grocerly air about him that set me wondering why the shop on the Broadway should have collapsed with Mr. James. I remembered our bond of union, and commented on the weather. It seemed that there was some thunder about. Mr. Michael agreed; and at the same moment there was a terrific crash of thunder, accom-

panied by a torrent of rain. I had no umbrella, so I sat down to wait, and after a few minutes Mr. Michael very politely invited me into his back parlour—possibly he thought that, like many women, I was frightened at a storm. I accepted the invitation. I had already divulged my “fellow-citizenship” and Mr. Michael and I had become formally introduced, I having recognised him as having handed me the plate in church on Sunday.

A very large cat and a rather small dog were turned off the arm-chair to make place for me. I sat down, and promptly twisted myself round to have a look at a shelf of books, ranged over a large press, full of drawers smelling strongly of coffee. I remembered having got a glimpse on the previous occasion, through the open door, of Mr. Michael shovelling out haricot beans from one of these drawers, and I realised that looking about—I had a habit of being magnetised by books—might not be quite the thing on the present occasion. Then I caught sight of the title of one of these books. It was *Sancia Sophia*. Next to it was *The Divine Cloud of Unknowing*. “Why,” I cried in astonishment, “you’ve got ‘The Cloud’!”

“I picked those up at a sale,” he replied, with evident signs of satisfaction; and I remembered that persons of his class not unfrequently furnish their book-shelves in that manner, irrespective of the nature of the books acquired on the job-lot system. Mr. Michael’s job-lot was really rather a quaint one. I smiled inwardly. This no doubt had been the fate of many mystical works. I wondered if it would ever be the lot of my “Gemma Galgani.”

Mr. Michael sat down, and we discoursed on Catholic life in the locality and the high personal merits of Father Jones; and when we had exhausted these topics we discussed the things in the newspapers. There was a case of somewhat unusual interest in process at the time—that of a young man in a high position who had been charged with a crime. The case, which had the elements of a detective story to make it sensational, was going against the youth, whose career seemed destined to be ruined. I sought Mr. Michael’s opinion on the ethics of prosecution in such a case. He had impressed me with his commonsense view of things; in fact I found the grocer a singularly restful little man to talk to, albeit that in spite of the pouring rain, there were constant interruptions from the shop in the shape of customers—interruptions which Mr. Michael accepted in a truly tradesmanlike manner.

It was then, as the little man in the white apron opposite me sat turning his answer over in his mind, that I noticed for the first time a curious something in his eyes. They were rather nice blue eyes. Now they fixed themselves vaguely on the drawer in the press containing the haricot beans and focussed on something quite different.

I don't know how to explain it better. I fancy that the intelligent young man who fixes me up with spectacles would have said that at that moment Mr. Michael was suffering from astigmatism—the inability of the eyes to adjust themselves to the thing seen was evident, or, rather, indicated in some subtle way.

"It's not easy to say—generally speaking," he said at last. "Wrong-doing must be punished, of course. That's justice, but——"

I was aroused to an extraordinary pitch of interest to learn what followed the "but." Whatever Mr. Michael was looking at, it was not a drawer containing haricot beans. "You've got a case in your mind," I suggested. "Circumstances, of course, can alter cases."

"No, not quite that," Mr. Michael answered, slowly, "only, one thing may be meant for one, and one thing for another." He lifted his eyes from the drawer to the book-shelf. They were curious eyes. They adjusted themselves to the books, and the books suggested something.

"I believe I could explain what I mean—to you," he said. "I'd like to, if you don't mind, Miss. You might tell me what you think about something that happened to me once. Might I tell you about it?"

"Please!" I said, and Mr. Michael sat back, adjusted the shoulder-straps of his white apron, and started.

"Once," he said, "some years ago, when I had a business up on the Broadway and things were in a good way, so I took a holiday."

This was plunging into a sensation with a vengeance. Mr. Michael paused after saying it, with inadvertent artistry.

"I went to the seaside—to Bargate," he continued, and paused again as though the selection of Bargate might have been unusual rather than obvious. "I left my head assistant in charge," he went on. "I had four men in the shop then; and a cashier." He said the latter words slowly, and with emphasis. I felt that a semicolon, if not a full stop, divided the cashier from the others.

"My brother James had worked the business up before he died. He was a born business man. I wasn't, but I put my back into it, and—— I thought a fortnight at Bargate might do me a bit of good. Might you know it, Miss?"

"I stayed there once—on account of the Benedictine Church," I explained. "I love hearing the Divine Office sung." And then I felt rather a snob, remembering that Bargate is mainly associated with minstrelsy on the sands. Mr. Michael looked at me benevolently. He was evidently glad that I knew Bargate.

"When I'd been there about a week," he continued, (he thrust his hands under the bib of his apron in a way that reminded me of something). "When I had been there a week, I got a letter from my manager that fairly upset my holiday. He had been going into

things in my absence, and he had made an appalling discovery. The young cashier had been forging my name right and left, and doing this, that and the other, and, to sum it up, he had completely broken me. It had just come to light, unknown to the culprit, and my manager ended his letter by asking if he should take action at once and give the lad in charge. Wire instructions, 'yes' or 'no,' he wrote.

"Well, I took the letter out with me and walked along the sands to a quiet spot where I could think the matter over. It was just the very problem that we've been talking of—whether it would be right or wrong to prosecute. You see, it meant ruin to me if I spared the boy. If I prosecuted I might save something, and certainly my character as a business man. I had always had strong views of justice, as you have. I had seen much harm done by sentimental folks being lenient in the wrong way; and God help me! I was bitterly angry with the boy. I had been a good friend to him. My brother James had always had his doubts about him, but I had stood up for him, over and over again. The thought of that galled me and made me bitter, for I had loved the boy and he had proved himself worthless. 'Prison is the right place for him,' I thought.

"I sat down on a breakwater. I was in a lonely place, with a long strip of sand in front of me and the cliff jutting out beyond. The children came there and played in the mornings, but this was the afternoon and they had gone home to tea. I thought, and thought. And then I shut my eyes and prayed," the little grocer said with engaging simplicity. "I couldn't work it out for myself without guidance, but I just reminded Almighty God, that the law of the land is meant to be kept, and one may 'compound a felony,' and all that. Dear, dear me!" Mr. Michael observed at this point, "how fond we are of being God's counsellors when we ask Him for guidance."

"Well," he continued, hurrying his pace a little, "I went on praying with my eyes shut for a minute or two, and then I opened them, and I noticed that there was someone on the sands in the distance. It looked like a tall man, a very tall man, wearing a cloak of some kind. He had his back to me, and he seemed to be gathering shells off the beach, or doing something of the kind, for he was stooping down and his hand was moving about in the sand. I watched him for a bit, and then I closed my eyes again; and when I opened them, to my surprise, he was nowhere in sight. I was bewildered at the suddenness of the disappearance. I looked right and left for the figure, and then out to sea. It almost seemed that he must have walked out into the waves and disappeared that way. I thought of quicksands. But the children played there in perfect safety. I walked quickly over to the spot to see if he really was in

the water, but there was no sign of anyone. And then I remembered his action as he stooped. I suddenly realised what he had been doing. He had been tracing something with his finger on the sand."

(The rain had stopped, and at this moment the shop door bell tinkled. Mr. Michael went out and served a customer to a pound of soda, and on returning quietly took up the thread of his story without any comment on the interruption.)

"As I got near," he went on, "I noticed that there was something written on the sand—two words marked out in tiny white shells. It was a name—I read it—'Michael Barnybuckle'—my name with a 'y' in the middle. 'Barnybuckle?' There was something dimly familiar about it! It roused some very dim, distant, and decidedly painful memory of my childhood. It came back in a moment with a rush. There had been a small playmate of mine who had always called me by that name. He had invented Barnybuckle and stuck to it. Then I recalled the painful association. My play-fellow had once had a box of sweets given to him which I considered ought to have been mine. At any rate I felt justified in taking possession of the greater part of the contents when the box was left unguarded. The theft was discovered and traced to me. And then I remembered my mother's words: 'Sure and it's a thief that you are—a common felon, and if Johnny liked he could give you to the policeman to lock you up, and you'd stand before a judge and be sent to jail.' That was the painful association, not the thrashing that I got afterwards from my father. It was the idea that I was a common felon, that I had broken the Law. My grand old mother had rubbed it in—perhaps a bit harder than she meant to. Even after a matter of fifty years, I felt that tingle of shame all over again.

"I didn't look any more for the mysterious stranger. I didn't ask why my name should have been written on the sand. I had only one idea in my head. It was a good step back to Bargate, and the telegraph office would be closing. I just turned round and walked back and wired to my manager: 'No.' And to make sure, I added, 'Do nothing.'"

Mr. Michael came to a long pause. There was a pink flush on his cheek, and his eye no longer met mine. His grand old mother had, indeed, "rubbed it in." I trembled lest the shop door bell should tinkle at this juncture. Then he continued:—

"I returned home next day and went straight and saw the boy in his lodgings. I told him all had come to light, and asked him anxiously if my assistant or the bank people had taken any steps. 'No, sir,' he answered, with his eyes on the floor, 'they haven't been down on me yet.' 'And neither will I be down on you, lad,' I said. 'I can't keep you under the circumstances, for your own

sake, but I'll help you into something; and go and see that you don't do it again.'"

Mr. Michael stopped. It had all been so simply said—this unconscious paraphrase of one of the most majestic passages in Holy Scripture.

"But the writing?" I asked, and hesitated. The strange look had come back into his eyes.

"Well," he said, "the children used to play there and write their names on the sand with the sea-shells, and I had made friends with some of them and told them my name. They needn't have got it right any more than Johnny in the old days."

He fixed his eyes on one of the glass panels of the door leading into the shop—they seemed shy of meeting mine.

"But the Figure," I ventured. "Did you—see the face?"

He was looking out into the shop now. Someone must have come in. An acquaintance, not a customer, to judge from his expression. I followed his gaze, anticipating another interruption. But there was no one there. There couldn't have been, of course, as the bell hadn't given warning. He turned to me and answered my question:

"No," he said, softly—"not then."

"Is that the end of the story?" I hazarded, a little later on.

"Why, no," he said. "I must tell you about the boy. He went abroad and turned over a new leaf. And after a while he entered a monastery—he never heard about the smash—no one ever guessed anything. I expect he's saying his *Opus Dei* for me now—but, excuse me, Miss, there's the shop door again." He took his hands from under his apron-bib and vanished, leaving me to "place" the familiar gesture. The echo of his wistful tone as he used the monastic term, "*Opus Dei*," gave me the clue. Mrs. Samms's gossips had been right. Mr. Michael was a spoiled monk.

"Which kind, sonny? Pear drops, did you say?" I heard his voice and the rattle of the sweets in the glass jar as he weighed them out. I had learnt another secret, too. This was why Mr. Michael, in spite of representations, was such a good grocer.

I think my story may as well end here. It is only an outline for the reader to fill in. It has suggested another to me—one about the things which might happen if Brother Giles kept a corner shop and vended soda and pear drops. How I wish I had the courage to show it to St. Stephen opposite. He has finished reading his *Fioretti*, and there is a big manufacturing town ahead of us, and we shall soon be passing over another long, yellow street.

# A Spiritual Mirage.

BY A WELSH CATHOLIC.

**M**ORE than a year has passed since the Lambeth "Vision" of a re-united Christendom was given to the world, and, notwithstanding the hopes manifestly aroused in some quarters, the passage of time has brought about no other result as regards the greater part of Christendom than that which Catholics—however much they might sympathise with the desire of regaining a lost heritage—foresaw to be inevitable. The Problem of Re-union remains between themselves and Anglicans as it always has been. Only by Anglicans ceasing to be Anglicans can it be solved in the Catholic sense, and even the Anglican Episcopate has to realise that there is no short cut or Royal Road to Rome!

On the other hand, not only has time more clearly revealed the total misconception of the Catholic position involved in the Lambeth premises—notably the "re-ordination" suggestion—but the voluminous controversies and discussions which they have produced among "Anglo-Catholics" have served to illustrate very forcibly the contrast between the general atmosphere of Catholicism and that pervading the most "advanced" of Anglican circles. Any lingering illusion in the minds of Catholics as to the High Anglican body being spiritually ripe for corporate re-union, were there no other obstacles to it, should by now have been effectually dispelled. Anglicanism possesses a genius for external imitation, and the outward form of High Mass and other functions have been so successfully reproduced that the ingenuous foreigner may well be excused for mistaking them for the original. Even in England there are Catholics who have been deluded by appearances into supposing the whole High Church movement to be so inspired and informed by the Catholic spirit that the only difficulties in the way of corporate re-union are rather formal and exterior than substantial and interior. So much attention has been focussed of late on the outward breach that there seems a danger of obscuring the real nature and origin of the Anglican Church and regarding her as merely schismatic. Born in apostasy, she was nourished on heresy, and just as her orders were lost through lack of intention rather than defective form, so her modern assumption of Catholic accidentals without reconciliation to the Centre of Unity cannot restore her lost essentials, and has failed, logically enough, to produce in her adherents that supernatural outlook which comes from the in-dwelling grace of the

Sacraments. The Prodigal regained his inheritance not by "making terms" with his father, but by returning and asking forgiveness. Until Anglicans realise that their Church can only do likewise by retracing its steps with humility and contrition, no matter how painful the way may be, so long will they continue to be fed on outer husks instead of the True Bread of their Father's house.

Those whose knowledge of Anglicanism has been gained from within, and who have endured a crucifixion of soul while its deceptions kept them from their true home, recognise it for nothing but a delusion and a sham. The truth-seeking movement which began in Tractarian days, when the battle was for Realities, was essentially different from the mimicry of to-day. When its leaders found where alone sincerity must lead them, they obeyed the call without counting the cost, and with their departure the attempt to Catholicise a Protestant Church should have ended. But they left behind those who would neither admit defeat nor follow their example since the latter course involved a complete surrender of their pet theories and of private judgment in matters of faith. Under such guidance, the movement steadily deteriorated into a shallow system of make-believe built up of vanity and self-will. In the rearing of this edifice it was deemed all-important to carve the pinnacles seen from afar, but unnecessary to make fast the invisible foundations. Thus, if a congregation meekly accepted vestments incense and the like, it mattered little that they were ignorant of their symbolic meaning and believed no more in the Presence and the Sacrifice than those who, with greater consistency, continued to reject also the "outward trappings of Rome." Similarly those clergy who argued over the "correct" shape or ornamentation of a chasuble with an intricacy and detail amazing to the average priest would be found negligent of the care of the Eucharistic vessels and even of the fast before Communion. The things which mattered were those which made a show!

Teaching of so superficial a character could hardly exercise more than the most trivial influence even over a people of fervent disposition. It was hardly likely seriously to sway the English, with whom temperament and history seem to have conspired in subordinating their spiritual interests to their temporal welfare.

Even English Catholics are not always more irreproachable to-day in this respect than were the majority of their forefathers in the 16th century. An English Catholic lecturer recently protested his disapproval of Irish aims at the same time that he declared the race to be misunderstood because its "centre of gravity was in the next world!" It is a curious mentality which enables a Catholic to recognise that a country has chosen "the better part," and yet blame the ideals which must at least have influenced its choice.

Might not a similar state profit England more than if she gained the whole world?

Given such conditions, then, small wonder is it that so chimerical a religion as the Anglican should never have gripped its followers with the same intensity as that pseudo-reverence for the civil power which they have inherited through each successive generation since King and Parliament first usurped the Throne of Christ and His Vicar in this unhappy country. To numbers of Anglicans, including some of the "highest," the legitimate desire of the Irish people to separate from the British Empire appears so sacrilegious and criminal that they cannot speak of it calmly, while the most outrageous denials of fundamental Christian dogmas by dignitaries of their church leave them apparently unmoved! Anglicanism remains, even to its adherents, something external rather than a vital force dwelling within the soul and permeating every fibre of man's being. While sickness or sorrow will send the lax Catholic back to his duties many Anglicans seem to regard theirs as "fair weather" practices only. "Too ill to see a clergyman" is a not uncommon saying, and some who assiduously attend "advanced" services, even going to Communion, have been known to go through long and dangerous illnesses with no spiritual ministrations, refusing the parson's tentative offer, when made!

A knowledge of Anglican surroundings makes this less surprising than it might otherwise appear to Catholic minds. An invalid has naturally a repugnance to "amateur" services of any kind, and in nothing does the contrast between Catholic and Anglican mentality become more flagrantly apparent than in the working out of their respective attitudes towards the sacerdotal ideal.

Theoretically, the "Anglo-Catholic" claims a priesthood identical to that of Catholicism; in practice, his own conceptions, quite apart from his church's limitations, evolve something vastly different.

In the Catholic Church the priestly office is considered first and foremost in its Divine rather than its human relationship. It is the priest's primary function to stand within the Holy of Holies and offer Sacrifice to God. This is at once the Source and the End of his consecrated life, and the reason of that tremendous sanctity with which his calling is invested in the eyes of the faithful. It is by virtue of this special and intimate relation with the Creator that his services to the created acquire their infinite value. The priest must be set apart as an "Alter Christus" before he can be a fisher of men and shepherd of souls, and in proportion to his fidelity to the former character will be his power and influence in the latter relationships.

But the Anglican vision of the priesthood still suffers from the

deflection bequeathed by the Reformation, whereby the sacred office was degraded to a purely natural level, and which, in attempting to merge the sacrificial aspect in the pastoral, succeeded eventually in destroying both. For the "Gospel" ministers with which Protestantism sought to supplant the Catholic priesthood were soon to learn that with the sacrificial power had gone also the means of reaching and influencing the souls of men. Robbed of all claim to Divine commission they were unable to sway humanity. Adapting themselves more and more to secular standards of life in a vain effort to regain the confidence of the laity; they gradually ceased to be associated in the minds of men with the supernatural and came instead to be regarded as the official representatives of a mere respectable conventionality. And whatever changes may have come about in the Church of England, it is obvious that though a vested clergyman may have superseded the black-gowned minister, the general view as to that for which he stands is materially unchanged.

From the Lambeth standpoint Holy Order appears to be regarded not as a Sacrament of grace and power requiring certain dispositions in the recipient, but as a mere formal token or badge of office to be indiscriminately interchanged among the various "Churches" much as officers in one allied army might receive honorary distinctions from another! It seems incredible to suppose that so learned an assembly could, even in its most visionary moments, have seriously expected Rome to consider the "re-ordination" proposition. Defective order is not the only point at issue between Rome and Canterbury, nor would the mere mechanical reception of Holy Order transform a Protestant minister into a Catholic priest—if it even validated his orders, which, on the ground of intention, seems doubtful! But the amazing thing is that the only ones to whom this strange proposal seems to have commended itself are the very Anglicans who are loudest in proclaiming themselves Catholics! It is the men who continue to travesty the Mass and the confessional—and whose only excuse could be that they honestly believe themselves priests beyond all doubt—who are eager to go through a ceremony which, according to their own claim, they should regard as a sacrilege. Whichever way the matter is regarded these men stand self-convicted! For while "re-ordination"—or rather, to revert to Catholic phraseology, *conditional* ordination—could only be resorted to in the Church where an element of doubt existed, what justification can be advanced for continuing priestly functions while the doubt remains unsolved?

If the foundation be rotten the whole structure must fall to the ground. Lacking Holy Order, Anglicans lack the key of the Church's Treasure House, and with every Catholic practice they seek to adopt is revealed the absence of that essential quality whereby

in the Church it is inspired and sustained. Owing not to a desire to raise the clerical standard of life, but to the pressure of the economic problem, the advisability of imposing some rule of celibacy on the clergy is more and more frequently discussed in Anglican circles. A remarkable feature of these discussions is that those in favour of the high discipline confine their advocacy almost entirely to arguments of expediency, the higher and more ideal reasons on which alone the permanent maintenance of this counsel of perfection can be based, being chiefly conspicuous by their absence. There is something almost pathetic in the persistency with which the High Church clergy, including even "spikes"—a name given to the most advanced by their more moderate brethren—endeavour to reconcile their sacerdotal claims with their most unsacerdotal freedom in matters matrimonial. Things being as they are, it is not surprising to find an almost total silence on the value attached by Our Lord to virginity, not to mention Apostolic precept and example. But to those familiar with the peculiar aloofness of Anglican clergy with their flocks there is a strange irony in one of the objections they advance—"that celibacy tends to make the clergy an isolated class, which is emphatically what the English people do not want!" Whether the unfortunate English want it or not, this is most emphatically what they have got, and nothing has tended more to this isolation of the clergy than their marriage. By the very fact that he is a family man, the parson is hedged round with all manner of social restrictions and conventions which rise like an impregnable wall between himself and those by whom he would be regarded as spiritual father. He may be willing and anxious himself to sink social distinctions, but the thought of "Mrs. Parson" must give him pause. It is not "the thing" for her to be familiarly greeted by the wives of local tradespeople or labourers, and though they remember his "office" they may take liberties with her. Still more, if his children associate with theirs, they are likely to develop tricks of speech and manners not at all approved in public school and University circles! If he attempts to solve the difficulty by drawing a distinction between his pastoral and private life, all his parishioners who claim any acquaintance with the social ladder, though it be but the lowest rung, are highly offended, for it is quite contrary to "etiquette" that he should seek to know them without his wife! These being some of the least serious problems that arise from the conflicting claims of family and flock, fortunate indeed is the parson who can satisfactorily discharge his duty to both. The average man will probably give up the attempt and, confining his social intercourse to his own "class," sink, outside it, into the usual professional groove of his fellows.

What minister of the establishment knows, as the typical Catholic

priest knows, the joys and sorrows of his people? It may be the married parson who sits most freely at the dinner-tables of the laity and joins in their sports and pastimes; but it is the celibate who knows the way to their hearts.

Before Anglicans can consider the subject of celibacy in a Catholic spirit, they need to realise how vital is the sure founding of its basis. Without Holy Orders, it is as impossible to obtain a Catholic atmosphere as to generate heat without the sun, for, lacking it, they cannot possess that which is the strength and consolation of those who leave all to follow Christ. From the Blessed Sacrament emanates that supernatural atmosphere which enables those of the household to live each according to his vocation, and by Its daily Sustenance in the Mass the heart of the earthly offerer is conformed to the Heart of the Eternal Priest. It is the peculiar glory of the secular priest that the Ideal he has set himself embodies more closely the earthly Life of His Divine Example even than that of monk or hermit. He is to be in the world and to keep himself unspotted from it. If he be true to this Ideal, he does indeed live a cloistered life in the midst of the haunts of men; but, nevertheless, he will dwell in their hearts and find himself, as was his Master, the friend and confidant, the helper and guide, of saint and sinner alike. He will be admitted to the inner shrines of humanity, whether among the married or single, not in proportion as his life conforms to theirs, but according to the degree in which it reflects the Life of Him Who is the Model of the Priesthood for all time.

# The Irish in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

"THE stage Irishman of Ben Jonson and Dekker was a comic footman—Shakespeare represented a soldier and a gentleman." So Judge Madden's too broad contrast. And, no doubt, Shakespeare, looking at his Captain Macmorris, of two centuries before his own time, had his eye on his Irish in the days of his Elizabeth, as much as had his fellow-dramatists on Spenser's Irish, "very great scorers of death," on Stanihurst's "excellent horsemen, delighted with wars, and very glorious," on Dekker's "knaves, very faithful when they love; by my faith, very proper [handsome] men many of them, and as active as the clouds; stout [bold], exceeding stout, precious wild villains." Therefore, use these brave and poor and faithful and hero-worshipping men; pay them, or bribe them, if not with money, yet with proffered adventures, not to say plunder. Turn their foolish eyes upon the ends of the earth. Make them forget their fathers' house; from Kingsley's *Water Babies' Paddy*, so kindly, but oh! how shockingly untruthful—how un-English, as Kingsley does not fail to reflect—down to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, accepted for the English stage as a happy-go-lucky who would do no dirty action. And so, back to Captain Macmorris, "a soldier and a gentleman, but 'an ass.'" This last word can be adopted by the Irish novelist, Canon Hannay, and is a word too nonsensical, rising out of his grudge against Shakespeare, at "an ass" being the dramatist's only Irishman.

"By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog," is the judgment of the brave Welsh pedant.<sup>1</sup> And yet, says the English captain, this Irishman is "a very valiant gentleman, i' faith."

Certainly, a man, he is, of passionate feelings rather than of cool judging, of a strong arm rather than of a theorising or calculating tongue. And of course his speech bewrays him; as does the *sh* for *s*, but also the *t* and the *d* for *th*, of Shakespeare's contemporary Teagues, costermonger exiles in London.<sup>2</sup>

"Tish ill done . . . it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour." "It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. . . 'Tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!"

<sup>1</sup> *Henry V.*, iii. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Fare dee well, fare dee well, I will never see dyne own sweet face more."—says Dekker's Bryan to a foreign master.

A lover of wars, not quite a cut-throat, but not with Othello's ambition made virtue. Something as his countryman, Sir Lucius, was a lover of duels decently done. They are brave tools, for those who call for battles that they themselves are not to fight, and are fine followers of leaders that stand to gain the glory. They are of no man's land; yet proud, resentful, explosive, helpless. They are the Irish that are the mercenaries, the slaves, the useful-despised, the tolerated servants, the exploited friends, the flattered, the admired, while on the leash, and while running the appointed course. They are the half-ashamed-of-themselves—these dogs with collars.

And Jamy, the Scot, "wad full fain hear some question 'tween yon twae," from Wales and Ireland.

*Fluellen*: "Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction there is not many of your nation —"

*Macmorris*: "Of my nation!<sup>3</sup> What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal."

That is an outburst. What, the cause thereof? Is it absolutely the anti-Irishman, with soul so dead? The brave flunkey, a foundling-Janissary, or some impious apostate? Was Macmorris, in military life, as Dr. Duigenan in civil, or as some Irish Imperialist of to-day whose love has rotted into hate? Or is it the far commoner, sad self-consciousness, of the Irishman of no bad heart, serving the English, yet sensitive for Ireland, trying to serve two masters; a Mr. Facing-both-Ways; the Irishman half-ashamed of himself; as, indeed, at least one English editor suggests? He has gained contempt from the English, or their complete indifference to him and his, except when called up for use.<sup>4</sup>

Though, it was not merely to have Ireland spitted on England's sword, that he joined up, to serve England in France. And yet, the less said about his Ireland the better.

Remember, that if this scene dates from 1599, Macmorris's excitement at talk of his nation could not be an outburst of the conquered, confessing his native nothingness,—a suggestion, indeed, for some non-existent prosaic Shakespeare, and for his (in that case) no less prosaic Irish creation,—seeing that then was the prouder day of resistance by Tyrone, and of Elizabeth's sending against him

<sup>3</sup> Sir Plunket Barton in his *Ireland and Shakespeare* has suggested, that "nation," here, may be used for "clan"; the chief of the Macmorris of Mayo being, indeed, at the time of Shakespeare, referred to as chief "of his nation," a word used for "clan." As in Shane O'Neill's 1599 proposals for peace: "That all nations (τῶν) in Ireland shall enjoy their living as they did two hundred years ago." Fluellen did not so mean it. It seems pointless in Shakespeare, if he intended Macmorris so to mean it.

<sup>4</sup> In Henley's *Lyra Heroica*, 1920, English boys are taught to praise the English heroic, the Scotch, the Welsh, the French, the German, the Italian, the Swiss, the American, the Greek, the Persian, the Moorish. But no word for the Irish heroic, whether in service of England or of Ireland. Perhaps better so; for here is no pretence. That is no revelation, in the sense of surprise—only in another sense.

the largest force ever yet sent to crush Ireland, 20,000 men and more. Essex's victory was in supposition. The defeat of the Irish nation at Kinsale was not for a couple of years.

True, the ferocious if pitying poet Spenser had already written of a ruined, starving, helpless, doomed Munster. And Fearflatha O'Gnámh, hereditary bard of an O'Neill, had been out-crying—in words such as stirred Spenser's English wrath against the bards' "gracing of wickedness and vice"—

"Woe is me for the Gael!  
Seldom a mind joyous  
At this hour among them,  
All their noble are perished!  
... thralls in Galls' fetters,  
Irish under outlanders. . . .

"O Trinity that hath power,  
Shall this race be always in exile. . .  
Or shall we have a second glory?

"If Thou hast consented  
That there be a new England named Ireland,  
To be ever in the grip of Thy foes,  
To this isle we must say 'farewell!'"<sup>5</sup>

But was this scene (*Henry V.* iii. 2) written before the crushing of the Irish at Kinsale? It was not printed in the Quarto. It contains, also, the favourable picture of the English-serving Scottish captain, contrasting with the reflection on "this weasel Scot," enemy of England, at the opening of the play. Yet, it should be noted, that neither were the Prologues printed in the Quarto; and they include, of course, the Essex 1599 passage, in Prologue V.

However, in the 'New Shakespeare Society' for 1879, there was pleading for this scene being written after 1603, and the consequent Scot-pleased and Scot-pleasing time, of James VI. and I.; and after the defeated Irish time. It would have been an anachronism in 1599, Ireland being unconquered, to introduce Macmorris. But after Mountjoy's victories 1600-1603, it was no longer an independent nation, though a part—a subdued part—of Great Britain" (*sic*). Macmorris's "rage was natural in a subdued Home-Ruler (!), and was understood and appreciated by an English audience, to whom its cause"—the beating of the weak—"was a pleasant and satisfactory reminiscence." That would be characteristic. As is the nineteenth century post-Famine jeering at the weak: "The Celt is gone with a vengeance." Those words of omen.

But, as has been said, there is presumption that the scene dated from 1599. And the English-described, so-called "rage," seems un-Irish. Besides, one must not read *Henry V.* as nothing but a Tendenz-Schrift, as Shakespeare's plan of Imperial Federation,

<sup>5</sup> From Padraic Pearse's *Irish Anthology*, "On the Fall of the Gael."

and as a shout of English triumph. Just as in every Shakespeare play, so, also, in *Henry V.*, character, and not Welt-Politik, is the matter in mind for the author. Nor must it be forgotten that Shakespeare had his Irish to write about that served Henry V., not those only that served Elizabeth. Mr. Verity<sup>6</sup> sees, indeed, in *Henry V.*, "a distinct plea for unity among the four English-speaking (*sic*) nationalities"—two and a half of them not much less Celtic-speaking, in Shakespeare's own day (1564-1616), than at the date of Agincourt (1415). But he yet supposes that "the picture of representatives of all four nationalities fighting for Henry is hardly true to the time of the events."

What, then, of Ireland, one of the four, as a fighter for Henry the Fifth of England, five centuries since? Some of the men of Ireland went out to fight for him—some men of the Pale. Ireland was not a feudal monarchy. And Ireland held but loosely together under her chieftains. Yet, if Ireland was not one, all her sons were Irish. And waves of settlers had become Hiberniores Hibernicis. Fitzgerald was Irish, spoke Irish, even as O'Connor; and Butler, as O'Brien. "Irish scholars and travellers" were "frequent in European lands. They seem to have talked, in courts and universities, of Ireland a nation, and of a civilisation and wealth that in no way depended on English lordship or instruction."

In that end of the 14th century, Richard II. of England, who "looked like a king," would also be Emperor. Other sovereigns sneered, at his having that so-called fief, Ireland, still unsubdued. Whereupon he invaded Ireland, with great display, and marched up its eastern part; "and, to proclaim to the world his 'conquest,' the hamlets went up in flames; . . . and amid flaming houses and villages he knighted the child, Henry of Lancaster, afterwards Henry V." Richard left this young cousin in Ireland, together with their common cousin, the young Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., the future murderer of Henry's son. When Henry's father deposed Richard II., and this Richard II. was murdered, then the new King, Henry IV., sent for Prince Henry, from the Ireland of which each of these English kings was pretended over-lord.

How things really were in Ireland, then, is seen by the doings of the Irish chief, Art MacMurrough—dying in 1417, two years after Agincourt—who, in the days of that 'Lord of Ireland,' Henry IV., won all Leinster of the Pale, up to the walls of Dublin. Extinction seemed coming down on the English in Ireland.

Under Henry V., the Wicklow O'Byrnes came up, and defeated

<sup>6</sup> Pitt Press editor.

<sup>7</sup> Mrs. Green, *The Making of Ireland*, p. 276.

the Dublin men and the Prior of Kilmainham,<sup>8</sup> (Sir Thomas Butler), in 1413. This Prior of Kilmainham it was who with 1,600 men of the Pale, (including such men as Captain Macmorris), went to France to assist Henry V. in his wars. In 1415, the year of Agincourt, Henry's viceroy, Talbot, defeated O'Moore of Leix, and burned and destroyed the corn of the district, and killed many of the people. And this Sir John Talbot afterwards went to Henry's French wars. His brother was Archbishop of Dublin, 1417-1443; non-Irish, like all the Pale archbishops. In 1419, Art MacMurrough's son, with O'Connor of Offaly, is warring against the English. And this Donogh being defeated, is left a prisoner in London Tower for nine years. A heavy ransom paid by clansmen gets him out. Again he fights against the English. But, then, against O'Byrnes and O'Tooles.

There may be seen, the loose union, the disunion. The Irish lords felt not the need to be one, before the foe whose persistence they did not comprehend, and whose system, leading to success, was to them a check, and to their clansmen slavishness. They were Othellos, "of free and open nature," to an "honest" Iago laying long nets to enmesh them all. "The Irish nobility . . . were perhaps the most intensely proud class of men that ever existed," judges Eoin MacNeill—*Phases of Irish History*, 'The Irish Rally,' p. 355—and "two thousand years of unbroken sway may suffice to set pride above prudence in the tradition of any class." But "My Pity How Ireland Standeth," lamented Geoffrey Keating in the days after Shakespeare,

"The mutual jealousy of the chief of Banba  
Hath given power to the foreign soldiery.  
. . . .

"Unknown now are Banba's nobles,  
Scattered are their followers,  
A bright band driven without guidance  
Throughout the wearisome world."<sup>9</sup>

"At the end of another cycle, when the Irish nobles were scattered over Europe, the nobility of their bearing and the distinction of their manners won admiration for them in every land but one."<sup>10</sup> Thus they were lost to their native Ireland. One reads of how, even in the nineteenth century, an Austrian noble is seen in a lonely Connaught graveyard, laying there the body of one of his peers,

<sup>8</sup> Founded by Strongbow, 1174, for Knights Templars. On their suppression, early in 14th century, the Pope gave Kilmainham (Kilmagnend; St. Magnend's church) to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Men of high rank were its priors; some of the priors being also Lord Chancellors and Lord Deputies; and all of them sitting in the House of Lords as Barons. The last, John Rawson, surrendered the priory to Henry VIII. in 1535, and then was made Viscount Clontarf.

<sup>9</sup> Padraic Pearse, *An Irish Anthology*, iii.

<sup>10</sup> Eoin MacNeill, *Phases of Irish History*, p. 355.

last representative of an Irish family of rank, all of whom had been brought to be laid in that remote spot of the west, ever since the captivity of Ireland and the exile of their house.

Now, in our day, there is noble blood still shed ; but by the poor, the heroes of the race, who

in battle flames  
Their slender strength would show,  
Against the bayonet and the gun  
That hid their only foe.

To return. In the time, following the days of Henry V., and his Captain Macmorris, after various little wars, by 1430 almost all the Pale was gone again from the invaders, except Co. Dublin. The men of the Pale, the "loyalists," in 1420, had begged Henry V. to get the Pope to preach a new crusade against the Irish, as enemies of God and the Church. With that cry, the 12th century had seen Henry II. come to Ireland. Against that charge, an O'Neill had protested, to a Pope of the 14th century. To civilise Ireland, all the reformed sovereigns sent, and even now send, men, who in (that possibly, still, Imperialist) Standish O'Grady's words, "might be called rather assassins than warriors." "All the Viceroys and Presidents and chief military men" under Tudors and Stuarts, "sought to assassinate insurgent lords whom they were unable to conquer. . . . Assassination of insurgent lords was a settled and fixed State method."<sup>11</sup>

Henry's Ireland, his Captain Macmorris's Ireland, was not the Ireland living in any sense for Ireland, where, if Richards and Henrys had their way, Irishmen might be singing, as in Shakespeare's own day,

"Sad to fare from the hills of Fál,  
Sad to leave the land of Ireland. . . .  
If God were to grant me back again  
To come to my native world,  
From the Galls I would not take it to go  
Among the crafty clans of England.

"If ye desire to avenge Ireland,  
O champions valiantly descended,  
Shun not perilous deed nor wrath  
Nor many mighty battles.

"'Tis better to watch on the tops of the cold bens,  
Though short of sleep, yet gladsome,  
Urging fight against the foreign soldiery  
Who hold your fathers' land !"

And there were Irishmen then fighting for France, as there were Scotsmen, and indeed English. When Meaux was taken, (where

<sup>11</sup> On the *Pacata Hibernia* of Carew, the very pious, in word, whose paid assassin "tracked the brave Hugh Roe O'Donnell into Spain, and there poisoned him under the guise of friendship."

they were), all these were exempted, by Henry, from English pardon.<sup>12</sup>

Of Henry's Irish Palesmen, one with the foreign soldiery, we read, in Monstrelet, the French chronicler:—

"The King of England had in his army numbers of Irish, the greater part of whom were on foot, having only a stocking and shoe on one leg and foot, with the other quite naked.<sup>13</sup> They had targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knives. Those who were on horseback had no saddles, but rode excellently well on small mountain horses, and were mounted on such paniers as are used by the carriers of corn in parts of France. They were, however, miserably accoutred in comparison with the English, and without any arms that could much hurt the French whenever they might meet them." But "these Irish made frequent excursions, during the siege (of Rouen), over Normandy, and did infinite mischief, bringing back to their camp large booties. Those on foot took men, and even children from the cradle, with beds and furniture, and placing them on cows, drove all these things before them; for they were often met thus by the French. By such means was the country of Normandy, wasted by English, Irish, Burgundians and Dauphinois."

Shakespeare found his Holinshed to say of Henry's Irish recruits, with more English complacency:

"During this siege also, there arrived at Harfleur the lord of Kilmaine in Ireland, with a band of sixteen hundred Irishmen, in maille, with darts and skains after the manner of their countrie, all of them being tall, quicke, and nimble persons, which came and presented themselves before the king being still at the siege, of whom they were not onelie gentlie received and welcomed; but . . . they were appointed to keep the north side of the armie . . . which charge the lord of Kilmaine and his companie joifullie accepted, and did their devoir therein, that no men were more praised, nor did more damage to their enemies than they did; for suerlie their quicknesse and swiftnesse of foot did more prejudice to their enemies, than their banded horssees did hurt or damage to the nimble Irishmen." Again: "Then went the Duke [of Clarence, Henry's brother, killed in the war] forth towards Paris . . . and the Parisians were sore dismaied; sith now there was no fortresse able to withstand the English puissance; for that the Irishmen over-ran all the Isle of France, did to the Frenchmen damages innumerable (as their writers affirme), brought dailie preies to the English armie, burst up houses, laid beds on the backs of the kine, rid upon them, carried young children before them, and sold them to the Englishmen for slaves. These strange dooings so feared the Frenchmen within the territorie of Paris, and the countrie about, that the sorie people fled out of the villages with all their stuffe into the citie." Finally, we are told that the foraging Irish, these anglicised Irish, did so much mischief, that Henry interfered, and issued strict orders for their better governance.

<sup>12</sup> Compare in a later generation—Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem* (iv.); 1707,—to an Irish priest: "Sir, I arrest you as a traytor against the Government; you're a subject of England, and, this Morning, shew'd me a Commission by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the French Army. This is Death by our Law; and your Reverence must hang for it." Though indeed, even in the English and hectoring Froude's words (*History of England* x.), covering so many long ages: "The Irish were not to be blamed, if they looked to Spain, to France, to any friend on earth or in heaven, to deliver them from a power which discharged no single duty that rulers owe their subjects."

<sup>13</sup> *Henry V.*, iii., 7, 48. *Dauphin*: "O then belike you rode like a Kern, (*ceatharnach*, a soldier) of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your strait strossers," tight breeches. One may call up, again, Spenser in Ireland from Shakespeare's own day: "I have heard some great warriors say that, in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely horseman than the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge: neither is his manner of mounting unseemly, though he want stirrups, but more ready than with stirrups, for in his getting up, his horse is still going whereby he gaineth way."

We have seen, above, what English troops were doing then in Ireland not of the Pale, burning, wasting, murdering the people. Thus, too, they were doing, before the goading to 1798's uprising; at the very time that half the English army and half the English navy, (as we are told),<sup>14</sup> were depending on recruits from trampled-on Ireland, distracted, desperate, helpless; yet Ireland still. Thus they are doing now. And we who write and read to-day have lived, warned, through varying Irelands, and through recruitings and promise-breakings and their consequences, from 1914 to 1921. "Playing on Irishmen's sympathy—for liberty—at the outbreak of the war," says Eamonn De Valera,<sup>15</sup> "England attracted to her armies some of the flower of our manhood. They forgot the woes of their own country; they forgot that she had suffered, at one time or another,"—words prophetic of 1920-21—"at the hands of England, every act of brutality alleged against Germany; they forgot that the very armies they were joining were those that held her in subjection. They heeded not the warnings of their fellow-countrymen who pointed, not only to England's treachery in the past, but to the convincing evidence to hand, that her ministers were as perfidious and as conscienceless as ever; and for three years, almost, before America felt herself called upon to join in the war, 'Little Belgium' had a champion in many a generous Irish youth. Their bones to-day lie buried beneath the soil of Flanders, or beneath the waves of Suvla Bay, or bleaching on the slopes of Gallipoli, or on the sands of Egypt or Arabia, in Mesopotamia, or wherever the battle line extends from Dunkirk to the Persian Gulf. Mons, Ypres, will be monuments to their unselfish heroism—but the land they loved dearest on earth, the land to which they owed their first duty and their first devotion, the land they fondly hoped their sacrifice might assist to freedom, still lies unredeemed at the feet of her age-long

<sup>14</sup> Catholics—Irish, nearly all—(wrote the *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1810, in the days of Peter Plymley), form "more than half of our army and our navy." "In forty-six ships, . . . Catholics to Protestants are three to two." "Of 4,000 who fought at Monte Video, 3,000 at least were Catholics"—sent out to defend Catholic Spain by her protector England; while, in these Irishmen's Ireland, under England, (in Byron's words),

the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,  
The Castle still stands, but the Senate's no more.

"The way in which these brave men are treated with regard to the exercise of their religion, even in spite of the laws which have been passed for their protecting, shows, more strongly perhaps than anything else, the strong tendency to oppression, which is generated and matured into habit even by what remains of the Catholic [Penal] code. . . . The Catholic soldiery, though sometimes obliged to attend the Protestant worship, only alternately with their own, . . . are most commonly marched indiscriminately to the established church, without being at all permitted to attend their own."

<sup>15</sup> In *Ireland's Case against Conscription*, 1918.

enemy.<sup>16</sup> And that she would thus lie, were every youth and every man within her borders to immolate themselves in this war, is the fixed conviction of all Irishmen who permit themselves to see things as they are."

To this Mr. De Valera adds a footnote, from Mr. Lloyd George, in the House of Commons, and no longer ago than March, 1917:—

"Centuries of ruthless and often brutal injustice . . . centuries of insolence and of insult, the long record of oppression, proscription, and expatriation, the greatest blot on the British fame for equity and commonsense in the realm of government, have driven hatred of British rule into the very marrow of the Irish race. Ireland is undoubtedly the one taunt that stings. . . . There remains the one invincible fact to-day that she is no more reconciled to British rule than she was in the days of Cromwell."

Shakespeare,<sup>17</sup> one need not doubt, looked on 'loyalist' Ireland—so disloyal to its own country—as the supporter of the cause of his own country, right or wrong; which cause, no less would he rejoice in, when it triumphed, than would those workers of iniquity, over there in Elizabeth's Ireland—Shakespeare's friends, Spenser, Raleigh, and Essex; with the last of whom went to Ireland Shakespeare's Lord Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poems. In Prologue V. 29, we read him:—

"As, by a lower, but loving likelihood,  
Were now the general of our gracious empress,  
As in good time he may, from Ireland, coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him."

That was the son of the murdering Essex, of the Clondeboy (Antrim) massacre of all his Irish guests (1574), and of the Rathlin Island massacre, of women and children (1575). The son was sent to Ireland, after the Yellow Ford, 1598; sent to crush O'Neill and O'Donnell, in arms defending their country; with whom Essex was charged that he had plans of some compromise, and the granting of some toleration, to those Catholic lords, and to the people of Ireland. Essex had a story, that it was to counteract Raleigh's plots against him, that he came back from Ireland; and he said that he took up arms, when in London, to save himself from being murdered in his house, by Raleigh and another. Though indeed, Blount, Essex's comrade, admitted that they did not believe in

<sup>16</sup> Who again would speak, with the voice of the charmer, in a *Times* leader January 10th, 1921: "Tens of thousands of Irishmen fought with all the bravery and devotion of the race in France, in Flanders, in Macedonia, and wherever our armies were engaged. Justice requires that we should weigh the too easily forgotten sacrifices of the Irish, and the Irish blood that was spent so freely on every front."

Hear ye not the voice of the charmer,  
Charm he never so wisely.

<sup>17</sup> Compare his instinctive English attitude in *Henry IV.*, Pt. I.—towards Owen Glendower, the doomed Welsh prince with hopes and plans for his little Wales as a nation, having love for its past, and belief in its own gifts, and hopes for its welfare in all ways—somewhat as an Alfred for his England.

Raleigh's murder plot: "it was a word cast out to colour other matters." (Raleigh, present at Essex's execution, withdrew; when people kept saying he was there to feast his eyes.) Essex's conciliatory (*sic*) policy, (say some English writers), had made him suspected of Elizabeth. He wrote, (*v. Moryson, Itinerary ii. 35*), to Elizabeth, suggesting that the "rebels" should be corrupted, (in their steadfastness to the cause of Ireland against England), by the queen's government making a pretence to give in to the Irishmen's desire to be free of the English. He recommended: "Break them by factions among themselves." "Their Jesuits and practising [*i.e.*, plotting] Priests must be hunted out and taken from them, which now do sodder them so fast and so close together. If your Majesty will have a strong party in the Irish nobility, and make use of them, you must hide from them all purpose of establishing English government, till the strength of the Irish be so broken, that they shall see no safety but in your Majestie's protection (*sic*)." However, before Essex's sudden return, Tyrone was able to demand: (1) pardon for "rebels"; (2) reinstatement of Irish in their own lands; (3) toleration in religion. The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, Whitgift, charged Essex, on his return, with the crime of promising religious toleration; and Essex said that "he never yielded" it. Still, Camden says that Essex did urge Elizabeth to accept toleration; under necessity, as he thought. But, of course, this was before the Irish were broken, at Kinsale, in 1602. Cecil's characteristic and traditional way of putting it—also, before Kinsale, and when the Irish were still unbroken—in a Star Chamber speech, Nov. 28, 1599, was, that it was needless for Tyrone to urge toleration, seeing that the laws against priests were not enforced severely; and that the queen recommended reformation by prayer to God, rather than by compulsion of those poor ignorant people, the Catholics of Ireland.

Soon after that coming of Essex from Ireland, in Irish was being written 'Cean Salla'—Kinsale—*The last words of Red Hugh O'Donnell on his departure from Ireland for Spain*:

"Weep not the brave dead!  
Weep rather the living—  
On them lies the curse  
Of a doom unforgiving!  
Each dark hour that rolls,  
Shall the memories they nurse,  
Like molten hot lead  
Burn into their souls  
A remorse long and sore!|  
They have helped to enthrall a  
Great land evermore,  
They who fled from Cean Salla.  
....."

My ship cleaves the wave—  
 I depart for Iberia—  
 But oh! with what grief,  
 With how heavy and dreary a  
 Sensation of ill!

I should welcome a grave.  
 My career has been brief,  
 But I bow to God's will!"

.... (So, in Mangan's English.

This Irish question—the English question, rather, of how to rule Ireland, against professed English principles of justice, and support of right, and the good of the governed—had to be staring at Shakespeare, writing of his country's former prowess in the Hundred Years' War, and hearing, daily, of hoped-for triumph over the Irish enemy of his own day. He connects explicitly—in the lines of Prologue V., quoted above—joy in Henry's 15th century French triumph with Essex's 17th century triumph to come, in Ireland. And it is indeed impossible to think that, in *Henry V.*, the author had no thoughts of England's settled domination in a "British Isles," expressed by Irish, Scotch, Welsh captains, serving faithfully under English generals and princes. Whatever were the complex workings in poor Macmorris's pate, his "nation" was not to be his first thought, if his thought at all; not his boast, if possibly his pain: he himself being bought, or bribed, or promise-crammed, or crammed with bread.

But the Irish, in their place, were to be toyed with. Funny Teagues they were; or blinded Samsons, brought forth to play before Philistine lords. Yet, a witty people, not to be ruled by the witless; an affectionate people, not to be ruled by the heartless; an artistic people.<sup>18</sup> And Shakespeare, in *Henry V.*, alludes to their music; not indeed with understanding. However, the allusion may express something of the pre-occupation with things Irish, which made the dramatist read back and forward, from Henry to Elizabeth, from Essex to Macmorris.

By the way, is some such obsession, (by the Irish question), of someone—contemporary copyist, or later printer—responsible for the 1st Folio reading of V. 2, 12, where the French queen is made say to the English king—

"So happy be the issue, brother *Ireland*"?

An extract from the Talbot Papers, 1602, tells that at Elizabeth's court, Irish airs had been much heard and sung and admired. Yet the "Irish" air to Pistol's *Callino, castore me*, or *Calen o custure me*, "Irish" words—is really an English tune; given in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book with a pseudo-Irish name, 'Cailin og a stor.' The first Folio had 'Qualtitie calmie custure me'—

<sup>18</sup> Ruskin.

"Irish" to match Shakespeare's First Folio "French," in this play. The Irish words are *cailín óg a'stor 'mé'*; (that is, perhaps, the first syllable of 'machree,' misunderstood by English speakers)—'little girl of my heart for ever and ever.'

How little Boswell knew—after England's temporary success in degrading and hushing up the good things of Ireland—or how little the ex-Irishman Malone knew; if they seem to suppose contempt only, in the humming of the Irish words. The glory were the more to Ireland, if the contempt be merely Pistol's—of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.

Three Irish airs, (it may be noted here), extracted from Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, are given in Vol. ii. p. 793 of Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*:—(1) The Ho-hoane (Ochone); (2) an Irish Dumpe; (3) Callino Casturame. They are all in  $6/8$ , and seem without Irish melody characteristics; as Grove's Dictionary notes.

And indeed, when recalling that one finds this Shakespearian taste for Irish music, there may be quoted, here, the recent Oxford-Press History of Music in England, where the author writes: "Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists; it ranges with wonderful ease over the whole gamut of human emotion from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. If musical composition meant nothing more than tunes sixteen bars long, Ireland could claim some of the very greatest composers that have ever lived, for in their miniature form the best Irish folk tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre. . . . For sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert, and the Irish folk-composers form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of the art; deeper tunes have been written by still greater men; but" these . . . show an "instinctive feeling for loveliness and dignity of phrase." (Walker's *History*, p. 335.)

Spenser, in whom beauty, (as Shakespeare was saying), made beautiful old rhyme, had himself been finding, in the Irish poems—"translated unto me that I might understand them"—"sweete witt and good invention, sprinckled with some pretty flowers of theyre owne naturall devise." He adds that they "skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry." Rather, comments wise Dr. Sigerson, these were lost in a prose translation.

Perhaps Shakespeare, too, had he known Ireland himself, could have felt. Perhaps he did feel. One would not altogether put him down among the polluting multitude, even when he is in Ireland—she who from age to age

"heard the cursing of the raving herd,"  
 "saw the old heroic blood outpoured"

—though, to be sure, as one of Shakespeare's contemporary countrymen, when assassinating in Ireland, exclaimed: "My God, how this country doth change men's natures!"

What a noble base for humanity and patriotism, for sacrifice of self, yet for joy, is there not found, for an Irish reader, in Shakespeare's words, throughout his plays and poems. Would he make application to Ireland of his own wise words? 'Tis no matter. They stand. Then, we quote from them—and perhaps our Captain Macmorris were worth our longing lingering look—

'O Ireland,  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural?"



## Love's Roses.

The roses are white in the garden of Youth;

(Sing Hail to the Mother of God!)

In garlands of grace they twine all around

Where the meek and the simple have trod.

Mother of God, thine own are they,

The flow'rs of Childhood's blithsome day!

Red are the roses of sorrow and love;

(All tear-drench'd, sweet Mother of Christ);

For the thorns of His crown He shareth with us,

When we meet him at Calvary's Tryst.

Mother most sad, spice thou the wine

In our cup of pain with Love divine.

Gold are the roses of conquering Love,

(All deathless, dear Mother of grace);

And our hands shall be filled with those blossoms of joy.

When we stand before God's dear Face.

Mother most glorious, Queen of love,

Keep thou our Roses in heav'n above! !

DOROTHY WAYLAND.

# A Dominican Rose Window

## V.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS: THE "ANGELIC DOCTOR."

E. SETON.

ONE of the most widely known of all the Saints, the wonderful man who is the subject of our present picture, was, like his Father Dominic, a very special gift from God, not only to the world of his own day, but to all succeeding generations. Apart from the immense debt which the Church owes to this her greatest Doctor for the monumental writings with which he has enriched her, his influence upon the thought and learning of his own age was so profound, so purifying that it resulted in the "triumph of the principles of authority and religion which he represented, over the spirit of rationalism and irreverence in the schools. The importance of the result is acknowledged by all historians." Balmes observes that St. Thomas, "finding the schools in anarchy, reduced them to order, and, on account of his angelic intellect and eminent sanctity, was looked up to as their sublime dictator." And the historian Green tells us that "The Church won back the allegiance of the universities through the Mendicant Friars."

Even his enemies testify to the great man of God, witness Bucer's famous saying, *Take away Thomas and I will destroy the Church*, a boast which one of the Popes characterised as "a vain one, but no vain testimony."

Born in 1225, our Saint came of an ancient and noble line, for the aristocratic Aquino family, one of the best in Italy, traced its descent from Lombard princes who had been illustrious in the wars of Charlemagne with the Saracens. "It was allied," says Father P. Cavanagh, O.P., "to the royal houses of Sicily, Aragon, and France, and to the Imperial family of Germany, his grandmother having been Frances of Suabia, sister of the Emperor Frederick I. His mother, a Countess in her own right, was a Caraccioli, and descended from "the Norman barons who, early in the eleventh century, had conquered the south of Italy. Amongst them we find the names of Tancred, Bohemund, and Guiscard, the famous warriors of the Crusades." Moreover, St. Thomas' family could count Saints among the kinsfolk, for besides being related to St. Gregory the Great, through the Frangipani line, they were also connected with St. Louis of France and St. Ferdinand of Castile.

The Saint's ancestral home was the Castle of Rocca Sicca, built

on a rock, on the spur of a mountain overlooking the town of Aquino. Our Saint's parents were named Landulf and Theodora, the latter a woman of strong and dominating character and also of many virtues. Thomas was the sixth child of this marriage, and, like his father, St. Dominic, his birth was foretold to his mother as that of a child of wonderful learning and holiness. A hermit named Bonus, who dwelt in the vicinity of the Castle, one day appeared before the chatelaine, and, pointing to a picture of St. Dominic which she had in the room, said to her, "Rejoice, O lady, for thou shalt have a son whom thou shalt call Thomas. Thou and thy husband will think to make him a monk in the monastery of Monte Cassino, where reposes the body of the Blessed Benedict. But God has ordained otherwise; he will be a Brother of the Order of Preachers. Such will be his learning and holiness that his equal will not be found throughout the world." To this Lady Theodora replied, "I am not worthy to have such a son; but may the Will of God be done, according to His good pleasure."

The Pope, represented by the Bishop of Aquino, was his godfather, and the infant was baptised Thomas, rather in memory of his grandfather, however, than out of deference to the hermit.

Several anecdotes of his childhood and infancy still remain: the famous instance of his safety during the terrific thunderstorm which killed the little sister who was sleeping close by the baby Thomas; the visit to the baths at Naples, when his mother and the nurse found a small roll of paper appear suddenly in his tiny hand, which, on being opened, in spite of his tears and resistance, was found to contain the words *Ave Maria*; his great delight, even as a tiny creature, in seeing or handling a book or manuscript, always sufficient to soothe his childish sorrows; his tidying a chest of family papers, before he could even walk alone, taking them out, one by one and arranging them neatly and symmetrically—all these incidents show us that grave, unruffled, thoughtful and orderly type of mind and character in the germ. They were characteristic of Thomas.

When the little one was five he was sent to the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. So fondly were his parents attached to the sweet-tempered child that they could not bear the parting act, and sent him to the monks in the care of his nurse instead of accompanying him themselves. Here the little one was joyfully received by the good Fathers who had already heard of the marvellous incidents connected with him, and who confided him to the care of a monk specially chosen for this purpose. And here the child's young intelligence rapidly expanded, while his progress in piety and virtue kept pace with his studies. He cared little or nothing for childish games or amusements, for his was a grave and mature character, but his

amiability, kindness and sweetness endeared him to all, and he had a considerable influence over his young companions. "He loved prayer, silence, and solitude, spent a considerable time in church, and was never without a book in his hand. His diligence in study was remarkable, and he never failed to master the most difficult task."

It was during these years that the celebrated question of the child Thomas, in very truth father to the man, was asked. He and his young fellow-students were out rambling one day through the beautiful woods near the Abbey, in the care of a monk. The little boys had paused for a game beneath a great oak, but Thomas stood in silence at a little distance. The good monk, noticing him, approached him, and, laying a kindly hand upon his shoulder, asked him what he was thinking about. Then Thomas, lifting his head, said, "Tell me, Master, what is God?" Long he meditated on the reply, although he often afterwards repeated the question.

When he was ten, so far had his attainments exceeded those of the average boy of his age that the Abbot Sinibald, his uncle, sent for Count Landulf and told him that his son was now quite ready to commence his university course. It was therefore arranged that he should enter the College of Naples.

Before entering upon this course, however, the Countess Theodora requested to have her son for a short time with her at the Castle of Loreto, where they were then staying. This is the same district which has since become so famed as the shrine of the Holy House.

Everything about the young Thomas, we are told, was extraordinary for a child of ten. His beauty of person and charm of manner were enhanced by his great modesty, and he was so engaging that to see him was to love him. "He was gifted with such quickness of perception, solidarity of judgment, and elevation of thought, that it was easier to admire these qualities than to understand their full extent. He spoke little, but always to the purpose. His love of devotion increased with his ardour for study, and the best part of his time was spent in prayer and reading good books. . . . He was chiefly admired for his extraordinary charity to the poor and afflicted. A terrible famine raged at the time, and the gates of the castle were daily besieged by a crowd of starving peasants. The Aquino family was noted for charity to the poor, and Thomas helped to distribute alms for his parents. At last the distress so much increased that, having given away everything in his power, even to his own meals, he made a raid into the kitchens and offices of the castle, and carried away all the provisions he could find, to divide amongst the starving crowd outside. After many complaints from the major-domo, Count Landulf thought it time to interfere. He contrived to meet his son . . . and sternly

asked what he was carrying under his cloak. Thomas, confused, opened the folds of his mantle, but there fell to the ground, according to the tradition, not the food he had taken, but a number of most beautiful and fragrant flowers. Landulf burst into tears, and embracing his son, declared that as long as he possessed a penny or a loaf of bread, Thomas should never be hindered in his works of charity. This story is the only record of the stay of Thomas at Loreto."

He duly entered, after a stay here, upon his university life at Naples. Theodora was much against it on account of the Saint's youth and the temptations of university life, where all and sundry were gathered from many parts of the world, but Landulf was inflexible in his determination. Wonderful advantages were to be obtained at Naples, on account of the liberal endowments and the intellectual provision made by the Emperor, who desired that his university should outshine that of Bologna the celebrated, so loyal to the Chair of Peter; extraordinary rights and privileges were granted to the students, and Frederick maintained two hundred of the poorest out of his own purse.

Of our Saint's life here we have practically no details; his two professors in the humanities were Peter Martin and Peter of Hibernia; these also taught him rhetoric and philosophy, and his first theological studies were made under the direction of Erasmus the Benedictine. Students in those days had to repeat the lectures they had attended to their companions in the schools; and we are told, that the young Thomas delivered these with greater depth and clearness than they had originally possessed.

His humility, sweetness, and the gentleness and wisdom which he continually evinced endeared him, here as at Monte Cassino, to all, and his influence was very marked. Most of his leisure hours were passed in visiting the many churches of Naples, where there were two Benedictine houses and a Dominican establishment. Here, then, Thomas soon formed friendships with the holy men who powerfully attracted him. "It was a time," says Father Cavanagh, "when young and generous souls were strongly attracted to an Order which had been specially raised by Providence to combat the prevalent evils of the day on their own ground."

The Dominicans, watching this remarkable young nobleman, were not slow to guess his vocation, but they said no word until at last one day, seeing a brilliant light stream from his face as he prayed in their church, they thought it time to speak to him. Thomas then declared that for long he had ardently desired to join them, but added, flinging himself at their feet, "Am I not unworthy, and is not my age an obstacle?" He was then fourteen,

and the Religious, while encouraging his vocation to follow God in the more perfect life, would not allow him to act for three years more.

Meanwhile trouble was multiplied upon trouble, for the Guelph and Ghibelline wars, the tyranny of Ezzelino, and the cruelties and sacrilegious excesses of Frederick II. were laying waste the fair land of Italy and filling the House of God itself with the abomination of desolation. Monte Cassino even was pillaged, most of the monks being murdered, and the Pope, Gregory IX., died, of a broken heart in 1241. It was in such times that at length Thomas was received, being now seventeen, as a Dominican novice, to the great excitement of Naples, whose noblest thronged the church from an early hour to see the ceremony, and many young people followed his example, entering religious Orders. Yet there were not wanting those who blamed both the Dominicans and St. Thomas for this step, and among these it seems that his own parents were the most indignant. They had hoped to make him a great Benedictine, and this entering among the poor though learned "Brothers of Mary" dashed those hopes. William of Tocco, however, our Saint's biographer, declare that Theodora recognised in this even the verification of the prediction of Bonus the hermit, and started "with joy" for Naples to see if it were really a vocation from heaven. Thomas himself, however, knowing his parents' hopes, knew also that it was a great sacrifice for them to have to make, and fearing their violent and determined opposition, begged his Superiors to remove him from danger and send him out of the Kingdom of Naples at once. They agreed, and despatched some of the novices to Santa Sabina, in Rome, but the Countess, hurt and angry, was not to be daunted. She flew to Rome, only to find, however, that her son did not wish to see her and that he had begged his superiors once more to arrange for his departure from Italy. John the Teutonic, now General in succession to St. Raymond of Pennafort, took the novice with him on his way to a General Chapter at Paris. Theodora now made Rome ring with her furious anger, denouncing the Order to the Pope and to the Roman nobility as having robbed her of her son without regard to her station or rank. Nor was this all, for sending an urgent message to her two eldest sons, Landulf and Raynald, officers with the imperial troops at Acqua-pendente, she desired them, if they would earn her blessing, to intercept their brother and bring him to her. This was successfully done, and our Saint conveyed a prisoner to the paternal mansion. Stormy scenes ensued, and every possible argument was used to shake the resolution of Thomas, but in vain. And then it was that St. Thomas was imprisoned, under a strong guard, in one of the towers of the castle. Here he suffered cold, hunger and privations, we are told,

and the frequent visits of his father, always ending in a painful scene.

After a time the arrival of his officer brothers caused new troubles to our captive Saint. The two young men, violent of temper and act, having failed to subdue their brother by argument and threat, were guilty of sending to his cell a beautiful but unworthy woman, promising her a large reward if she could shake their novice brother's resolution or virtue. The Saint, at her first words, looking up to God for protection, seized a flaming brand from the hearth and chased her forth immediately, then, tracing a cross on the wall, knelt to thank God for his deliverance and to consecrate himself afresh to Him. Then the Angels appeared, girding him with the Cord. This he wore till death, telling his confessor only then of the favour he had received. This heavenly gift is still preserved, twined upon a branch of coral, in the Dominican house at Chieri, in Piedmont; it is white and rather wider than a straw, the filaments composing it are of such extreme fineness that it is impossible to decide their substance. One end has fifteen knots upon it, in honour of the fifteen Rosary Mysteries; the other has two loops.

After more than a year our Saint's imprisonment came to an end on the intervention of the Pope, and, being let down, like St. Paul, in a basket, the Friars Preachers received him back with open arms, professing him at once, as the sufferings he had undergone were held to be more than equivalent to a novitiate. Yet a last trial remained. Theodora and her sons appealed to the Holy See to dispense Thomas from his vows, and the Pope, Innocent, IV., desiring to hear all, summoned Thomas by Apostolic Brief to Rome to explain his reasons for embracing the Dominican vocation against his family's wishes. So lucid, so gentle and humble, so eloquent of sanctity was the young Friar's reply that all present were moved to tears, and the Pope and prelates, turning to Theodora, comforted her with congratulations, adding that they could not bring themselves to blame her for having used every effort to regain so admirable a son.

Our Saint's studies, as a simple religious, now commenced in Cologne under Blessed Albert the Great. Great humility and silence on the part of Thomas marked this part of his life, so that he was put down as "the Dumb Ox;" and it was only by accident that the glory of his gifts was one day discovered, Blessed Albert exclaiming prophetically at the close of a disputation in which St. Thomas had spoken as a very master, "We call Brother Thomas a dumb ox! Well, I tell you that so loud will be the bellowing of his doctrine, that it will resound to the remotest parts of the world." From this time Thomas was regarded as an oracle sent from God. His humility and gentleness remained

unchanged, however, and never in all his life, as he confided on his death-bed to his confessor, did he suffer from intellectual pride or vainglory.

Now came life at the renowned convent of St. Jacques. A thirst, as ever, for knowledge, Thomas commenced his life here with enthusiasm. "So constant was his habit of raising his mind and heart to God, to invoke the Divine aid in all difficulties, that the lessons in the class hardly seemed to disturb his prayer. He owned more than once that the crucifix had been his chief book of science, and that he had learned more in prayer at the foot of the altar than by any other means." Loving the companionship of the good and holy, he made a number of beautiful friendships at Paris, notably that with St. Bonaventure, the seraphic Franciscan, about four years Thomas' senior. Their lives were in many respects similar, and they died within a few months of one another. After three years here, both Thomas and Bonaventure having taken their degree as Bachelors of Theology, Thomas was sent to Cologne again to teach. This was in 1248, and at this time also our Saint was ordained priest. Of his teaching we need only say that "St. Thomas introduced a perfectly new method of order and lucidity into the classes. His lessons fully illustrated the five principles of teaching which he has himself laid down in his writings: clearness, brevity, utility, sweetness, and maturity. It was soon found that he not only possessed profound learning, but had the most wonderful art of communicating it to others. . . . It is not surprising, therefore, to find that they learned more from him in a few months than they would have acquired in years from other teachers." This testimony is also borne by Pope John XXII., who said in presence of the Cardinals, on the occasion of the Saint's canonisation, some fifty years after his death, "He has illuminated the Church more than all other doctors, and more profit can be gained by the study of his works in one single year than by devoting a life-time to that of other theologians."

After four years at Cologne St. Thomas was sent again to Paris to receive the degree of Doctor—an event signalised by many tears on his part and a heavenly vision one night in church which consoled him and gave him the subject-matter of the Thesis on which he had to speak before an immense assembly. Preaching, on his way, at the Court of the Duchess of Brabant, he sent her, later, at her own request, a treatise on the government of the Jews, who gave her much trouble; and this was only the first of many affairs of state which were confided to his counsel. In 1253 a brawl between some students at Paris and the night patrol was the seed from which sprang a great commotion against the mendicant Orders which all but threatened their existence. The cause of the jealousy of the

secular colleges was that the Franciscan and Dominican *Studia* had remained open all the time that the others had closed, during disputes with the government and the populace, and this pretext was used by a number of professors of rationalistic views for spreading a violent attack not only upon these Orders, but even upon the religious life itself, as practised in poverty by the *Frati*. The author of this inflammatory doctrine was William de St. Amour, and though he only had a small following, still, these were of such violence that at one time the Dominicans did not dare to leave their convent.

At length the matter was brought to the Dominican Master-General, who confided to St. Thomas the task of replying to the pamphlet of St. Amour. This was so admirably done by him that the whole affair next being laid before the Pope, St. Amour's thesis was condemned as criminal and ordered to be abandoned and all copies of the book to be burned. SS. Thomas and Bonaventure were now gladly received by the Paris University as Doctors; and St. Thomas' reply is still, says Archbishop Vaughan, "the most profound refutation of deadly error and the most masterly exposition of religious truth which has ever been given to the world by any Doctor of the Church."

Now came the time of St. Thomas' writings. He wrote against the Manicheans; the *Summa contra Gentiles*—written at the request of St. Raymond of Pennafort, a Missionary among the Moors and infidels. It is a magnificent work which has been translated into Greek, Hebrew and Syriac, and contains in four books a complete demonstration of the truth of Christianity and a refutation, chiefly by arguments of reason, of Oriental errors. A modern writer observes, "Let St. Louis console himself for the failure of the crusade in Egypt and Tunis! If he were vanquished in the terrible duel with Arabian Islamism, the crusade of St. Thomas was triumphant. . . . After ages have passed, the victory of St. Thomas is translated into the triumph of the Christian family over that of the Arabian."

Here, too, Thomas wrote upon the Blessed Sacrament, in the controversy concerning the Eucharistic accidents or species, and placing his manuscript on the altar, prayed humbly to be hindered from promulgating anything contrary to the true Faith. In the sight of the other friars, a miracle was vouchsafed, Our Lord descended visibly, and, standing upon the manuscript, spoke audibly these words, "Thomas, thou hast written well of the Sacrament of My Body." He then fell into ecstasy and was raised in the air, and others being hastily brought, he was seen by all the Religious.

One of the Saint's next works was that against the errors of the Greek Church, in which he proved that all the ancient Fathers and Doctors of the Greek Church were in complete accord with the

Latins in all the disputed points. This caused a great impression, and, at the Pope's desire once more, Thomas wrote a second treatise, refuting the errors of Greeks, Armenians and Saracens—these two works are still in use in controversy with Greeks. At this time also St. Thomas wrote the *Catena Aurea*, a famous commentary on the Four Gospels, composed of passages taken from all the patristic writings, so fitted one into the other, as to form a continuous treatise. St. Thomas' compilation was immense, and the passages, it is marvellous to note, were drawn from his prodigious memory without assistance from books and with invariable accuracy. This book was translated into English, during the Oxford Movement, under Newman's supervision.

Honours were repeatedly pressed upon this Saint and genius by the Popes, but as invariably and delicately refused, for it was his wish to spend his life a simple religious, a gift which God granted him. One Christmas Day St. Thomas had the joy of converting two learned Jewish Rabbins, and from that time the Angelic Doctor always received some special favour on Christmas Day. He lectured, preached, solved cases brought to him from all points, cleared difficulties, and withal never lost his holy recollection or the calm which distinguished him. In 1263 it is interesting to know, St. Thomas probably visited London, at the fortieth General Chapter, this was at the first Blackfriars at Holborn, his example proving a deepening influence upon his brethren's holy life. About this time, too, it came about that through the glorious Saint, the festival of Corpus Christi was instituted throughout the whole Church. For years this sacred event had been maturing, the result of a revelation to a saintly Cistercian nun of Liège, and this institution was the reward asked by the Saint from the delighted Pope who had pressed him to name some desire, in return for his compilation of the *Catena Aurea*. The prayer was instantly granted, and Thomas commissioned to write that Office which is one of the most glorious possessions to the present day, and whose *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* link the vast multitudes of the simple Faithful with the great Doctor, and whose *O Sacrum Convivium*—which, seen by St. Bonaventure, caused him to destroy his own Office—is our “prolonged-cry of thanksgiving for the Sacred Banquet.” “This Office,” says Gaume, “is an immortal masterpiece, in which poetry, piety and faith dispute the palm. It is justly regarded as one of the finest Offices in the Church, on account of the grace and energy of its tender piety, its exact doctrine, the perfect proportion of its parts, and its juxtaposition of the types of the Old Testament with the realities of the New.” As an ancient author observes, “Truly is the Festival of Corpus Christi the feast of St. Thomas and the Friars Preachers.” A Dominican Cardinal, Hugh of St. Cher, had

been the first to extend it beyond diocesan limits; and in the Dominican Order it is ranked with Christmas, Easter and Pentecost. To St. Thomas is likewise attributed that tender Eucharistic prayer, *Anima Christi*, so favoured by St. Ignatius, and of which a copy, in which the Face of Christ, it is interesting to note, is mentioned, exists in a 1517 copy of the *York Hours*. The Corpus Christi Office, laid by St. Thomas before the Tabernacle, was honoured by Our Lord's audible approval, the Crucifix which spoke being still preserved at Orvieto.

In 1265 the *Summa Theologica*, that one of his twenty great works by which St. Thomas is best known, was commenced, and to it he chiefly devoted the remaining nine years of his life. We shall here only cite Leo XIII.'s words: "Among all the scholastic Doctors, their prince and the master of all, Thomas Aquinas shines with incomparable splendour. Cajetan remarks of him that, *from having profoundly venerated the holy doctors who had preceded him, he had inherited, in some sort, the intelligence of all.* Thomas gathered up their doctrines as the scattered members of one body. . . . Reason, borne on the wings of Thomas to the utmost limits of human intelligence, can soar no higher; whilst Faith can obtain from reason no more numerous and efficacious helps than those furnished from it by Thomas." *Who can quote Scripture like the Angelic Doctor?* is a saying trite from its frequency and witnessing to his greatest glory. At the moment of the Saint's death, one of his brethren in Naples saw him in vision being led by St. Paul, to whom St. Thomas had inherited St. Dominic's devotion, to heaven. Thomas had asked the Apostle whether his own writings had given the true sense of the Epistles, and the Apostle replied, "Yes, as far as any man in mortal body can understand them; but come with me and I will guide you to the place where you will have clearer understanding of all things." He then took him by the mantle and drew him away.

As the end of the Saint's life drew on, his natural abstraction became heightened, and he had several ecstasies after which he declared that he could write no more, for all he had written so far was only as a little straw in comparison with what had been shown him. Shortly before his death, which took place when he was forty-nine and on his way to the Council of Lyons, at a Cistercian convent, that of Fossa Nuova, a brilliant star was seen by one of the watchers to enter the window one night and rest on his head, afterwards disappearing in the same way. The holy monks, seeing that his illness in no way impaired his brilliant intellectual faculties, begged and at length succeeded in getting from him an exposition of the Cantic of Canticles, as St. Bernard had done at Clairvaux; "few of his writings more clearly evince the Spirit of God,"

and William of Tocco observes that it was fitting that the Saint should treat of the Canticle of love between Christ and the soul just as he himself was about to go forth to meet the Bridegroom Whom he had served so perfectly.

Receiving the holy Viaticum, laid on ashes at his own request, he greeted Our Lord exquisitely, "I receive Thee," he said, tears streaming down his face, "the price of my soul's redemption and the Viaticum of my pilgrimage, for Whom I have studied, watched, laboured. Thee I have preached, Thee have I taught. Against Thee I have never spoken, neither am I wedded to my own opinion." Then, at the moment of Communion, he uttered his favourite aspiration, one which he was accustomed to use often during his prolonged Visits to that Holy Sacrament which was his Light as it had been his Father Dominic's, "*Tu Rex gloriæ, Christe, Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.*" His own *Adoro Te devote* completed his thanksgiving. Later in that day he said to Brother Reginald, his confessor. "The goodness of God has made known to me that the reason why, without any merit of my own, He has given me more light and grace at an earlier age than to other Doctors, was that He might mercifully shorten my exile and admit me sooner to His glory. If you truly love me, you will rejoice, because my consolation is perfect."

And shortly after midnight, on the 7th of March, 1274, he fell peacefully asleep *in osculo Domini*. For three days a brilliant light like a comet had stood directly over the monastery; this disappeared at the moment of the Saint's death. One of the Cistercians, praying in the church at midnight, beheld in vision at that same moment the soul of St. Thomas rising to heaven like a beautiful star. Thus passed, yet not away from us, "the highest splendour of virtue and science," to use the words of his great client, Leo XIII., "... a man supremely versed in all divine and human knowledge, a man to whom all ages have awarded the highest veneration."

# The Rosary.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.

A WISE man once wrote : " Life is not an investment ; it is a game." Even at the very beginning of life one has not to look far to see all about one the thrill and the impetus of a tremendous game. There are certain fixed rules to be kept—goals to be won ; points to be scored or lost. Somewhere, just beyond the playing field—only just out of sight—is the great Referee. And we all of us play breathlessly, against the time when the inevitable whistle sounds to end the game for one or other of us.

So it is that most of God's dealings with His image that He loves have in them the secret and splendid qualities of a childhood's game. That tremendous love-song of God and the soul written by Solomon long ago and aptly called the " Song of Songs " reads, through all its lilt of music and all its great desire, like the story of a marvellous game of hide-and-seek. " My Beloved, looking through the lattices," " I sought Him Whom my soul loveth"—a hundred phrases that run like fire through the whole poem, telling of a great flight and a great searching, someone hiding and someone seeking—a lover's game of hide-and-seek, played with skill and swiftness, not in a fire-lit house where the curtains are drawn against the night, but in " a garden enclosed"—at spring-time and at the time of the singing of birds ; played in the open sunlight among the blossom-muffled lattices and deep flower beds of God's garden.

That great form of prayer whose very name is a beautiful metaphor the Rosary—bears this same quality. It is just a tremendous game—a game of Follow-My-Leader ; a game which is as much a poem as its adventurous title. There is a note of yielding in it—a yielding up of body and soul into the keeping of the leader. There is an oath of fealty and a pledge of faithful service—a blind trust to go where he goes ; to climb where he climbs, and to stoop where he stoops. There is a great hint of danger—as there must be in all good games. You will be led into strange and perilous places before the game is over—into the palace of the High Priest with John and Peter ; in and out of a yelling mob, to a still place of tombs ; past the hills of birth and boyhood to the gates of death and annihilation. You will be led high up into the great Mount of Vision—that tall peak set among the Eternal Hills—the mountain whence man looks down on God—where, in a mighty paradox he finds God at his mercy. A terrible height this, but inevitable and one to which we all must come sooner or later.

Play this game well and you will pass through all the seasons of the year, seeing beauty follow on the feet of beauty, as in some fairy pageant. You will hear the loud wind of March calling through the bowed trees along the crest of the hill of Nazareth, as God's messenger flashes into Our Lady's room at dead of night; you will hear the wind trail into silence as she gives her *Fiat—her* way with God when she finds Him so dreadfully at her mercy—and you may, perchance, see her face as she says it. This is a terrible game, and must be played well if it is to be played at all.

Then, true to your promise, follow on your leader's footsteps and you will go after her as she makes her way into the hill-country, through the fields of daffodils, and the young woods full of breaking buds. The long-expected Spring has come to earth and she walks as Proseppine walked, newly-freed, among the Sicilian fields, bearing her Young Promise to the waiting hearts of men.

You will find winter, too, and with the shepherds you will creep along the snow-deadened track till, with them, you find the stable, where it stands under the keen stars. You will find its thatch heavy with snow, huddling up against the wall of the Inn in that place where the little town looks out towards the lonely star-lit ridges of the hills. With the shepherds you will go in on tip-toe, and find Mary and Joseph in ecstasy, with the Babe lying in the manger; and above His Head a dim lantern slung on a cord; and beyond that just the shadows and the faint sweet smell of the hay, and the hush-hush of the night-wind creeping under the eaves.

Perhaps it is part of this strange adventurous game of the Rosary to go out from the stable determined to play the game in a new fashion one day—to be leader instead of follower—and to lead all the world to that secret star-lit place, and show them how the World's Desire is there, crooning and helpless, to be won to without climbing and to be taken without storm, on just this one night of all the year.

You will find Midsummer, too, and Our Lady seeking her lost Son through the hot streets at the Feast of Tabernacles and finding Him at length in the white Temple Courts.

You will find Him and her through all their shifting settings of night and day. At midnight at Nazareth and Bethlehem; at noon-day in the Temple; at dusk in Gethsemane; and at dawn in Joseph's garden outside the City walls. This game of Follow-My-Leader shows how this Mother and her Son fit in at all seasons of the year, and all times of the day and night. They are in every field and every street, in the heart of every man, pursuing even while they are pursued—part of the Omnipresence of God.

You may follow them, too, through every mood and feeling. From the joy of Bethlehem to the grovelling agony of the Garden of

Olives. From the Magnificat sung in Elizabeth's garden to the bitter hissing of the scourges about the bound and blood-drenched Figure in Pilate's Courtyard. From the high ecstasy of the Mother when she found her lost Son again to the long agonised moments on the Hill of Calvary, with the three crosses and their tragic burdens raised high against the sky; with the silent centurion on guard, and Magdalen crouched at the foot of the middle cross, her face hidden in her hair.

As in the game itself, the leader is not a fixed person throughout the whole game. He is changed from time to time, and so it is with this—sometimes the Leader is Our Lord Himself; sometimes Our Lady; sometimes the angel; sometimes the centurion. But they all lead us through the same perilous and beautiful places, to end in that ultimate place, "high up above the morning," where every throb of the Divine Heart, and every step of those who try to win to Him go to make a perpetual and luminous music about the Feet of God.



## Sonnet.

*To my friend, who thinks that "one of the loveliest things in Heaven will be seeing our friends enjoying the things that they had to go without here."*

I shall not see you seated on a throne  
 Judging a tribe of God's new Israel.  
 Judicial robes would scarce become you well,  
 Not swift to blame nor faithless to condone,  
 But fain to add a little of your own  
 To each one's good, the balance to impel  
 Where good weighed light—No, dear one, truth to tell,  
 Not thus to you were Heaven's high favour shown.

But I shall see you—who of this would doubt?—  
 Midst God's angelic almoners enrolled,  
 Swift tripping here and there and round about,  
 A native spirit in the streets of gold;  
 Bearing with eager hands His thousand-fold  
 To those who in their life-time went without.

ENID DINNIS.

# The Story of the Rocks.

(Continued.)

LENA BUTLER, M.A.

EILEEN (*reluctantly throwing the contents of the glass into a slight depression in the rock at their feet*): It wouldn't be waste, would it? (*Then, excitedly*): Oh! hallo, Grandfather, if the rock isn't fizzing, too. Look! Look, Colm!

(*Both children go on their knees and watch the bubbles rising from the rock where the vinegar has settled.*)

EILEEN: Oh, come, Grandfather, come and see!

OLD MAN: I see from here all right, child.

EILEEN (*scrutinising the shells and stones*): It's true, Colm; the the pink stone isn't fizzing at all. (*She takes it up gingerly and, putting it into the glass, holds out the glass to the OLD MAN.*) Now, Grandfather, let us give this stone a fair trial.

(*The Grandfather pours vinegar over the stone in the glass. EILEEN holds the glass up and they all three look at it intently for a few minutes.*)

COLM: No good! Stones aren't shells, young lady.

OLD MAN: That one isn't, anyhow. Try another.

(*COLM takes a purple-coloured pebble and drops it in the glass. All three watch it intently.*)

COLM: No, nor that one, Grandfather.

EILEEN: Let us try another.

OLD MAN: Here, try this one. (*He hands her the bluish-grey stone which he had sorted out in her absence. EILEEN drops it slowly in the glass, for it is bigger than the others.*)

(*All three watch.*)

COLM (*excitedly*): Hurrah! if it isn't fizzing like fun!

EILEEN: Oh, isn't it great! Look, Grandfather!

OLD MAN: I see it, child.

EILEEN: And why don't the other stones fizz, Grandfather?

OLD MAN: You see, they are a different kind of stone, child, and there must be no shells in them.

COLM : But there aren't shells in that stone, Grandfather, nor in the rock.

EILEEN : Yes, there are in the rock, Colm. Grandfather said it. And they were all at the bottom of the sea ages ago, and they got pressed down terribly hard and stuck together, and you would never know now that they were shells.

COLM : No, I wouldn't. That much is true anyhow. Let us try the rock again. *(Taking a loose fragment of stone, he breaks off a piece of the rock at their feet, and, picking it up, drops it in the glass of vinegar which EILEEN is still holding.)*

*(Both children look hard at it.)*

COLM : Well, but that is the funniest! You don't mean to say, Grandfather, that the rocks are all made of shells, do you?

OLD MAN : Not all, boy. But it looks as if these ones were. There, put a few of those pieces in your pocket and we'll see how they look under the microscope when we go home.

*(The boy gathers up small fragments of the broken rock.)*

EILEEN : Oh! I know; every little bit will look terribly big. Maybe we'd see shells in them, Grandfather.

OLD MAN : Maybe, child.

EILEEN *(reflectively)* : But what are the other stones made of, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : Oh, different things; but not shells, evidently : *(taking from his collection the purple-coloured pebble)* there; that, for instance, is made of grains of sand which got all packed and cemented together; *(taking the pink transparent stone)* and this one is made of nearly the same stuff as the glass there. Here, try if you could break this, Colm.

*(COLM takes the pebble and, after vigorously hammering it with heavy stones, he succeeds in breaking it.)*

COLM : Much harder to break than glass, though. *(He hands the broken fragments to the OLD MAN. EILEEN puts down the glass and comes to examine the broken stone.)*

EILEEN : Oh, look how smooth it broke. And is that what they make glass from, Grandfather?

COLM : No, Eileen, 't isn't. 'Tis from sea-sand they make glass. The men that cart away the sand from the beach told me that long ago.

OLD MAN : Right, Colm ; but sea-sand is just all little grains of this kind of rock.

COLM (*puzzled looking*) : But it isn't pink like that, nor transparent.

OLD MAN : Well, you'll fetch us a handful and we'll take it home and see how it looks under the microscope.

COLM : Good, I will ; and we'll see does it not make the vinegar fizz either. (*He scampers off down towards the shore.*)

EILEEN (*taking a piece of the pink stone out of the OLD MAN'S hand*) : And was that stone at the bottom of the sea once, too, Grandfather ?

OLD MAN : I suppose it was, child, or it could not have been washed here.

EILEEN : But why aren't there shells in it ?

OLD MAN : Well, you see, it was not formed at the bottom of the sea like that grey stone, but it just got broken off some cliff of that kind of rock by the waves, or perhaps it was carried down to the sea by some mountain river ; and then all the rolling it got with other stones rounded it like that.

EILEEN : And how did those other mountains come there, Grandfather ?

OLD MAN : Perhaps they forced their way up from within the earth, or perhaps they were some of the wrinkles that formed when the earth was cooling and the oceans forming.

EILEEN : Oh ! the time you were talking about when there were no other live things in the world but little things like jelly-fish.

OLD MAN : Yes ; before that time even.

EILEEN : But, Grandfather, how do you know ?

OLD MAN (*taking the little girl affectionately on his knee*) : Because, child, I have spent a long life-time trying to find out. The rocks are the book in which the story of all these things is written, but the writing is very hard to read.

(*A noise is heard of someone coming up the cliffs.*)

OLD MAN : There's Colm coming back.

(*Enter COLM from below. His pockets are bulging out with their cargo of sea-sand.*)

OLD MAN : Good lad, Colm ! Well, don't you think that you and Eileen might take your booty home now ? Run,

Eileen, and you may tell your mother that I'll be back in half-an-hour.

EILEEN (*nestling closer to the OLD MAN*): Oh, Grandfather, don't send us away yet. Tell Colm about the time when there wern't any people in the world, nor birds, nor trees, nor anything live, but small things like jelly-fish.

OLD MAN: I am afraid that will have to be for another day. You remember I have writing to do to-day.

EILEEN: No fear! At least it won't be when you'll explain it.

OLD MAN (*bewildered*): Tell you what I'm going to write! It's much too hard for you.

EILEEN: Oh, yes, Grandfather; but can't you tell us what you're going to write, and you'll write it finely after that.

OLD MAN (*passing his right hand over his forehead*): Well, it's this—(*COLM seats himself at the OLD MAN'S feet*)—I was trying to sum up the story of the rocks, to tell how the story has no ending, how rocks are forming beneath the sea to-day as the rocks now existing were formed thousands of thousands of years ago, and of how one day they, too, will rise above the sea, and the present rocks will be all eaten down by the weather; and I wanted to go back and say what a wonderful amount about the history of life of earth is hidden away in the rocks, how when we get down to the oldest rocks we find in them traces of only very few living things.

EILEEN: Things like jelly-fish?

OLD MAN: Yes; but some of them were probably only sea-weeds, you know.

COLM: Not ones like that? (*He draws up his big sea-weed closer to him.*)

OLD MAN: Oh, no. Shapeless little blobs of things.

EILEEN: Like jelly, you know, Colm.

OLD MAN: Yes. And then, as we come up along the rocks we find traces of more complicated types of life—shell-fish, and then fish with a back-bone, and ferns—

COLM: But ferns aren't alive, Grandfather!

OLD MAN: Well, they are growing, anyhow. . . . If you break them off from their roots they will wither and die, won't they?

COLM: Of course they will; I forgot. But they aren't alive like dogs and horses, sure, Grandfather?

OLD MAN: No; they have only a vegetable life, but dogs and horses have an animal life as well. . . . But to re-

turn to our story—then come lizards and birds and flowering plants, and finally four-footed things that walk the earth.

COLM : Dogs and horses, and all that?

OLD MAN : Well, yes. Not quite like the animals we have to-day, you know, but on the same plan. And there were huge land-animals as big as whales, but they are not in the world any longer.

EILEEN : Where are they gone to, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : They have died out.

COLM : Maybe they could not get enough to eat.

OLD MAN : Maybe.

COLM : And were they all there before the people came?

OLD MAN : Long, long before.

EILEEN : But mother read for us out of a book that when God made man that was the work of the sixth day, and a few days aren't such a terribly long time, are they, Grandfather?

OLD MAN (*placing his hand on the little girl's shoulder*) : That's just the point, child; they might be . . . thousands and thousands of years long . . . and, when you and Colm will be able to read the rocks, you will know that between the time when the first fishes swam in the sea and the time when the first people walked the earth thousands of thousands of years, as we count years, must have passed, maybe millions of years. . . . You see, it is only in quite recent rocks that any traces of man are found.

COLM : Did they find skeletons, Grandfather, like the one in Daddy's surgery?

OLD MAN : No, Colm. But they found chipped stones, and they knew it must be men that chipped them for weapons and tools.

EILEEN : Where did they find them, Grandfather?

OLD MAN : Oh, in Larne, near Belfast, and in lots of places. They found them in places that were formerly beaches and river-banks, and they know, by how high these beaches have now risen above the sea, or by how deep the rivers have cut from the former banks, that the men who made these weapons must have been there ages ago.

COLM : A thousand years ago?

OLD MAN : Aye, or ten thousand years ago, more likely.

(*Enter from above LUCY, wearing a simple lawn dress and rush sun-hat.*)

LUCY :       Hallo!

*(Both children jump up and run up the pathway to meet their mother. The OLD MAN greets her with a wave of the hand.)*

COLM and EILEEN : Hallo! Mother. *(They come down the pathway with her.)*

EILEEN :    Oh, Mother, Grandfather was telling us grand things.

LUCY *(running her fingers through EILEEN'S hair)* : Yes, you can tell us all about them at luncheon. Run home now, you and Colm. Daddy is home; and you'll tell him that Grandfather and I will be home after you. *(To the OLD MAN)* : Come, Grandfather, you must be tired writing by this.

EILEEN *(busily collecting her shells, stones, etc.)* : No, he isn't. He hasn't been writing at all. I found him here thinking terribly hard, and since then we have been talking, and we found out . . . oh! wonderful things.

LUCY :       Have you so?

EILEEN :     We have.

COLM *(flinging his sea-weed over his shoulder)* : Look, Mother, what I have got.

LUCY *(admiring the sea-weed)* : It's grand, Colm. Run off, now, both of you.

*(The children, carrying their separate burdens, disappear up the pathway.)*

OLD MAN : Come, Lucy, dear, help me up : my old bones are getting stiff.

*(LUCY helps the OLD MAN to rise.)*

LUCY *(affectionately)* : Father, you have sat too long. How has your work got on; or have the children bothered you?

OLD MAN *(leaning on LUCY'S arm)* : In a sense, Lucy, I have not worked at all; that is to say, I have written nothing. However, I think I have come to see things in better perspective, and I shall do better work now. As for the children, they have given me one of the happiest hours of my life.

LUCY :       Father, you always loved to teach.

OLD MAN : And I hope to die teaching.

*(Curtain falls.)*

# A Notable Document.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY FATHER  
BENEDICT XV. BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE, POPE, ON  
THE CELEBRATION OF THE SEVEN-HUNDREDTH  
ANNIVERSARY OF ST. DOMINIC'S BIRTH TO  
HEAVEN.

TO THE VENERABLE BRETHREN PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCH-  
BISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND OTHER ORDINARIES OF PLACES IN PEACE  
AND COMMUNION WITH THE HOLY SEE: BENEDICT PP. XV.

VENERABLE BRETHREN: HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

The seven-hundredth anniversary is at hand of the happy day on which that light of holiness, Dominic, passed from the misery of this world to the home of the blessed; and it is an exceeding joy to Us to have the opportunity of using the authority of this Apostolic See to urge upon Christian people the keeping of the memory of this most holy man. A joy to us, We say: for We have long been amongst the most devoted clients of this Saint, especially since the time We assumed the government of the church of Bologna,<sup>1</sup> where his relics are so reverently preserved. But while thus satisfying Our personal devotion, We feel that We are also fulfilling as it were a pressing duty of gratitude both to the Patriarchal Founder himself and to his noble Order. For Dominic was most truly, as his name implies, a man of God, and for that very reason altogether devoted to the holy Church, which has in him an invincible protagonist of the faith; and the Order of Preachers, founded by him, has ever been a notable bulwark of the Roman Church. So that not only *in his own day did Dominic strengthen the temple*, but he provided for the continuance of its defence. And the words of Honorius III.: *Believing that the Brethren of thine Order are coming champions of the faith and true lights of the world*: uttered when approving the Order, seem to have been prophetic.

Everyone knows that Jesus Christ employed no other means of

<sup>1</sup> Bologna is always associated with the Dominican Order. It was at Bologna that the first Chapter of the Order was held; it was there St. Dominic died; and to that city belongs the honour of guarding the relics of the Holy Patriarch. It was fitting, therefore, that the centenary festival should be celebrated in that ancient city. Representatives from every European Province of the Order were present. Four Cardinals and thirty bishops took part in the celebrations. Civic demonstrations were held. Processions took place. And it was a solemn moment indeed when from the heights of San Petronio the head of the Patriarch was raised in benediction over the city he loved so well.

extending the Kingdom of God, than the preaching of the Gospel : that is to say the living voice of His heralds announcing everywhere the doctrine of heaven. *Teach all nations*, He said. *Preach the Gospel to every creature*. So by the preaching of the Apostles, especially of St. Paul, followed by the teaching and method of the Fathers and Doctors, was effected the illumination of men's minds by the light of truth, and the love of all virtue was excited in their hearts. Exactly the same method Dominic employed for the salvation of souls. The programme he set himself and his children was this : *To give to others the fruits of contemplation: tradere aliis contemplata*; and that it might be effective, at the same time that he commanded the members of his Order dutifully to cherish poverty, innocence of life, and religious discipline, he laid upon them a sacred and solemn obligation to give themselves with zeal to the study of doctrine and the preaching of truth.

Now, three characteristics have shone in the preaching of the Dominicans : great solidity of doctrine, manifestation of perfect fidelity to the Apostolic See, and remarkable devotion to the Virgin Mother.

Dominic himself, although he had long felt he was destined to become a preacher, did not assume the office until after an intensive course of philosophy and theology at the University of Palencia, and until he had, by protracted study, so to say, assimilated the riches of Sacred Scripture, especially of St. Paul, under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Fathers.

The great utility of this knowledge of divine things became quite plain not long afterwards during his controversies with heretics. Although they brought to the attack upon the dogmas of Faith all the panoply of clever sophistry, it was marvellous with what energy he convinced and refuted them. This was the case especially in Toulouse, where all the most learned of his adversaries foregathered, the city indeed that was at the time considered the head and front of heresy. It is a matter of history that he and his first companions, powerful in work and word, offered an unbroken resistance to the insolence of the heretics; that in fact he not only restrained their violence, but so softened their hearts by his eloquent charity that an immense number of them came back to the bosom of Mother Church. God Himself gave evident proof of His approval of Dominic's struggle for the Faith : as on the occasion when he accepted the test, suggested by the heretics, that each side should cast its book into the fire. Dominic's book alone remained without scorch or harm; the others were burnt to ashes. Thus, thanks to him, Europe was delivered from the peril of the Albigensian heresy.

This same repute for solid doctrine he wished his sons also to enjoy. Consequently, scarce had the Order been approved by the

Apostolic See and the glorious title, Preachers, been confirmed to it, when he determined to found houses of his Religious as near as possible to the most celebrated seats of university studies. He had a double aim in doing so: to give his children greater facility for the cultivation of all kinds of learning, and to lead many students of the humanities to join the new organisation. So, from the very beginning, the Dominican Institute had doctrine as a characteristic mark; and its proper work and office, as it were, has ever been to apply a remedy to the multiform evil of error and diffuse the light of Christian faith—since the greatest obstacle to eternal salvation is ignorance of the truth combined with perverse opinions. It was not wonderful, then, that this new apostolic effort, resting on the doctrines of the Gospel and of the Fathers, and supported by a wealth of every kind of knowledge, should have attracted general attention and interest.

And indeed the very wisdom of God seemed to speak through the Dominicans when amongst them came to prominence those great preachers and defenders of Christian wisdom, Hyacinth the Pole, Peter Martyr, Vincent Ferrer; and men of outstanding ability and erudition of the highest kind like Albert the Great, or Raymund of Peñafort, or Thomas Aquinas—that greatest of Dominic's children by whom truly *God deigned to illuminate His Church*. So that though the Order had been always held in the highest esteem on account of its magistracy of truth, it reached the acme of its glory when the Church proclaimed the doctrine of Thomas to be its very own, and appointed the same Doctor, made honourable by the wonderful encomiums of Popes, master and patron of Catholic schools.

Closely united with this great zeal for the preservation and defence of the Faith was Dominic's absolute fidelity to the Apostolic See. So we are told that, casting himself at the feet of Innocent III., he vowed himself to the defence of the Roman Pontificate; and that, the following night, this same predecessor of Ours in a dream saw him strongly upholding on his shoulders the tottering mass of the Lateran Basilica. We know also, from historical records, that Dominic, at the same time that he was training the first members of his Order to Christian perfection, conceived the idea of forming, from amongst devoted and religious lay-folk, a kind of sacred militia who might both defend the Church's rights, and strenuously resist heresy. This was the beginning of the Dominican Third Order which, by popularising the principles of perfect life amongst seculars, was destined to lend beauty and strength to Mother Church.

Close union with this See has come to the children as an inheritance bequeathed by their Father and Lawgiver. So that wherever men's minds became infatuated with error, and the

Church was hard-set by unrest amongst the people or the hostility of Princes, this Apostolic See always received most opportune support from the members of the Dominican Order. Taking upon themselves the defence of Truth and Justice, they conserved the splendour of her authority. Everyone knows how gloriously the far-famed Dominicaness, Catherine of Siena, acted in circumstances of the kind. It was she, urged by the charity of Jesus Christ, who persuaded the Supreme Pontiff to return to his Roman See after an absence of seventy years: a result achieved amid incredible difficulties which none other had been able to surmount. Later again, it was she who held a vast number of Christian people firm in faith and loyalty to the lawful Pontiff when the Church was rent by the dreadful Schism of the West.

And in this connection, passing over other facts, mention must be made of this, that four Roman Pontiffs of great name were Dominicans. The last of them, Saint Pius V., rendered immortal service to State and Christendom. By persistent exhortations he brought Catholic Princes into an armed alliance with himself, and at the Kurzolari Islands he broke for ever the power of the Turks. Thereafter he ordained the title *Help of Christians* to be addressed to the Virgin Mother of God, by whose protection and aid (the victory had been won).

Herein is clearly indicated what We have termed the third characteristic of Dominican preaching: most zealous piety towards the great Mother of God. For it is related that the Pontiff learned by heavenly vision of the victory at Lepanto, and that it was obtained precisely at the time when throughout the world pious sodalities were asking it from Mary through the prayer of the most holy Rosary. That formula has been devised by the Father of the Preachers himself, and afterwards he had commissioned his children to propagate it far and wide. For Dominic loved the most blessed Virgin as a mother, and it was relying chiefly upon her patronage that he undertook his battle for the faith. And so, in his contests with the Albigenian heretics, who, though attacking other articles of Faith as well, directed their special insults against the divine maternity and virginity of Mary, Dominic would very often invoke the help of the Virgin Mother herself in his earnest defence of these holy dogmas, saying: "Make me worthy to praise thee, O Sacred Virgin; give me strength against thine enemies." With what close affection the Queen of Heaven treated her devoted servant is easily gathered from the fact that she made use of him to teach her Son's Spouse, the Church, the most holy Rosary: that mode of prayer which is performed by both voice and mind—the Lord's Prayer being repeated fifteen times, with as many decades of the *Ave Maria*, while the principal mysteries of religion are

being considered—and which is most suitable for feeding the people's piety and exciting them to every kind of virtue. Quite properly then did Dominic command his children, when preaching the Word of God to the people, often and earnestly to inculcate on the minds of their hearers the use of this form of prayer : the utility of which he knew so well by experience. For he realised, on the one hand, that Mary enjoys such power with her Divine Son that whatever graces He grants to men are conferred through her as minister and arbiter ; and, on the other, that she is so benign and tender of heart that, being accustomed to succour even the wretched who do not ask, she can in no wise withhold her help from those who do. The Church, therefore, which has constantly hailed her : Mother of Grace and Mother of Mercy : has always found her worthy of the title, especially when appealed to through the Rosary. And for this reason the Roman Pontiffs have never lost an opportunity of lavishing the highest praise on Mary's Rosary, and of enriching it with the treasures of Apostolic indulgences.

As you perceive, then, Venerable Brethren, the need of the Dominican Institute is not less now than at the time of its Founder. How many there are to-day deprived of the bread of life, that is, of heavenly doctrine, who are, so to say, starving to death ; how many, deceived by its semblance of truth, are turned from the Faith by myriad-formed error ! And if priests are fittingly to preach the Word of God to such according to their need, how zealous must they be for the salvation of their neighbour's soul, how well informed with solid knowledge of divine things ! Again, how many ungrateful and thoughtless children of the Church there are drawn away by ignorance or by ill-will from the Vicar of Jesus Christ ! These also must be brought back to the bosom of their common Father. How much we need the maternal patronage of Mary for the curing of these and all other kinds of evils in the world !

The Dominican Order, then, has an almost limitless field of most useful action for the common good. And consequently We most earnestly urge the members of it, on the occasion of this solemn centenary as it were, to renew their spirit after the example of their most holy Founder, and to strive to be daily more worthy of such a Father. His children of the First Order, as is proper, have first place in such progress, and they will henceforward devote themselves with all the greater alacrity to such preaching of the Divine Word as shall advance amongst men the knowledge and defence of Truth, together with fidelity to the successor of Blessed Peter and piety towards the Virgin Mother. But to the members of the Dominican Third Order also the Church looks for very great help, through their earnest effort to form themselves according to the spirit of their Patriarch by instructing the ignorant and untaught

amongst the people in the precepts of Christian doctrine. We wish and desire that there may be many such zealous Tertiaries: for this is a matter of the greatest importance for the good of souls. Finally, We desire the propagation of the Rosary of Mary everywhere amongst the Christian people to be a particular object of care to all the children of Dominic their Father. This We have urged, on occasion, following in the footsteps of our Predecessors, especially of Leo XIII. of happy memory; and most earnestly, now in these so difficult times, We renew the exhortation. If this be carried into effect successfully, We think that the celebrations of this centenary festival will have been very fruitful.

In the meantime as an augury of Divine blessings and Our own good-will, We lovingly impart the apostolic blessing to you, Venerable Brethren, and to your clergy and people.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, 29 June, the feast of the Princes  
Apostles, in the year 1921, the seventh of our Pontificate.

BENEDICT PP. XV.

# Coalescence of the Southern Slavs.

E. CHRISTITCH.

**F**ERMENTATION, inevitable forerunner of cohesion, still agitates the new State of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes brought together after centuries of separation during which they trod different paths in subjection to different masters. The contest for seniority is mainly between Serbs and Croats, with a slight leaning to the latter on the part of the Slovenes owing to common interests of creed. The Slovenes, however, have always been more enthusiastic for union with Serbia than the Croats, and do not now warmly advocate the system of particular autonomy for each branch of the race proposed by these. Slovenia never enjoyed independence in the past, and her first taste of national freedom came through Serbia's victories. Her people, the most highly-cultured and best organised of the Southern Slavs, have no wish to stand apart from their brothers, and if they have latterly supported Croatia's demands it is solely on religious grounds. They are fervent Catholics, and determined to preserve control of their educational methods, possibly threatened by Serbia's centralistic form of government. Dr. Korosec, leader of the Slovene People's Party, represents the intellect, statesmanship, and patriotism of the Slovenes, and he has hitherto maintained that close union with Serbia was necessary to the welfare of his people. Nevertheless, owing to certain measures inserted by the Serbian majority in the new Constitution, restricting free speech in the pulpits, he has engaged in the Croat agitation for local autonomy. While giving due credit to the name, fame, and deserts of the Serbs he recognises that legislation suitable for an Orthodox population cannot be accepted by Catholics to whom Faith is more than mere nationality. Susceptibility with regard to perfect religious freedom is certainly one of the causes why Croatia, after her long and bitter struggle under the Hapsburgs, hesitates to merge her existence in that of a strong element that may overwhelm her. Croatia fears to be deprived of the concessions she had won from Austria-Hungary, and to be made pay for new privileges not essential to her prosperity. It is hard to risk parting with treasures obtained by patient endurance, for the sake of participation in the modern advantages offered by a self-reliant, triumphant Serbia. Croatia bethinks herself a little late that the traditions and

separate history to which she clings would be better preserved by a form of alliance rather than union.

She would not see her history obliterated or minimised as it could well be in school-books issued from a "centralistic" bureau of education in Belgrade. While Croats accentuate the danger of Serbian predominance and insist on their distinctive rights, the Serbs complain bitterly of this want of trust on the part of brethren for whose emancipation they sacrificed so much and with whom they are prepared to share everything. They point out that the Croats, who deserted from the armies of the Central Powers to throw in their lot with the Serbs, were numerically very inferior to the Czecho-Slovaks who abandoned the Hapsburg banner for that of Russia, and that, nevertheless, Croat officers have been admitted to high posts in the present army. (A Croat Colonel recently presided at the presentation by a French Mission of the Croix de Guerre to the little town of Shabals which he, as holder of a high command in the Austrian army, had helped to destroy.) Many Croats only laid down their weapons at the last moment and gave allegiance to Yugoslavia when the Dual Empire was no more. Yet they get identical treatment with the Serbs who bled for the race and delivered it successively from Turks, Germans, and Hungarians.

Serbs, bent on fraternisation, forgive and welcome men whose guns were aimed at them in the Great War. When a Croat member of Parliament recently demanded in the Constituent Assembly that the years of service of officers formerly belonging to the Austro-Hungarian army should be reckoned in the allotment of pensions as if they had served in the Serbian army, there was a moment of awkward silence, but no protest! The provocation of that section of Croats which demands a little Republic of its own was met by the rally of a Pan-Serb group claiming incorporation of the Serbs of Banat, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro with Serbia proper, the Croats to be left severely outside to fend for themselves. Both recalcitrant parties have been condemned by their saner compatriots, prominent Croat politicians declaring that a small Croat Republic is Utopia while Serbian Cabinet Ministers decry the agitators for "Greater Serbia" as narrow-minded chauvinists not to be taken seriously.

"We want no super-Serbia," say these, "but we seek harmony with you, our brother-Croats. We need Croat collaboration in forming and consolidating our common kingdom, but that kingdom must be unified." Dr. Lubo Jovanovic exposed in the Constituent Assembly the objections of the great Radical Party to the Croat project of maintaining, with some corrections, six divisions of the State, each with political autonomy under one Executive. The divisions would be Slovenia, Serbia, Croatia, Montenegro, the Voyvo-

dina (Baranya, Banat, Backa), and Bosno-Herzegovina, including Dalmatia. The Serbs scattered all over these territories often in numerical preponderance would not acquiesce in separation from that Mother Serbia towards whom they have gravitated since she began to exist. Since the Croats, said the speaker, harped so much on creed, he would remark that to join Dalmatia, hitherto a historically separate entity, with Bosnia, where Orthodox Serbs are now in a majority, would make Bosnia a Catholic Province. "Dalmatia should rather belong to Catholic Styria and Carinthia, thus augmenting the province of Slovenia. But why should this eminently progressive land of Slovenes be detached from the rest of her fellow-Slavs? Again, if the proposed divisions were to be fixed on historical grounds the boundaries of Serbia and Montenegro would present grave difficulties, for they had been constantly changing as *okrug* (county) after *okrug* was wrenched from the Turk till the Cross soared definitely above the Crescent. Bosnia's frontiers, too, were often shifted, from the time when it became a mere Turkish *vilayet*, following the fortunes of the Ottoman Empire for which it was a rampart against attacks from south and west. Alone among these proposed six divisions Croatia had the status of a semi-independent Crown land of Austria-Hungary, but its retention now would involve a like concession for other regions where incipient Bolshevism exists that could not be met by a weak, local authority. Moreover, religious tolerance would scarcely be served by grouping the Catholic districts apart from the rest, thus following up Austria's policy of divisions according to religious confession. Even in Slovenia, the the most Catholic and most advanced part of the kingdom, there are already 'anti-clericals' of a rabid type, and dissensions occur that are best dealt with by a Central Government responsible to the entire country. But especially in Macedonia, where the Mahomedans had the upper hand for centuries, and the Christians are too keenly realising that the situation is reversed, there are discreditable attacks on life and property that demand a sterner, more impartial hand to repress than could be found in that home of oppression. Local autonomy for Macedonia would not bring cessation of revenge, and counter-revenge, but a continuance of the civil war inherited from Turkey. Mr. Jovanovic further maintained that the interests of Croat Catholics were safer in the hands of a Central Government in Belgrade than in those of a Communist or 'Liberal' Croat majority at home. Croatia did not return a Catholic majority at the elections for a Constituent Assembly, and the better elements were unhappily not agreed as to method and policy. The abstentionists, led by Radic, hindered Croatia's chance of success in Parliament. To force autonomy on a territory like Montenegro that had rejected it would be cruel as well as absurd. The 'free'

state of Montenegro, subventioned always by Russia, and sometimes by Austria, was but too happy to part with its politically corrupt dynasty, and its useless status of a kingdom, in order to join with Yugoslavia and improve its fortunes. Owing to the nature of its barren soil Montenegro could never fulfil the onerous responsibilities of independence. . . . In fine, the best practical solution of external and internal problems would be the mutuality inseparable from a Central Government drawn from a Parliamentary majority."

The Croats have many good arguments in reply. They insist on the diversity of historic developments, of cultural and economic conditions; they assert that too close fusion would mean for them retrogression since they are superior in culture, and that centralism may arouse social disturbance. There is already in Croatia great popular discontent. The Party leaders deny any tendency to separatism, but reiterate the general wish to maintain the administrative autonomy now in force. The religious element is particularly concerned for local control of education, subjection to a uniform curriculum for the entire kingdom under the direction of a strong executive in Belgrade implying the neglect of spiritual interests habitual to the Orthodox, but unacceptable to Catholics. Identical measures for widely varying districts, say the Croats, would complicate the work of assimilation and harmony. Indeed the new State would scarcely be viable if all its peoples were to be treated alike, so deep and so prolonged has been the estrangement. . . . The territories lately wrested by Serbia from the Turks are incapable of any but crude, tribal legislation, and will require decades devoted to experiment before one can attain the desired levelling-up. Therefore, although the Centralistic form of Government has been adopted by the Constituent Assembly, the Croats are determined to secure its modification, if not transformation, and are already mustering their forces for the next elections.

No exposition from outsiders can reveal the conflicting views of the lately reunited Yugo-Slavs so clearly as themselves, and we give here specimens of two different mentalities—one from the east and one from the west of the new State.

A peasant member of Parliament spoke as follows :—"After all you learned speakers I want my say as a dweller in the Shumadia forest land, heart of Serbia, whence went out as of old the most of us to battle and to death. The fighters did their duty. Are we here doing ours? We have quarrelled a great deal, especially our new members from across the Danube and the Sava have many disputes to settle among themselves. We all have freedom now, maybe more than is good for us. And we have too many geniuses. It cuts to the soul, after all we Serbs have suffered of hardship, exile and humiliation to be told by the Croats that we only brought them

trouble, when we know that there are national governments now in Zagreb, in Liubliana, in Bosnia and in Dalmatia, and that there are Croats in the Cabinet. After our victory at Tser in 1914 Austria offered us peace with Bosnia and Herzegovina thrown in, but we refused, for we were out to free the entire race in Croatia and Slovenia as well as in Bosnia. . . . Great praise was given to us then, but now our brothers are not satisfied. They ask to be let alone. . . . Now, can any of us stand safe alone? Serbia did, but at what a cost! This Constitution, I grant you, is not perfect. But neither is it a fixture. Let us accept it for want of another, free to amend it as it requires, and get on with the work. You say Serbia wants her own way, and you call it by an ugly foreign word—*hegemony*—that we've had to learn—but come and see five hundred Albanian families in the Jablan district content with us and settling and thriving. Yet these are not our own flesh and blood as are the Croats and Slovenes. What has the Serb soldier gained by the war? His field is no larger, his house no bigger. But he, too, is content, for he got what he fought for—liberty and union of his kith and kin. If you saw him, as I did, after battle sharing his bread and his water-bottle with the prisoners he took, you would not accuse him of '*hegemony*' or any evil thing. It puzzles me to see great men—doctors, lawyers, professors—speaking here in the name of the peasants, and in return for their votes promising them wonderful things. As for the Communists they are trying to be wiser than God, and than nature. We cannot give all men the same intelligence, and the same property, no more than we can make them of equal size. Thank God there are no more than two of us, peasants, who are with the Communists, and these two—we know them well—spent all their fathers left them and then said: 'We won't work for our living. We'll become Communists!' Now, brothers, however we may differ and grumble, we know well we could be nowhere better off than in this, our own State." Thus the Serb; but he meets with contradiction.

A Slovene recruit wrote to his people from Macedonia:—"We Slovenes are not happy in the army where our brother-Serbs feel quite at home. Not that they are better treated. On the contrary, more indulgence is shown to us and the Croats, for it is felt that we would be wounded to the heart by words and treatment the Serb takes as naturally as his daily loaf. His greatest joy is polishing and examining his gun, and he would be glad of war with the Italians! He can get rid of them, he says, as he did of the Turks and Germans. He was in rags after the war and found his home bare, but now he has a fine suit of uniform again, and he is delighted to serve his time in Slovenia, where the houses are so nice. With us here it is different. It is no improvement for us to be sent to

An amendment to the Army Bill in this sense introduced by the Croats was defeated by the Serb majority on the grounds that acquaintanceship between branches of the race was wholesome and conducive to more complete unity.



buřeac̣as lem ṭiarṃa.

Fonn: "Charley Over the Water."

173.

Burdeacar lem tiarna tá Dia againn mar fároa  
'S an grian geal a mátaire dár scoilbhéacé  
Réirfiré ir mairfiré an éiar bóet ro tárluis  
As iarraid na nglár ar an nó rin  
Dlaomaó ár mbriatara go diaáa eimis áluinn  
Le dianntule gláo úóú 'n-ár gcóiríe ipcis  
Caochrío ir pianfio an piart nuí' ár námao  
Do éiapann do érádaim rinn pa cómearcar.

174.

T'adonturap triallam fé reiaíarú an Áiríomú  
 Le mian mílir átarac áoirinn  
 Tá péir ir dá miaslaíca ciallmápa epáibteaca  
 O'iairíarú ásur o'áitream 'n-áir n-intinn  
 Trígeam an t-iairíma ouú oiaírac úo epáirú rinn  
 So bliadúntac 'ran ác ran an amúir  
 Séanam na rianúta le cianúa éim Sátan,  
 Mo éiac éruinnis táinte 'n-a tíméacall.

175.

Bíodó d'éiric agus miasaltaíocht go rial glan go fáiltíteach  
 i go ciallmair i gclár seail na riaríte  
 agus an t-éiríocht ro mo t-ádhair fé fíadaí an bháca

Dá scriatairt 'r dá scáible as daoite  
 Díot naomtaet so hiaibiread iadta 'n-ár scáile  
 Díot diaðaet 'n-ár bfaíde 'r 'n-ár laoithe  
 'S so réanmaí fét reiatad a Ciarna na Páire  
 Annpán mairpín so ráin rinn-na éoróde.

\* \* \*

Níl Saeóilg asainn ar uimhí a xvii. de rna conhrádaib reo: le bliadntaib 1419-1458 do baineadar, agus níl ann aet an t-aircnuagad oirta go Saxóearla. Seo uimhí a xviii. amtaé:

xviii.

As ro eiseact agus conhráð fleadta Meic Seadain re muintir Slatra .i. Taos ós Mac Tadais Meic Connéada, agus Taos Meic Lochlainn Meic Seain, agus Saob ingean Tairg Meic Donchaó agus Diarmada Mac Lochlainn, a lamha agus a litirí rin uile do beit as muintir Slatra, cum Baile 1 Slatra do beit as an muintir Slatra ro ann anoir .i. Domhnall Mac Donchaó Meic Domhnall Meic Diarmada 1 Slatra, agus Lochlainn ruad Meic Domhnall Meic Lochlainn 1 Slatra: agus oíadad air an rliocht ran Meic Seain a mbairantur agus a lamha agus a litirí do beit as muintir Slatra re noul a ccurt agus a ccomairle do cormaí a noucuir agus a ngill doib a mbaile 1 Slatra. Ata an oíead ro as rliocht Meic Seain ar muintir Slatra ro anoir: .xx. rsgilling anoir, agus do uinge ra bliaghain go ceann da bliaghain on eliaóain ro amac; agus oíadad ar muintir Slatra onoir bió agus éadad go hioncuibad do tabairt don tSliocht rin Meic Seain do reir a ccomair; agus oíadad ar rliocht Meic Seain beit tair don muintir rin: agus da tti oib ardon an Baile do fabail on muintir do beo as déanam eugcora oíra, o éionn da bliadain no tpi amac maí a deapfar Taos Ma Clanchaíde agus Matgámuin Mac Seain Meic Donchaó agus Ruairí Ó hleí don tSliocht ran Meic Seain ó muintir Slatra ó roim amac. Anno Dni 1493.

mire [  
 miri Diarmada Mac Lochlainn.  
 miri Taos Mac Lochlainn.  
 mire Saob ingin Tairg Meic Donchaó.

Ir ríad a bliaghain rin .i. Taos Ma Clanchaíde agus Ruairí Ó hleí, agus Matgámuin Meic Seain Meic Donchaó, agus na roinn fein .i. Sliocht Meic Seadain agus muintir Slatra .i. Domhnall Ó Slatra agus Lochlainn Ó Slatra agus Taos Ó Slatra.

\* \* \*

### tuiréam an duine bí.

Seatpín Céitinn do ceap de preib ar dótar Ceann tSáile, do shiolla a bí aise, darp ainm Siomon.

Mo shíadó fein tu agus fuat mo daoine  
 'S níl pát milleán do tabairt tpió dam

Sibé béalad éuaid pé 'óit aih  
 'S sup tu an té a bfuil ppéir mo éporde ann  
 Ní tréigfinn tu ari paróbbear raoſalta  
 Mar ní léir dam i ngné na ndaoine  
 Do leitéro-re in éhunn mar faoilin  
 Le féile, le péim ip le oílreacht  
 Ip tú an péirín ip daoine pan éipé reo  
 De paopéadabáid Saethil ſlaip ón Seicia  
 I léigean, i gcéill ſlam 'r i ngnomaid  
 Toip paopélan ſaé éinne do éio tú  
 Ip tu reabac na ruas ó bhuac bpióe  
 Mac na mná úo ó ſleann ſle  
 Le fear de uairle élan na mílro  
 A bfuil ruaircear a éuam pin tríoira  
 Uírlat óip i bpillín tríoira  
 Srian foillreac na Danba bpaonaige  
 Rialt na marone beip polup as éipige  
 Ip lias álunn i bpaínne mic píog tú  
 Ip tu an bappílat tug amanc ari éine daonna  
 Lóepann do faoite mo paomíac  
 I ródaib na héorpa 'r ſan baogal dóib  
 I ngleódaib nó fóp i n-ainríub  
 Ip tu an leóman bapíamail beóda bapópiógmar  
 An t-ós nác upíamác i n-am bpiugne  
 Mar Sampon ari naíroib an píp-Óia  
 Nó le heapreul as tearcaó na ndaopílaic  
 Nó mar Aieit náip b'annam i maódmair  
 Tá do mírneac marí Hector na Tpaóite  
 Do tearcaó pan bpiureac na laóepaó  
 As out in éaóan na mípmíroian ip dá noícéup  
 Samail ſe valta na epaóibe tú  
 Éupreac épaétnam i mbpaérób na míleac  
 Seiaé éopanta ip eócaip don éipé tú  
 Buacailt páipe ſan eagla ip nác pcaollmair  
 Ní pált a mbeápmair baogail tú  
 'S ní élaóirótar opt gleó le neapí daoine  
 Cómla beip eóluip do éipí tú  
 In ſaé pógluim i bpióp ip i laóiríreac  
 Ip ſan dóbpaím a peólar tu an caolpéann  
 I ſeó éeapí i ſeómdac 'n-á línib  
 Ip do cómpa mar ptoípmil na maóóbeac  
 Nó mar Óbri ba beolbinn i bpaóillte  
 Éuaid t'pógluim ſo móp op cionn mílte  
 Marí Hómer, marí Hópace ip marí Cicepo  
 Tá do úireac-ra marí Abpaíom a pímiac  
 Nó marí Páip a v'agall mac Ppíme  
 Míop maipíge Naprípur nó Naóipe  
 Ná pcaipape an éapíult ip aóibne  
 ſan aipup ip amla a paóileam  
 ſo bfuil bantpaéct na Danba i noíombair  
 Ceal a ſeéille marí éanaib ſo pcaollmair

aS éad le n-a céile pám laogha  
 Mar Déimpe éuaró i gcefé pó n-a caomítead  
 nó mar fearbha pó Cearbhall éuaró fi lios  
 Dá bfaicirí Helen nó Aoipe tu  
 Policréna n-a réim-taire taobgíl  
 nó céile Darriménur an éaomíthead  
 nó rpéirbean Pilotéta náir daopaó  
 Ní féirir a gcéarfaó ná clonfaó  
 Fó mo tréimfeair geir rpéir ó gac aomnead  
 Dá bpeácainn a déaggnúir 'r a gnioma  
 Mar naé léir dóibrean éanloét dá taob ro  
 Ir tu reiat na mboét, ir a roét go rcaoirir  
 Ir loingreóir mapa tu, ir dommial cpiónna,  
 Ir dóig linn uile ir tu an gibeapnóir oilir  
 Ir sup reóita an bpeacthaóir peanna agur míor' tu  
 Ir fóir supab aithe óuit tallann luét oligte  
 Sealgaire gadair tu, peabac ir lionta  
 Taiboeóir linne tu, ir file 'r ir tpaai tu  
 Ir peataóóir dian ar fliab mar gaoit tu  
 Ir fiannuirde 'r ir cliapurde fíor tu  
 Do glóir ir binne ná reimm luét ríte  
 Ir go fóill ar bpiannaib do pámail níor pfiotaó  
 O'aimídeóin gac deacair cliotaca ir tu an cionáó  
 Do móirpial eagna san meapairde san tpaocaó  
 Ar plóigte bponnaó na tonna den fíon uairó  
 Óir ir eallac ir fearann san daoirpe  
 aS nóócur ammirib fóllaib le maomib  
 Ir númín ir enú cporde gac pfozan tu  
 Bí do gaol le gac réim ran pítreib  
 De fíol éirir, éipeamóin, ir ípe tu  
 Dar gaib traigíteada taobglan  
 Do clanna Déagair ba feaó tu pia pin  
 Ir le gaillean fá Oilil ba róoean  
 Ir in Ularó le cupairib na Cpaioib  
 Do bappuig ar tpeadairib mic Mílró  
 Tá do páirt-re le párlclanna Daoirpe  
 le clanna Móina [ba éróda] i maorímaib  
 Mácair cozaó le hopaó tpaé ir mian leat  
 i ngac áro aS rárbuireaó ríte  
 Upla bog fi élogaó éipe  
 Éadan seal ar daé na bpaioileann  
 Mala feang mar peann a reirfoaó  
 Ir do fúile gojma peamra píglar  
 Do leaca mar íneacáta dá díonóur  
 Do ghuat garta mar lapair na gíre  
 Ir a síle mar éuille aS teacé tpió é  
 Ir do béal deap naé bpeagac faoi pin  
 Do déao éailce ar gne cloicé caoine  
 Do munéat fá éoiléar 'en tríoda  
 Do ghala seal ir deap fé píce  
 Do lám láirir naé cláit i mbuirímb

'S ir ðaingne fôr 'nâ cappaig ðá ðianrcup  
 Ð æamla in am na ðwaigne  
 Uaitne iorðala an meannam ðion ðu  
 Ir tu ir finne ir gile 'r ir raoine  
 Com feang cuparð a ðumur nâ claoiðtar  
 Cor lútmar ó fíubalta na geioð ðu  
 Ðr a mbionn tpuðar ðen ðéirpe ir ðaoira  
 Ðo ðolpa ðéanta ðear ðípeað  
 Ir tpoig ðarðeapir na páile caoile  
 Ðo ðeann ðán mar ðlæt na cpaoidhe  
 Tpat ðéirð tu amac ðr eacra ðioðla  
 Ðeir tu cpeað ir ðleact na míoð leat  
 Ó Ðlpa a mbionn pneaçta ðr a geioða  
 So Cinn ðeapa mðpeactain 'r go nñle  
 'N-a mðarcalð ðan ðarçað ðeir a geior leat  
 Cum an ðaile mar pçairpear tu an maoim rin  
 Ðr feapraib ir ðr ðanðail ðo ðwíurðne  
 Tis tu irpeað tar éir na ngníom pan  
 Suirðir go pocair i geoçrom ðo ðwíurðne  
 Ir ionmáim leat ðiað mar ðeoç, ir ðaoine,  
 Ceól ptoç ceól cpoç ir ceól píte  
 Mo ðpáð féim tu agur fuat mo ðaoine.

\* \* \*

Ir léir ður að maðað fé Ðimon a ðí Céitinn, agur ður fé ðeirtinear  
 ðo pçioðað an iapraçt pan, agur ir fupir an pçéal a tuigrinc má'r  
 fíor ður pçpaðam a ðual an giolla agur ður ð'amla ður fé ðípeaçað  
 ðr a máigirtir na linte rin ðo pçioð láitpeað bonn ðr an látar ina  
 paðaðar .i. ðr an mbótar a ðabann ó Corpaig go Cionn tSáile. Tpi  
 çóibeanna ðen iapraçt atá agam .i. ceann ar pçanteaðar (ðe ðliaðam  
 1637) atá að Enri Ó Muirgeapa, ceann ar an R.I.A., agur ceann a  
 fuairpear i leaðarðann iolrcoile Cambriuge poinnt ðliaðnta ó foin.  
 Níl éinçeann aca iomlán, agur píðé an cpoç ir feapir féaðar a ður ðr  
 an obair ar pçað. Ðurð móir an éaðáil é çóib iomlán ðen pçíðinn ðo  
 ðualað umáinn.

\* \* \*

Ðí çeapaithe agam panna píliðeacta ðar çear Þáopaig Ðuincin, ðo  
 çur annpo ðen iapraçt po, açt ní fúláir an pçéal ðo çur ar çáirðe  
 go ceann míoira. Táll i Manáinn ðo çear fé na panna pan agur ní  
 ðóçá ður cumað a leitçíro eile ann poinne rin ná ó foin.

\* \* \*

Ir móir an pçéal að Saeðhlæsið é an Ðiobla ðo ðeirt að ðul fé  
 çló i nSaeðhlæ an Ðtar Peaðar Ó Laoðaire, ðeannaçt Ðé le n-a  
 anam. Tá ðaoine ann go paib árpomear aca ðr an Ðtar Peaðar açt  
 ir lað é a meap ðr an mÐiobla nuair naç çló Rómánaç a ðeirð ar.  
 Tá paçapir maít inpan iaptar aouðapir tamall ó foin ður ðeir  
 Rómánaçair a ðí agáinn. An Tiomna Nuat ir ead a tiocpáð ar  
 otúir.

píacra éilæað.

# Books and Books.

Juliana Horatia Ewing

And Her Books.

*(Concluded.)*

MOIRA WINN.

The Grey Goose remembered quite well the year that Jackanapes began to walk. In was the year the speckled hen hatched out that downy, yellow little chick with the monstrous big nose and feet, who displayed such a strange, persistent inclination to play in the pond. "It was off one day as usual, when the postman, going to deliver a letter at Miss Jessamine's door, was nearly knocked over by the good lady herself, who, bursting out of the house with her cap just off and her bonnet just not on, fell into his arms, crying, 'Baby! Baby! Jackanapes! Jackanapes!' If the postman loved anything on earth, he loved the Captain's yellow-haired child; so propping Miss Jessamine against her own doorpost, he followed the direction of her trembling fingers and made for the Green. Jackanapes had had the start of the postman by nearly ten minutes. The world—the round, green world with an oak tree on it—was just becoming very interesting to him. He had tried, vigorously, but ineffectually, to mount a passing pig the last time he was taken out walking; but then he was encumbered with a nurse. Now he was his own master, and might, by courage and energy, become the master of that delightful downy, dumpy, yellow thing that was bobbing along over the green grass in front of him. Forward! Charge! He aimed well and grabbed it, but only to feel the delicious downiness slipping through his fingers as he fell upon his face. 'Quawk,' said the yellow thing, and wobbled off sideways. At the pond the postman found them both, one yellow thing rocking safely on the ripples that lie beyond duck-weed, and the other washing his draggled frock with tears, because he, too, had tried to sit upon the pond, and it wouldn't hold him."

Jackanapes had just been put into suits, when rambling out by himself one day, he was knocked over by the Gipsy's son riding the Gipsy's red-haired pony at break-neck pace across the common. Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse, except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble,

feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind! The Gipsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride. "Do you mean to kill the little, fine gentleman and swing us all on the gibbet, you rascal?" screamed the Gipsy-mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off. "He would get on," replied her son; "it'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoa-nut." But Jackanapes did not fall. Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gipsy-boy cried, "Lollo." Round went the pony so unceremoniously, that, with as little ceremony, Jackanapes clung to his neck, and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped at the place where they had started. "Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane. "Yes." "What does Lollo mean?" "Red." "Is Lollo your pony?" "No; my father's"—and the Gipsy-boy led Lollo away. At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gipsy father smoking a dirty pipe. "Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes. "He's a very nice one." "He's a racer!" "You don't want to sell him, do you?" "£15," said the Gipsy; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

A few days later Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She was a good deal agitated as she told him that his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green and that he must be on his very best behaviour during the visit. If it had been feasible to leave off calling him Jackanapes and to get used to his baptismal name of Theodore before the day after to-morrow (when the General was due) it would have been satisfactory. But Miss Jessamine feared it would be impossible in practice, and she had scruples about it on principle; it would not seem quite truthful, although she had always most fully intended that he should be called Theodore when he had outgrown the ridiculous appropriateness of his nick-name. The fact was that he had not outgrown it, but he must take care to remember who was meant when his grandfather said Theodore. "You are a good boy, Jackanapes. Thank God I can tell your grandfather that. An obedient boy, an honourable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are—in short, you *are* a boy, Jackanapes. And I hope that the General knows that boys will be boys!"

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, to look over his Catechism, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep that hair of his smooth—"It's the wind that blows it, Auntie,"

said Jackanapes. "I'll send by the coach for some bear's grease," said Miss Jessamine, tying a knot in her pocket-handkerchief)—not to burst in at the parlour-door, not to talk at the top of his voice, not to crumple his Sunday frill, and to sit quite quiet during the sermon, to be sure to say "Sir" to the General, to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat, and to bring his lesson-books to his aunt at once that she might iron down the dog's-ears.

The General arrived, and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes' hair was as wild as usual, for the hairdresser had no bear's grease left. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather and disposed to talk confidentially with him.

"Monstrous pretty place this," said the General, looking out on to the Green.

"You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes.

"Fine time that, eh?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his yellow mop. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said; "I had so much money." "By George, it's not a common complaint in these hard times. How much had you?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling Auntie gave me, and elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman—sir," added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And how did you spend it—sir," enquired the General. Jackanapes spread his ten fingers on the arms of his chair and shut his eyes, that he might count the more conscientiously. "Watch-stand for Auntie, threepence; trumpet for myself, twopence—that's fivepence. Ginger-nuts for Tony, twopence; and a mug with a Grenadier on for the postman, fourpence—that's elevenpence. Shooting-gallery, a penny—that's a shilling. Giddy-go-round, a penny—that's one and a penny. Treating Tony, one and twopence. Flying-boats (Tony paid for himself), a penny—one and threepence. Shooting-gallery again—one and fourpence. Fat Woman, a penny—one and fivepence. Giddy-go-round again—one and sixpence. Shooting-gallery—one and sevenpence. Treating Tony, and then he wouldn't shoot, so I did—one and eightpence. Living Skeleton, a penny—no, Tony treated me, the Living Skeleton doesn't count. Skittles, a penny—one and ninepence. Mermaid (but when we got inside she was dead), a penny—one and tenpence. Theatre, a penny (Priscilla Partington, or the Green Lane Murder)—that's one and elevenpence. Ginger-beer, a penny (I was so thirsty!)—two shillings. And then the Shooting-gallery man gave me a turn for nothing, because he said I was a real gentleman and spent my money like a man."

"So you do, sir. So you do," cried the General. "Why, sir,

you spend it like a Prince. And now, I suppose, you've not got a penny in your pocket."

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes. "Two pennies;" and he jingled them.

"You don't want money except at Fair times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his mop. "If I could have as much as I want I should know what to buy." "And how much do you want, if you could get it?" "Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't; borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen and—what did I tell you to remember?" "Ten," said the General.

"£14 19s. 10d. is what I want."

"Bless my soul, what for?"

"To buy Lollo with—Lollo means red, sir. The Gipsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he is beautiful! You should see his coat! You should see his mane! You should see his tail. Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gipsy wants £15 for him."

"If he's a racer you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No—o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

The next day Lollo became his, and years afterwards another Lollo, named after his friend, carried him in the charge in which, attempting to rescue his comrade, he received a fatal wound.

In 1877, the Ewings were ordered north, first to Manchester and then to York. There Julie wrote the first part of "We and the World." Hardly had she finished the decoration of her little house at Fulford, and laid out her garden with all the love and skill which she invariably brought to the pleasant task, when the Major was ordered to Malta at very short notice, and she was left to pack up her household treasures once more.

When she reached Paris on her way to join him, she became so alarmingly ill, that her sister brought her back to England to consult Sir William Jenner. He, seeing the disastrous effect that travelling had upon her, forbade her to start again for several months. She expected that when her husband came home on leave at Christmas, 1879, she would be able to return with him, but it proved otherwise. She hoped against hope, as time went on, that she would become stronger and able to follow her Lares and Penates, until a final end was put to her hopes by Major Ewing being sent on from Malta to Ceylon, and the doctors declared it would be impossible for her to live in the climate of the latter

place. She was somewhat consoled in the latter trial of this long separation by her husband's unusual ability as a vivid and brilliant letter-writer. During this time of constant weakness and suffering she contributed many stories to "Aunt Judy's Magazine," dictating them when she was physically incapable of writing; among them were "Daddy Darwin's Dovecote," "Brothers of Pity," and "Jackanapes." In 1883, Major Ewing returned home from Ceylon and was stationed at Taunton. This change brought much comfort and happiness into his wife's life. She once more had a pretty home of her own, and not only a home, but a garden. When the Ewings took their house and named it Villa Ponente, from its aspect towards the setting sun, the garden was a potato patch with soil chiefly composed of builder's rubbish, but they soon began to accumulate flowers in the borders, chiefly herbaceous ones.

Here Mrs. Ewing wrote "Mary's Meadow" and her latest literary work, "Letters from a Little Garden," in both of which her great fondness for flowers is specially apparent. She writes of them with the accuracy of a scientific observer, and with a poetic feeling characteristic of the true flower lover. "There are splendid lords and ladies in the hedges of Mary's Meadow. I can never make up my mind when I like them best. In April and May, when they have smooth, plum-coloured coats and pale-green cowls, and push up out of last year's dry leaves; or in August and September, when their hoods have fallen away, and their red berries shine through the dusty grass, and nettles that have been growing up round them all the summer out of the ditch."

Her verse and maxims for use in gardening bespeak the thorough sympathy she had with plants and plant lovers. "Cut a rose for your neighbour and it will tell two buds to blossom for you." "If you are planting roses, spread out their rootlets very tenderly. You will reap the reward of your gentleness in flowers. Rose roots don't like being squeezed." "What, dear little friend, must be the February feelings of the owner of a 'Little Garden,' knowing as we do, every plant and its place, having taken just pride in its summer bloom—having preserved this by cares and trimmings and proppings to a picturesque and florid autumn—having tidied it up and put a little something comforting round it when bloom and outline were absolutely no more—what must we feel when we first detect the ruddy young shoots of our favourite peonies, or perceive that the brown old hepaticas have become green and young again and are full of flower buds?"

"Listen to me

If you want to be

Everyone of you very good

In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood.  
Whatever you pluck,  
Leave some for good luck;  
Picked from the stalk or pulled up by the root,  
From overhead, or from underfoot,  
Water wonders of pond or brook;  
Wherever you look  
And whatever you find  
Leave something behind:  
Some for the Naiads,  
Some for the Dryads,  
And a bit for the Nixies  
And the Pixies."

How sorely tried such a lover of plants and "little gardens" must have been in her life as an officer's wife, sent from post to post, at having to break up her home, leaving many little gardens just started. One of her loveliest short stories is "Ladders to Heaven," an old name for lilies of the valley. "There was a certain valley in which the grass was very green, for it was watered by a stream which never failed; and once upon a time certain pious men withdrew from the wide world, and from their separate homes, and made a home in common and a little world for themselves in the valley where the grass was green. The world outside, in those days, was very rough and full of wars; but the little world in the green valley was quiet and full of peace. And most of these men, who had taken each other for brothers, were happy and, being good, deserved to be so. And some of them were good with the ignorant innocence of children, and there were others who had washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

Brother Benedict was so named because where he came blessings followed. This was said of him from a child, when the babies stopped crying if he ran up to them, and when on the darkest days old women could see sunbeams playing in his hair. He had always been fond of flowers, and as there were not many things in the brotherhood of the Green Valley on which a man could full-spend his energies, when prayers were said and duties done, Brother Benedict spent the balance of his upon the garden. And he grew herbs for healing, and plants that were good for food, and flowers that were only pleasant to the eyes; and where he sowed he reaped, and what he planted prospered, as if blessings followed him. In time the fame of his flowers spread beyond the valley and people from the world outside sent to beg plants and seeds of him, and sent him others in return. And he kept a roll of the plants he possessed, and the list grew longer with every autumn and every spring; so

that the garden of the Monastery became filled with rare and curious things, in which Brother Benedict took great pride.

The day came when he thought that he took too much pride. "For," he said, "the cares of the garden are, after all, the cares of this world, and I have set my affections on things of the earth."

And at last it so troubled him that he obtained leave to make a pilgrimage to the cell of an old hermit, whose wisdom was much esteemed, and to him he told his fears. But when Brother Benedict had ended his tale the old man said, "Go in peace. What a man labours for he must love, if he be made in the image of his Maker; for he rejoices in the works of his hands." So Brother Benedict returned and his conscience was at ease until the autumn, when a certain Abbot, who spent much care and pains upon his garden, was on a journey, and rested at the Monastery of the Green Valley. And it appeared that he had more things in his garden than Brother Benedict, for the Abbey was very rich, and he had collected far and near. And Brother Benedict was jealous for the garden of the Monastery, and then he was wrath with himself for his jealousy; and when the Abbot had gone he obtained leave and made a pilgrimage to the cell of the hermit and told him all, and the hermit, looking at him, loved him and said: "What said Augustine? 'Love, and do what thou wilt! if therefore thy labours and thy pride be for others and not for thyself, have no fear. He who lives for God and for his neighbours may forget his own soul in safety and shall find it hereafter; for, for such a spirit—of the toils and pains and pleasures of this life grace shall alike build ladders unto Heaven!'"

Then Benedict bowed his head and departed, and when he reached home he found a messenger who had ridden for many days, and who brought him a bundle of roots and a written message, which ran thus:

"These roots, though common with us, are unknown where thou dwellest. It is a lily, as white and as fragrant as the Lily of the Annunciation, but much smaller. Beautiful as it is, it is hardy, and if planted in a damp spot and left undisturbed it will spread and flourish like a weed. It hath a rare and delicate perfume and, having white bells on many foot-stalks up the stem, one above the other, as the angels stood in Jacob's dream, the common children call it Ladders to Heaven."

When Brother Benedict read the first part of the letter he laughed hastily, and said: "The Abbot hath no such lily." But when he had finished it, he said: "God rid my soul of self-seeking! The common children shall have them and not I." And seizing the plants and a spade, he ran out beyond the bounds of the Monastery, and down into a little copse where the earth was

kept damp by the waters of the stream which never failed. And there he planted the root : and as he turned to go away he said : " The blessing of our Maker rest on thee ! And give joy of thy loveliness and pleasure of thy perfume to others, when I am gone, and let him who enjoys remember the soul of him who planted thee." And he covered his face with his hands, and went back to the Monastery. And he did not enter the new plant upon his roll, for he had no such lily in his garden.

Brother Benedict's soul had long departed, when in times of turbulence and change the Monastery was destroyed, and between fire and plunder and reckless destruction everything perished, and even the garden was laid waste. But no one touched the Lilies of the Valley in the copse below, for they were so common that they were looked upon as weeds. And though nothing remained of the Brotherhood but old tales, these lingered and were handed on ; and when the children played with the lilies and bickered over them, crying, " My ladder has twelve white angels and yours has only eight," they would often call them Brother Benedict flowers, adding, " But the real, right name of them is Ladders to Heaven."

And after a time a new race came into the Green Valley and filled it ; and the stream which never failed turned green wheels, and trades were brisk, and they were what are called black trades. And men made money soon, and spent it soon, and died soon ; and in the time between each lived for himself and had little reverence for those who were gone and less concern for those who should come after. And at first they were too busy to care for what is only beautiful, but after a time they built smart houses and made gardens, and went down into the copse and tore up clumps of Brother Benedict's flowers, and planted them in exposed rockeries, and in pots in dry, hot parlours, where they died, and then the good folk went back for more ; and no one reckoned if he was taking more than his fair share, or studied the culture of what he took away, or took the pains to cover the roots of those he left behind ; and in three years there was not left a Ladder to Heaven in all the Green Valley.

The Green Valley had long been called the Black Valley when those who laboured and grew rich in it awoke—as man must sooner or later awake—to the needs of the spirit above the flesh. They were a race famed for music, and they became more so. The love of beauty also grew and was cultivated, and in time there were finer flowers blossoming in that smoky air than under many brighter skies. With the earnings of their grimy trades they built a fine church, and adorned it more richly than the old church of the monastery, that had been destroyed. The person who served this church and this people was as well beloved by them as Brother

Benedict had been in his day—it was in striving to link their minds with sympathies of the past, as well as hopes of the future, that one day he told them the legend of the Ladders to Heaven. A few days afterwards he was wandering near the stream, when he saw two or three lads with grimy faces busily at work in the wood. At first when he came suddenly upon them, they looked shyly at one another, and at last one stood up and spoke. “It’s a few lily roots, sir, we got in the market, and we’re planting them; and two or three of us have set ourselves to watch that they are not shifted till they’ve settled. Maybe we shall, none of us, see them fair wild here again, any more than Brother Benedict did. But maybe we can take a pride in thinking that they’ll blow for other folk and other folk’s children when we are gone.”

A story which Mrs. Ewing had hoped to write was the “Guild of Merchant Venturers of Bristol.” She had visited their quaint Hall and collected a good deal of historical information and local colouring for the tale, and its lesson would have been one on mercantile honour; but increased illness and suffering intervened, and on the 13th May, 1885, she entered into rest. Three days later she was buried in the churchyard of Trull, near Taunton, in a grave literally lined with moss and flowers; so many floral wreaths and crosses were sent from all parts of England that they entirely covered the grave, and her first sleep in mother earth was under a coverlet of fragrant white blossoms.

*Reviews and List of Books held over this month for want of space.—ED.*

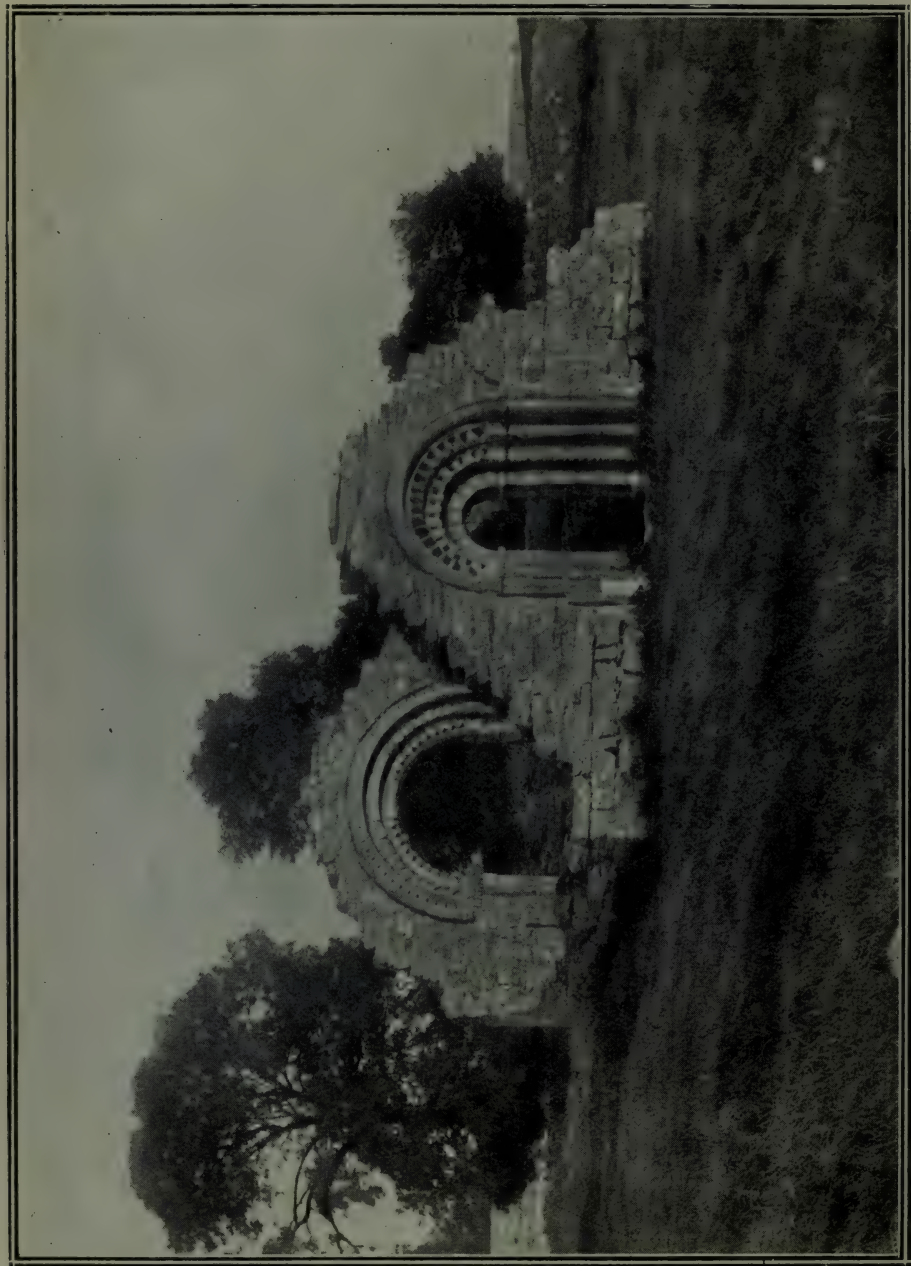
## DEDICATION.

Oh! Land of Sorrows, girt with stormy seas  
Have you no pity for the hearts you break?  
Must they who love you tread the lonely way  
Of spirit isolation, pilgrims all  
Whose souls, attuned to mystic music, share  
The age-old secrets of the silent hills  
Yet wander deaf to voices of their kind?

Oh! Ireland, Sovereign in your poverty  
Have you no trophy for your servitors  
Save only this—self-beggared for your sake  
To roam the windswept spaces of the skies,  
Hear fairy laughter, catch the rainbow's gleam  
And know the wherefore of the wild swan's flight?

Oh! Lonely Hostage in the hands of Fate,  
Take you my life, and use it as you will;  
My guerdon this—that I may see the light  
That glistens on your silver robe of dreams  
And hear your footfall down Time's corridors,  
When I, in some forgotten grave shall rest  
Where guardian pines hold converse with the stars.

Mabel B. Willison.



NUN'S CHURCH, CLONMACNOISE.

# Topics of the Month.

## IRELAND AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

### I. THE TWO GREAT QUESTIONS.

NOT merely in Catholic circles, but in the affairs of the world generally, the Session of the American Bishops has bulked as a big event. They considered the two great questions of the day, Ireland and Disarmament. Placed thus side by side, these two issues—although diplomatically separate—were shown to humanity in their proper light. As the French say, this will kill that. Trouble in Ireland means danger to the world at large. If the Irish race throughout five continents is in a state of resentment the great nations of the earth will not find their interests sufficiently secure to lay aside the fatiguing weight of their arms. To this extent is Might on the Side of Right—Ireland can make or mar the prospects of an international treaty that would enable the two dominant Powers of civilisation to regard each other without distrust. No settlement in Ireland, no international disarmament.

Such is the position in a nut-shell. And the consequences of a failure to bring about a reduction of armaments are easy to forecast. The competition in naval construction would be feverishly pursued till the war point is reached. Britain and America, vying for sea power, would drift into conflict at an early date.

The problem of her food supply during such a struggle has made this subject of disarmament a vital

one for Britain. Largely fed by America, she wisely sees that an enemy who could use the starvation weapon against her is terribly formidable, and she well perceives that friendship is a safer policy than rivalry. But the friendship of America cannot be reliably obtained till the Irish are conciliated.

Historians will reveal at a future time how potently these facts have contributed to the calling of a truce in Ireland and the holding of an Irish Peace Conference. The establishment of permanent peace in Ireland would be the strongest factor in England's favour at Washington later on.

### II. SINCERITY MEANS SUCCESS.

Disarmament, we know, has become an international necessity. Without it the world has no outlook but bankruptcy and strife. Arms are the outward sign of the suspicion with which the nations regard each other. They cannot be laid aside unless a fairly solid foundation of mutual trustfulness is brought into being. The Irish race, so widely spread across the earth and so active politically, can be either an adhesive or an explosive. It can bind and it can shatter. A contented Ireland is the first condition of a close Anglo-American understanding.

The Irish people earnestly hope that the Washington deliberations will not be barren. The first suggestion as to disarmament came from the Pope, and every Catholic heart has responded to his yearning to have the crushing burden of arms

removed from the shoulders of tottering mankind. But the sole possibility of dispensing with arms is to supplant them by honesty and justice. Force can be got rid of only by an acknowledgment of Right.

If England enters the Washington Conference with a charter of Irish liberty as her credential, she will give a proof of sincerity that will smooth her path towards a peaceful arrangement with what is now the richest and strongest Power in existence. On the other hand, an

Ireland in chains will be as a warning that Albion is still perfidious. The Disarmament Conference will become a simulacrum and a sham.

Ireland devoutly wishes that her cause may make sufficient progress in the next few weeks to admit of the Disarmament delegates assembling with rosy prospects. She prays for a hastening of that era of peace and good-will for which, in the words of the American Bishops, "the stricken peoples of the earth hope and pray and labour."

## PRIEST AS INDUSTRY REVIVER.

### I. FATHER CONEFREY'S EXPERIMENT.

AMONG the many important addresses at the Catholic Truth Conference that of Father F. Conefrey, C.C., was particularly interesting. Father Conefrey is one of those rare human beings who can make a dream come true. For two decades people have been talking of the need for establishing rural industries. Suddenly a curate in an out-of-the-way village lifts the proposition out of the realms of talk and makes it a reality.

Father Conefrey has started cottage industries where there was neither nucleus nor tradition to work on. First he had to train himself into some knowledge of the problem, for he knew nothing of its technicalities. Next he had to see what industries would be suitable and what persons would be best for the experiment at the outset. Then he had to get the appliances—had even to get them specially made.

This very practical organiser was not discouraged by the trouble, nor frightened by the novelty of his venture. He carried the plan to realisation. And now he has the satisfaction of seeing a flourishing little group of home industries that have aroused curiosity in America

and that are prompting imitation in other parts of Ireland.

His own absorbing story of the industrial revival in the village of Killoe deserves to be read throughout the land. He settled on flax and woollen work as most likely to take root, as there was a lingering memory of them among the old people of the district. He managed to discover three wheelwrights in the North who could make wheels of the old sort. It is noteworthy that many persons were glad of the chance to buy them and commence working. So the first phase of the priest's effort was successfully accomplished.

A little while was enough to prove that the undertaking had practical possibilities. Thereupon Father Conefrey arranged an exhibition of spinning and of manufactured articles "as an object lesson for the benefit of the young." The display was made at an athletic sports meeting. The prize was a new spinning-wheel. The objects exhibited were socks, stockings, gloves, scarfs, caps, vests, and so on.

At this point the pioneer thought it time to develop the flax idea, seeing that the wool venture had done so well. Flax is a highly technical industry, and it will be instructive to watch Father Conefrey's progress

with it. One has the hopeful impression that he is a man who puts his hand to the plough wholeheartedly.

## II. WELL DONE.

A significant passage in Father Conefrey's remarks was that in which he related how he first came to feel the urgency of providing some industrial occupation for the country people. The poverty and helplessness of the rural population at one time gave him the notion—which has occurred to so many of us—that emigration was not as great an evil as it was reported to be. It enabled people who had no future to reach a land of opportunity. Later on he saw New York and passed through the Irish quarter there. He beheld Irish emigrants who were just as poor and ill-dressed as when they were in Ireland. Their lot in

the States was a hard one, for strangers have always to face the roughest work. And there were elements of degradation in their lives which would have been avoided had they stayed at home.

By emigrating they had not bettered themselves, morally or materially. Peasants at the outset, they lacked for the most part the education and skill which are necessary to open the door to easy success in a strange country.

Reflecting on what he had seen, Father Conefrey admitted that those who condemned emigration were right. "The only way to stop this evil," he said, "is to establish industries in the countryside." He has not contented himself with merely saying so. He has done something—he has done much. And his example may well be followed.

# SONS OF ST. FRANCIS.

## I. MERCHANT'S QUAY.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Franciscan Orders in Dublin on the fitting celebrations of the Seventh Centenary of the Third Order. The Franciscan Friars have had association with the City for a period that stretches back into the mists of history. They flourished in the Irish capital in the Catholic Age that preceded the so-called "Reformation." When Henry the Eighth set out to rob the monasteries, they in Dublin were among the first sufferers. Later, in the full tide of persecution, they felt the violence of the new heresy and their priests were numbered among the City's martyrs.

Yet their tenacity was never broken. The persecutor felled them, but failed to keep them down. And now, after centuries of vicissitudes, they are the local witnesses of what seems like the dawn of better times.

Their quaintly-named church on Merchant's Quay is of itself a reminder of the last phase of their long ordeal, when the secret chapel was approached through a hostelry which bore the sign of "Adam and Eve." Throughout all, they kept before the harassed people the double ideal of Faith and Knowledge. To-day an important part of Irish history is enshrined in their priceless archives, for they had men who were fitted to write history as well as to make it.

## II. CHURCH STREET.

The Capuchin Fathers who honoured the Seventh Centenary in their church in Church Street are no newcomers in Dublin annals. Their most modern work is perhaps their greatest. For decades they have devoted themselves to a great philanthropic effort among the Dublin working classes. Their temperance crusade has been mainly carried on

in the midst of those who cannot afford the extravagance of drink and whose ruin follows swift when they give way to it. The Capuchins have succeeded in making sober men and women of thousands who were on their way to be gin wrecks. Their work is visible in the neighbourhood of their monastery. Through their moral influence a gaunt and hideous

slum has changed into a respectable quarter of workers' homes.

In this way the monks of the Catholic Church, while unchangeable as regards rule and habit, keep abreast of the needs of the day. They continue to be the champions and saviours of the masses, like the two master monks of the Catholic era, St. Francis and St. Dominic.

## PROFITEERING.

### I. RECKLESS RAPACITY.

THE life of the poor has been made a misery by the rapacity of the profiteer. Unscrupulous retailers have been amassing dishonest gains which were really the sweat on the forehead of poverty. It is well-known that butter, eggs, vegetables, and fruit—to name only a few things—are so plentiful that the producers are overstocked and are selling them off at very low prices. The retailer makes no corresponding concession to the consumer. Life is almost as dear as it was a year ago.

### II. A REMEDY.

Fortunately there are authorities in the country who can bring greed to book. There are several methods of punishment. The most effective would be to erect wooden dépôts—as has been done in cities abroad—for the purpose of taking commodities direct from the producers and selling them at a reasonable price. By an effort of organisation the idea could be realised in a fortnight. It would reassure the poor, now confronted by winter. And it might touch the conscience of the profiteer.

## THE PROHIBITION LAW IN AMERICA.

IN New York lately a city magistrate, McQuaid by name, startled some of the fanatics of that "favoured lair of the jackrabbit." During the hearing of a case under the Mullan-Gage Prohibition Law, it was stated that a policeman had made his way into a citizen's place of business and had there discovered several bottles of whiskey, and the evidence was not denied. It came out, however, in further disclosures, that the policeman had forced his way, without a warrant, into the premises. And then comes the startling part of the report. The magistrate dismissed the case, and ordered the arrest of the policeman on a charge of oppression. "The magistrate," observes *America*, "was acting on a principle not directly

in question in the debates on the Stanley amendments, but his brave course may be commended to the Anti-Saloon Leaguers in Congress, who are out to destroy the Fourth Amendment. If Congress can interfere with, or destroy a right protected by the Fourth Amendment, it can interfere with or destroy a right protected by any or all of these Amendments." So it would seem that it has come to this: Prohibition or the Constitution. Such is the belief of those who have followed the trend of recent events in America.

### MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH THAN IN THE OBSERVANCE.

The report of the Chief of Police at Chicago is melancholy reading.

In ordering wholesale dismissals from the force, he states that 50 per cent. of the men under his charge are engaged in the sale or transport of liquor, and that in Chicago there is more drunkenness than in the days before Prohibition, that there are more deaths from drink and more of the evils attributable to the drink than in the days before the dry law came into operation.

Nor is New York any better than Chicago. There are more illicit stills in operation there than ever.

That vans, ostensibly full of furniture, pour into the city night after night, with their loads of whiskey, and that the policemen make no attempt to interfere with them does not impress one favourably, but rather inclines one to the belief that the dry laws are "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." However, the American public are consoled by the assurance that the law can be enforced, at least in New York, with the aid of a million police officers and an annual expenditure of £150,000,000.

## ARM-CHAIR CRITICS.

I FOUND myself in the lounge of a big English holiday hotel. Round a roaring fire was a group of people, most of them nursing the after-dinner glow which reminds many folk that the world isn't such a bad place after all. They listened to the clatter of rain on the other side of the windows: they felt slightly shaken in their declared beliefs that the nearer winter one goes a-holidaying, the more perfect the enjoyment. The ubiquitous cigar burned away briskly; the company was in a mood of luxurious laziness. Then someone read aloud a heading from an evening paper, and the group began to talk of—Ireland.

The young-old spinster—she afterwards told me she was a bachelor-girl—left down the embryo jumper and the long pair of needles, and almost giggled. "A gentleman I once heard speaking," she announced, with the air of one about to reveal a secret, "said there was only one way to settle the Irish question. Take the country out into the middle of the Atlantic, and ram it to the bottom of the sea." She took up her needles with a click, and the air of one who has finished a subject with a story that cannot be capped. The Irish question was

disposed of, so far as she was concerned.

Next, a gentleman with heliotrope socks and what Artemus Ward called "sweet-scented waggon-grease" on his hair, took up the running in staccato jerks. "Whole bally mischief," he drawled, "happened after those Dublin asses started sniping in 1915. Easter, you know. Wouldn't let our lot across to polish 'em off. Whole regiment hot as pepper to get at 'em. Round robin—every man of us—you know. We'd have blown the brains, if they have any—out of every shinner in the country. We'd a job holding the men back—just itching to show 'em, same as they showed Jerry. What a War Office! What a Government! There'd be no dotty Irish row today if our little lot got a chance."

Our thwarted ex-military man got up and announced his intention of jazzing. "He's been through a bit, he has," whispered my neighbour. "Hasn't been able to take a job since he was demobbed. Shell-shock, you know." (I noticed the gentleman afterwards in the contortions of the fox-trot. So weird were his movements that I almost believed the shell-shock story!)

Into the breach stepped a gentleman in *pince-nez* who really looked rather wise. He announced that Gladstone offered Home Rule to Ireland. And what did the Irish do? Threw it back in his face! He then went on to explain that in 1914 a wonderfully generous measure of self-government was given to that extraordinary country. But what happened? They wouldn't have it! And then he insinuated gently, but vaguely, that the refusal of Ireland to accept Home Rule in 1914 in some mysterious way hastened the Great War! (Who was it said that those who do not know Ireland, do not know Ulster?). He went on to unburden himself of a load of historical errors and nonsensical theories with such gusto that the needles of the bachelor-girl ceased to click for several seconds.

He was followed by a large, grey-haired lady from Glasgow, who gave it as her opinion that the real reason for all the disturbances in Ireland was the desire of the South to live

on the North. Ulster is rich and prosperous, while the South is poor and starving. Naturally, the hungry South wanted the thriving North to keep it from the workhouse. And England could never allow Ulster to bear the burden of keeping the rest of Ireland from starvation!

I am afraid that about this time I yawned. . . . In some way it had got abroad that I came from Ireland. I spent a busy half-hour trying to reply to questions shot at me by people who merely wanted to hear themselves talk. But I had to inform several stodgy and unbelieving gentlemen that: 1. Irish priests do not deliver political addresses from their pulpits, neither do they make political capital out of religion. 2. The average Irishman is not consumed by a grim and undying hatred for the average Englishman. 3. The Dublin jarvey invented by the alleged comic papers of England is not a typical specimen of Ireland's male population.

## "WE ENGLISH ARE FOOLS."

It isn't easy to get away from talk of this country in England. As I boarded a Manchester train I noticed that two of the window-seats in the compartment were occupied by a pair of gentlemen carrying on an animated conversation. At least, one of them held forth while the other noddingly listened. The remaining occupants took no notice of the talk. An occasional glance in my direction by the speaker seemed to assure him that he had got a pleased listener in the newcomer, and I flattered myself that he raised his voice a little so that I might have full benefit of his words of wisdom. He rattled along: "That's just it, Mr. Orbin. We've been too generous to them all those years—petted and pampered them like we wouldn't do for ourselves. The more they get

the more they want, and they know they've only to ask loud enough and long enough, and this country gives in to them at the finish. They can never be satisfied. We spoiled them by perpetually conceding"—he obviously liked the flavour of 'perpetually conceding,' for he repeated it and set me wondering where he had read it—"by perpetually conceding one thing after another to them when they'd shouted long enough. For hundreds of years they've been nursed and coddled by us, till to-day they're like a lot of spoilt children. We've spoiled them and it's all recoiling on our own heads—same as a spoilt child ultimately turns round and chides his foolish father. It has been said that we English are fools." I'm afraid we are. We've proved that we are

by our easy and lenient way of handling Ireland! (I couldn't help that note of exclamation, though I'm sure the gentleman would deny having meant it!) If we'd been firm, Mr. Orbin, if we'd had a firm Government that'd put its foot down when it'd said 'twas going to, Ireland would be a contented country to-day. Or if the Irish themselves only thought—but they never do—they'd see that all their antics have been useless all the time. The weakness of this country has led them to go on. They keep on shouting, and when they've been shouting a while our silly Government comes along, pats them on the back, and gives them a lot more than they expected.

“And who pays for it all, Mr. Orbin? You and me. Ireland hasn't paid a penny of the cost of the war. They got off all that, and as well her farmers were making their fortunes out of the war prices.

'Twas a bright spot all right—for the Irish themselves. With their balance of power in Parliament they laughed at us. Good job the present lot keep away, for they'd be always there in an emergency, ready to throw in their full weight with the party that wanted to make mischief.

“You know, Mr. Orbin, who's to blame for most of it to-day. He was ready to pass a Home Rule Bill because he wanted to smash the 'Ouse of Lords. That was the game—smash the 'Ouse of Lords, and do it with the Irish votes. I've no great love for the 'Ouse of Lords myself, Mr. Orbin, but I didn't like one of our own politicians trying to smash it with help from Ireland.

When I left “Mr. Orbin” was still gladly and noddingly drinking in the stream of eloquence. But where do these English folk get their facts?

## CLOGS IN AN ART GALLERY.

In a book-shop in an Irish city some time back I happened to catch the remark: “Yes, but it's not art.” This indictment of the, to me unknown, was uttered by a young man, who was obviously not helping to make a plutocrat of his barber, to a companion who seemed rather a good customer for some vendor of black ties. The assistant who was supplying my modest wants overheard the comment and half-whispered: “Aye, they come in here and jabber about art. They look critically at several books, sniff, and walk out again.”

Popular opinion is not very far astray when it associates a modicum of humbug with the utterances of folk who talk of art as something as high above the heads of ordinary folk as are the stars. The “Art for Art's sake” school has slipped away from us as effectively, if not

as silently, as the tent-folding Arabs. But we still have our self-styled authorities willing to declare that the ordinary person visiting a picture-gallery is as much out of place as an elephant at an organ recital. (The titled painter who lately disputed in public with his titled sitter as to fees, and used as a strong argument the high prices of oil and paint, seem to bring Art to a very modest level indeed.)

Though I may not be able to utter one technical term as I stand before the masterpiece of a painter, I contend that I can get no small share of pleasure from a visit to an exhibition of pictures. And lately I sought that pleasure in Oldham, in the centre of Lancashire's smoke. The air was not free from smuts but somehow one forgot them. In the several rooms were numbers of folk—folk in very plain work-a-day

garments which would have been eyed rather critically on passing certain turnstiles in Ireland's capital.

Catholic and Irish subjects were by no means in the background. One of Sir W. Orpen's Wicklow tinkers grinned down from this wall in the town of cotton, his grin taking on a look almost of defiance as the Oldham twilight gave place to the glare of electric light. . . . But chiefly was I drawn to a huge canvas with the title: "The Last Furrow." At a little distance one fancied he gazed through a glass door to the scene behind. . . .

The team have paused in their final journey round the upturned field. Fallen across the plough he guided, lies the dead toiler. One almost steps back as from a corpse—so realistic the spasm that has

passed that face of pain, so grim the brown and horny hands. The guiding reins have fallen away; there is a query in the eye of the horse which is turned round in wonder as to the unexpected stoppage. . . .

Before this wonderful picture I found a little girl in shawl and clogs, her eyes glued to the face of the dead ploughman. Probably an almost illiterate half-timer in some dreary cotton-mill. But art held for her some spell, some charm to hold her little thoughts for a time. "The best thing that art can do," says Ruskin, "is to set before you the true image of a noble human being." The painter of "The Last Furrow" may not have been a master, but he has achieved something which brings a thought-inspiring image before the mind untutored in the technicalities of art. . . . And that is really no small achievement.

# A Mystic Mass.

ENID DINNIS.

THE boy (a recent acquisition) was putting up the shutters of Mr. Michael's shop, and I was sitting with the head of the firm in the little back parlour having a chat. I had brought over my copy of *The Divine Cloud* to compare with the edition which I had discovered on his book-shelf, as the readers of the IRISH ROSARY have been told, cheek by jowl, so to speak, with the reserve stores of the things which he sold in packets in the shop. Now I was trying to sound Mr. Michael, in his capacity of veteran altar-server, on the subject of women answering Mass, which was causing a warm correspondence between certain liturgical males and aggrieved feminists in one of the Catholic weeklies.

Mr. Michael delivered his opinion in a non-committal manner.

"For matter of that," quoth he, "we all assist at Mass, men and women—and children—all of us, or we ought to, instead of leaving all to the priest. It seems to me that people don't realise what's meant by assisting at Mass, or they wouldn't squabble about the mere serving, or answering."

"Mr. Michael," I hazarded, "I believe you have had some experience that has taught you that. Am I not speaking to one who has served on the altar for sixty years?—Besides," I added, boldly, "I can see it in your eye."

Mr. Michael smiled. He held the two "Clouds" in his hands and set them together and compared their backs, meditatively.

"Yes, I can tell you a story," he said at last, "but you mustn't pass it on to the *Catholic Echo*. Its readers would get hold of the wrong end of the stick, certain sure, and there'd be trouble."

I promised, and Mr. Michael started. "It's a story," he said, "that any of the old folk could tell you up at the church in town, where I used to go before this one was built out here. I served my first Mass there, for Father Finbar Flynn, when I was fourteen. He was a great invalid for a long time before his death, was Father Flynn, but he struggled on. He had a complaint that made it impossible for him sometimes to find the strength to say Mass. Now-a-days I expect we should call it a nervous disorder, and the doctors would have their own way of treating it, but as it was, it appeared to be a kind of failure of power which overtook him every now and again. I used to serve his Mass when he was able to say it, and I used to note, lad that I was, the terrible effort that it was to him, physically, to get through it. He used to say that God helped him through somehow, for it was a miracle how he managed

to accomplish it. He was a very holy man, was Father Flynn, and he wouldn't give in, so the people used to come to church on the chance of getting his Mass on week-days. Being the later one, it suited some folk better. There was a member of the congregation at that time—a poor old blind fellow whom we used to call Barty. He lived chiefly on alms, and no one knew anything about him. Not even his name. Some said it was Barton, and called him 'Mr. Barton' when they wished to be respectful, and others said that Barty was the short for the nick-name Bartimeus, given to him because he was blind, and more or less a beggar. Barty himself laughed if you asked him which way it was; he was a cheery old fellow, always laughing. Some people chose to think he wasn't all there on that account. 'Never mind,' he used to say. 'Barty does me all right, unless there's any other name you'd like better.' for I had ideas in those days of saying Mass myself, one day.

"Well, Barty used to assist at Mass whenever he could get anyone to bring him to church. He lived in an alley some little way off, where he was housed by a good woman with a family, one of which did the blind man's dog business when the mother could spare it. He was very devout. When I didn't happen to be serving Mass I used to watch him saying his prayers, and (at the age of sixteen) I used to wonder how he managed to follow Mass. Naturally, he didn't use a book, but he always appeared to be following. One day I asked him—I daresay rather patronisingly, with a view, it might have been, to offering him a little instruction, for I had ideas in those days of saying Mass myself, one day, instead of serving it.

"I remember one day I was sitting in the little cemetery behind the church on a flat tomb-stone, and Barty came and sat next to me, and we talked. I can see him now, as he threw his head back, in a way he had with him, and gave me his answer to my question.

"'I'll tell ye, lad,' he said, 'how I follow Mass. It's just my own way. I could never read or write, even when I had my eyes, so I couldn't get nothing out of books, only what I was taught when I was a youngster.

"'When I hears the bell,' he says, 'at the start off of Mass, I says to myself, "Now then, Barty, up with ye! We're going to the altar of the Lord, Who giveth joy to our youth. Youth means having the wish to be happy. You mayn't be young, but you're like a boy for being willing to enjoy things, glory be to God! That's Youth; and God gives joy to it, so if you're down-hearted it's because your too silly to see straight in front of you. (I remember looking at his closed eyelids as he made that observation.) That's it. God gives youth, and then He gives joy. That's two gifts. Up with ye, and praise Him on the harp!" Then

I praises Him on the harp for a bit; and then I says, "Put that harp away, Barty, and get yourself clean to go into the holy of holies." And then I says, "I confess to God Almighty, and to the Blessed Virgin, and all the others, and me old mother, that's in Paradise, and some others on 'em"; and after I've done that, just to make sure that I've got myself clean enough for the holy of holies, I says, "Take away my iniquities, O Lord." And then I says, "That's all right; now I've tidied up, we'll get on to business. Lord have mercy on us! Glory be to God on high!"

"And then, while the prayers are being read, I sort of sets out all the things I'm going to offer Mass for, to get them settled and out of the way. I asks Our Lady to pray for it all first, and to see that my prayers get there all right; and then I prays for the Pope and the priest, and my friends—that's to say, I just sort of names them, and get 'em ready—set out, as it were.

"Then, when the Gospel comes, I stands up and says to myself, 'Now, every man, whatever he is, has got a gospel to preach. Mine's 'All's well,' because a poor blind fellow can preach that better than a man with eyes. Glory be to God!'

"And then,' he went on, 'when the priest is offering up the bread and wine, I slips something of my own in with it. Any little thing that's there, for I says to myself, when the priest changes the bread into the Body of the Lord, I reckon my little bit of whatever it is will be changed into something big enough to gain me heaven, belike. I like to think that. It's an odd fancy of mine, and I says, "Take it, O Lord, for you can make it into something worth having, like the bread and wine." Then the bell rings, and I says, "Now, Lord, You know everything that I wants. There's everybody and everything, and all the rest of it. Now, please, clear 'em all out of my head, for if I go on thinking I shalln't be able to do nothing.'"

"And then Barty said, with an expressive sweep of his arms—  
'And then—then I sets to.'"

At this juncture Mr. Michael let fall my copy of *The Cloud* and picked it up with profuse apologies. "He wasn't able to tell me anything further," he said, "of his method of hearing Mass. It seemed to end there, so far as words went. I waited for more, but it didn't come. But I didn't forget what he told me. It made me feel a new interest in poor old blind Barty, with his limited vocabulary and the 'youthfulness' that eluded the wisdom of my eighteen years. It made me sorry to think that he must be disappointed of his Mass on the days when the Father was not well enough to say it. (The earlier Mass was said at an hour when Barty could find no one to conduct him thither.)

"I expressed sympathy to him on this account one day, and then

I made rather a curious discovery. It appeared that on the days when Barty was able to get to church it invariably happened that the Father was well enough to say Mass. 'I expects God Almighty thinks that He may as well let a poor old blind fellow get his Mass,' Barty said, 'so He sees that the Father is well enough to say it the days I gets there.'

"I took pains to verify this instance of 'divine courtesy,' and sure enough, whenever the Father was able to proceed with his Mass Barty was one of those present. It was an unfailing phenomenon. On the days, frequent enough, when Father Flynn crept back from the sanctuary step on my arm, there would be no Barty in church to go empty away with the others.

"I didn't like to mention the coincidence to the Father. It might have seemed to imply that he made an extra effort on Barty's behalf, for he and the old blind man were great friends, and, indeed, the suspicion crossed my mind that this might be the solution, although I knew as well as anyone that supreme effort was never lacking on the Father's part, but sometimes those things are unconscious. At any rate I never mentioned it to Father Flynn.

"Then something happened to upset the supernatural theory that Barty had put forward. One morning the Father was unable even to attempt to say Mass. He was in bed with a chill, or something of the kind, and when I went round to dismiss the 9 o'clock congregation old Barty was there, kneeling in his place waiting for Mass. On the following day the same thing occurred. The Father was still keeping his bed, and, as on the previous day, old Barty was in his seat; and, to add to the pathos of it, he had evidently got the impression that Mass was actually being said, from the fact that I had chanced to drop the warning bell that I usually rang before Mass. He was kneeling in his seat, when I went up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"'No Mass to-day, Barty,' I said, 'Father's still keeping his bed.' He looked up, in a kind of bewildered way. He thought Mass was in progress, poor old fellow. Father Flynn's Mass was always inaudible, so there was no reason why he should not have thought so. But his incredulity was quite curious. Barty almost seemed to doubt my word. I left him there to say his prayers till he was fetched, and went into the sacristy to see to a few things. When I came out, about half-an-hour later, I met Barty being led away by his juvenile guide. 'Ah, lad,' he cried, 'What were 'ee doing not to ring the bell at Mass? I missed my Holy Communion.'

"'Never mind, Barty,' I said, humouring him in his delusion. 'You did your part, anyway.' He nodded, several times, very emphatically. Then he broke out. 'Ah, lad, think of being able to serve Mass. The Lord has been mighty good to you. Don't 'ee

forget to ring the bell again at Communion time; and couldn't you answer Mass a wee bit louder, lad? I don't hear as well as I did.'

"Later on that day we had bad news of Father Flynn. He was seriously ill with a prevailing illness. I suppose it was influenza, only we didn't call it that in those days. Next morning no one expected the later Mass to be said. I went into the church to say my own prayers at the usual time. I had met someone who had told me that the Father was 'about the same,' so I didn't disturb the Presbytery with enquiries.

"The church was empty save for one person. Old Barty was in his seat. The clock struck nine as I closed the sacristy door. I saw him cock his old head and listen for the warning bell. He thought, poor old soul, that he was going to hear Mass. That the Father had recovered and come out to say it. The good God had seen to it this time. I stood hesitating whether to go over and warn him, or whether to leave him at his prayers. I decided on the former course, and made my way over to where he was kneeling. 'There's no Mass to-day,' I whispered, bending over the old man.

"He turned on me, reprovingly: 'There is,' he retorted. 'Go 'ee, lad, and see to your serving.'

"It was so emphatic, his assertion, and so peremptory the injunction, that I turned and looked quickly towards the altar. Surely enough, the Father had come in, vested for Mass, and was standing at the foot of the altar. I was astounded, but there he was, and I need not tell you that I was in my place at his side as quickly as was possible in the circumstances. Surprise had quite overmastered me. There was something uncanny in this sudden revival of the sick man. His movements, so far from being laboured, seemed, not swifter, but as it seemed to me, crisper, more decided and I suppose you might call it, rhythmic than usual. There was that precision about them which is both reverent and restful. It reminded me of Father Flynn as he had been before he fell ill, when hearing his Mass was counted by many as a completely satisfying experience, as suggesting a great and perfect Act.

"I don't know how I got through my part of that Mass. The beauty of it nearly carried me off my feet. I durst not look up as I offered the Father the bowl for his fingers. My heart sung, 'I will wash my hands among the innocent, I will compass thine altar, O Lord.' And old Barty, my only fellow-worshipper, would be saying, "I have loved the beauty of Thy House"—or rather—'Well, Lord, it's all right to be here.' (That also came into his method.) I was glad to think that God was giving joy to his youth.

"I rang the *Sanctus* bell; and then a hazy feeling came over me. I seemed to be looking on at something happening a long way off.

The priest was holding up the Host and I had not rung the bell to warn old Barty. But then, old Barty didn't need warning. The bell was one of the things which he had swept aside in that expressive movement of his arms as we sat together on the tomb-stone. Barty was now 'setting to.'

"But later, when the time of the priest's Communion arrived, I pulled myself together. I must ring now, or Barty might lose his Communion again. I rang the bell, and then glanced round over my shoulder. I saw old Barty raise his head—and drop it again. Then there was a thud, the sound of someone falling. Barty had apparently collapsed in his seat. It was a fainting fit, or something. I slipped quietly from my place and went to the old man's aid. I reached his seat and lifted him up. He was apparently unconscious. I glanced back at the altar. What did one do in such circumstances? I wondered. But I had no need to ask. The Father had disappeared. He had not waited to finish his Mass. I watched for him to reappear from the sacristy. Since he had found it serious enough to interrupt his Mass, he would not delay. But he didn't come. I laid Barty on the bench and hastened to the sacristy. The Father was not there. What had become of him? I sped back into the church—and ran up against the doctor! Another extraordinary thing. What had brought him there at the nick of time?

"'Why, doctor,' I cried, 'where have you sprung from?'

"He was looking grave. 'I've been spending the night at the Presbytery,' he said; 'they found me a bed to lie down on after it was all over.'

"'All over?' I repeated.

"'Yes,' he said, gravely. 'Hadn't you heard? Father Flynn died at 4.30 this morning. I looked in here about a quarter of an hour ago to see if there was anyone who might be wanting to hear, but you were absorbed in your prayers—up there in the sanctuary, and I thought you knew. There was no one else here except poor old Barty—Hullo! what's the matter with him?'

"'But,' I cried, 'I was serving Mass—Father Flynn's Mass!' Then I stopped and felt horribly queer. But the doctor hadn't noted my remark. He had gone over to look after Barty, and bringing the old man to took all our attention for the time being.

"We got old Barty round pretty soon. It had been a slight stroke, or perhaps only a fainting fit. 'I wonder what upset him?' the doctor said. 'I didn't tell him about—the death, when I looked in. He seemed taken up with his prayers, and I hadn't the heart to disturb him.'

"'But, doctor,' I said, 'did you see no one else except Barty?' 'No,' he replied. 'No one except you. You were up by the altar,

where you kneel when you serve Mass. Rather a queer place to be saying your prayers in, wasn't it, when you weren't serving Mass?"

"I asked myself, quickly, should I tell the doctor anything further. If he disbelieved me I had but one witness to back me up, and he was a blind man! I was naturally upset at the sad news I had received. My case could not possibly hold good, especially with a medical man. So I said nothing, neither to the doctor, nor to anyone else, except Barty. The latter took it all in the most matter-of-fact way—those things were his 'matters of fact.' His explanation was simplicity itself. Father Flynn had come back and said his Mass so as not to disappoint a poor old blind fellow. That was just like his Reverence. He had always managed to drag through his Mass so as not to disappoint Barty, and God had given him the strength. This was, in Barty's eyes, but a natural sequel to the series of miracles that no one had taken cognisance of except myself.

"It seemed the only explanation, for given that a real flesh-and-blood priest had come without warning to take the Father's place, why should he have slipped away unseen, and without finishing his Mass?"

"Barty's was the only rational solution. I tried to make a compact with him not to speak of the matter, but I imagine the old fellow let it out, unawares, for the story did get about, and as I said, any of the old folk at the church would be able to tell it to you, as I've done."

"No, Mr. Michael," I said, "I'm sure they couldn't. They would leave out the point. I know there is a point somewhere, and you're coming to it. You've not told me a 'ghost story.'"

Mr. Michael look properly ashamed of himself. "You're right, Missy," he acknowledged. "But it was years and years afterwards that I found it. Old Barty survived the Father for some years. In the directions that the latter left for his burial was a curious and characteristic clause. The Father wished his grave made to accommodate two so that he might be able to 'offer hospitality' to the first poor member of his flock who needed a place of interment gratis. This privilege fell to old Barty, and when he passed to his reward they laid him in Father Flynn's grave, replacing the stone that recorded the latter's high position in the Church of God.

"Many, many years afterwards, not so wonderfully long ago, I went to visit the grave. I sat down on the same flat tomb-stone that Barty and I had sat on when, as a lad, I had asked him how he managed to follow Mass without a book. I looked at the stone, with the chalice engraved on it, that covered the remains of Father Flynn and blind Barty. There was no inscription to indicate that the grave had a second occupant. 'Well,' thought I, 'the chalice

will serve for both; and I called to mind old Barty and his method of assisting at Mass. And that prim word, 'assisting,' caught hold of my mind, and in a flash, there came an idea. I had before my mind's eye that last Mass. I could still conjure up the strange feeling of—something that I dare not call unreality——" He halted, and I supplied eagerly: "I know what you mean, the awful unusualness of something real in a higher sense than we can understand."

Mr. Michael nodded. "It came to me, bit by bit," he said, "the true explanation of the whole thing. Old Barty, not I, had served Father Flynn's Mass. He had 'assisted' the Father at every point, and that was the explanation of the feeling of being helped through that Father Flynn had so often tried to describe to me. The tables were being turned on old Barty's humility.

"Then I thought again of that last Mass, when there was no priest at the altar, only old Barty following his Mass in the back bench. And how I had seen a priest who had been invisible to the doctor. And then I remembered, or rather, I realised for the first time, that the moment of the priest's disappearance had been that at which old Barty's head had fallen forward and he had passed from his 'doing'—from the state of prayer which was his 'canon of the Mass' into unconsciousness."

Mr. Michael stopped and looked at me with a question in his eyes.

"You were serving Barty's Mass," I hazarded impulsively.

"Now, now," Mr. Michael said, warningly, "you mustn't go and write that in the *Catholic Echo*, or you'll get into trouble. They'll be telling you that Barty was a layman. No, it was just a 'shewing,' and Dame Julian would have called it, and it has stood me in good stead as a server on the altar. And perhaps it may be of the same service to you, Miss," he added, with a twinkle intruding on the far-away look in his gentle blue eyes, "when you are 'answering Mass' from the back bench."

# Henry V. and Religion.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

GREEN, the historian, wrote, in effect, to his friend the historian Freeman—entangled in theorising about the continuity of the English Protestant Church with England's old Catholicism—that there was a religion in England in 1480, and that it was not the same as the religion established in England in 1580. And that's a fact. And so, in the first part of the 15th century, the religion of Henry the Fifth of England was the Catholic religion of Europe; this English king addressing the Pope as 'Most Blessed Father,' and signing himself, "Your devoted son Henry."

It is not too much to say, that among anglicised people, there has been—by the violent break in Christian tradition, and by the frenzied delusions, the inconceivable ignorance, the terrorising prejudice, in all that concerns the Church of the ages—a great, a deadening, a perverting power; and that, even over the English speakers who remained, or are privately, Catholic. The great Protestant tradition, as Cardinal Newman often called it, is indeed great; and English literature, as he reminded us, has become Protestant. And his brother—English Cardinal Manning said: "England is the most anti-Christian power in the world." We should, then, not forget; we should be anxious about our ignorance, under this anti-Christian, Protestant, provincial tradition. The Irish are in prison—not a prison of the body only. Macaulay-obsession in seminaries, Victorian gentility in convents, the backwash of some nineteenth-century nonsense about progress, about Protestant success, and our debased pleasure in vulgar amusements, whether in music-halls or in church choirs—all this has crushed down true life in Eire; life of soul and of mind. Her young people were surprised, almost like young disinherited English Protestants, to hear the so-far enlightened Protestant Cobbett tell them that the anti-Catholic campaign of three Protestant centuries in England has had, for "the great object of these lies, . . . to make the main body of the people believe that the English Nation is now more happy, . . . than it was, before it was Protestant; and thereby to induce us to conclude, that it was a good thing for us that the aristocracy"—at the huge plunder-time humorously called the 'Re-formation'—"should take to themselves the property of the poor and the Church." Nowhere did this plunder and pretending come about more outrageously than in the old English universities founded for the democracy of Christianity, whence Protestantism came to exclude the English people. And

yet, as an example of slavery of mind in young Ireland, there are—*experto crede*—but few of our own boys and girls awakened enough out of disheartened or puzzled sleep, to tell you, straight, that European Universities were founded by or under Roman Popes, and that nearly all the couple of dozen colleges in Oxford and in Cambridge were homes of the Mass, founded by devotees of the saints, and endowed in order that prayer should be made therein, for ever, to give rest to the souls of the faithful departed. Henry V. came to the throne, in 1417, as son of his usurping father, under whom their cousin Richard had been deposed and done to death. Wherefore Pope Boniface IX. charged Henry IV. to remember Richard's soul. And Henry V. interred Richard's body anew, in the abbey church of Westminster, where grave and solemn priests should there ever sing for Richard's soul, and where the pitied poor should pray. As a chronicler recounteth :

"After a solemn terment there holden, he provided that iiij tapers should brenne daye and nyghte about Richard's grave whyle the world endureth and one day in the week a solemn *Dirige*, and upon the morrowe a masse of *Requiem* by note, after which masse endyd to be gyven wekely unto pore people xis., viii. pens; and upon the daye of his anniversary, after the sayd masse of *Requiem* is songe, to be yerely distrybuted for his soul xxli. in d."

Henry V. also founded, in atonement for Richard II.'s death, the Brigittine convent of the Syon,<sup>1</sup> and a Carthusian monastery; both near London; both plundered by his later cousin, Henry VIII.; under whose Catholic daughter Mary, they were restored; and under whose Protestant daughter Elizabeth they were again seized and destroyed, their inmates driven out of their country, then, learning its later hate of the religion of Henry V., with all that religion's expiations and restitutions. This Henry's favourite Archbishop of Canterbury, Chichely, who had been all for the war against France, as just, and undertaken with holy intent, when he became disillusioned, and saw plundering and profiteering and ruin, made his own expiation in 1437, founding All Souls, Oxford—present-day home of well-to-do non-Catholicism, if sometimes of learning and distinction—but at its Catholic foundation, "a college of poor and indigent clerks bounden with all devotion to pray for the souls of the glorious . . . Henry V., lately King of England and France, the Duke of Clarence"—Henry's young brother killed in the war—"and all other lords and lieges of the realm of England, whom the havoc of that warfare between the two realms hath drenched with the bowl of bitter death; and also for all the souls of the faithful departed." Archbishop Chichely sent the first Warden of All

<sup>1</sup> For more than 250 years the Syon nuns, always having English subjects lived in Lisbon, praying, as in duty bound, for their founder Henry V., in whose England they re-settled, 'tis sixty years since. *Syon Abbey*, 1420 (Year first professions)—1920.

Souls to Rome, for the Pope's confirmation and licence. Wealth and worldliness were upon the Church in England; and when the great trial came, the All Souls Fellows agreed to call Henry VIII. Supreme Head of the Church; their "superstitious and idolatrous" monuments—church plate, mass-baaks, copes, etc., being defaced and broken, when Anglicanism settled into itself, under Elizabeth.

Poor men's sons, indeed, became mediæval Catholic bishops; but they were numbered among the princes of the land. Humble in origin, however, or high, they were, many times, princely benefactors. "To the celibacy of the bishops we owe almost all those noble foundations which are established in both our Universities; but since the *Reformation*, we can boast of few of the episcopal order as benefactors in these seats of learning."<sup>2</sup> And if in her outward life the Church towered in pride of place, in Oxford and in Canterbury, in monastic church and in castle chapel, yet the wildness of worldly ways was sobered by thoughts of judgment, and neither rich nor poor could finally forget their mortality. The corruption of riches debased churchmen and laymen, then, as now. But even as now, so then, the life of the Church was based on seeing time in the light of eternity; and the most foolish had thoughts of God brought before them by the ordinances of religion, and by its claims through all life, public and private.

Nor was it possible, then, to put aside the thought of the brotherhood of man, under a common Father, whose law, as we have seen, must decide whether a war could be lawfully begun; while the head on earth of God's Church was the referee to whom men naturally appealed, and who often stayed quarrels, in Dame Europa's school. Catholic men had then, as now, to have some fear of God before their eyes. And Henry, in the year of Agincourt, wrote to Charles of France: "Reflect upon the years which you have passed; think of eternity." And Henry went on to plead for the Papacy, still under the pitiable Great Schism, for, "this Holy Sion . . . has lost all hope of regaining her ancient liberty, if the Princes do not join together to deliver her from the yoke of bondage. Let us not therefore obstinately persist in encroaching one upon another. . . . Let us, for the glory of God, undertake to assist our desolate mother, who has regenerated us in the light; let us render truth triumphant over force and

<sup>2</sup> So, an 18th century Tory clergyman, Head of an Oxford House. And further: "Nothing is so great a reproach on the Church of England as the avarice and ambition of our [Protestant] bishops." Many of them "died shamefully rich . . . great divines; could not be called good Christians." "It was no small misfortune for the cause of Christianity in this kingdom that when we reformed from popery, our clergy were permitted to marry; . . . their only care, to provide for their wives and children. . . . As an academician, and friend to the republic of letters, I have often wished that the canons which forbid priests to marry were still in force." (Cited in *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1819). But they are in force, for priests.

violence; let us govern and judge according to our conscience, and do for the Church that which she would do for us, if she were free from oppression." And the French Charles's, perhaps less English, if not less soundly religious, answer, was, that "The blessing of peace, . . . after the example of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which he left to his disciples, we have always sought and desired. . . . You have occasioned us great surprise—after [our] great overtures, with a firm intention of establishing peace—by having hostilely invaded our kingdom; thus destroying the hopes of peace, to the great sin of your party." "It is lawful for every Prince in his just quarrel to defend himself, and to oppose force by force; and none of your predecessors ever had any right, and you still less, to make the demands in your letters."

When Henry got to France, among statutes made by him for his army, and under the heading 'For Holy Church' he laid it down:

"That no man be so hardy, of lesse that he be prest, to touche the sacrament of Godes body, upon payn to be drawn and hangede therfor; nor that no maner man be so hardy to touche the box or vessel in the whiche the precious sacrament is in, upon the same payn aforseide.

"Also that no maner of man be so hardy to robbe, ore to pille Holy Church of no goodlie ornament<sup>3</sup> that longeth to the Church, ne to slee no man of Holy Church, religious, be non other, but if he be armed, upon payne of deathe."

Agincourt now was before the English; and when the army was marshalled, Henry asked the hour. 'Prime.' 'Now is good time,' he said; 'for all England prayeth for us; let us therefore be of good cheer and go to our journey.' And his chaplain: "And whilst all this was being done, and so long as the battle lasted, I who write these words sat upon my horse amid the baggage in the rear, and with the other priests humbled my soul before God, saying in my heart: Be mindful of us, O Lord; for our enemies are gathered together and boast themselves in their strength. Break down their power, and scatter them, that they may know that there is none other that fightest for us, but only Thou, O God." So, in *Gesta*

<sup>3</sup> *Henry V.* iii., 6-37.

"Bardolph . . . hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be." Wherefore he met that fate. This exception Shakespeare saw as such, in Holinshed: "Yet in this great necessitie the poore people of the countree were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of theirs without paiement, nor anie outrage or offense doone by the Englishmen, except one, which was that a souldiour tooke a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king no tonce remooved till the box was restored, and the offender strangled."

If Shakespeare meant to change to *pax*, from *pix*, or *ciborium*, that meant the 'pax board' or *osculatorium*, of gold, silver, or ivory, with on it the Paschal Lamb, or other figure of Christ; which was the means by which members of the congregation received the kiss of peace after the *Agnus Dei*. "To kisse the paxe they thinke a meritorious deed," said, in 1528, Tyndale in his wrath. *The Virtue of the Masse*, holy rhymes from Catholic England, has

"This *Agnus Dei* brought with him peace  
To all the world, at His Nativity,  
Grace, gladness, of virtue great increase;  
For which the people, of high and low degree,  
Kiss the *pax*—a token of unity."

*Regis Henrici Quinti*—by one of his chaplains. Jehun de Waurin, chronicler, was with the French army, and he notes that “au bien matin le roy d’Angleterre commenca a oyr ses messes, car il avoit coustume den oyr chascun jour trois, lune aprez lautre.” And Holinshed sees how “the Englishmen reconciling themselves with God by hoossell and shrift, requiring assistance at His hands that is the onlie giver of victorie, determined rather to die than to yield or flee.” When, however, the modern English Shakespeare Society editor discourses on Henry hearing “the distant murmur of his men’s voices, praying and confessing their sins, broken ever and anon by a cheerful shout, or a peal of insolent laughter from the hostile camp,” he might have owned—though Shakespeare did not—that the French also were “admonished by the constable and others of the princes to confess their sins with sincere contrition, and to fight boldly against the enemy.”

All the Massing and confessing Shakespeare suppresses, finding Catholicism uncomfortable under the inquisitorial spyings of his country’s new religion. So his soldiers cry, for Henry V., is “God for England, Harry, and Saint George.” Under the terror of popular heresy he had no room to put the name of Mary, in what we are told was a cry at Agincourt :

“Virgô Maria fave, propria pro dote; Georgi  
Miles, et Edwarde, Rex pie confer opem.”

As modern Catholics in England pray to Mary : “Look down upon England thy dowry.”

So, in Shakespeare’s day “the new names given to the ships, which meet us now for the first time—Bull, Tiger, Dreadnought, Revenge, etc.—proclaim a new era; while in the religious names of the Spanish fleet—Santa Maria de Gracia, Nuestra Señora del Rosario, San Juan Bautista, La Concepcion, etc.—we see the survival of the mediæval spirit.” There is added, of course : “At an earlier date, religious names were also usual in the English marine.”<sup>4</sup> Henry V.’s expedition crossed in three ships : the Trinity, Grace-Dieu, the Holy Ghost.

Agincourt being won, “The king gathering his armie together gave thanks to almighty God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelates and chaplains to sing<sup>5</sup> this psalm : *In exitu Israel de Aegypto*, and commanded everie man to kneele down on the ground at this verse : *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*. Which done, he caused *Te Deum*, with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God.” As, at the previous

<sup>4</sup> Meyer’s *England and the Catholic Church under Elizabeth*, p. 254.

<sup>5</sup> Henry V.’s ‘chapel’ was said to be a glory of western Europe. In 1418, to celebrate Easter at Rouen, his ‘chapel royal’ was taken across the channel.

taking of Harfleur, "when the king came to the gate, he dismounted, and had his legs and feet uncovered, and thence walked barefooted to the parochial church of St. Martin, when he very devoutly offered up his prayers and thanksgivings to his Creator for his success." Even the wise pagan prince threw away the richest jewel, that he might know himself to be but man and a passing shadow.

Arriving back in London—amidst the most splendid spectacle there yet seen—the conquering Henry himself appeared not in such splendid state as his prisoner princes. He would not allow songs in his honour, nor suffer his bruised helmet and his bent sword used at Agincourt, to be borne before him.<sup>6</sup> At St. Paul's he dismounted. Fourteen bishops in canonicals sang *Te Deum*. Thence to Westminster where he gave thanks at St. Edward's shrine.

But very few years afterwards, Henry V. died; probably of ague from exposure in a flooded country, and from inward ulcers, resulting from hard campaigning and bad food. When dying, Monstrelet writes, he earnestly demanded of the physicians, how long they thought he had to live. "One of them, as spokesman, falling on his knees, said, 'Sire, you must think on your soul, for unless it be the will of God to decree otherwise, it is impossible that you should live more than two hours.' The king, hearing this, sent for his confessor, some of his household, and his chaplains, whom he ordered to chant the seven penitential psalms. When they came to 'Benigne fac Domine,' where mention is made of 'Muri Hierusalem,' he stopped them and said aloud, that he had fully intended, after he had wholly subdued the realm of France to his obedience, and restored it to peace, to have gone to conquer the kingdom of Jerusalem, if it had pleased his Creator to have granted him longer life. Having said this, he allowed the priests to proceed, and shortly after, . . . gave up the ghost."

When his father, Henry IV., had lain a-dying, in the abbot's house, at Westminster, 1413, his son had whispered: "My lord, he has just consecrated the Body of Our Lord; I entreat you to worship Him by whom kings reign and princes rule." His father raised himself, stretched forth his hands to the altar, giving, then, dying kiss and blessing to his son. After his father's death, Prince Henry, in grief, went into an oratory in the monastery, and there, on bare knees, spent the day bewailing, with tears, his sins and

<sup>6</sup> For further influence of religion, one may note, in his sons day, that in 1455 after St. Albans' battle, these were the terms of peace and friendship: York and Salisbury and Warwick were to endow St. Alban's Abbey with £45 a year for masses for souls of Somerset, and others killed on King Henry's side; to whose sons and widows they were to make payments. And next day there was a procession to St. Paul's, the Lancastrian king Henry walking, crowned, followed by his queen and the Yorkist leader; and after them, hand in hand, the rival lords in pairs.

follies; and, that night, made confession to a monk who lived in the abbey as a recluse. "Inter haec, et innumera similia [ejaculations], nudis genibus, in terram provolutus, cor humiliatum frequenter tundens, et compuncto spiritu misericordiam Salvatoris invocans, ymbres largissimos lacrimarum ab oculorum fontibus derivavit."

Henry V. himself was a benefactor to the abbey of Westminster.

After his death, in France, at the age of 33, his body, for a time, was in Rouen Cathedral. Thence, with great pomp, to Westminster Abbey.

At the funeral, the chief mourner was James I. of Scotland, behind the *effigies* of Henry, then, for the first time carried, instead of the embalmed body. Henry's three chargers were led up to the altar. The helmet—not, (as noted above), the "bruised helmet" used at Agincourt—saddle, and shield, used at the funeral, still hang above the tomb. The original inscription on the tomb is gone: 'Gallorum mastix jacet hic Henricus in urna; Anno MCCCCXXII. Donat omnia virtus.'

According to his will, a chantry was built over his body. 'It was shaped liked H; the tomb below the stroke, and, above, the Altar of the Annunciation.' Three Masses, he willed, were there to be said daily for the repose of his soul, while the world lasteth; one of the three to be in honour of some mystery of Our Lady's life,—such as the Visitation, Purification, Assumption,—and prayers by thirty poor men, who, at the end of each 'Hail Mary' added: 'Mary, Mother of God, be mindful of thy servant Henry, who placed all his trust in thee.'

Even now, adds Monstrelet—who died in 1453—as much honour and reverence is daily paid to his tomb, as if it were certain he were a saint in paradise.

The figure on the tomb, near St. Edward's spared shrine, is now a shapeless oak block. The head, sceptre, and other regalia, all of silver, and the gilded plates of brass covering the figure were stolen during the Reformation plundering, at the end of Henry VIII.'s reign. (Not in Sir Roger de Coverley's limited sense: "Some whig, I'll warrant you"—when the innocent knight looked at the sacrilegious mutilation.) Says a modern English guide concerning Henry V.'s chantry, built in the days of his son: "Priests no longer say Masses three times a day; nor do wax lights 'of eight pounds each' burn at High Mass and vespers. Nowadays (1870) it is filled with dusty models of Sir C. Wren's churches." The chantry meant something; it means nothing, to those who may now yet keep it decently, for honour's sake of former deeds. As to the masses for his soul, he is not perhaps quite forgotten, in Westminster Cathedral hard by, where Henry's religion lives again in

his London. His nuns of Syon (now at Chudleigh) are bound, as has been said, to have him specially in mind. "'Tis a good way, methinks, to be remembered by posterity, and much more noble than an history."

Sir H. Nicholas in his book on Agincourt tells the story of Henry's churchmanship less compromising than the Pope's. It is of Olandyne, and his twenty men-at-arms well fitted out. He came to Henry at Southampton. Henry, "the most virtuous king," "as the child of God," refused him, "as an inconstant man." Olandyne had become a Carthusian, his wife becoming a nun and remaining such. But Olandyne "at the instigation of the devil, enemy to all virtue, after a little time repented his profession, and obtained from the Pope a dispensation from his vows." When Henry refused Olandyne, he "as a man replete with pride," went over to the French, and was killed at Agincourt, "right for fighting against the Englishmen."

Then this Protestant historian gives Henry's will—stating "This is my last will, subscribed with my own hand, R. H. Jesu mercy and gramercy; Lady Marie help." And Nicholas finds difficulty in reconciling Henry's "lawless ambition," and "hypocrisy" with "Christianity." "But, as he rigidly observed every rite of the church, was bountiful towards its members, and uniformly ascribed his success to the Almighty, it is not surprising that his contemporaries should have described him as eminently pious." Must the Happy Warrior, to make his peace with God, be ever at peace with man? Or must he be never deceived by ambition, nor deluded by hypocrisy? The Henry of Shakespeare is represented as being neither one nor the other. He had indeed been recognised as a devoted son of the Church. The Lollards hated him. The plot against him of his cousin Cambridge and the rest was punished by the conspirators' deaths. But the king no sooner sailed for France than the Lollards again emerged from their hiding places, and stirred up sedition, placing writings again on London church doors, with exhortation to avenge their wrongs, now that "the prince of priests," as they called him, was gone.<sup>7</sup> On Henry second expedition in 1417—mingled by Shakespeare with the first of 1415—seditious bills attacking the Church were set up, in some towns, on every considerable house. Sir John Oldcastle was believed to have incited the Scots to invade England in the king's absence.<sup>8</sup> So, in 1413, he had planned to destroy Henry and his court during a Twelfth Night 'mumming' at Eltham; whence the court suddenly removed, in time, to Westminster.<sup>9</sup> Which thing is not known, as

<sup>7</sup> Gairdner's *Lollardy and the Reformation*, i., 84.

<sup>8</sup> *Ib.* i. 94.

<sup>9</sup> *Ib.* i. 79.

'Gunpowder Plot' is known, because England left Catholicism, and also because, as Cardinal Newman said: Bad luck to us Catholics, we never kept a record of Protestant scandals.

Wherefore it is, that Sir John Oldcastle, standing out in vice among young Henry's dissolute early companions, has Shakespeare's vindication that he "died a martyr," (2 *Hen. IV., Epilogue*), and was not to be disgraced by being thought a Sir John of the play, called therein indeed, "my old lad of the castle." Sir John Oldcastle and not Sir John Falstaff should the Hostess have sent to "Arthur's bosom," had the Catholic Mary Stuart supplanted Anne Boleyn's bastard daughter as Shakespeare's queen. In the older dramatists, Oldcastle was "the ruffian knight, as all England knows." Protestant England was to cease to know. And even as King John was a good virtuous anti-papal hero in plays making the new Protestant tradition of Virtue versus the Pope, so Oldcastle, Lollard, was idealised, and everything blackguard forgiven or forgotten, in the "martyr."

Henry V.'s parliament had addressed the king, to say that what Oldcastle and his Lollards meant by "reforming the priesthood and the knighthood," is "to destroy the Christian faith, the king, the spiritual and temporal estates, and all manner of policy and law." Henry's proclamation then stated that the Lollards designed "to destroy him, his brothers, and several of the spiritual and temporal lords, to confiscate the possessions of the Church, to secularise the religious orders, to divide the realm into confederate districts, and to appoint Sir John Oldcastle president of the Commonwealth." Under Oldcastle the Lollards allied themselves to all, indeed, who were opposed to Henry V.—*e.g.*, partisans of the Earl of Mortimer as king, of the impostor representing Richard II. as still alive, and the Scots, and the Welsh. Twenty thousand Lollards were to be in St. Giles' Fields on January 9, 1413, when the city apprentices were to rise. Henry had the city gates barred. He went to the Fields. The insurgents dispersed. Thirty-five of their leaders were executed—Oldcastle himself; but not till after four years (1413-1417) 'on the run.'

The great Church of the English 15th century was, in the 16th, to fall by other ruffian hands, and by its own lack of needed reforms. But it had its martyrs, among them its Oxford Champion, ex-heretic, and Jesuit, who, when Shakespeare was a young man, had his 'Dicem Rationes' for keeping to the religion of 1,200 years in England, left on all the seats at a University commemoration sermon. To the successor of Henry V., he spoke, out of all the Christian past: "Elizabeth most mighty Queen, . . . I tell thee, one heaven cannot gather in, Calvin and these thine ancestors. Join thyself therefore to these princes, else shalt thou stand

unworthy of that name of thine. . . . To this end I do conspire against thee. . . .

"All hail, thou good Cross! The day shall come, O Elizabeth! the day that shall make it altogether clear which of the two did love thee best; the company of Jesus, or the brood of Luther."

Elizabeth was crowned as a Catholic queen, like her ancestors; she took the old oath, she received Holy Communion. Down to her father's coronation, was used the miraculous phial received by St. Thomas à Becket from Mary Queen of Heaven; used first at the coronation of Henry V.'s father. Shakespeare wrote, under the profane scoffing queen. He dwelt on "reverence that angel of the world." But, further, he held his peace. He at least was not the man to die a martyr. But he was sometimes in a rage in his heart. Was it the "Reformation," at Henry V.'s Syon Abbey and elsewhere, that the Elizabethan poet had in mind when he cried:

"When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage."

Then

"To behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
. . . .

And simple truth miscalled simplicity.  
And captive Good attending captain Ill.

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
—Tired with all these, for restful death I cry"?

The silence of Shakespeare in his last years: the secret of Shakespeare, the heart of whose mystery some would pluck out—is there some lifting of the veil, when one sees a dreamer, who lived after Henry VIII., and under Elizabeth, and wrote of Henry V.?

# Off the Beaten Track.

J. JOHN.

*This story is one of a series, the first of which appeared in the June number under the title of A LITERARY ASPIRANT.*

THERE are many matters that will try the patience, and of these the great test for me is the unravelling of a string of beads. When it is that symbol of victory, the Rosary, I endeavour to remain placid and to emulate Job, but with the profane, barbaric beads, red, green, bright yellow, purple, jade and what not, I become inflammatory at the business; pest take the things, what is there about them that so endears them to the heart of a woman. I imagine myself wearing them at table with one end dangling in the soup, and if I mounted a bus, the wretched things would fasten on to the conductor or become entangled in the handrails.

I was at this business of unravelling beads, when Gadson turned up to discuss a preliminary fortnight's working holiday. A working holiday, strange contradiction in terms. You may remember Gadson, who has appeared before in these pages, as a literary aspirant and a person of the utmost seriousness.

At his approach I put down the beads. "Well," I said, "and now let me hear what your plans are."

Gadson arranged himself in my large chair—(whenever he sits down you would suppose he was about to be photographed)—put the tips of his fingers together: "Let us," he said, "get off the beaten track and return to the simple life."

"Gadson," I said, "at no time is my life particularly complex. Same hour for rising, same egg, or rather a similar one, for breakfast, same bus, work, lunch and so forth." "A holiday," Gadson continued without heeding me, "should possess unusual features, new sights, new sounds, change of air, fresh thoughts, a stimulating atmosphere: we should return invigorated and renewed." I sometimes suspect Gadson of committing to memory the libretto of a popular advertisement, these phrases of his are reminiscent of the hoardings. "There is much truth in what you say," I remarked. "What place have you in mind?" He said, "We could motor down to some quiet Norfolk village and lead a simple life in a tranquil cottage." "Of all the adjectives that the English tongue possesses, Gadson," I remarked parenthetically, "quiet, simple and tranquil are the most restful." "A good country woman would cook our meals, the orchard would provide us with

fruit in abundance, all the day we could rest and think," he explained.

It is odd that some folk remain under the delusion that concentrated thought is a restful process, the fact being that it is more exhausting than grave-digging. However, I let that pass.

"Your idea sounds reasonable," I said, "and I am willing to undertake said journey in aforesaid motor to the place hereinbefore mentioned."

"I am glad to hear how readily you acquiesce in my plans," said Gadson; "would Tuesday be too soon" he added.

"Not at all," I said; "Tuesday will do excellently well."

We motored down on good roads and reached our destination. The evening was falling when we came in view of the cottage which Gadson had selected as an abode of rest and peace and solitude. We stumbled through a wilderness of garden, disturbing ducks and ganders. We entered the parlour. When I had sufficiently recovered from the severe shock caused by bumping my head against the projecting beam I looked around me.

"The place does not appear to have been occupied for years," I remarked; "it is exceptionally damp." We proceeded to trim a lamp and, after a sustained effort, we succeeded in producing a slight flicker and a quantity of smoke.

"The lamp is not satisfactory," said Gadson, "but it is better than nothing." I said, "Oh, it will do provided it doesn't set fire to the ceiling. You have, no doubt, observed that the paper is peeling off immediately above it."

We moved the lamp cautiously to the window, where it went out.

"I fear we must go in search of candles," said Gadson. We could not use the car because Gadson had forgotten to attend to the lamps, but a two mile walk brought us to the grocers. We purchased candles, ham (very dear and exceedingly fat), eggs, and other necessities.

In the scullery we discovered an oil cooking-stove and, after a protracted struggle, we were able to boil eggs and brew the tea.

When we had stacked up the cups and plates we set up two candles on the table in their own grease, for no candlesticks were available. I had brought sundry books, paper and pens with me, but was unable to read. We sat silently smoking for some time.

"Gadson," I observed, "I shall go to bed; the atmosphere of this room resembles a chapel ardente, and if I attempt to read *Thou shalt not kill* under these conditions I shall begin to question the statement." "I shall also retire," he said.

Dog-tired, I slept unmindful of spiders. I awoke early; ducks were quacking underneath my window. The sun was streaming in

and I threw the window open wide and breathed the perfume of flowers. It was good to be alive.

"There is no need for us to trouble ourselves," said Gadson, entering my room in the process of buttoning a collar. "Mrs. Apps, a charwoman and cook, has arrived and is at the moment preparing breakfast."

Mrs. Apps proved to be a large, cheerful soul with a flow of conversation that would have enlivened a board meeting.

"Good mornin', gentlemen, a nice day for a constitooshonel, the h'oil stove has give me some trouble, it a'int been cleaned for a long time and it 'as become impregnated with the fumes of cooking as it were."

Some day I propose to write an essay on Charwomen. They are a race apart; they possess their own peculiar diction and their names are unusual. Mrs. Apps, Mrs. Friday, Mrs. Wish, Mrs. Entichnap, Mrs. Tice. Seldom, I imagine, you will meet these names in any other avocation. I recall one occasion when my household was upset by domestic illness and a servant was not forthcoming. We carried on for a fortnight with the assistance of three charwomen who were willing "to oblige." Each was dressed in black, each carried a brown paper parcel, each, with an unerring instinct sought out the peg nearest the kitchen door and hung her hat upon it. At the time I was grateful for the services of these charladies, but I found subsequently that it was an expensive method of running a minute establishment.

Having secured Mrs. Apps, we were free, as I supposed, to spend the days in doing nothing in particular. "This," I remarked to Gadson, "is going to be an ideal holiday. We are the masters of our fate. We are the captains of——"

"Yes," Gadson said, "that is so, but I think one of us must remain on the premises to feed the fowls, geese and ganders. You see I obtained this cottage for six guineas a week subject to undertaking the upkeep of the live stock." I said, "Couldn't Mrs. Apps do that part of the business?" Gadson said that she could not; for one thing she suffered with a weak heart, and, again, she was in mortal dread of ganders.

Well, of course, if that were so, to press her in the matter would be unthinkable. "The only thing for us to do is to take it in turns," said Gadson.

"Let us rather be sportsmen, and toss for it," I rejoined.

"Good luck, Gadson," I shouted (having won the toss), as I waded through a collection of poultry and unlatched the gate, "I shall explore the country around and return in time for tea."

It was late when I returned from my ramble in the wooded valleys. I had stood alone in the silence to watch the beauty of the

setting sun, hearing no sound but the rustling made by the birds in the trees and undergrowth. I encountered no one, until I reached the little hamlet where we had stopped the day before.

Walking briskly, I came in sight of our cottage. As I opened the gate, I stood in amazement and horror at the scene: I beheld, Gadson with his hand around the neck of a large and fiery gander. The pair of them were running at a great speed up and down the orchard.

"It's all right, it's all right," Gadson shouted breathlessly, "nearly finished, had to do it." I stood aside as they flashed past me. At the end of their mad career, Gadson gave the gander a violent swing forward and fell to the ground completely spent with his exertions. He pulled himself together and came towards me.

"And what in the name of goodness were you two up to?" I said. "Was it a jazz or one of these desperate new dances you were practising?"

Gadson straightened his collar and looked at me soberly.

"It is, I believe, the only method of dealing with an enraged gander. It is likely to exhaust the bird and calm him," he said. "I can well imagine that it exhausts each of——" The sentence remained unfinished on my lips, for the gander, having recovered his breath, but not his temper, crept up behind and bit me in the leg. Together with sticks and shouts we drove off the wretched bird. "Gadson," I observed, rubbing my leg, "I find this sort of holiday a trifle too energising. I will stay on *until the week is out*, and I will feed the birds, if my luck goes against me. And now perhaps we might have some supper?"

# The Grey Hills.

I. C.

HE was a gentle old man. Fine white locks curled about his thin, palely transparent temples, his great blue eyes, bright as forget-me-nots in their colouring still, looked at one with a curiously beautiful expression, as though they were eyes that saw the depths of the Everlasting Oceans as well as the tumbled waves of the rough Atlantic. Wistful eyes, they seemed always seeking, quietly and gently, it is true, yet their unsatisfied quest haunted them. It was said that old Michael was strange in his mind since his wife's death, for on that night of storm a triple tragedy had befallen him—his two stalwart sons, fishermen as he himself had been until the crippling rheumatism had kept him a prisoner on land, had been drowned when port had almost been made by their gallant little craft after a long nine hours' battling with the fury of the shrieking winds and roaring waves. Down, down, down they had gone, engulfed in the grey, cold Cornish seas, and Michael, who had always had an uncanny gift of second sight, or presentiment, or vision, had seen the very event while he knelt, his dead wife's cold hand in his, by her bed in the dusky shadow of the cottage room whose windows had been shuttered as closely as he could do it to shield her dying eyes from the frightful flicker of the incessant lightning.

There he had knelt, hour after hour, while the storm subsided and the grey wan daylight crept onward, filling the cloud-wracked sky, while the clouds themselves dispersed and the November sunlight, bright and strong at intervals, at other intervals weak and pale, poured their beams everywhere but into that darkly shuttered room. At length the trembling neighbours, having seen the youths' bodies washed ashore, unlatched the door. It was not necessary to break the further black news, for tall Michael, rising from his stiff knees, said in low, but piercing tones, pointing to the bed, "There she lies, my Rose! And out on the shining beach Michael and John have come home—aye, home, but not to me. O my boys, my boys; I saw them go down, down last night into the dark waters—they came to me pale and streaming with water; look where the salt drops lie still in pools!" And he pointed the shuddering villagers to the runnels of sea-water which, indeed, lay upon the wooden floor at the foot of the bed, as he had said.

It was no wonder that with such a sorrow poor Michael should be strange, I reflected, as I wandered among the dark rocks by the dull grey sea on a late October day. But he did not *look* at all

strange in his mind. I had seen him once or twice, and the old man took my fancy greatly; in fact, I was about to try to get him to sit to me for a portrait. With the great rocks and the lapping, white-tipped waves on the shingly shore as setting, I anticipated a striking picture, for the old Cornishman was of a remarkably arresting type. I had observed, too, with a feeling of pleasure, that he seemed as willing to have my company as I was to have his; and he was no village chatterer, interested in a strange face.

At this moment the object of my reflections came round one of the rocky headlands, walking on the stony beach towards me. His gaze was turned landwards, and there was an intensity of yearning distress in the blue eyes which moved me deeply. Then he turned, and noticed me. His face changed. The sorrow seemed to die out, and a certain eagerness to take it place.

He said nothing, however, beyond the conventional words of greeting as we met. "Michael," I said, entering at once into the conversation I was determined to have with him, "I want very much to paint a picture of this beach, and I am extremely anxious to have you in it. May I?"

He smiled, a rare, delicate, beautiful smile, which made me realise, all at once, the difficulty of the task I had set myself. I should never be able to reproduce that spiritual quality of beauty adequately.

"O yes, Miss," he said gently, "I will sit for ye, for any picture ye wish to make. But 'tis a main poor picture, an old man like me."

It all came about naturally, during our hours on the beach with palette and paints, that old Michael should tell me the great tragedy of his life, and of other things as well. Of his sorrow he spoke so simply and naturally as to deepen in my mind the conviction that old Michael was no more "strange" than any of the rest of his fellows. I learned, too, that his grandmother had been an Irish colleen; he had never known her, as she died before she was thirty, but the mistress with whom she had been before her marriage had had a small locket painting, a plain little miniature in fact, made of her and had given it to her at parting, and this Michael showed to me one day, when we had become more intimate. She had similar eyes to Michael's own, and must have been a beautiful girl.

"Many a time," said Old Michael, hesitatingly, as I looked at the miniature, "I be thinking—'tis a main foolish thought, for sure, but it will not leave me—that she could help me, if only she were alive."

I looked up with a sympathetic expression. I did not know what he meant in the least, but it was easy to see that the old man had

some thought, almost some preoccupation, which he would plainly be glad to open to another.

Encouraged, apparently, by my unspoken sympathy, the old man proceeded.

"It be foolish and wicked, perhaps, Missy, but I have a trouble of mind I can't rightly understand and never can put down. Folk say old Michael is strange, but 'tis a strangeness of heart, more like, Miss. I seem always to be seeing my poor lads, Miss, aye, and at times their golden-haired mother—looking to me for help."

The old man fixed his brilliant eyes on me after bringing out this latter part of his statement. His look was very anxious, as though to see how his idea struck me.

"You mean, Michael," I ventured, "that you are always thinking of them, and you—you feel them about, you have the feeling of their nearness to you, as if they were asking you something?"

"Yes, yes, Missy, 'tis that," he returned quickly. "But 'tis more than that. You know I *see* things, Missy. I saw my lads a-drowning before me when I was in my cottage with my dead Rose; aye, and three nights before that I saw a great angel, the Angel of Death, he were, his black wings full of stars, fly down over my house, three nights running.

"O, Missy, I have seen those dear ones of mine many and many a time, seen them as well as I see you. They are not the laughing, red-cheeked lads I used to kiss and smile over; these are tall, grave boys, boys who have a need, a trouble on them. They walk for ever among silent grey hills, lost in a land of lonely sad mountains, and they are climbing, always climbing. I see them, those hills, in my dreams, in my waking hours at home, great stretches swept by the winds of the grey dawning; nay, 'tis more of the twilight hour those winds are. And there's rain, too, and faint mists—and the rain and the mists and the winds are like tears and sighings. . . I have seen those hills here, walking alone on the beach, when I look landwards—and you know, Missy, there are no hills here in our parts. Aye, often and often I see those grey Hills of Desire, and I know that not only my boys, and even my Rose, I think, are still walking those mountains, but many another I have known here and who has passed away.

"I have spoken a little to the minister, but—he says I must not think of dreams like those; he says *as the tree falleth, so it lieth*, and that long ago they were away in Heaven.

"But my grandmother's portrait, and my own heart, and—and, I think you, too, Missy, if you'll pardon an old man's making so bold as to say it—all seem to tell me the way to Heaven's holy gate is up a high mountain, and it may be a long and grey and winding road."

"Dear Michael," I said, and my voice trembled in spite of myself, "your own heart and your eyes, too, have told you truly. And you know that your grandmother and I understand, because we are Catholics, and Catholics, Michael, understand so well about those grey Hills of Desire. We know that almost every soul has to go up those holy hills to Heaven—when we die we are not so pure and saintly, many of us, that we would like to appear, just as we are, before the holy God Whom even angels serve with trembling. We want to be made ready, and that is what the time on the grey hills does for our souls when we die: at the same time those souls are so full of longing to get to be with their Saviour for ever that they look joyfully on us when we come to bring them help."

Tears were streaming down Michael's cheeks. "Ah! Missy, darling, 'tis you have read me my riddle of sorrow rightly. Yes, yes, I *know* 'tis help they are asking from me. And my grandmother was a Catholic. Tell me, Missy, what is it that Catholics do to help their dear dead ones from those lonely hills, those sad grey hills?"

"Ah! Michael, they do all kinds of things," I said, taking his trembling old hand in mine. "Catholics have the Son of God still with them, hidden, it is true, just as in His life as a Man His shining glory was hidden; and they can offer Him, their Treasure, to God for their dear ones, His brethren. They can pray for them, they offer their daily work and sufferings and troubles for them—we are taught just how to do all these things; there are other treasures of the spirit, too, they can use."

"Will you pray for my lads, and my Rose?" inquired the old man eagerly. "I have prayed for them, often, long ago, but it seemed to avail but little, and then I thought it was wrong, for it was against what my minister had told me. And I prayed and prayed that I might understand those grey hills."

Our conversation ended there for that day, for the old man felt the strain of his emotion too much, and several days elapsed before I heard anything further of Michael. Meanwhile I had two Masses offered for his wife and sons' souls, and prayed much myself for them, begging them in return to bring this fine old Methodist into the True Fold in which his naturally Catholic spirit seemed already to dwell.

"Poor Michael is stranger than ever," said Mrs. Treowen, the kindly woman who kept the village store, to me, then, one brilliantly sunny morning. "He is not likely to live much longer, and he has actually been and sent for Father Curtin, the Catholic priest, and does not want Mr. Trefusis, the minister, at all. 'Tis cruel sad, a fine, handsome man like him to be so wild like in his mind. But there, he wor always strange."

My head in a whirl, I left the shop hastily and made my way up the thymy slope of the great rock on which, in a sheltered nook, old Michael's cottage nestled. At the door I saw one of the elderly women members of Father Curtin's little flock—he was being nursed by a Catholic, then.

"I knew old Michael; I had been painting his portrait, and we had some talks, Mrs. Owens," I said to the widow; "and I have called to ask how he is this morning. I have just heard he is very ill."

"Come in, Miss," said Mrs. Owens, curtesying with an old-world grace, "I be main glad to see 'ee. Michael has been asking for the young visitor lady—he says it was because of her he had Father Curtin. Michael's a Catholic, now, Miss; you will be pleased like, now, to hear that. And some of us in the village here called him strange, Miss, but I think that one of God's holy souls is what he is. I haven't seen many dying like he be doing."

It was a transfigured Michael I saw, propped up on pillows hardly whiter than his face. His eyes were smiling and happy, they had lost their look of questing anxiety; a crucifix lay clasped in his frail fingers. He smiled as he saw me, a smile that was like a burst of sunlight.

"O Michael, Michael," I cried, kneeling by him, "and are you going away from us so soon?"—for he had whispered to me that he was dying.

He touched my hand. "The grey hills are sunlit now," he whispered. "Since the day before yesterday I have seen them, O, so often, lovely green mountains where the blossomy trees are fresh and where my darlings are walking, smiling and beckoning to me. It was what you had offered for them, Missy,—they told me themselves—it was that Sacrifice that rose like the morning Sun upon them. Before It all the mists and rains melted away, the winds are only breaths out of Heaven now. O the grey hills, they called me long; but now, the green hills, the everlasting hills where my Saviour walks, the Saviour I have newly found so near, so near, all the time. God bless you, Missy—yes, I must go to the everlasting hills; God bless you and lead you through quiet waters to the pastures green."

He leaned back, smiling, in the sunlight. Old Michael's young soul was leaping the everlasting hills in joy.

# Some Children I Have Taught.

LOUISE SENDEL.

(I.) PIERRE.

AS Pierre thought fit to come into this troublesome world on my birthday, he was always considered by everyone to be my particular property. He was the third boy, and the youngest of six children. His arrival caused great rejoicings to his eldest sisters, aged 9 and 10, who loved anything in the shape of a baby, though they were a little disappointed that it was not another sister; and they informed me that they thought it a pity their mother had not prayed a little harder, as then God might have sent a girl instead. However, they were not as disdainful as little Jean, aged 3, who solemnly requested to be "left in peace, and not bored with the baby." His nose, I suppose, was already feeling rather out of joint. Pierre was soon the pet of the whole family, and he was a lovely child, with fair, curly hair, and dark eyes with long lashes; from his babyhood always happy and content, and full of fun.

Pierre became a schoolroom child very early, for his mother became an invalid and was often from home; the elder children were sent to school, and the two little brothers were all that remained. They both read and understood English, and delighted in books. "Alice in Wonderland," "Carrots," and "Little Folks" were eagerly read and much appreciated. Pierre, at six, was full of quaint ideas; he was very anxious to see the stars; and one evening, going to the window just before bed-time, I heard him sigh, and say: "Bon Dieu, when *are* you going to light up?" He was a very pious child and loved to go to Mass, and especially Benediction; and became very devoted to the young priest who took Jean's Catechism class. The two children would persuade me to take them to see l'Abbé ——, who was never too busy to welcome them; the only difficulty I had was to get them away. Jean made his first Communion when he was 10 years of age, and shortly afterwards was sent to a boarding-school. I remember one morning at lessons a very sad-faced Jean, and when the bell for Catechism class—to which he had belonged—began, great tears rolled down his cheeks, and he sobbed out, "I can't go any more; I shall never be with l'Abbé R—— any more." He was soon comforted, and found that it was possible to see his good friend at other times.

Pierre was a host in himself, and my constant companion. He was always very busy, a great chatterbox, full of imagination, and bent on becoming an engineer. He would pore for hours over

engineering books, and became clever at Meccano constructions. He invented an imaginary railway through the mountains (cote d'Or), and one of his most thrilling stories was "The accident of March 15th," when the driver of his train was killed accidentally, by a shot fired at a rabbit. The train was full of guests going to a wedding. None of them ever reached their destination, for, the driver being killed, the train derailed; every passenger was killed, and so the wedding took place with only the bride and bridegroom. The story ended with: "It was a very dull affair, for as they had no children, they could not have any fun."

One of the trials of Pierre's life was the holidays. He was naturally a tidy child. His books were always neatly arranged, letters tied and sorted, and even labelled; his paint-brushes and Meccano tools never went astray when he was alone, but though he looked forward to the return of his sisters and brothers from school, it was also a trial to his patience, for chaos reigned in his cupboard. Four untidy pairs of hands would borrow right and left from the one who possessed what they always lost, and the precious tools and pencils, etc., would be taken, and more often not returned, or they would turn up after the holidays in unexpected places. Poor Pierre! He was a passionate child, and I have seen him almost dance with rage on the disappearance of his belongings. No wonder that at the end of the longed-for, yet dreaded, holidays, he would heave a sigh of relief, and say: "Now we shall have some peace again."

I said that Pierre was pious; and one of the curious traits in his piety was his passion for sermons. One day I noticed that he put nothing in the offertory, and later on he said: "It was a pity that M. le Curé did not preach, as I was intending to give 6d. (50 centimes); but as there was no sermon I gave nothing at all." He prepared with joy for his first Confession; and his first Communion soon followed, for he was  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , and the Holy Father had that year given the famous decree for the Communion of little children. The child thought and spoke of nothing else for weeks; he was disappointed at not joining the children who made their first Communion at Easter, but for family reasons it was postponed until Ascension Day. So he made the Retreat, and then three days before the day made one by himself. Never have I seen anyone more devout than that innocent boy, and even the parish priest said, "Pierre is an angel." On his return from Mass, looking up with radiant eyes, he whispered to me, "I am very happy, but though I listened, I did not hear a Voice." He had evidently taken quite literally the words of the Redemptorist Father, that Our Lord would speak to him.

Shortly after his first Communion he expressed a wish to receive the Sacraments again. He went to Confession, and intended to go to Holy Communion the following day. I was obliged to be absent all that afternoon, and on my return saw immediately that something was wrong. Pierre's eyes were red with weeping. His sister said he had been very good, but had cried in the afternoon, and would tell no one the reason. When I went to him as usual at bedtime, it all came out. He had not been as good as he intended; he had been very unkind to the gardener, and had kicked his basket of potatoes all down the cellar steps. Was he too naughty to go to Holy Communion?

I advised an act of contrition, and to go to sleep.

Then he looked at me in astonishment and said: "An act of contrition! Why I made it hours ago!"

## (2.) NICOLE.

A fair-haired, pale, blue-eyed little maiden of nine, with short, straight hair, and rather tall for her age, was Nicole—a contrast to her two younger sisters—Denise, aged seven, and Jeannie, a mischievous little thing of five, with dark, curly hair, and brown eyes that were always sparkling with mischief. They were the children of a French doctor, and lived in a large "apartment" in that long street of Paris, the Rue de M.

The parents were Jews by birth, but practised no religion, and brought up their three little daughters as veritable heathens. The father, one of the kindest of men, was much loved by his patients, and especially by the poor, whom he was ever willing to assist. The mother, a very pretty woman, thought of little else but clothes and gaiety; and though she loved her children, would very seldom be troubled with them.

Nicole attended the "Cours" of a Jewish lady three times a week, and many of the rich children living in that part of the town were to be found there. It was a very well-conducted school, and the children were very well taught; but I was scandalised at the amount of jewellery with which the elder girls were allowed to adorn themselves.

Nicole was an intelligent child, but not brilliant, which annoyed her mother intensely; and one could not but be sorry for the child when, on telling her mother that she was third out of a class of over twenty, her announcement was met with a storm of anger. "It was disgraceful that she was not first, etc.," and the child, who had really done her best, retired in tears to her room. No excuses could pardon such an offence as that of wounding her mother's pride. Nicole was not what one calls an attractive child;

she was passionate, like her mother, selfish and grasping, and, though good-looking, her face was spoilt by a rather discontented expression. The Jewish nature showed itself in her cleverness to obtain anything that took her fancy; and she scarcely ever went to tea with friends without bringing away some of her friends' property, by some means or other; the favourite one was by making all the other children have a lottery, and then, somehow or the other, Nicole's "lot" happened to be the thing she desired most. Needless to say, she never suggested this game in her own home.

It was extremely difficult to find any means to teach a child who had no religious foundation to go upon. The poor little thing had no idea of right or wrong. If she did wrong she was punished; this was all she had learned. Like all children, these three little girls loved stories. Having exhausted most of mine, I one day told them a Bible story. Never before had I had such a success; they left me no peace; and as I had been requested on my arrival not to mention religion to them, I was obliged to ask the parents if I should continue and, to my joy, consent was given. Now, at last, I had found a real hold over them, and they would listen for hours, and the promise of a story would often keep them good for days. As time went on, I noticed that in passing shops where pictures and holy objects were for sale, Nicole would linger behind and would question me about them. One day I hesitated, wondering if it were loyal to the parents to answer, and yet longing to enlighten the poor little soul. She saw my hesitation and exclaimed: "It does not matter a bit, your telling me, for I know *all* the Catechism!" She then explained that she had always listened to the explanations given at the "Cours" to the children who attended Catechism classes; she meanwhile was supposed to be learning another lesson.

All the children were exceedingly musical. Jennie, at four and a-half, was quite wonderful; she could read and write music, beat time, and tell with eyes shut in what time any piece you chose to play was written. She was the delight of the mistress of the "sol fa" class, which she attended with her sisters. Every day I gave them musical dictation, and it was wonderful how quick she became; Denise would not be outdone by her younger sister, and by sheer hard work kept up with her. Nicole was, naturally, in a higher class, but was rather lazy about her preparation, and it was over this "sol fa" lesson that I discovered another of her talents. She was the most perfect little actress I ever knew. One day her parents were out, and the three little girls were invited to lunch with their aunt, who lived in the same building. My last words to Nicole were that she must come back earlier than her sisters, as it was the day for her "sol fa" class; and then the three ran upstairs. I was ready to set out with Nicole when the door opened and in she came

with an agonised face. "Aunt says, will you let me go to bed at once. I am ill," she said. I had my doubts as to this sudden illness being quite genuine, but I put her to bed, tucked her up,—with a hot-water bottle, and left her to go to sleep. As soon as her father came in, I fetched him. He looked very puzzled, as she did not look at all ill; then suddenly he looked at me and asked if it was not the day for the "Cours"; and when I replied that it was, he quickly gave Nicole her orders,—she was to remain in a dark room, no books, to be alone, and not to get up until the next morning. Needless to say, next morning she was perfectly well; and after a few days confessed to her father that it was all absolutely feigned, because she had not finished her lesson. It was not the first time she had tried the plan of being ill in order to free herself of lessons. I was often sorely puzzled. When a pale, delicate child affirms that she is feeling so tired, that she had a sleepless night, and nearly weeps at the idea of getting up, what can one do? I must own that I was taken in several times, and gave her breakfast in bed, and then would fetch her father. He would look at her and say, "Get up, little one, and do your lessons."

If Nicole had been placed in different surroundings one could have made something of her; but she lacked two very necessary things: one was love. She was not a happy child; her father was very fond of her and her sisters, but a busy doctor does not have much time with his children, and Nicole craved for more love from her mother; the little ones were more attractive, more amusing, so Nicole went to the wall. Then she needed better food. It was not war-time, and I was often horrified at the scanty meals the child had. I believe a great deal of her naughtiness and laziness was caused by lack of food. I myself had to supplement my own. I can never understand why some people who are not obliged to practice economy, should grudge proper meals to their households; but I have known several cases, and in this one money was spent lavishly on clothes, sweets, and every kind of pleasure. But one usually rose hungry from the table.

After four months of hard work, anxiety, and semi-starvation, I was obliged to say good-bye to Nicole and her sisters, and take a long rest.

### (3.) BASIL.

It was in May, 1913, that I first made Basil's acquaintance. He was six and a-half years of age, and so tall that he easily passed for two years older,—rather a disadvantage in some ways, as so much more was expected of him, and sometimes one forgot that he was so young. He had thick, fair, curly hair, and bright, merry, blue eyes always twinkling with mischief. His elder brother had just

gone to a boarding-school, and Basil was full of his importance at his promotion from the nursery to the schoolroom, though his loyalty to the departed "Nannie" was quite touching. However, he soon settled down, and we became the best of friends. For several weeks all went well, and I had no exhibitions of the terrible temper which "Nannie" had warned me of, until one day I was obliged to refuse some demand. Then the storm burst. My Basil rolled on the floor in a fearful rage, clenching his fists, and threatening me with blazing eyes; finally he retreated under the table, repeating with every breath how intensely he hated me. I took up some work and let him rage, and after about twenty minutes he grew quiet, and then a very red-faced, dishevelled, miserable little person crawled from under the table, seized my hand and exclaimed: "No, I don't *really*, you know. I only wanted to see if I could frighten you."

Another day, after a difference of opinion, he folded his arms, looked up at me and said: "I can't think why you do not stand up and fight it out with me, instead of jawing; then we should see who would be the master." He was rather disappointed that his brilliant suggestion did not meet with my approval. Gradually his outbursts of passion became less, and I never knew him to sulk: that most disagreeable habit which I have always found more trying than bad temper.

He was a most lovable child, very affectionate, and inherited his mother's feelings of kindness and generosity. There was one thing, however, he could not stand—and that was a baby. I really felt it a great proof of his affection for me when he came with me to visit the Refugee home, which was full of new babies; and he even admired my god-son, a wee French babe, and became quite interested in lending it his own baby robe for the Baptism.

Basil's parents were what Anglicans call very good "Church people"; but although they attended regularly a rather High Church, they were not of that way of thinking; they are, I suppose, what is called "broad." There was no objection to the boy coming with me into the Catholic church when we passed; and Basil always came most willingly, and gave out that he intended to become a Catholic one day. But his brother, only a year and a-half older, would never cross the threshold, not even to look at the Crib; and one day asked me if it was not quite true that we worshipped the Virgin Mary, as his schoolmistress had told him so. Basil, on the contrary, loved the pictures and the statues; and one day when I was taking some flowers for the Exposition insisted on adding another bunch, which he paid for out of his own money. He came and gave them himself to the priest, and always spoke of him afterwards as "my friend Father."

No one could help loving the bright, merry face, and he was a

general favourite. During a visit one holiday we were staying at the same hotel as the late Prince Christian, and one evening returning from a walk both boys dashed upstairs in front of the old Prince, who, putting his hand on Basil's head, said: "What nice curls; I wish I had them." And the small boy answered briskly, looking at the Prince's bald head: "Yes; you haven't got much hair, yourself, have you?" The answer delighted the old Prince, and it was the beginning of a friendship between him and the little boys, which lasted until his death. After that day he continually sent for them to go and chat with him, took them with him in his motor-car, gave them presents and never forgot them at Christmas.

Basil was not brilliantly clever, but if he did not excel in work he made up for it in sports, and early learnt to shoot and row, and was an ardent cricketer. His great ambition was to be in the army, but I must own that his ardour seemed to decrease when he saw so many wounded returning from the war. He used often to visit the hospital, and loved taking cigarettes and chocolates to the poor wounded men. He and his great friend formed a Society at the beginning of the war, which had for its object to salute every English or Belgian officer whom they should meet; at the end of each day the boys would reckon up how many salutes had been returned. The Society, however, collapsed, for owing to the number of Tommies and forced salutes, the small boys found that after a few weeks they were being very much neglected, and they no longer received the smiles and salutes that their first efforts had called forth.

Great sorrow fell upon poor little Basil when his great pet, a charming little Irish terrier, fell ill and died. Together we nursed our darling "Pat," and night after night he would add a petition in his prayers: "Pray, God, make 'Pat' well again." But "Pat" grew weaker and weaker, and a pathetic sight would meet me when sometimes in the middle of the night I would go up to see my patient, he would creep into my arms to be held and comforted; for days he was kept alive on Brand's essence. Seeing that there was no hope for the poor little thing, an aunt kindly took the dog, so that the boy should not see him die. I shall never forget the evening when the news came. There were children to tea, and all playing merrily until the telephone rang; in a moment Basil was at his mother's side: "Is it about 'Pat,' mother?" "Yes, darling," was the answer, "and he is very bad." That was all; but it was sufficient to make the game lose all enjoyment. I saw the boy forcing back his tears and trying bravely to show no sign before his friends; but once they had gone his grief burst out. "Oh, mother, will he die?" he sobbed; and his mother, knowing it was of no use to hide the truth, told him that the dog was dead. He wept bitterly

for his dear "Pat," and I must own that he was not the only one who shed tears over the faithful little Irish terrier, who was so loving and such a companion. Later in the evening he said to me : "Do you think 'Pat' is in Heaven?" "Why should he not be?" I answered, longing to console the child; and he after a moment added : "I am sure he is in Heaven; he was very good, you know, and I only once remember him stealing anything."

Basil was full of quaint sayings and queer ideas; he was very fond of messing about on the rocks and finding crabs. One day he and his great friend were, as usual, playing on the rocks, trying to remove a large rock, when a young clergyman went up to them, spoke to them, and finally went away in fits of laughter. I asked one of the other children what the boys had told him, and she said, "O, the clergyman said, 'What are you boys looking for?' and the answer was, 'We are hunting for double-breasted shrimps!'"

Poor man! I wonder if he ever got over it? I found out afterwards that they meant prawns.

I think the day on which I, myself, nearly expired was when, after confiscating a story-book for an act of disobedience, a solemn and indignant voice said : "And I wonder what *you* will say when you stand before the Judgment Seat! !" After that awful threat I had to retire to my own room, where I could laugh unheard.

I have not lost sight of my little friend, though he is now a big schoolboy, and informed his mother quite recently that he was quite capable of taking care of himself, and she need not trouble to give him any advice as to his conduct. I need hardly say that this speech was pure "swank"; that he adores his mother; and it was only intended as a snub to the elder brother, who had been obliged to report some of his pranks. The last I heard of my boy was that he was doing well, and by work and conduct had earned the promised and coveted gun offered as a prize by his father.

I hope and trust he will keep it for rabbits only!

# “Mad” Plunkett.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS IRISH AMATEUR.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

**M**ANKIND is possessed of many devils, but there is probably no sort of malign obsession quite so insistent in its promptings and equally ludicrous in its manifestations as that which instils into the mind of its incompetent victim illusory ideas of his great powers as an actor. In all the wide annals of the theatre one finds no more remarkable example of the pitiful influence of the “diabolus histrionicus” than that of Counsellor Plunkett of Portmarnock.

The provocative cause of this poor man's mental obliquity was the stir created in Dublin in July, 1814, by Edmund Kean's engagement at the Crow Street Theatre. Up to this determining period not even his dearest friend had suspected the existence of a kink in the worthy Counsellor's brain. Provided one has any ballast, one is not apt at thirty-seven to become suddenly borne into the clouds by the sense of hitherto undivined talents. Yet that was the experience of Luke Plunkett, a barrister of independent means, living for the most part on his country estate and reckoned by his circle of acquaintances an agreeable, well-informed man, without any particular bee in his bonnet. Judge, then, of the prevailing astonishment when the brain-storm came which for long wrecked the poor gentleman's mind, and inflicted upon him the hallucination that he was a heaven-born tragedian and fated to see the world at his feet. Little did the quidnuncs know that this gentle, amiably-disposed creature was to figure for a decennium as the butt of a laughter-loving capital.

Imbued from the outset with a firm belief in the validity of that harmful shibboleth, “art for art's sake,” the Counsellor had no desire to barter his illusory gifts for filthy lucre. His sallies on the stage were mostly made for charitable purposes, and charity on these hilarious occasions was compelled to cover a multitude of dramatic sins. The Dublin playgoer always rose nobly to the occasion, bestowing upon Garrick *redivivus* thunders of ironic applause which spurred on the luckless aspirant to deeds of the utmost absurdity.

Plunkett's first appearance behind the footlights was made at the old Crow Street Theatre on April 22nd, 1815, in the highly-ambitious character of Richard, Duke of Gloster. The social position of the new seeker after histrionic laurels, rather than any

anticipation of the humorous treat in store, caused a large audience to assemble, as indicated by the receipts, which exceeded £400. Concerning, however, the amazingly original interpretation of Shakespeare's masterful hunchback given by his counsellorship, the newspapers of the time elected for the most part to preserve a charitable silence. But one subtle humourist deemed the occasion too good to miss, and carefully recorded his impressions :—

"Mr. Luke Plunkett's style is original and undefinable. His force is tremendous, his action exuberant, and his intervals of repose skilfully thrown in. We would, as friends, recommend him not to slap his courtiers so frequently and violently on the back, and to curb the rising impetuosity of his nature when he has a drawn sword in his hand, and Lord Stanley stands within reach. These are trifling blemishes which time will mellow down.

"We did not admire his courting scene with Lady Anne. He was too boisterous. But his shaking hands at parting was cordial and characteristic, although we fear the fair lady's elbow must feel the effect of his earnest affection."

Later on, in discussing the many new features of the Tent Scene, our critic says : "The conduct of the ghosts was most indecorous and deserves the severest censure. They had the audacity to laugh, and the audience was silly enough to follow their example. The fight was magnificent. Mr. Plunkett fenced most furiously, as became a beleaguered lion. Richmond, having parried innumerable deadly thrusts and perforated his enemy till he was tired, loudly called on him to die. This call he obeyed at last, and received a concluding quietus as he fell, gave one furious jump, and submitted to destiny. The audience loudly demanded an encore, but in vain. However, as the curtain fell, the defunct monarch not only gave symptoms of returning animation, but of good sense, as he turned deliberately round and displayed a very broad back, shoulders, etc., to avoid coming in contact with the roller of the drop-scene."

Beholding in their mind's eye a splendid vista of future fun, the wags of the city gathered round poor Plunkett like flies round a treacle-jar and, after feeding his vanity to the full, begged to suggest certain ways whereby in their opinion his illuminating embodiment of Gloster might be bettered. Having arranged to repeat the character in a fortnight, their unsuspecting victim lent a willing ear. But of all their suggestions none was so eagerly accepted as the proposition that, in accordance with the command, "Saddle White Surrey for the field," he should make his entry in the last act mounted on a milk-white steed.

Finding that the gudgeon had swallowed the bait, the fun-makers proceeded to put their fell design into execution. On the night of

the Counsellor's second appearance as Gloster they very thoughtfully provided him with a Rosinantè of the requisite hue, which, by the application of sundry blisters, had been rendered exquisitely sensitive. The result was that by the time the crook-backed tyrant was mounted and on the stage, "White Surrey" was in such torture that he gave expression to his sentiments by indulging in a series of fantastic curvettings unequalled perhaps in public save by the bucking horses of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Indeed, had it not been that the conspirators finally deemed it advisable to rush out from the wings and secure the animal by the head, nothing could have kept the Counsellor from being thrown pell-mell among the fiddlers.

In process of time Plunkett was persuaded by certain players, who found his appearances for their benefits lucrative, to break new ground. He was already, they told him, the Prince Paragon of tragedians. Having snuffed out Kean and Kemble, why not demonstrate his versatility by throwing down the gauge to that great tenor, Broham? Despite his ignorance of the essentials of good vocalism, the unhappy wight jumped at the suggestion. Behold him, then, appearing at Crow Street in December, 1817, for Montague Talbot's benefit, in the garb of a Highland chief and accompanied by several members of his clan. Such was the framework of a fearful and wonderful rendering of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," whose main characteristics were a sublime disregard for time and tune. Here is the account of the affair given by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson :—

"The poor barrister had excited himself so much in the first verse that during the symphony of the second another Scotch soldier (who had been kept in reserve) was sent on to the stage with a tumbler of smoking-hot whiskey punch, to recruit the voluntary bard of the hero of Bannockburn! That settled the musical affair with the audience. Not a word more of the song would they hear till he had complied with the loud and general demand of the pit 'to drink the whiskey punch.' Unfortunately, the learned barrister now lost the equanimity of temper for which he had hitherto been so proverbial, and with his good claymore shivered the obtruding glass into a thousand pieces. The audience became offended, the enraged would-be vocalist retired in indignation, and the curtain dropped amid a shower of hisses."

Fond, however, as it was of fun, there came a time when the old Dublin audience ceased to suffer fools gladly. For Luke Plunkett the fateful hour struck at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street, on June 23rd, 1829, when he attempted to play Coriolanus and broke down hopelessly at the end of the first act. In response to his pitiful confession that he was unable to proceed, the gallery boys, seeing

the prospect of little value for their money, began bawling for Calcroft, the manager. That worthy came on and was in the throes of a splendid endeavour to appease the many-headed beast, having gone so far as to affirm that the mad amateur should never again walk his boards, when the individual in question, still arrayed in Cariolanus' toga and buskins, emerged from the wings brandishing a fearsome claymore, and proffered to throw oil on the troubled waters by giving them "Scots wha ha'e."

Quietude having been restored, the cheerful lunatic, in the words of an eye-witness, "went to work at once, infusing into the martial ballad all the force he had laid in for the representation of the haughty Roman." After duly bawling his way through the song, to the consequent loss of his voice, he wound up with a series of barbaric flourishings of his trusty blade, and then departed from the stage, never to return.

One wonders if poor Plunkett's enforced retirement from the public gaze spelled release from his painful obsession. If not, he must have experienced years of longing. His death occurred at Portmarnock House on December 27th, 1847, at the age of seventy.



## Fishers of Men.

One watched the fisher cast his net  
Upon an inland sea.  
A nobler craft He pledged him yet  
Who bade him, "Follow Me."

One heard a jester sing his song,  
Yest'reen, so it might be :  
He marked the laughter of the throng,  
And whispered, "Follow Me."

Afar his fishing-net he flung,  
The man of Galilee.  
The other brought his lyre full-strung,  
And merrier songs than yet were sung—  
A fisher, too, was he.

ENID DINNIS.

# A Dominican Rose Window

## VI.

### S. ROSE OF LIMA : " THE FLOWER OF THE NEW WORLD."

E. SETON.

**B**EAUTIFUL by name, beautiful in her appearance, and beautiful in nature, this first Saint of American shores was a blossom of the late sixteenth century. She was born on the 20th of April, 1586, at Lima, the capital of Peru, in South America, and her parents, Gaspar Florez and Maria Oliva, were of good family, although in reduced circumstances. The little one's name was given to her as the result of a marvellous event, three months after her birth, when as she lay sleeping in her cradle her mother and a number of other persons saw a beautiful rose floating in the air over her little face, and thereupon changed her name to Rose, for she had been baptised Isabel after her aunt, Lady Isabel de Herrera, who had been her godmother. This change, however, displeased the aunt not a little, and, as a result of the two names being employed by the mother and the aunt, the poor child was always being punished and reprimanded by one or the other of these relatives for answering to them both. When she was older, the humble and modest young saint had recourse to Our Lady to seek solace from the uneasiness she felt, learning that her name Rose was not her baptismal one, for she feared that it was given to her for some earthly vanity. Our Lady consoled her at once, assuring her that the name of Rose was pleasing to her dear Son, and that in token of her motherly affection she would add her own name to it, for that henceforth the devout girl should be known as Rose of Saint Mary. " So that we may say," comments Father Jean Baptiste Feuillet, O.P., a Missionary Apostolic in the Antilles, who flourished in the seventeenth century, " that of all the Saints whose names Almighty God has changed by an extraordinary favour, our Blessed Rose is the first, and perhaps the only one, whose surname has been also changed by Heaven."

From her earliest days the sanctity of this remarkable victim of penance was manifest. She bore a most painful accident, the crushing of her thumb under a heavy chest lid, in the most astonishing silence and patience, hiding it at first altogether from her mother, and bearing the subsequent operation—which included the pulling out of part of the thumb-nail with a pincers—not only without tears, but even with a composed face. Another fearful surgical experience, one cannot style them operations in our modern

sense, was that of the cutting off of part of the heroic child's ear, which had become diseased, with a scissors. She endured this as heroically, and in the course of her delicate and suffering youth she bore a number of painful operations "in superhuman patience suffering the pain with a joy that seemed miraculous, and much resembled that which many martyrs have shown in the dreadful torments inflicted upon them by their executioners."

So mature are the souls of the Saints, or of most of them, at all events, that the accidental scattering of a handful of earth by her little brother on her beautiful hair proved to the holy child the occasion of a great interior light upon the follies of the world and upon the horror of sin. Being naturally neat and clean in her ways, she was going away vexed at her brother's carelessness, when he, with gravity beyond his years, as the chronicler phrases it, bade her affectionately not to be angry at the accident, for the ringlets of maidens were snares to souls and drew them to their eternal ruin. From this time she was strongly attracted to prayer, giving up most of her time to it, even at night. At the age of five, too, we read, she made a vow of chastity and cut off her hair—wearing a veil or ornamental head-dress, she could do this unnoticed—and from about this time or just before, she attained the use of reason and was filled with abundant graces by God as a reward for her generosity, as has been attested by her confessors.

Like S. Catherine of Siena, whom she resembled in every way, spiritually and even physically, Rose was one of a numerous family of brothers and sisters—there were eleven in the latter's home circle—our Rose was a wonder of obedience. She obeyed her mother in a way which is remarkably different from our modern conceptions of duty: for instance, when Madame Florez told her to embroider on the wrong side of her material she did it immediately, and when, further, pretending anger, the lady asked why she had done her work so, Rose replied gently and with her usual winning sweetness that her work was very valueless and she liked to give it the merit of obedience, and that it mattered little how she traced a flower, but it mattered greatly whether or not she failed in her obedience to her mother. She would not even take a drink without her mother's express permission, and it sometimes happened that as Madame Florez was unaware of so much humble mortification on her daughter's part, poor Rose would go for several days without a drop of water to quench her thirst in such a torrid climate.

This spirit of obedience—which she manifested towards everyone, not excluding the old servant of the house, who was sometimes very cross and disagreeable—made her also fulfil her mother's wishes as regards some of the adornments and visits she required on her daughter's part. Yet these compliances were always marked by

some severe secret mortification. For instance, having to put on a garland of flowers on one occasion, Rose fastened it into her very head with a long needle in memory of the Crown of Thorns which her Beloved had worn, and this with such violence that a surgeon's help was necessary when it came to removing it. She received signs from God of his gratification at such delicate fidelity on her part, a fidelity, indeed, required by Him from her. She was successful in persuading her mother not to compel her to use paints and cosmetics to heighten her great natural beauty; this of itself must have entailed a good deal of patience and gentleness, as Madame Florez was of a hasty and irritable temperament, and frequently scolded and even struck Rose with a good deal of roughness, especially when the latter's refusal to marry had filled her with much annoyance. In this respect, as in very many others, she was like her beloved patroness and chosen mistress, S. Catherine of Siena, whose habit she was also to take.

Rose became a member of the Third Order of S. Dominic when she was twenty, after a great deal of trouble at home caused by her refusal of a very advantageous marriage which her parents were anxious that she should accept. Her care to avoid being seen in public, the ruses she adopted to spoil her beauty, even going so far as to hurt her hands with hot lime in order to destroy the beautiful skin she had, all her mortifications could not prevent many from being attracted by her refinement, her delightful conversation and her sanctity and virtue themselves. Thus she determined upon entering religion and chose the Third Order in preference to the many celebrated convents which were eager to have her, her fame being spread throughout the town in spite of all her humility, even the Archbishop of Lima asking her to enter a convent of S. Clare which his niece had just finished building, for he hoped to secure her as the foundation-stone of the holy edifice. "But Rose," says her biographer, "who from the age of five years had proposed to herself S. Catherine of Siena as the model for her imitation, thought it was not sufficient to copy her innocence and her other virtues, but that she must embrace the same state of life, which would not prevent her from continuing to assist her parents."

Two miracles confirmed this resolution—the first took place as she was kneeling before the historic and miraculous image of Our Lady of the Rosary in the Dominican Church at Lima, saying farewell to it ere entering the Monastery of the Incarnation where the nuns were eagerly expecting her. She found, on endeavouring to leave, that she could not rise from her knees, and calling her brother to her assistance, met with no better success. Thinking that this might be a sign from Heaven, Rose then resolved not to go to that convent, but to return home, and thereupon she was able to rise and

leave quite easily. The second is a pretty little story, and relates how that among the multitudes of coloured butterflies which are to be seen on the vast plains of Lima, one all in black and white colours came and fluttered about her, and she who was already so great a proficient in prayer and in the secrets of her Lord, accepted this also as an almost playful indication of His Will for her. She received the holy habit on the 10th of August, (a day later to become famous as the anniversary of the martyrdom of a Virgin Martyr, Philomena, whose miracles and wonders S. Rose herself was later to emulate), and was professed a year later, in 1607.

Her novitiate, however, brought her so much trouble that she would have left the Third Order but for an ecstasy bestowed upon her at the close of a prayer she made to Our Lady of the Rosary, to whom she was most tenderly devoted. The trouble was that "her new state of a religious person, instead of keeping her concealed, showed her forth as a light in the House of God, and that her reputation was so universally diffused through the town that she was the chief subject of conversation, was pointed out in the streets, and praised by everyone." She also, in her marvellous humility, thought that her white habit required greater innocence of life than hers, and that she was hypocritical therefore in wearing it, and, finally, a friend of the family and great personal benefactor of her own, Don Gonzalez, had pressed her very earnestly to become a Discalced Carmelite, offering to pay her dowry himself, and giving as his reason that a cloistered life was more suitable for her than the bustle of the world and remaining with her parents. However, in the ecstasy in the Rosary Chapel, which was witnessed by many, who saw her face shine, she learned the Will of God for her.

Rose's devotion to her parents was beautiful. When she was most weighed down by weakness—for she was of so delicate and suffering a constitution, frequently almost prostrated by illnesses of various kinds, that her incredibly penitential and mortified life was a continual miracle—she would work more than half the night to make a little money to help them in their reduced fortunes by her exquisitely beautiful needlework. "Though she devoted twelve hours every day to mental prayer, she did more work than another, having less to do, would have done in four days, and her work had so much beauty and delicacy that it seemed to surpass art and nature." Though, while she worked, her mind was ever absorbed in divine contemplation, yet her hand guided her work as perfectly as if her mind's attention had been given entirely to it. She also cultivated a garden in which she grew violets and other flowers for sale, to help her parents, "but as all her industry was insufficient to save them from poverty, she confessed ingeniously to a great servant of God that Christ her divine Spouse supplied the deficiency by secret and

wonderful means. She tended them in sickness with incredible assiduity; she was always at their bedside, she passed days and nights there, and only left them to perform for them elsewhere some other service. She made their bed, prepared their medicine, and was ready by day and by night to perform any service for them." Her sanctity being so well known, Rose was a great favourite with the first families in the city, whose ladies would have her visit them, and who never failed to entrust her with abundant and large alms for the poor and sick whom she helped and nursed with the most marvellous devotion, sometimes taking poor penniless women into her own room and nursing and maintaining them herself until they were well again. Besides these gifts, they would also give her at times sums of money for her own and her parents' use, for it was known that their fortunes were reduced—so that Rose was a source of many and great blessings, temporal and spiritual, to her parents. She herself remarked more than once that her family was never better provided for nor more comfortable than when she had the greatest number of her poor clients and pensioners to look after.

Our young Saint's mortifications were universal, both as to extent and as to length. She observed some half-dozen periods of fasting, varying in length, in the year, and these fasts were very severe, for she only took a little bread and warm water during the twenty-four hours—the water was warm to avoid the pleasure that a drink of cold water would have afforded in that burning climate. From infancy she abstained from fruit, which is delicious and varied in Peru, and at fifteen she made a vow never to eat meat unless obliged by those having authority. This obedience, when for instance, meat was prescribed for her by the doctors, cost her dearly, and, indeed, made her health worse. The quickest cure in these cases was to give this predestined Spouse of the Crucified some brown bread soaked in water, and this restored her to her original health. Needless to say, she had many difficulties to overcome in maintaining this manner of life, for her mother, naturally, took all possible steps to make her eat like the rest. She ate bitter herbs, particularly the leaves of the passion flower, and it was known in the city that she was at times whole weeks without eating or drinking and that she sometimes lived solely upon the Bread of Angels. "Those who have visited America and felt its burning heats will acknowledge that our Saint suffered by these austere fasts a martyrdom of which we can have no idea; for the extreme heat that prevails in that burning climate exhausts the strength so much that it is necessary to eat frequently as a preservative against weakness. . . . She frequently shut herself up in her oratory on Thursday and remained there till Saturday without food or sleep, and so completely absorbed in God in a sort of ecstasy that she continued

there immovable and as if incapable of rising from the place where she was praying on her knees."

She took the discipline with such severity that the rigour of her penance had to be somewhat abated; she had such a bed of stones and rough blocks of wood and pieces of tile that even her heroic endurance shuddered to the end at placing her weak and wounded body upon it for the couple of hours' sleep which was all that she took. So great was her repugnance to this suffering that on more than one occasion Our Lord Himself appeared to strengthen her resolution by reminding her of His Own narrower and more painful place of repose on the Cross. At one time, suffering from sleeplessness, her confessor ordered her to take some vegetable preparations for the sake of obtaining some sleep; this made her drowsy at the time for rising, so in alarm Rose invoked Our Lady's aid, and that sweet Morning Star came visibly each day to call her beloved daughter. Like S. Catherine of Siena, Rose was also favoured with a draught of heavenly nectar from the Wounded Heart of Christ Himself when she was more than usually exhausted.

Perhaps her most celebrated penance, that, at any rate, which is linked with her name, was S. Rose's cruel crown. Meditating on the Crown of Thorns and on S. Catherine's participation in that suffering, the Peruvian maiden's heart was moved to loving imitation, and while still very young she made for herself (with the aid of a faithful maid who was the confidant of her austerities, Marianne by name), a pewter circlet studded with little, sharp-pointed nails, wearing it generously without fearing the pain. During the last ten years of her life, however, as if this were not enough for her, she had a worse crown, of silver, and with ninety-nine points in it, made, and wore this for a long time unperceived, changing the position of the circlet daily and tying it closely on Fridays, so that her head was wounded everywhere. This was only discovered accidentally, and her mother complaining of it to the Saint's confessor, he sent for it, and greatly marvelling at her patience and endurance, remonstrated with her on the use of such a thing, but so earnest and plainly inspired were the young Sister's pleadings to be allowed to continue, that, after the good Father had blunted the worst points, he gave it back to her again. A miraculous perfume came from this relic after the Saint's death, and it was further noticed, as though to show that she had thus deserved to participate in the Saviour's crowning, that at her death, no flowers being procurable to form her garland, as is customary for young unmarried girls there, a crown of thorns was taken from the head of the statue of S. Catherine which had been S. Rose's charge in life, and was placed on the client's own holy head. At her death a number of devout persons saw her face transfigured, like S. Cathe-

rine's, into the resemblance of the Son of God Himself as He hung on His Cross on Calvary.

Thus, then, the thirty-one years of this marvellous maiden's life passed, in much prayer, in continual suffering, in the rendering of every possible service to her neighbour, in frequent visions and ecstasies, and, especially in her later years, in much solitude. She succeeded in having a tiny hermitage built for herself in the garden of her home where she might avoid visits and be more alone with her Beloved, and here she spent a great part of her time. Here, though she did not go out so frequently, she heard in spirit the Masses said in the churches of her town; here, too, she heard distinctly the sermons preached in the churches. A few days after she had taken up her abode in this little hermitage, a devout woman of the city, who had frequent ecstasies, saw in one of them the holy Rose like a brilliant star whose rays, far from being confined to her cell, pierced the walls on every side and spread themselves over the town. Here the very mosquitoes respected the devoted and suffering lover of God, for they never touched her, although all others coming to visit her cell were severely stung.

Shortly before the spiritual espousals of this holy soul with Christ were celebrated in vision, the black and white butterfly we have already spoken of came again to her and, after much fluttering beside her, settled on her habit over her heart and there traced the outline of a heart upon the dress. At the same moment she heard an interior voice of great sweetness say to her, "Rose, My beloved, give Me thy heart." A little later, one night, being in contemplation, S. Rose saw Our Lord, Who assured her how dear she was to Him and Who associated her to a company of beautifully-robed virgins who were engaged in hard toil, cutting marble—this symbolised the efforts and sufferings necessary to attain to likeness to Christ and thus to Eternal bliss. The favour itself was bestowed on Rose on Palm Sunday, before her beloved image of Our Lady of the Rosary which smiled sweetly upon her as the Divine Child, inundating her faithful soul with gladness, said sweetly to her, "Rose of My Heart, I take thee for My spouse." Full of humility, Rose hesitated to believe in this great favour, saying that she was His slave, but Our Lady reassured her and God marked the occasion by so many graces and gifts that Rose herself said to a holy man that she could not express His magnificent liberality. Wishing to have a memento of this sacred event, Rose told her brother that she would like a ring made for her, and though he knew nothing of what had taken place, he told her, after taking the measurement, that he would have it engraved with the words, "Rose of My Heart, I take thee for My spouse." This was a great consolation to her. On Maundy Thursday the ring was given to her, and

she asked the Father Sacristan to put it into the Sepulchre near the Blessed Sacrament, and what was her surprise to find it suddenly on her hand on Easter morning in church, although she had not asked it back and the Father Sacristan had not given it to her. Her mother was a witness of the miracle. A year after her death, a very holy man holding this ring was ravished into ecstasy, and among other consolations, "he perceived this Spouse of Christ very high in glory, and honourably placed among the greatest Saints in Heaven."

Our Saint's union with God was continual, by means of mental prayer, and of recollection and speech with Him in her heart, no matter what her outward occupations. She had a particular grace of confidence in Him, as regards both spiritual and temporal necessities, and in His love for her, of which she had obtained assurances, it would seem. She spent three hours daily in meditating on God's benefits and on the many graces she had received from Him; and one of her favourite devotions was to consider and to adore one hundred and fifty of His divine Perfections. This method of prayer, she testifies, is not only very pleasing to God, but it is also terrible to the devils. She used every art and eloquence to draw others to love God, speaking of His beauty when in a garden, and using all created things as a means of representing Him to herself and to others. On one occasion when she was ill, a bird came to sing outside her window, and this caused her to think so intensely of the goodness of God Who had given the little songster so sweet a note that she went into a rapture which lasted from nine in the morning until the evening.

Another bird, of a very charming note, used to come daily to her window during the last Lent in her life, and at sunset S. Rose would order him to employ his voice in praising God, when he would sing with all his might, until the Saint, unwilling to be outdone, would sing hymns also very sweetly, the bird remaining silent the while. When she ceased he began again, and thus for an hour the two sang together the praises of God, after which Rose dismissed him till the next day, when he reappeared punctually at the same hour.

Her visions and heavenly favours were continual, yet, strange to say, and, as the biography relates, unheard of in any Saint till then, these divine enjoyments did not soothe her physical sufferings, so that she thus reproduced Our Lord's desolation and sufferings in His Passion when the Beatific Vision did not prevent the inferior (or sensitive) part of His sacred Soul from experiencing acute desolation. The Holy Child was in the habit of visiting Rose constantly; even others saw Him at times,—on one occasion a child, in the house of a titled lady whom she had visited, saw Rose praying and the Divine Little One caressing and petting her. In

another lady's house the Child was seen walking familiarly with the Saint, speaking to her and following her about, and it was noticed that a dazzling light streamed from the pavement on which the holy Rose was walking.

She had the gift of prophecy, the gift of discernment of spirits (drawn from the effects they produced in souls); this was taught by Our Lord to S. Catherine and by the Seraphic Mother to Rose; she was a real Saint of the Blessed Sacrament, which was food and refreshment and strength to her worn out body as well to her holy soul, and in receiving which she was often seen to shine; a martyr in desire, for she never failed daily to pray for the grace of dying by the hand of some heretic or sacrilegious person, and longed with all her soul to die for the Blessed Sacrament; filled with zeal to a wonderful degree, as was fitting in a daughter of S. Dominic, for the salvation of poor sinners and the heathen to whom she longed that she might have gone as a missionary; "she scarcely spoke to any person without gaining him to God, and inducing him to change his life."

Her last illness and death were foreknown to her, and she had a very special devotion to S. Bartholomew, on whose Feast she knew she was to soar into the Heaven she had so nobly earned. And so it was that after thirty days of sufferings beyond human comprehension she died at midnight on the 30th of August, visited by angels and her beloved Spouse, and entered at once into the glory in which many of her friends were permitted to see her, carrying palm and lily and crowned radiantly. Powerful in wonderful ways in Heaven, attentive and compassionate to her clients, her relics, her very pictures channels of miraculous favours, this great Saint, successfully invoked not only in troubles and sickness, but also especially for conversions and for increase in the grace of God, Rose of S. Mary is still the glorious Rose of the Sacred Heart.

# Labyrinths.

G. M. HORT.

IT is strange to think that the fantastic shrubberies, or mazes, once so popular in great men's gardens, and still a cause of amusement to holiday-makers at Hampton Court and Versailles, owe their existence to one of the most awe-inspiring contrivances of the Ancient World. The old, curiously-wrought labyrinths of stone, designed as impenetrable hiding-places for dark secrets, were, certainly, no haunts of mirth. Amusement was the last feeling excited by their puzzling twists and turns, or by the strong possibility of losing oneself.

One of the most probable origins of the word *labyrinth* is from the Greek verb, meaning "to take"—as in a net or trap. And the old labyrinths, with their blind alleys and bewildering mesh of pathways, were veritable death-traps for the unauthorised intruder!

The oldest of which we have any record was that vast sepulchral structure by Lake Moeris in Egypt, visited by Herodotus, and described as containing three thousand chambers or cells (half of them subterranean!), approached by winding passages, which were decorated with elaborate sculptures and splendid pillars.

The magnificence of the place, however, was only an adjunct to its real *raison d'être*. It was, literally, a city of the dead, whose mummies were deposited in the various tomb-chambers, and whose undisturbed repose the intricate character of the building was supposed to secure.

Some of these mummies were human ones—dead kings of Egypt lay in state here—but others were deified crocodiles, which the Egyptians worshipped as river-gods or guardian spirits.

It would seem that these latter received even more care from violation! At any rate, they occupied the underground part of the labyrinth, which the foreign visitor Herodotus, was not suffered, by the Egyptian priests, to inspect.

This idea of safeguarding a burial-place by surrounding it with a confusing network of pathways or corridors, seems to have found favour with the great folk of the ancient world; and was, probably, one of the first inspirations of labyrinth-making. We hear, for instance, of Porsenna, King of Tuscany, that he caused to be built for himself a great square tomb of stone, with, in the base of it, a *labyrinth*, "so intricate that none without a clue could find his way out."—Of course the inference is that any unlicensed trespasser would pay the price of his curiosity or thievishness, by perishing of

starvation in the death-trap!—Porsenna's tomb was probably as undisturbed as he desired.

The most famous labyrinth of ancient story—that of Crete!—did not, it is true, surround a tomb of the *dead*. But, according to classic legend, it was a living tomb! The name of the mythical architect or musician, Daedalus (of ill-omened aviation fame!) is associated with its building. He is said to have designed it as a prison for the Minotaur, the terrible monster, half-man, half-bull, who had to be fed on young human flesh, exacted in yearly tribute from neighbouring States. We are all familiar with the part played by Theseus in this tragedy, with his successful penetration of the labyrinth by means of the clue of silk, given him by Ariadne, and his slaying of the monster imprisoned there.

The point that concerns us here is the character of the labyrinth, of which no trace remains to guide us. Mythical or not it certainly had a great fame. Vergil, in his *Æneid*,<sup>1</sup> speaks of it as a wondrous structure—"a house of inextricable puzzle," "woven with dark walls," "a maze with a thousand pathways"; and it is evident that it was still, in his day, associated with a weird, unearthly terror. It has been suggested that it owed its sinister renown as much to nature as to art. There were rock caverns in the Island of Crete which were, themselves, dark, mysterious and labyrinthine; and the roaring through them of winds or tides must have been sufficiently like the bellowsings of an imprisoned invisible monster.

On the other hand, there is no reason to suppose that some ingenious craftsman did not improve on nature, and construct his own maze of mystery on the framework prepared for him.

But *all* the old-time labyrinths were not of heathen origin and purpose.

The monastic desert settlements, known as *lauras*, were, as their name implies, arranged in the form of a labyrinth: concentric circles of cells clustering round the chapel or communal room, to which the many devious pathways led as to a common goal, and centre.

Some of the earliest *lauras*, in the deserts of Syria and Egypt, were probably partly underground—a disused quarry or cave would provide a natural network of paths and converging alleys; and so make the resemblance to the "houses of inextricable puzzle" greater still.

It is easy to see the allegorical value this resemblance—and contrast!—would have for the devout cenobite. *These* labyrinths were no cruel death-traps or monuments of insensate pride! The secret hidden in *their* centre was one of life, not death! And accustomed

<sup>1</sup> See *Æneid*, Book V., 588; and Book VI., 27.

<sup>2</sup> (Query Note).

feet had no difficulty in threading the dim, devious pathways, nor fervent hearts any desire to escape from the net in which God Himself had captured them!

The mediæval stories of labyrinths show the survival of the old pagan idea that such structures made most inaccessible hiding-places for the secret treasure or secret shame of the rich and powerful. The legend of "Fair Rosamund's Bower," set in the midst of a wooded maze at Woodstock, and inaccessible to any who had not the clue of its winding paths, shows how this idea influenced the popular fancy of the time.

The building of a castle in the shape of labyrinth was, we may note, a whim that a mediæval baron of France or England would occasionally indulge in.<sup>3</sup> Such indulgence was an object-lesson, calculated to inspire inferiors with awe; and, in more senses than one, to keep the vulgar at a respectful distance! But here again Religion stepped in to humble aristocratic device.

The so-called "labyrinths of the pavement"—the intricate geometrical designs, traced by mediæval craftsmen, on the floors of church naves, and inlaid with coloured mosaic—excited great popular interest; and familiarised folk of all ranks with the plan of the old "death-traps."

Though actually covering a comparatively small floor-space,<sup>4</sup> the many winding paths of these pavement-mazes made their treading a considerable pilgrimage; and they were largely used by penitents and others for itinerant devotions. Pious fancy delighted to trace in them some resemblance to the plan of the Holy City in the Apocalypse; or to the circling Celestial spheres, with God's throne for the central point; or to the Christian's troublous progress through the world towards Heaven.

When used for the *Way of the Cross* the centre (generally marked with a slab of brass) stood, of course, for Mount Calvary.

Sometimes these sacred puzzle-maps were square, sometimes eight-sided, sometimes circular.

The great Cathedrals of Chartres and Bayeux possessed pavement-labyrinths; and the brazen centre-piece from the one at Amiens may still be seen in the museum of that town.

Neither terrible nor sacred symbolism appears in the modern labyrinth!

About the period of the Renaissance a passion for geometrical designs in garden reached England by way of France and Holland. Some say that Hampton Court Palace had a maze of some kind as

<sup>3</sup> "Castle in shape of labyrinth"—*e.g.*, Ardres Chateau, near Calais; built by Arnould de Salve, A.D. 1093.

<sup>4</sup> But some had a diameter of thirty feet or so.

early as Tudor times. But the gardeners of "Dutch William" were, at any rate, responsible for its glorification.

Defoe mentions with admiration its tasteful finish; and the Honourable Daines Barrington (best known to most of us as the friend and correspondent of the naturalist, White of Selbourne) tells, in a letter to *Archæologia*, how he solved the problem of threading it by keeping the outermost hedge always on his right hand.

For a time no great pleasure-garden was complete without its maze set, for greater verisimilitude, in a "planted wilderness," and inspiring, we may suppose, a pleasurable feeling of make-believe awe.

The designer of the Hampton Court maze is said to have declared that he had imitated the traditional structure of the Cretan Labyrinth; which seems, if the fact, an act of unnecessary deference to "old, unhappy, far-off things." The chances are that even Daedalus himself would hardly have appreciated it! Legend says that he was, for a time, by order of the angry King Minos, imprisoned in his own terrible masterpiece; and so probably he outlived his own artistic pride in the structure!

For ourselves, whenever, in holiday mood, we thread the wooded pathways of the famous maze, we feel no necessity to link up the garden-labyrinth with its dark, pagan past. Thoughts of the hallowed peace of the *lauras*, the hallowed mirth of the labyrinths of the pavement, whereby the Church "democratised" a monopoly of the powerful few, and stripped an instrument of cruelty of its terrors, recur to us instead.

Besides, even on less exalted grounds, the labyrinth has a moral to point! It was with a labyrinth in his mind's eye that the Elizabethan dramatist wrote that—

"This world's a city full of straying streets,  
And death's the market-place where each one meets."

# A Prince of Science and a Child of Mary.

ALICE DEASE.

**A**LTHOUGH the assertion has often been proved false that science and Catholicity cannot exist together, it is pleasant to be able to add yet another name to the already long list of Catholic men of science who claim even more proudly the title of Catholic than that of princes of science.

In the medical world the name of Rene Theophile Laennec is famed as the pioneer of auscultation, and only lately the centenary of his discovery was celebrated. His name betrays his Breton origin, and he was born at Quimper in 1781, but his mother dying when he was quite young, he was brought up at Nantes by his uncle, also a celebrated doctor and a good Catholic, so that Theophile started life with a Catholic birthright and a good upbringing.

Recorded in one of Laennec's own books is a prayer of his uncle's which tells in a few words the atmosphere of the home at Nantes :

"Oh, God of my fathers," writes the elder Dr. Laennec, "if the study of my profession should lead me to doubt Thy power, if I should learn to doubt the existence of my immortal soul, if I should come to believe that there is any such thing as a perfectly irresistible learning to evil, give me back my ignorance rather than that I should blaspheme Thy Name, and I will study no more."

Side by side with this prayer Theophile has set down the advice given to him by his father when he came of age. After speaking of the self-restraint and mortification that the honour of God imposes on us all, M. Laennec goes on : "One must know one's religion thoroughly. A student must not be content with merely being familiar with his Catechism, he should get hold of other books and study them. The Bible, with notes by Lacy; the New Testament of Bonhours; the Meditations of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, of Saint Francis of Sales, and of Saint Ignatius; the Imitation of Christ; the spiritual combat, the prayer-book *La journee du Chretien*—these are the spiritual books I recommend to you"

M. Laennec was right in calling his son a student, for he had not only studied medicine, but he had dipped more or less deeply into every branch of knowledge, and could speak English, German and Italian, as well as knowing Greek and Latin so well that he mentions in one of his writings the pleasure it was to him to read "*le divin Hippocrate*" in the original; and although Breton, and not French, was his mother tongue, he might easily have won for him-

self a foremost place in French literature. It seems almost incredible that some verses written by him when only eleven years of age are the work of a child, and all through life versifying was a delight to him.

One evening at a party an eminent ecclesiastic who was present mentioned that he considered the patriotic hymn composed for the feast of the Federation on the words, "God of peoples and of kings," had a superb setting, but that the words were ridiculous, and a number of those present asked Laennec to compose a suitable hymn. So a few days later he sent the priest a paraphrase of the XIIIth Psalm, "The fool said in his heart there is no God." It is a vigorous, powerful production, and shows an aptitude in handling words far above the average.

Naturally he was most at home in his mother tongue, and when the poor conscripts from Finisterre were at la Salpêtrière in 1814 he was able to speak to them in their native Gaelic and thus to help and comfort them immensely. When the Bishop of Quimper heard of the doctor's kindness and wrote and thanked him, M. Laennec, in replying, said: "Our Bretons were more to be pitied than the other patients, for no one understood their language, and they suffered so terribly from home sickness that they seemed to lose all wish for recovery and even refused to eat. The other doctors could even understand the Russians and Germans better than the Bretons, as the former could make their wants known by signs and gesticulations, which, as your lordship knows, we Bretons never make use of. I am glad to say I was able to save five-sixth of my patients, a terribly low percentage in ordinary times, but just then two-thirds was nearer the average, and I managed to save no more than that of my French patients during that awful time in the military hospitals. I wished so much to secure spiritual helps for them, too, but in the whole of Paris I could not find a single priest who could speak our language. I did manage to find a deacon, belonging to your diocese, who visited my patients and also the Bretons in other hospitals, and the fact of his visits put fresh courage into my poor patients and consequently helped me considerably in saving those whom I was fortunate enough to snatch out of the jaws of death. For those whom I could not save I wrote out a short exhortation in Gaelic and the priest who brought them the last Sacraments managed to read it to the dying men so that they could and did understand."

This letter was dated from Paris on June 22nd, 1814. Elsewhere in his letter he says: "I frequently notice the good effect that the priest's visits had on the state of my patients and how often it helped them towards recovery."

In addition to his poetical leanings Laennec was also a first-rate musician; and when stenography was in its infancy he mastered

the art—it was at that time called “tachygraphy”—and was thus able to take down on the spot the famous thesis that his fellow-student, Gaspard Bayle, delivered when he received his degree. Laennec had started his medical career thoroughly well equipped to hold his own amidst the incredulity, the paganism, that surrounded him, and thanks to his early training, he never lost his faith—(could so pure-bred a Celt as he ever really do so?)—as so many students have done, but for a time his youthful piety was in danger of shipwreck.

In the early days of the nineteenth century there were at least half-a-dozen brilliant young doctors in France who were also fervent sons of Holy Church. Besides Laennec himself there were Buisson, Fizeau, Savary, Brute l'aine, who became a priest in 1808 and lived to be Bishop of Vincennes, in Illinois, and Gaspard Bayle, whom we have already mentioned. It was the influence of this last-named that brought Laennec into the circle of young men who, under the direction of Père Bourdier-Delpuits, S.J., formed themselves into a society which developed into the celebrated Congregation of Our Lady. The young men belonging to it were in deadly earnest and they soon made their convictions respected even by those who did not share them, though their number grew so rapidly that before long the flower of the student world of Paris belonged to the congregation.

The priest who put the crown upon Bayle's work was Père Delpuits, and it was he who eventually received the brilliant young doctor into the congregation of which his friend Bayle was the head.

Although Laennec declared himself void of ambition he always threw himself heart and soul into whatever he undertook, and his work for the congregation was no exception to this rule, and his whole-hearted devotion shows itself forcibly in the manuscript of a conference that he gave to the Society in 1807 on “The Way, The Truth and The Light,” on the occasion of his election as Vice-prefect.

It was a few years before this that Laennec and four of his friends were received in audience by the Pope, who, on hearing their profession, laid his hands on the head of Perdrau, who was the nearest to him, saying with a smile: “A pious doctor. What a wonderful thing.”

Laennec was not only a doctor, he was, in the words of the *Chronique Medical* (1919), “A prince of Science before he was thirty, and he was only forty-five when he died, so that his actions (speaking in regard of religion) can neither be put down to ignorance nor to the weakness of old age.”

Forty years after his death, which occurred in 1826, the old people of Ploare spoke of the great doctor attending High Mass

regularly when at home, kneeling amongst the peasants in their picturesque velvet coats and wide trousers, with their long hair floating on their shoulders, walking with them in the procession which, since time immemorial, has taken place before Mass begins and in which the congregation walks bareheaded round the outside of the church with their Rosary beads in their hands. That the Rosary was a favourite devotion of Dr. Laennec's is also shown by an incident of his last journey from Paris to Brittany, when, his carriage being overturned on the road and he was pulled out from under the luggage and the debris of the vehicle unhurt, but covered with mud, and telling his wife about it afterwards, he said : " We had just come to ' Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death ' when the accident happened." For according to his usual habit he was saying the Rosary as he drove along.

Instead of weakening his faith, he himself declares that his medical studies served to strengthen it, and that the wonders of anatomy and of the human organisation only increased his love and admiration of the author of such wonders.

Although he had reached the summit of his profession he always thought with longing of his first very modest ambition, which was to be able to retire to Dourarnes and devote himself to the care of his fellow-countrymen, an ambition which he had felt obliged to abandon because it seemed to him that he could best work for God in Paris; but his health did not stand the strain of the life of a famous city doctor, and in 1819 he went to his little property at Kerlouarnec, where for three years he recuperated his broken health and carried out the dream of his boyhood in giving freely, to all the sick people of the country side, the benefit of his skill.

Laennec's religion was a very part of his daily life, for even his adversaries could never find him giving way to impatience or ill-temper. His generosity was notorious, not only materially, but also in intangible things. For instance, he and that other famous doctor, Dupuytren, whose conversion on his deathbed through the instrumentality of a little country curé is so well known, had a protracted disagreement over some discovery of Laennec's which Dupuytren, at first, claimed as his own, though he afterwards was obliged to agree to Laennec's priority; and on other occasions their opinions came into conflict; but when Dupuytren was seeking some Court honour he felt so sure of Laennec's generosity that it was to him that he went, asking him to speak to the Duchess de Berri, to whom Laennec had been made physician-in-ordinary. The line which Laennec followed would be far from agreeable to many of the medical profession to-day, and probably it was no more popular then than now, with some of his *confrères*, though they one and all recognised his uprightness and honesty.

"I practise medicine," he said on one occasion, "in the manner in which I think it will be the most helpful to mankind. I will not bind myself to follow any method blindly, whether it be old or new, but I take from each what I consider is the most likely to benefit my patient."

Possibly the carrying into effect of this declaration of honesty accounts for the high place he earned for himself in medical science.

Auscultation, the discovery with which he electrified the world, was shown to him in the simplest fashion.

One day when he was walking on the Place of Carrousel he noticed two children playing with a piece of wood. One of them was scratching with a pin on the end of the wood, whilst the other had the wood up against his ear and was calling out delightedly that he could hear every movement of the pin. Like a flash the utility of such transmission of sound came to Laennec and, hurrying to the hospital, he rolled up an old copybook and placed it over the heart of one of his patients, with the result that all the world knows. The children's unconscious example had put the great doctor on the way of making and using the first stethoscope, and though his book, "*L'auscultation mediate*," has become the foundation for one of the most important text-books of medicine, the faith of its writer is unmistakable.

It was, in part at least, this book that has earned for Laennec the title of one of the "national glories" of France, as the celebrated Dr. Grasset calls him, but the titles by which Laennec himself would wish best to be remembered would be "a glory of the Catholic Church and of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin."



## Coals of Fire.

EMILY DOWLING.

IT would be hard to determine how the original coolness between Nicholas Callan and his nephew, Bartle, sprang up. It may have dated from a certain May day long ago, when Bartle, in love and about to marry, had asked his uncle for the loan of fifty pounds. Bartle had shown a mad independence of spirit on this occasion.

"Why wouldn't I ask him?" he had answered his horrified relatives, "He isn't God Almighty, is he?"

The money had been refused, but from that out Nicholas Callan had regarded his nephew with a sort of dread, as a man that would stop at nothing, and had at once decided on the necessity of keeping

him at bay. Often in after years he had congratulated himself on this step, for Bartle was but a middling success in life, and as time went on he got into a chronic state of being in debt here and there. Things went against him. Whether he speculated in crops, cattle, or a new suit of clothes for himself, he never got beyond the golden mean. Such, in Nicholas's opinion, are the likeliest to borrow.

Nevertheless Bartle braced himself and tried to walk steadily and even with dignity through these humiliating wastes of mediocrity.

"Well, 'tis the Will of God," he would say, when told how much extra a neighbour had got beyond him, in the price of a bullock or a litter of pigs. "It is the Will of God."

Nevertheless, a certain bitterness grew with his nature, as the rein of life tightened on him, and his burden became heavier.

If Nicholas Callan noted his nephew's failures or successes he gave no sign. That would betray interest, and interest might include responsibility. It was necessary that he should behold him but darkly, as through a bandage made of a fifty pound note.

"He's a man you'd never be sure of. He'd do a thing you wouldn't expect," Nicholas would remark to his sister Anne.

And so Bartle would. The reaper-and-binder incident is an instance of that. When reapers and binders had begun to grow common, Nicholas bought one, and after using it with great success, getting through his harvest with remarkable speed, had laid it up in the barn. When it was working he had hardly let it out of his sight, entrusting it only to Charlie Brady, an old hand at machines, and now installed in the barn he gloated over its red body and blue steels, oiling it and feeling it and thinking with pride there wasn't likely to be another in Skorna in his time, when behold you, Bartle Kelly sends his gossoon to know if his father could have the loan of it, seeing that he (Nicholas) had got over the reaping so quickly himself.

Nicholas had a way of tilting his hat to the one side of his head, and stiffening his neck, when he was in a tight corner. He did this now.

"Tell your father," he said to the gossoon, who having heard all the betting for and against the probability of the success of his mission, was now tremblingly awaiting the answer. "Tell your father that he did well enough without a patent binder up to this, and that another few years won't kill him. I have only a dash churn, and I do with it."

(Bartle had a wheel churn).

"So he'll neither borrow nor lend, like the woman with the pot," said Bartle, when this report reached him.

"I didn't think he could be so miserable all out," said Julia, his wife, "after I demeaning myself giving Anne a seat on the car only two Sundays ago, when the mare was laid up, not to have her walking from Mass alongside the people out of the labourers' cottages."

"Well, 'tis the Will of God," said Bartle bitterly.

"It is not the Will of God that we should be made little of," replied Julia. "You'd think we coveted the old thing. Sure any decent body would lend it unasked. I believe myself that old maid of a one puts him up to it."

After that, relations were painfully strained for a long time, till they settled down to the normal state of caution on Nicholas's part, and indiscreet independence on the part of Bartle.

Another element was coming into being now, in the shape of the young Kellys, fast growing up, and the young Coogans, their cousins, both families bearing the same relationship of grand-nephews and nieces to Nicholas.

"They are the greatest lot of sleeveens I ever heard tell of," Mrs. Kelly would say, referring to the Coogans. "The way they humour that old crockery and his sister, with their 'Aunt Anne' and 'Uncle Nicholas' everywhere."

"Aye," said Joseph Kelly, one of Bartle's sons, "before their faces. Behind their back they don't say any better of them than we do."

"Better," exclaimed his mother, "God forbid any child of mine would say the things I hear coming out of the mouths of the Coogans about their aunt and uncle."

"But the Kelly's tongues were not really loosened until the day when the tidings reached them that young Peter Coogan had been installed as one of Nicholas's family. It was necessary to have a young man about the place.

"Well, 'tis the Will of God, I suppose," said Bartle.

"The scheming little codger," said the enraged Julia.

"My Uncle Mortimer is the boyo," said Joe in dry envy. "The place will go to Peter now. I don't know but that you were a fool, father, crossing my uncle the way you did."

"This is Mortimer Coogan's reward for stooping his back," said Bartle. "He must have done a power of bottling on himself to land his son there."

"I couldn't demean myself, like Christina Coogan," said Julia, "not if I was to come by millions for it. And I may add, it is a long day till I'll darken her door again."

"Sure you won't be asked, woman," said Bartle. "It is six months since you crossed the door."

"And it will be longer," said Julia, in rising tones.

"Hush, mother. Don't let anyone hear you," said Poll. "People carry everything. I'm sure the Coogans repeat every single word we say about Aunt Anne and Uncle Nicholas."

"You may be sure," assented Julia, "and more along with it, the sly, deceitful things."

It will be seen that the antagonism had been transferred from the old man to the beneficiaries under the new dispensation.

Thenceforward, while the Coogans grew more intimate with their uncle, the Kellys grew less so; and after a while another member of the Coogans was transplanted to the Callan household. Mary, this time, to help Anne.

"They'll fortune her," said Mrs. Kelly. "They'll fortune her at least. And God knows she'd want it, a big, awkward one like her. There's Poll could do without a ha'penny."

She looked admiringly at her eldest daughter. "But please God, she won't have to," she added.

The fact was the Kellys were now over most of their difficulties and had something to their credit in the bank, though this but slightly eased the sting of seeing the Coogans supplant them body and bones in Nicholas's affections. Hopes of a place in the sun of his future decisions were now almost extinct, and consequently opinions were delivered with increasing candour.

"If we were all like them," Bartle would say in cryptic fashion, "we would be all different."

"They'd skin a flea for the hide and tallow," Julia would interpret him. "Both the Coogans and the Callans."

"I'd be long sorry to be a servant-girl to anyone," from Poll, "the Mary Coogan is to Anne Callan. I'd die an old maid first."

"The like of us don't get on in the world," said her mother, "we're too simple altogether."

"We were never half 'cute enough," assented Joseph.

"We had pride," assented his mother.

Such a conversation was brought to a sudden end one day, when the news reached them that old Nicholas was dead. He had died peacefully in his sleep. A guilty hush fell over the household.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul," said Bartle with real fervour.

"Amen," said the others faintly.

If death often gives birth to unforeseen hostilities it nevertheless suspends existing ones, and that night saw Julia mistress of ceremonies in Nicholas Callan's house. She was invaluable at a

wake, and neither the Coogans nor Anne Callan had had the slightest hesitation in requisitioning her. And she acquitted herself well. All night the company were commenting on her capabilities and her untiring attention to duty.

Nevertheless, the next day when she came home for a spell of sleep, that seemed to be the last thing she wanted. Instead, she began talking in a guarded way about the rumours she had heard of the night before.

"They say he made the most surprising will," she told them.

"Who'd know," said Joseph. "He didn't make his will in the house. Everyone remembers the day when he went to Drogheda to make it."

"Don't ask me now," said his mother, beaming, "but they say we may expect the greatest surprises. It seems we weren't forgotten."

"Well, I suppose he'd leave the place to young Peter Coogan, with provision for Anne as long as she'd live, and the bulk of the money he'd divide between Anne and the Coogans," said Bartle crossly, ignoring her insinuation.

"Maybe so, maybe so," said Julia. "I hear to the contrary. I wouldn't be surprised if he left it all in charity," said Poll, who really did not believe this, but liked raising a scare point, "to the hospital where he was when he had the sore leg."

"What right would he have to leave it in charity, girl?" asked her mother—"away from his own. Blood is thicker than water, and I suppose poor Nicholas, the Lord-a-mercy on him, felt that in the end. I believe what I believe."

"Ah, woman," said Bartle impatiently, "you are only raving. The sleep is astray on you. Go to bed!" And putting on his hat went out. As Julia and the female part of the Coogan family had united for the wake, so he and Dan Coogan were, between them, carrying out the funeral arrangements.

It was a fine funeral, such as every old and respected man gets from a countryside, for the estimation in which Nicholas was held must not be judged from a single shoot of his family tree. A further dignity was added to it by the presence of a consequential-looking man, whom everyone knew to be the lawyer, there for the purpose of reading the will afterwards. But things leak out through the most closely sealed blue envelopes, and on the way back from the graveyard the unexpected turns in Nicholas's will were already being freely discussed.

As the people passed Bartle Kelly's they were surprised to see Bartle himself hurrying through the yard in his shirt sleeves. But he disappeared into a stable, letting on not to see them.

"He has a cow newly calved, or something," they said, passing on disappointedly.

"It's mighty strange he didn't wait for the will to be read, and he to benefit by it himself."

So Mrs. Kelly had thought, too, while vainly using all her arguments to get Bartle to wait.

"He was always a contrary man," she told Mrs. Coogan. "Couldn't he wait with the rest of us, even if we expect nothing."

So it was herself brought Bartle the great news of the will. The unforeseen, unjust, ill-advised will, or the reasonable, fair, pious will, according as it was viewed by the Coogans or the Kellys.

"Anne got the place," related Julia, as she sat in her mourning things after her return from the funeral. "She's the first woman of the Callan's ever got land."

"Sure what much good will it be to her," said Joseph, "and she seventy-nine."

"Anne got the place," went on his mother, "and then came the legacies." She drew a deep breath.

"To my nephew Bartle Kelly, of Kiltewan——"

"It was my Aunt Christina Coogan came first," interrupted Poll.

"To my Niece Christina Coogan, of Skornabeg, three hundred pounds," corrected Julia. "To my nephew by marriage, Mortimer Coogan——"

"Father, you were left three hundred pounds as well as my Aunt Coogan! Mother got a hundred herself," dashed in Poll joyfully, with sudden impatience of the lengthened sweetness in her mother's drawn-out narrative.

"I got three hundred pounds!" said Bartle in a dazed way. "I?"

"Yes, you," said his wife, "and why not?"

Bartle was dumfounded and silent.

"So poor Nicholas remembered me," he exclaimed. "So he remembered me in the end, after all the hard things I said of him. God rest his soul."

He remained silent, while a curious expression of pain came over his face. Then, suddenly standing up, he went out.

He did not come back into the company of any of his family for a long time, but stayed outside working about. It was the dusk of a May evening, and a sharp night wind was blowing, but he did not heed it, as with a sack over his shoulders he stayed mowing the fresh grass and trussing it in bundles. Heavier things were on his mind. That legacy of Nicholas was tormenting him.

He saw it, as it were, made out in a long bill of single pounds, or

even shillings and pence, and against each of these he saw all the spiteful, harsh, even scurrilous talk of himself concerning Nicholas, of himself and Julia, and Poll, and Joseph, and Benny, and in addition the casual talk of the neighbours, influenced by the Kellys' tongues. It left a terrible debt on his side—a huge crushing mountain of debt. He went on thinking and cutting till it was too dark to do any more. Sweet night scents arose from the grasses and the flowers, but they only oppressed him and choked him.

"Three hundred pounds," he said to himself, over and over again, "after all my talk, after all the hard, bad talk I had out of me about him."

He saw the lights twinkling from the house, and tying up his last bundle went in.

He flung his sack in the corner of the kitchen. "I've something to say to you all," he said, turning to Julia and the others. They all looked up, their hands dropping suddenly from their tasks. Bartle was standing in the light, and as he threw up his head Julia saw in his eyes that light which, perhaps, old Nicholas had known and feared—and in consequence of which he had avoided Bartle—the light that is in a man's eyes when he is going to do something unexpected, something in which he will not brook interference, or to ask something for which he will not take a refusal. Julia had seen such a light in his eyes years ago, when he asked her to be his wife. Then it was a light of tenderness; now it was of determination. They all looked at him inquiringly. From a mediocrity Bartle had suddenly become a superman.

"I'm not going to take a penny-piece of that three hundred pounds," he said then. "It's going to a better purpose."

"Benny," he continued, "Yoke up the mare early in the morning, I am going to Drogheda to see the lawyer. That money is going to Mount Mellaray for Masses for the soul of my Uncle Nicholas Callan."

# An Cuinne Gaedhilge.

bÁS AN DÁIPHÍN.\*

Tá tinneap éagsa ar an Dáiphín beag, tá an Dáiphín beag i muoet báir. . . . Níl altóirí ra ríogaét ná go bfuil an Naomh-Sácráimín dá ríoftearpeáint ann, agus tapair mórta ar lapaó i ngeac don eaglaip, cum leapa fláinte an rídamna.

Níl ar bóiríub an páláir aét an buaóairt ip an ciúineap, níl clog dá baint ann, níl de gluaireadé as cóiríub aét ríamh.

Tá imirde ar dáoine ón geatáir agus iao as féadaint irteac trí rína pálaóairb iapáim ar na gáiróaf Eilbéireadé atá as reanóar go móróireadé mprna clópaib.

Níl ouine mpra páláir go léir ná go bfuil buaóairt ar. . . . Tá Camaplaingí ip maóir as iut ruar ip anuap na rtaigí mairmaip. . . .

Tá geac balconí lán de giollaib ip de éúirteánaig, iao go léir cóirigte i ríóda agus iao as imteadé ó gárra go gárra, as cogarraig, agus as ríorruagó an leim. . . . Tá bantiaét na bairríogaine ar na rtaigíub mórta, iao as ciomató an éinn cum a céile agus as ríorruagó a ríute le ciarríubíub gíeapra.

Tá gárra mór ríóctúirí fé n-a ríódaib i hallaib an gíuanáin: tá munéiltí fáda ouba ar luareató marí reo ip marí ríúo, agus tá na ríubíicí as ríorúagaip le himteadé an cómpáiró léigeanca. . . .

Ar aóaró an ríorruar tá beirt leir an bprionnra as ruarúil agus iao as ríeicéam le breic na ríóctúirí: ip iao an beirt atá ann ná an ríoróe agus é as ríeic béapraí ó ríorace, agus an ríománaé agus é as ríuróeóireadé ar a ríóceall. Sabann na ríuillíim ríorpa san beannuagó ar ríe.

Cloirtarí annran an ríoríac fáda oubaé ó ríabla an páláir aníor. Palarpa ruató an bprionnra bíg atá as ríoríacig le neapí ocpair, toirp gurí deapímao na giollaí éimbiaó a éurí maímréap.

Agus cá bfuil an Rí ríemíó? . . . . Tá an Rí m uaigneap ra éeann ip ría uait den páláir. . . . Ní háil le ríugíub éinne dá bfeicirint as caoirde. . . . Aét maríur leir an mbairríogain, rín malairt ríeíl. . . . Tá ríre ma ríurde coir leabtan an Dáiphín bíg agus a gíuadóna ríuó le ríeópa, agus í as gól go háirí marí beaó éimbean eile ra ríomán.

Tá an Dáiphín beag ma luige i leabaíó bíg atá cóirigte le láraí; a ríute ríunta aige, agus a aóaró níora báine ná na cúiríní atá fé n-a éeann. Ceapraí ríao go léir gurí ma éoíla atá fé, aét ní hamla atá. . . . lompurígeann fé cum a mátar:

—Cao fé ríoeapí ríut beic as gól? Ar ríóirí ní hamla a méapair gurí as ríagáil báir atáimpe?

Cuieann rí cum labairt, aét ríeieann uirí le neapí caoirde.

—Ná gól, a épíorde ríom; náé eóí ríut gurí míre an Dáiphín agus ná héagaro Dáiphíní eom bog ran. . . .

\*La Mort du Dauphin  
mpra bpríangíur búnaíó as Alphonse Daudet.

méaduiḡeann ar an sḡeathais aici aḡur tagann iarruáct t'easla ar an Dáiphín beas.

—So réiré annran! aḡeir pé, ní háil liompa an báp a ḡeáct, uon bḡeít éum riubail, aḡur ip oam ip maít ip eól cionnar é coimeáto amaé ar ro. . . . Cuirtar uáto tḡoiḡtáct párlátoir ar ḡárho timḡeall ar ar leabair! . . . Cuirtar fuireann éáto le n-a ḡunnaí móra aḡ ríofpáir pé bun ar bḡuinneóḡa aḡur bíot a ḡuio buaicear ar buanlaraó aca! aḡur mo ḡruaḡ-ra an báp annran má tagann pé in ar ḡsaobair.

Déineann an bairpíḡain comarḡa tḡonn é páram. Cloirtar láirḡeáct ḡluairéáct na ḡunnaí móra i ḡelór na cúirce, tagann uáto tḡoiḡtáct ipḡeáct ra tḡeómpa pé n-a ḡuio halabair, aḡur fearuḡíro timḡeall na leabtan. Saḡuóirí cḡannḡa liata ip eáto iao ḡo léir. Ní túirce a ḡaḡaro ipḡeáct ná mar cḡomann an Dáiphín beas ar a bairíní uo ḡḡeatháto le hátar. Aitḡiḡeann pé uime aca, aḡur ḡlaothann éirḡe é:

—Saib a leit éuḡainn a lopaem!

ḡabann an raiḡuóir coirceím ar aḡaró éum na leabtan.

—Mo ḡráó tu, a lopaem. . . . Teapḡeáin oam an cloirḡeáin móp ran aḡat. . . . Ná marbóḡa tú an báp oam má éuḡainn pé fúm?

—Marbóḡat ḡan ampar, a ḡiarna Dáiphín. . . .

aḡur rḡáimann an uéor móp anuar ó ḡaé rúil leir an tḡeanfaiḡuóir. Tagann an réirplineáct i ḡcomḡar an leim aḡur labḡann uo éḡar leir ḡo ceann abḡat aḡur ríḡar na cḡoiḡe éápta ina láim aḡe.

Éirḡeann an Dáiphín leir an ḡcomairle, aḡur ionḡantar an uóimain ar, éum ḡo mbḡireann pé ipḡeáct ar éaint an tḡaḡairḡ mar reo:

—Seáto, tuḡim an méro rin ḡo cḡuinn; áct ná féatḡimír eapm aḡiḡio a tabairḡ uon éaparo beas beppo aḡur leirḡint uo-pan báp uḡaḡáil?

leanann an réirplineáct uen éḡar aḡur ionḡna ar muim ionḡna aḡ teáct ar an leandbín.

Ar éiríóḡuḡat uon raiḡair labḡann an Dáiphín beas le hḡrḡaḡeal:

—Ip boét an rceál é rin; áct tá áon níó amáin ann a beirḡeann rólár oam:

Iré rin ḡo mbéat im Dáiphín i bḡairḡar tuar éom maít. . . .

Ó'r ḡaol uamra Dia ní baḡal ná ḡo bḡaḡat mo ḡráoam Dáiphín inḡna flaitir.

Labḡann éum a mátar annran:

—Faḡaim mo éulair éraobáct, aḡur m'ionar eirḡmín aḡur mo bḡóḡa uen máotḡrúll. Ip mian liom beít ḡo maireáct i ḡcór na n-aḡeal. aḡur a beít coirḡḡe i ḡeapḡ mar Dáiphín aḡ uol ipḡeáct inḡna flaitir oam.

Cḡomann an réirplineáct aleit éirḡe arir eile aḡur labḡann uo éḡar leir ḡo ceann tamail maít. . . .

—Má'r mar rin atá an rceál, aḡeirḡeann an rḡionḡra ḡo mícéatḡaḡáct i láir na cainte, ar rḡóis ní fearḡa oam beít im Dáiphín in éandor!

aḡur tar éir uóltáto uo n-a tuilleat comairle tuḡann an Dáiphín beas a aḡaró ar an bḡalla aḡur ḡoileann ḡo furóeáct.

## XIX.

Ag ro Cairc agus Omntuiri ata roiri Domhnall Mac Seadain Mac Mec Con agus Domhnall Mac Loctainn i Slatras agus Domhnall Ó Slatras, ari tabhairt gill do Domhnall Meic Seadain agus da deapbhairtreadaib ari cuir Domhnall Meic Seadain de Baile i Slatras; agus ipi a cuir .i. Tri cuir de Leuceadramain an Riarga moiri, eiriir da cuir de Leuceadramain a Cnoic: Agus ipé mead an gill do tuc Domhnall Ó Slatras do Domhnall Meic Seadain .i. .vii. mais co leó, .v. ba deas in laos agus each donn leaomhise innte fein. Agus ipé aét Domhnall Uí Slatras agus Domhnall Meic Seadain re a ceile, san ari cumar úine ari bit in fearann rin do fuarglaó Ó Domhnall Ó Slatras, aét do Domhnall Meic Seadain no da mac, no do mac a mic: agus ari fairce na Cillmich a ta in geall ro ariuin; su fíadnuir Domhnall [ ] .i. Sroa agus a clann .i. Fingim agus Mac Con, agus Mori Ingean Uruam, mar an ceo, agus do élanó Cummeada Meic Loctainn agus an myaran oile da phioét noé tug a ceo agus a naonta ari sac taeb leo. Anro nDi Mile agus .v. .c. agus da bliadain nira mo, an tan do punne in cunrad ro re ceile; agus ip mar ro fuarar annran treanúir, go fíadnuir do Taos Mac Flanchaíde agus do Flaítri mac Flanchaíde agus do Diaimuro mac Flanchaíde mui an ceo.

Domhnall Mac Seadain.

Donchaó Mac Seain.

Cumeada Mac Seain.

\* \* \*

## DUAN AN DOMHAIN (A.D. 1791).

## 176

Ir fíor gur comairle na scéadta  
Mo comairle dom comgus 'r dom gaoilte  
Comairle éoin do úaoine an traoisail  
Ó! beir ceannra cap'tannaé chearta le céile.

## 177

Bíom maígalta rúgac múinte béapac  
Ciallmair clúimail ciúin veircpéirdeac  
Flaiteamail fáilteac deaísteac deapac  
Ó! 'r go sairceamail spádmair, lán de úaonnaé.

## 178

Bíom díoghaireac díreac veigiméinneac  
Diaóda duadac duípacéac deapac  
Cum go ráruigeam ari náróir 'n-áir gelaonóir  
Ó! le haítrise órda onóirdeac éadéac.

179

Díom eimortatac Cíortamail míoamail réilteac  
'N-ár seimorté 'n-ár scáil 'n-ár otápe 'n-ár otéarma  
'N-ár pmaomte, 'n-ár ngníompa 'r 'n-ár mbréitepe  
Ó! 'n-ár scoimpar mar phoinpar na scréac scéap.

180

Díom ponnamar píntac as cumtac na cléipe  
Ír so galánta cimeálta cmaobac  
As pmoctáil na mboctán ro i ngéibinn  
Ó! tá ar lapaó agann an poimpar 'r ír cóir é téanam.

181

Díot ainglíteac ír seanmnaíteac na maesdan  
Simplíteac éitlm ír gliocar na péirte  
Umlaíteac geal, úmípleac péapla  
Ó! agur ppiro na n-arpot ar lapaó 'n-ár otéite.

182

Díot porone íob 'n-a gleó so gléarta  
'S píotcáin doibinn na himinne in éifeac  
Stuamóac ruaimnear ír réimeac  
Ó! mar toraó ar ár mblac i mbeapnam baogail

183

A Dia gíl glóimair éomactais naomta  
Do ceannuis, mo éar, ír páir so daor rinn  
A phionpa an oimís lei cumaó an féile  
Ó! ptiúuis nire 'r an éme boct daonna

184

Cum do toile so poibhí réanmair  
Le doilgear maréanna maípeac do téanam;  
Lá an ár ír an éogair reo ír loipeite léirpior  
Ó! tá agat 'n-ár scóir a scóir na tréis rinn.

185

A épobaim na banaltian beannuighe, a géirpéar  
Teapmoin so taitneamact píotc éada  
Cummuis gur fuilngir a leim tu daoraó  
Ó! ar émann na cpoire a mhe muipe dár paoraó.

186

Cummuis an oíúe pul ar éagair  
Ínra gáiróin so nteapmair an laócar  
An t-allur fola tré colamn do péir  
Ó! so huapal dár bfuarcailt ón bpéir nín.

187

Cumhng as an bpiolóir an pionór péme  
 Cúis míle buille asur tuillead ar do éadómóirp  
 Do buail do namhar go feargac faobrac  
 Ó! de na rciúirí ofás tu tháirte traoéta.

188

Maethnamre mílreacé an éinn do céarad  
 Ir leir an gcoróinn rphine go lóimta léarad  
 Mórluit na pleás ir na tóiringsi searorac  
 Ó! mo éur eumha 'r m'atuirre it fearram-pe in éimreacé.

189

Ón tóirí tóirí tuiall i seian na péxa  
 'S san u'eólurde as na leóghain ríof aét méiltean  
 So rtábla an arail le n-a ttabaricair tréana  
 Ó! 'ot adórad, 'ot onórad, a éruéoir na sréme

190

Ir róimla bpreiceam na mbreiceam le féacaint  
 'S a éporcad san trágad ar an bfarac tréimre  
 Trianna na bfaró tó érad as paeliot  
 Ó! 'r mo éiac tar bairi 'n-a braid as hérop

191

So breicead do pobul as blorcad 'r as blaomad  
 I sepióca an domain le speann tuitre, denmic,  
 'S go bpad san agaim-na it eaglaí éroac  
 Ó! aét fíoraem éumra ma lonnrad naomta.

fiacra éirgeac.

# Books and Books.

*On My Keeping and in Theirs.* A Record of Experiences "On the Run," in Derry Goal, and in Ballykinlar Internment Camp. Dublin—Talbot Press, Ltd. London—Fisher Unwin. Price 2s. 6d. net. By Louis J. Walsh.

We think *On My Keeping and in Theirs*, the best of Mr. Walsh's books. It is a smaller volume than either the *Yarns of a Country Attorney*, or *The Next Time*, but it is almost entirely a record of experiences that are personal, and at the same time of absorbing interest. For this reason the book will be read with pleasure and especially by lovers of Ireland. The author devotes the opening chapters of the book to his experiences when "on the run," and here we think Mr. Walsh had a fine opportunity of showing his descriptive powers as a writer, and he does not disappoint us. Like many others of a literary turn, he loves the mountains and the quiet glens. And, paradoxical as it may seem, it was only when pursued by the enemies of his country that an opportunity was offered him, for the first time, of fully satisfying this hankering after the beauties of nature. Our sense of humour is tickled, and our sympathy aroused when we read that this was all due to David Lloyd George, Viscount French, Sir Neville Macready, and Sir Hamar Greenwood. They gave him an opportunity of feasting his eyes on places endeared to him by many memories, on the "Blue hills of Antrim," "Slieve Galleons braes," and the beauties of Shillgrove.

But the author brings us also into the homes of the people. His description of the mountaineer man is true to life, and one cannot help feeling amused when reading his account of the interesting political comments made by the people of a certain Ulster Glen. How extensive that interest is we can gather from the example of a deaf mute, who, approaching the local priest one day, intimated to him that he wanted to know which of the Russian armies—"Red" or "White"—the public opinion of the glen should support.

But the greater part of the book is devoted to the author's experiences in Derry Gaol and in Ballykinlar Internment Camp. The titles of some of the chapters should be enough to suggest to us what these experiences were. We have descriptions of "Prison Life," "Ballykinlar," "Camp Conditions," "Some Camp Notables," "Line Captains," "Educational Work in the Camps," "The Shootings," "The Strike," "Getting in Our Time," etc. The author may, when he chooses, give us hints in philosophy, poetry, or military tactics, but he never fails to amuse us. A fine sense of humour runs through the book, and for this Mr. Walsh had opportunities enough

provided for him, not only by the sallies of his companions, but, most of all, by the stupid precautions taken by his captors. Imagine arrests being made in the camp, and raids, and now and again, prisoners being "on the run" within the "cage." But, at the same time, it is only in circumstances such as he describes, that men can be truly tested. And the courage and morale of the men behind the barbed wire show us the spirit of the people of Ireland to-day. The methods adopted by the British Government have only strengthened the National movement; they have served to perfect the Sinn Féin organisation, and to stiffen more and more the backs of Ireland's sons and daughters.

We cannot finish this review without remarking on the author's manifest love for his home and country. Above all we are struck by his intense love for the Catholic Faith. His devotion to, the Mother of God, which he does not try to conceal, is certainly edifying.

We heartily recommend the book, we think it one of the best of the kind that we have read for a long time.

It is neatly turned out by the Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin.

P. McK.

*Carmen Cavanagh.* By Annie M. P. Smithson. 6s. net. The Talbot Press, Dublin.

One expected great things from the authoress of *By Strange Paths*. But though that work, as well as *Her Irish Heritage*, caught some of its illumination from the Easter of 1916, the present volume has a pre-war setting. This fact, taken in conjunction with the failure of *Carmen Cavanagh* to fulfil the hopes raised by its immediate predecessor, sets one wondering if Miss Smithson is not now publishing an early effort.

The scenes of this novel are laid in North West Ulster and around Dublin. Marcella Campbell, district nurse at Glenmore, in the wilds of Donegal, marries Dr. Adair, and is succeeded in her post by the heroine of the tale. We learn that "Carmen Cavanagh was not a good Catholic—she would have admitted so freely herself." Carmen, is wooed by an English surgeon, a Protestant divorced from a wife who has re-married. She does not accept his proposal at first—because in her eyes he is a married man. But she is represented as saying: "Whether I will yield to temptation and give up my Faith for your sake—that is another matter which only time can prove."

Carmen does yield to temptation. Her creator puts these words into her mouth, on the occasion when Victor Walpole comes to her for his final answer: "No," said the cold strange voice, "I cannot marry you—no marriage is possible between us. I will go through the mock ceremony at the Registry Office because you wish it, but it has no power to unite us, and I will be your—mistress and not your wife."

How the girl is saved from her contemplated folly, and how she ultimately enters a convent, are told by Miss Smithson with not a little skill. But she fails to make Carmen—like several other of her characters—ring true. We are not in sympathy with nurse Cavanagh from the beginning—she lacks the hallmark of reality—one fancies her collapsing if her uniform were not well-starched! She even falls in for that hoary, unexpected legacy of fiction.

The sweet religious atmosphere of the closing chapter is much at variance with the 'Protestant' view-point of the earlier portions of the book. Dr. Adair—model husband and good Protestant—dies as an indirect result of overwork caused by the neglect of a neighbouring colleague to do his own duty. The defaulting doctor is a Catholic: he drinks himself to delirium and then commits suicide. The priest in the tale speaks, "more sternly than he need have done," to the widow of the suicide. But then, "the priest was essentially a man of the people—the son of a Donegal peasant . . . who still retained much of the narrow-mindedness and many of the prejudices of his class." To Carmen, accustomed, if you please, to a "suave, polished, Jesuit confessor," he seemed "narrow beyond words—almost ignorant."

In some of her other characters Miss Smithson is not very happy. Peg—the little daughter of Dr. Adair—is meant to be a Peg O' My Heart. But her baby-talk is rather overdone; she is metaphorically patted on the back for her, "Peg be a yovely dirl." And Cornelius Vincent Bourke, pervert and "bog-trotter from Galway," is but a pasteboard version of a Dickens character. Our authoress uses colloquialisms, that are all very well in dialogue, in her narrative where they are not so well. Would a Donegal woman, even one proud to show off her English, thus refer to a tea pot: "She not boiling long?"

One dwells on these little crudities because they spoil a rather readable story. Miss Smithson holds the interest of the reader, and despite the streaks of artificiality which mar many of her characters—the dragging in of the illegitimate child incident is a badly-handled effort at "realism"—manages to convey some excellent pen pictures. The book is turned out in the creditable manner one confidently associates with the Talbot Press.

T. K.

*The Months, and Other Poems.* By Sister Mary Benvenuta, O.P. With Preface by Prof. J. S. Phillimore. 2s. 6d. net. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London W.

These Dominican cameos are the work of a delicate and perceptive mind. Though we have styled them Dominican cameos, this is rather an allusion to the robes of the singer than to the theme of her song, though in this latter the epic achievement of the starry browed Saint does not go unnoticed. Sister Benvenuta (whom some readers may remember as Miss Dorothy I. Little) sings the seasons and their beauties, the charm and associations of a "Pear Tree," the mysteries of the slumber of the Midnight Babe in Bethlehem's grotto, the human dearness of the old statue of "St. Joseph of the Attic Stairs," and kindred themes. "Mater Incognita" is a touching poem. "The New Country" illustrates the well known canticle of B. John of the Cross, "My Beloved is the mountains . . . the strange islands . . ." and is a beautiful rendering. From the sonnet "Domini Canes" we quote the following four lines:

"Earth seemed subservient to the devil's  
nod;  
But while His very friends like sluggards  
slept,  
Forth from the flaming Heart of Love  
there leapt,  
Unleashed by Mary's hands, the Hounds  
of God."

E. S.

*Marie Thérèse Couderc.* By the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. 2s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., London.

This brilliantly sharp etching of the beginnings of a great work—that of the retreats and instructions given by the Nuns of Our Lady of the Cenacle, whose Foundress Marie Thérèse Couderc was—will fill a felt want. This work, so suited to the needs of our modern days when, we cannot repeat it too often, instruction and yet again instruction is our crying need, was not sufficiently known except by those who have had the good fortune to make a retreat in one of the Cenacle houses. This first English life of the humble, hidden, yet strong and even unique personality out of whose docility to grace blossomed a new "family of consecrated virgins," and a new work in the Church, should interest many in the Cenacle vocation. Father Martindale is absolutely frank with his readers—we have a picture of real life, we go through the stormy days inseparable from any young undertaking for the glory of God and the good of souls, we are shown all. The vivid, at times rather French, but always incisive and vigorous style of the brilliant author makes the book notable, even apart from its

theme, while the fiery pages concerning Retreats and their necessity at the present day will exercise an apostolate in themselves, we are convinced. University girls and secondary colleges will appreciate the book, and the vocation of the Cenacle.

M. R.

*When, Whom, and How to Marry.* By the Rev. C. McNeiry, C.S.S.R. Wrapper 9d.; cloth 1s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

This is a very useful and devout little book of instructions which may be put into the hands of any young person leaving school, particularly our elementary schools. Great stress is laid by the reverend author on the necessity for prayer concerning so grave a matter as the deciding of a vocation; the advice is simple, clear and of the very best. The ideal of Christian marriage is well explained and set high; it is a booklet sure to do much good.

F. P.

*A Catholic History of Great Britain.* By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. With a Foreword by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. 5s. cloth, net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd.

"We welcome," says Father Martindale's Introduction to this splendid work, "the rewriting of History, in which the author of this volume is taking a noble share." Fellow of the Royal Historical Society as Miss Wilmot-Buxton is, graceful writer, educationalist, a convert full of the very mediaevalism of the Faith's beauties and yet as alive to the needs and the modernness of our own day as that Faith itself, she is assuredly competent to this task. The Author's Note states that the book (which opens with *The Period of Beginnings*, continues with those of Norman, Middle Ages, Transition, Tudor Rule, Absolute Rule, Rise of Sea Power, and concludes with the *Period of Middle Class Rule*), is arranged on the method of grouping important move-

ments "so that they can be traced in cause, and event, throughout a considerable period. At the beginning of each period a bird's-eye glance is taken over the whole, in order to get these movements into right perspective; and a brief preliminary explanation is given of contemporary foreign history when the latter in any way touches that of Britain. Without going into great detail in the matters of wars and constitutional changes, the main ideas underlying them, their causes, aims and the degree of success to which they attained, are carefully studied; and in every period the social condition of the people is closely connected with their political history. Leading ideas, rather than unimportant facts, are emphasised; wide surveys rather than petty details are given; and the notion of development has been worked out from first to last. The standard of the books is about the level of the knowledge required for the School Leaving Certificate, and is suitable for the Middle and Upper Classes of Secondary Schools." It only remains for the reviewer to state that the book is of considerable interest, excellently well printed, divided into suitable summaries, the paragraphs or divisions treating of different parts of the subject under consideration being noted by means of black type, brief and very clear, written with charm as well as with the historian's care and impartiality, (the portions concerning Ireland put the case with admirable brevity, and fairness, for instance), and it is enriched with some dozen maps. For school use there are Questions for Exercises at the end of each chapter or Period, there is also a Summary of Principal Events with their dates in the style to which we are accustomed. A good Index adds to the value of the work, for which we predict a steady popularity. And it may be added that for many of us who are past school age this work will prove of stimulating interest—it is also a book to be lent with advantage to our Protestant friends when we desire to press the argument from history.

J. G.

## List of Books Received.

*Sainte Catherine a Sienné.* Johannes Joergensen. Paris—Gabriel Beauchesne  
20 Francs.

"*Happy Days*" in France and Flanders with the 47th and 49th Divisions.  
By Benedict Williamson, with an Introduction by Lieut.-Col. Fielding, D.S.O.  
Harding and Moore, Ltd., 119 High Holborn, London, W. C.1. Price 7s. 6d. net.

*Garden Wisdom or from One Generation to Another.* By Stephen Gwynn.  
Dublin—Talbot Press, Ltd. Price 6s. net.

*The Woman at the Window* (translated from the Irish of Padraic O Conaire).  
By Eamonn O'Neill, B.A. Dublin—The Talbot Press, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

*Hillsiders.* By Seamus O'Kelly, Dublin—The Talbot Press, Ltd. Price  
3s. 6d. net.

*Duanaire Gaedhilge.* By Rose Young. Dublin and Belfast—The Educational  
Company of Ireland, Limited. Price 3s. 6d. net.

*I Bhreasaíl. A Book of Lyrics.* By Daniel Corkery. Dublin—The Talbot  
Press. Price 5s. net.

*The Palace Beautiful or The Spiritual Temple of God.* By the Rev. Frederick  
A. Houck. Frederick Pustet Company, New York and Cincinnati, Price \$1.50  
(about 8s. 6d.).

*Bobby in Movieland.* By Francis J. Finn, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New  
York. Price 8s. 6d.

*Signals from the Bay Tree.* By H. S. Spalding, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New  
York. Price 8s. 6d.

*Practical Method of Reading the Breviary.* By the Rev. John J. Murphy.  
New York—Blase, Benziger and Co.

*Revue des Jeunes, Revue Dominicaine, Les Nouvelles Religieuses, Ensayos y  
Rumbos, Blackfriars, America, The Catholic Magazine for South Africa, The  
Lamp, The Irish Monthly, Banba, The Catholic Bulletin, The Missionary,  
The Universe, The Catholic Citizen, The Southern Cross, La Couronne de  
Marie, The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

## THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

*The lamp is lit, the hearth is bright,  
The Christmas candle near the pane  
Shines forth to guide from out the night  
The Travellers who sought once in vain  
Shelter in distant Bethlehem.*

*Outside, the snow comes softly over  
A world all hushed, as if in prayer;  
Dark are the clouds that earthward hover—  
Yet Irish eyes can vision there  
A Queen's eternal diadem.*

*Afar are ringing Christmas bells—  
Hark: in the night do angels sing  
While to the listeners memory tells  
Of two poor Travellers' wayfaring  
And of the Joy that came to them?  
“ . . . O Mother Maid, dry Eire's tears,  
Her tears for many a martyrdom,  
O Spouse, whose gentleness endears,  
Make prayer that Peace with Honour come  
Through Him Who came to Bethlehem. . . .”*

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.



*Don. N. Sichel.*

JESUS AND MARY.

# Topics of the Month.

## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

### I. UNCHANGEABLE.

ONE thing they can't do—they can't deprive us of Christmas! The calendar brings it round. And whether times have been good or bad, it gives a stimulus to all and sundry.

Everybody feels that there is something to look forward to. Things seem on the point of taking a better turn. Nobody knows exactly how or why, but an optimism gets into the air, and everybody catches it. That is the first indication of Christmas.

About the same time the shops change their appearance. The objects in the windows are brighter, and more inviting. He is a very hardened grown-up whose spirits are not roused by the sight of those tambourines, paint-boxes, drums, bears, and mechanical toys. What a glorious motley collection of odd contrivances! With what awed and enraptured features the children crowd round and gaze at them!

Toys make the whole world kin. Some may have become more complex and ingenious than in days of yore, but their general character has not changed. There is no essential difference between the toy-shop of to-day and the toy-shop of thirty years ago. There is the same old mask with its high eye-brows and its gaping mouth. And it is as ready as ever to lose its vacuousness and become intensely alive when two eyes peep through its empty sockets.

Christmas compels people to think of what cheers them. The mind strays off on fancies of turkey and plum-pudding. Everyone gets tired of being stodgy, and is in the mood to be amused. One suddenly develops a taste for studying comic pictures and entering wholeheartedly into their ridiculousness.

The winter seems the best season after all. In the baking days of summer you felt no such exhilaration as this. You promise yourself a merry Christmas accordingly.

### III. JOY MUST BE SHARED.

And a merry Christmas you well deserve. But you must expand and extend the merriment. There is no use in making a "corner" in happiness—the more you divide it the more it multiplies. You miss the whole sense and meaning of Christmas if you have not a desire to make it as enjoyable for others as for yourself.

The world consists of two classes—the Haves and the Have-nots. This is the one moment of the year which can soften their antagonism, and bring them into a sort of sympathy. All through the twelvemonth the robbery of the poor went on. Profiteering prices were demanded for adulterated food. Clothes remained almost as dear as in war-time, though wages and raw materials were falling. Then came the wave of unemployment.

All these causes made thrift impossible to thousands of the industrious poor. There is happiness at Christmas—yes. There is also

sickness, and cold and hunger. It is a dangerous and impious notion that the poor who suffer these misfortunes incur them through their own fault. The truth is that the poor are very often robbed, very often drained of the fruits of their labour.

Now is the hour of restitution. Christmas spreads a sentiment of benevolence, which makes it easy and pleasant to practise generosity. The poor ask for a share in your Christmas joy. Can you refuse?

You can be trusted to do your part. Do it early, and do it liberally. That duty done, the plea-

tures of the gracious season are rightly yours to claim. You can put deadly seriousness away from you. Laugh the Old Year out!

We don't know what the new one has in store. But, as the philosopher remarked, man's only real possession is Hope. And Christmas, when observed in the proper Catholic spirit, gives us hope in abundance. Its interval of cheerful practical charity renews our faith in mankind. It fills us with the needed zest and confidence to face the year that is about to open. The Editor wishes you, with all his heart, a happy Christmas.

## REVIEW OF 1921.

### I. THE WONDERFUL YEAR.

WE cannot let 1921 depart without glancing at the vicissitudes of what has been a wonderful year. When 1921 began, the terror in Ireland was daily growing more formidable. A move towards peace had just been abandoned by the British Cabinet. The chief statesmen in London were announcing their resolve to continue the repression ruthlessly till Irish aspirations were crushed to dust and nothingness.

These statements intensified the struggle. Ireland passed through an appalling half-year. All that was best and most energetic in her population was rendered combative by the thought of her national ideals being extinguished by sheer brute force. A deadly strife was in progress, and no one dared to forecast the finish. It had possibilities of continuing for years, bringing death and devastation in its train. A world-war might even be its ultimate development.

Then suddenly, in the month of June, the peace pass-word went forth, and an amazed public saw a truce quickly arranged, and eventu-

ally a peace conference summoned. The change was as welcome as it was wholly unexpected. Since then the march of the negotiations, as far as one can judge, gives hope that the efforts to reach a settlement will not be vain.

Meanwhile the Partition Act, so largely responsible for the country's chaos, became operative. It was immediately disowned and pulverised by the twenty-six counties which it designated as "Southern Ireland." Here was an Act of the British Parliament—that assembly which stands for "government by the consent of the governed"—rejected with tremendous unanimity by the principal area to which it was meant to apply. Not even a town-land would agree to recognise or work it.

Coincidentally the Act began to function in "Northern Ireland," where it created a House of Commons; which is ignored and repudiated by one-third of its own members. The remaining two-thirds have started their legislative career by declaring hostilities against Catholic education in the six counties delivered to their sway.

At the same time the Catholic population, which occupies more than half the territory of the six counties, has definitely and publicly made known that it has no intention of submitting to the anti-Catholic legislature which has been pressed upon it like a crown of thorns.

Parallel with the facts just cited there has been the frenzy of Orange Belfast. Commercially ruined as a result of its religious bigotry and political hatred, the Orange majority in Belfast opened a campaign to exterminate its Catholic fellow-citizens. The dreadful spectacle of daily and nightly murder, with official aid and encouragement, was the blackest feature of the dying year. Throughout these terrible happenings the Protestants of the South and West of Ireland, who live in the midst of a great Catholic majority, remained—as they will always remain—perfectly safe and unmolested.

#### WHAT OF DEMOCRACY?

The wonderful year has seen democracy at its lowest ebb. While the cost of living has not been reduced in a way that at all corresponds to the glut of supplies in every market, the wage-breaking movement has been started, and carried far by capitalists, who were not slow to avail of the general slump and consequent unemployment.

Not in the past two decades has the worker found himself reduced to such a state of impotence. His very right to meet and air his woes in the most public way is now officially contested. The British masses during the past twelve-month were for the most part cowed and helpless. They had no voice to speak for them in their own Parliament. If they attempted a public

protest they were batoned into silence. Their right to work was gone. They were left to content themselves with the right to starve.

This deplorable reaction is one of the fatal symptoms of the times. After a war in which the highest and holiest principles were placarded on every hoarding, we are back again to the maxim that the world was made for the prosperous and the strong only. The many have no privilege except to make more money for the few.

Labour will need to bestir itself if it is not to lose the ground it gained through a generation of steady, painful effort. No class can stand still. If it is not going forward it is falling behind. The year on which we are just entering may bring big political events, both in Ireland and Great Britain. There may be a General Election across the Channel. The worker's crying necessity is—more power. To obtain it he still has the weapon of the vote.

We have passed through a year that was marked to a blatant degree by greed, self-assertion, and demands on the toil of others. Side by side with this exhibition of human egotism we saw the great un-Catholic and anti-Catholic governments of the world, as if uneasy at the state of things they had created, turning to the Pope. They perceive that a system of affairs from which morality has disappeared must soon be the prey of upheavals. They wish to lean on the sole moral power now reigning in the world—the Papacy.

It is a consoling omen for the people, the ordinary inhabitants of the earth. The Church, all down the centuries, has never failed them. She, in the language of Shakespeare, is "the standard-bearer of the rude mechanicals."

## ANATOLE FRANCE AND MR. TIM HEALY.

## I. YOUTH ARRAIGNS SCIENCE.

MR. HEALY'S commonsense address on the absurdities of sham science was dramatically anticipated by some remarks that fell from no less a person than the outstanding sceptic, Anatole France. This French writer wields a skilful pen, which makes him one of the most influential of modern French literary men, while his views and his style lead his admirers to rank him with those epigrammatic infidels of the past, Voltaire and Renan. Anatole France, indeed, is the direct successor of the apostate Renan, who maintained half-a-century ago that Christianity was too irrational for the modern intelligence, and that it was being displaced by Science, which would teach man all he could possibly learn about himself or the universe.

"The clearest fact is," wrote M. France in one of his celebrated articles in "*La Vie Littéraire*," "that the confidence in Science which we so strongly entertained is now more than half destroyed. We were persuaded that by good experimental methods, coupled with observations carefully made, we would succeed pretty quickly in creating worldwide rationalism. And we believed that the eighteenth century—the first epoch of scientific inquiry—would rank as the beginning of a new era. I believe it still, of course. But we must admit that these things are not happening as rapidly as we thought, and that the change is not as simple a matter as we imagined at the outset.

"Our master, Renan, who more than any other believed and hoped in Science, confessed (while retaining his faith in it) that it was an illusion to have thought that modern

humanity could be regulated wholly by rationalism and experience. The youth of to-day is demanding something else. It is spurning the Sciences that we bore aloft like a supreme revelation. And it is well that we should probe the why and wherefore of such contempt for it.

"Young minds condemn, to begin with, its inadequacy. They say: You have not founded a comprehensive Science—you have developed particular sciences, which is a very different achievement. And what are your sciences? So many pairs of spectacles, nothing more and nothing less. Yes, spectacles. These give you a more penetrating vision and enable you to examine certain phenomena more exactly. We don't deny it. But what does it all amount to? When you have observed a few forms in that abyss of appearances which constitute the tangible universe, have you any better knowledge of the fundamental cause of things or the laws of the world which it would be all-important to find out?

"Do you think that your discoveries in physiology and chemistry help you on the way towards revealing one single moral truth? Your Science cannot aspire to govern us, for it is devoid of morality, and the only principles of action to be drawn from it are immoral. It is inhuman. Its cruelty wounds us. It relates us to the animals and plants by proclaiming that we have everything in common with them—organs, pleasure, pain, and even the machinery of thought. It depicts us marooned with them on this grain of sand, the earth, and it declares that the destinies of all humanity are of no account in the universe."

## II. THE IDOL FALLS.

Still stating the case of ardent youth against arid Science, M. France recalls the statements of the scientists that we are microscopic animals on an inferior planet, circling round a star of minor rank; that in a few million centuries our sun will be a tarnished, almost heatless disc; that then the end will be at hand for the speck of dust we call the Earth; and that the two bodies will roll lifeless through the gloom of Space Infinite—lifeless, because humanity will have perished long before. And that is all that Science unfolds to us of the destiny of the human race!

M. France, the disillusioned but faithful disciple of atheistical Science, concludes his analysis:

"And as to man himself, what has Science made of him? It has stripped him of the virtues that were his beauty and his pride. It refers

all his acts to inevitable self-interest. It has taught him that everything in him, like everything around him, is dominated by inexorable laws, that free will is a delusion, and that he is no more than a machine completely ignorant of his own mechanism. It has suppressed even the conviction of his individuality, on which he based his dearest hopes. Spiritism and psychology strive to make him perceive two souls, two distinct existences in one body.

"Such is the rising generation's impeachment of Science which, it asserts, has forfeited the right to govern humanity. But what will the new generation put in place of our Science and its stock of ascertained knowledge? That is what we are entitled to know."

It is easy to answer M. France's question. Signs are not wanting that the young generation will erect Catholic Truth on the pedestal of the shattered idol.

## MANNERS NORTH AND SOUTH.

HOSPITALITY to strangers is the paramount virtue of the most barbarous races, and the Ulsterman regards his province as the most civilised in Ireland. From the standpoint of promiscuous hospitality, I believe he is right," so Mr. Frankfort Moore tells us in his interesting book, "The Truth About Ulster."

The fact that Mr. Moore is a Belfast Protestant who knows his Ulster adds considerable value to his opinion. Personal experience has convinced him that a visitor to Dublin will receive more invitations in a week than a visitor to Belfast in a year.

"The first act of a Dubliner whom you meet is to insist on your dining with him. This is the last act of a Belfast man, and then he does not insist. In Dublin they

welcome the coming, in Belfast they speed the parting guest. They give you the idea in Dublin that they are glad to see you; in Belfast that they are glad to get rid of you. In Dublin the people are ready to take you on trust, in Belfast you have to justify your presence by your works."

Mr. Moore considers Dublin the easiest place for anyone to live in who has written a book, or a play, or a song. Everyone the author meets has read his book, or pretends he has, which is quite as pleasant to him; or is simply dying to see his play, and he may dine out for a year on the strength of his song, if he will only consent to sing it in the drawingroom after dinner.

Not so in Belfast. Here, the proverbial Ulster caution has to be reckoned with. Generally speak-

ing, it prevents the Ulsterman from casting his bread upon the waters when the tide is ebbing, as it were. He sees his way clearly to finding it after many days before he flings a single crust. "With the Irish, hospitality is an impulse; with the Ulsterman it is a consideration."

The only class of stranger who is certain of a welcome even in the most exclusive Ulster circles is the Officer. Officers of every regiment are welcomed everywhere. On one occasion they turned up in such numbers at a dance that the mere civilian had no chance whatever. "Every officer in the province was there except the relieving officers," remarked a wag afterwards.

During the course of a trip on the Shannon, Mr. Moore found that the true Ireland was very different from the Ireland of the Agitator—he speaks of pre-war days—or the Ireland of the Orangeman.

He found himself among a race of gentlemen peasants. "Gentlemen they were in every respect, and every day revealed them as such, and revealed their children to be the children of gentlemen. A man would be digging in a field a quarter of a mile away, and when my little boat appeared, he would drop his spade and hurry down to the water's edge to inquire if he could do anything for me and my companion. . . . A stranger would come with some freshly-caught fish for our breakfast; they were ours if we chose to have them, but they were not for

sale—not a shilling could we force upon anybody."

The author met with many similar instances of Irish hospitality and courtesy. Even small boys could not be prevailed on to accept a sixpence, though they had shown the strangers on their way for half a mile or more.

Mr. Moore afterwards related his experiences to a typical Ulsterman, who looked grim when he heard of the refusal of the people to take money in payment for their courtesy.

"I never heard of such fools," he said, shaking his head mournfully. "It's no wonder that the Irish don't get on. You're sure it wasn't that they were huffed because you didn't offer them enough? I've heard of them being quare and proud."

Very different were the author's experiences on the Bann at Portadown, when he had his rudder-yoke carried away by a stone six or seven pounds weight dropped from the bridge above him. Had it fallen ten seconds sooner it would, he assures us, have broken his skull, five seconds sooner it would have gone through the timbers of the boat and sunk her. Nor yet on his native Lagan did he meet with that courtesy which one might be led to expect in the "modern Athens," for on one occasion he came on half a dozen boys shying stones at his boat; while another day he found the strakes smashed by a stone and the water over the thwarts.

## WHAT'S IN YOUR NAME?

### III.

THE Shakespearean quotation, "that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet," has misled many otherwise excellent folk who believe that Shakespeare could utter no wrong. Mis-

led them into assuming that a name has no influence on its bearer, that nomenclature is an index to nothing. But these people miss the subtle example given by the dramatist, his conviction that the perfume of the *Helianthus annuus* would remain

unchanged, even had the botanist dubbed it daisy. They overlook the point that he does not declare that Percy Claude Alphonsus would have developed into the man he is to-day had the name John been bestowed on him at the time of christening.

But it is an undoubted fact that names have an influence on their holders, have at least some little effect in making their owners live up—or down—to them. Though one need not go so far as to look for certain virtues or characteristics in the possessors of specific names, with the confidence with which the chemist goes for a requisite preparation to a phial with a particular label, no harm can be done by a glance at a few of the results obtained by investigators in the field.

On behalf of the ladies the spokesman is the inventor of Sherlock Holmes. From a profound study of feminine names—in fiction, I'm afraid—he has come to the conclusion that by their names you shall know them. Alice, he tells us, is a colourless kind of person, while Evelyn is always dashing. Matilda suffers from a want of patience, while Helen is masterful. Elizabeth is the essence of the dutiful daughter. Mary's tastes lie in the regions of quiet domesticity, and Rose is a flirt.

Now one can understand Arnold Bennett patting our authority on the back—for did not the great Mr. Bennett write a popular novel with the alliterative title: "Helen With the High Hand?" His Helen is certainly masterful. But what would Sir J. M. Barrie—author of that most successful play: "Mary Rose"—have to say to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle? If Rose is a flirt and Mary is domestic, what is Mary Rose? I give it up.

Our spokesman on behalf of masculine nomenclature is a modest

gentleman who prefers to remain shrouded in anonymity. But our nameless authority vows that he has made a study of the subject from life, and has come to the conclusion that men become what you expect them to be, when you bestow your name-tags. The gentleman has been making an extensive and intensive study of his male acquaintances, and has been more than surprised to find how many men of the same name are of the same nature. There is only one possible conclusion: the name does it! He gives his list and, with the precision of those engaged in scientific research, is careful to emphasise the fact that no result is announced unless four bearers of each name had been kept under careful observation. Here are the results:

Alfreds are conceited and vain: Arthurs are dreamy and slow: Freds are always deceitful: the Georges are humorous: Harrys are shiftless and self-indulgent: the Johns of this world are reliable: our Roberts are fearless and outspoken: William is always resourceful, and nearly always a leader of men: and poor Charles is submissive and hen-pecked.

I make no comment, for the list has been already criticised to smithereens? But I liked the double-edged method adopted by one gentleman who disagreed with its compiler, and put him a series of questions as to whether he was not thinking of Lord Northcliffe in his summing-up of the Alfreds, of Mr. Balfour when he dealt with the Arthurs, of Mr. Robey when referring to the Georges, and so forth. But, curiously enough, the sizing-up of Charles was not subjected to one word of criticism, so apparently there are some lengths to which the admirers of Mr. Chaplin will not go!

## NO RAIN NO PAY!

PARACELSUS, in his search for the Elixir of Life, used to be regarded as the supreme example of child-like belief. Rather a good second to him ran that Eastern sect which believed firmly that their chief caused the sun to rise every morning. They had rather an anxious time when their head-man was very old or very ill. So they usually took the precaution of appointing his successor before the old man died—just to make sure that no carelessness on their part should prevent the accustomed rising of the sun!

But nowadays even poor old Paracelsus is a back number. Some people can be persuaded to believe anything all the time. And others will believe what they want to believe so long as they have to pay to believe it! Witness the farmers of that curiously-named place, Medicine Hat, in Canada. From 1917 to 1920, no rain fell in the district, so naturally occupiers of land were in a bad way. The dry season had meant an utter failure in crops; the prospect of another season without rain was sufficient to cause many of the farmers to fear their appearance in the bankruptcy courts. And then when the good tillers of the soil were considering the best method of tearing their hair, Mr. Charles M. Hatfield walked into their midst.

Mr. Hatfield had so much confidence in himself that he caused the Medicine Hat folk to look up and take notice. He announced his intention of turning the rain-tap over the parched district during the summer of 1921—provided his palm was sufficiently crossed with dollars. The farmers were at first inclined to remember how they used to smile in the good, old, rainy days, but the persevering Mr. Hatfield was too persuasive to take a grin for a final

answer. He was more than a man of words; for far from being a penny-a-liner he was a sort of thousand-dollar-an-incher in the rain business. So he struck his bargain, by which he was to receive four thousand dollars if four inches of rain fell over the district between May 1st and August 1st, eight thousand dollars if eight inches fell, and so on. If the skies refused to weep, the rain-maker got nothing.

Mr. Hatfield knew as well as the next man that no good conjurer gets to work without his appliances. So, early in April, he had erected an imposing looking derrick on the shores of a convenient lake, and on top of this apparatus he placed a large box, which he filled with "certain chemicals." In May rain fell in torrents, but then was not Mr. Hatfield at his post? We read: "It poured at intervals during the season, and at the beginning of August Mr. Hatfield became entitled to his eight thousand dollars." Naturally, the local farmers were delighted—so delighted that they have signed a contract with Mr. Hatfield for next season.

Every profession has its own worries. So I am wondering what prospective happening has most to do with the wrinkles on the forehead of the Canadian rain-maker, and whether it is: (1) The fear that, having once got the rain-tap running freely, he may not be able to turn it off in time to avoid flooding the district; (2) the danger of the clerk of the weather insisting on having his own way, and carrying on a "dry" season; (3) the risk of even the farmers of Medicine Hat discovering that other people get rain without paying a thousand dollars an inch for it?

## SMILE-RAISING SUPERLATIVES.

I harbour a minor grudge against a certain editor. Without looking

at the title of his article, I began his first sentence, and read: "I have spent a whole day laughing, sighing, smiling, snuffling, chuckling, sniffing, tittering, and weeping over this great volume of verse." The article was headed, "The Venerable Kipling"—and the literary editor who wrote it was not trying to be funny. Whether he wrote with his tongue in his cheek or merely between his teeth I do not know, but he expected to be taken as seriously as any sincere critic expects to be taken.

The enthusiastic editor pictures himself as a demure grandchild sitting at the feet of grandfather Kipling. And though one may make allowances for the fact that our critic was youthful when the Jingo jingles of the poet of Empire started to appear in a weekly paper, he has had time in plenty in which to rise to higher things. But while he admits that Kipling's political and occasional verse is seldom poetry—readers who recollect certain verses in regard to Ireland, penned in a very unpoetical spleen, need no assurance on this point—he unblushingly couples his name with those of Rossetti, Wordsworth and Browning. And he even announces his gratitude for Kipling's "prodigality" in production!

But there is even worse to come. We read the editorial words: "I have no doubt whatever as to Kipling's poetic genius. He is a great poet, and his poetry will last longer than his prose. "Sussex," for example, is immortal. It cannot die. Listen to this music:—

And here is some of the music:—

"Gad gave all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall  
prove  
Beloved over all.

Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair  
ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea."

If that verse cannot die, then living for ever in print is an easier business than I had surmised. To my untutored judgment it seems a very ordinary bit of writing, and I can imagine the conductor of a Poets' Corner sending such a contribution back to its author with a crisp comment: "Substitute something else for your second fair ground!"

When I read that Kipling has variety as well as passion I remain cold, but when I am told that if the English were as consciously patriotic as the Scots they would make an idol of the British Burns, I begin to wonder. And listen to this: "If England were wiped out like Carthage, her soul would live in the poetry of Kipling." Poor soul!

After asking if there is anything quite like "Boots" in any language—for the sake of peace I'm willing to agree that there's not—our critic shouts: "I swear that I can never read it without being thrilled to the marrow by its magic." Now we know where we stand. Our editor is trying to impress people who'll only believe he's really in earnest when he swears. Looks like a neat left-hander for poor old Rudyard after all!

#### MORE MISPLACED ENTHUSIASM.

There came to my hand a journal written with the avowed object of educating, stimulating and guiding young journalists and authors. One of the mentors of the budding publicists refers at some length to a novel, written by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," "for the purpose of pointing a lesson, whose heeding should be of value to the would-be writer of fiction."

At the outset the super-critic proclaims that the author shows her boldness in her choice of the name of a dead woman for title, setting one wondering as to *his* definition of boldness. But we have his word for it that the book is artfully and artistically executed, and that the character of a personage is tenderly and beautifully etched in—though the said personage performs no part in the story. This appears rather a terrible headline to set these would-be writers of fiction—surely in the average novel it is task enough to deal with the persons who do perform their parts in the story?

It seems that the author has performed the feat of writing page after page about certain characters while omitting to give the full name of the particular character. After all, is this such a wonderful performance? And wherein does the merit lie, anyway?

The most entrancing phase of the book consists in "the subtle analysis of motive and emotions that ultimately become the synthesis of character." So says the enthusiast. But we get one quotation, which is thus prefaced:

"In spite of its psychological character, the book is full of subtle pictures that are so human and endearing that one lingers over them with delight."

And here is the human and endearing and subtle picture:—

"It was so difficult that Miss Entwistle has never had anyone to stay with her before, and the dressing-room had to be cleared out of all her clothes and toques, which then had nowhere to go, and became objects that you met at nights hanging over banisters or perched with an odd air of dashiness on the ends of the bath, before Lucy could go in."

The subtlety of that picture has quite escaped me. For on reading the sentence my mind was so confused over that "was" and "has" in the first line; over the question as to how the dressing-room could have been cleared out if all its contents were not to be removed; and how did the toques manage to go anywhere seeing they had nowhere to go? and who is the "you" that met them at night? And isn't it rather a lop-sided sentence anyway?

I am not encouraging the young folks to enter the writing business, but if I were, whenever I'd recommend a certain book to them "for study and pleasure," I'd be careful over my selection of a model sentence. But for the fact that the journal from which I quote is a serious organ, I'd have been inclined to think that the literary guide had omitted the Artemus Ward aside: "This is sarkastik."

# The Stones of Plouhinec.

(A BRETON FOLK TALE.)

BENOIS.

CHRISTMAS-EVE with its wonted stars, its cold, but with unwonted wind and gusty storms of blinding rain mingled with a very white sleet, was being celebrated throughout the old Catholic land of Brittany, and nowhere with more warmth than in the homestead of Perik Carnac. The great fire was glowing brightly; Madame Rose's cakes, buns and pasties were enough to make the most abstemious man's mouth water; the hams and savouries, the sweets and preserved fruits were all arranged on side-tables and on the hospitable board, inviting in its immaculate white Christmas cloth.

As the party, numbering over twenty, had all found themselves places, with much laughter and gaiety, at the Christmas table, it being now about nine o'clock, there came a rapping at the solid door of the farm-house.

"Go to the door, *mon gars*," observed the good man of the house. "On the Holy Night, and especially in this weather, no poor traveller must go unwelcomed."

The youth, one of Perik's three stalwart sons, willingly complied, but no more attractive visitor stood there on the stone flags leading from the gate to the Carnac door than grimy old Skoarn the pedlar, whom everyone knew and for whom no one cared much. However, it was Christmas night, so the old man was heartily welcomed.

And the Christmas party continued its pleasant chat and merry jests, while the pile of good things carefully provided by indefatigable Madame Rose grew smaller and smaller as the appetites of her guests did full justice to the merits of her cookery, and full honour, at the same time, to the joyous festival. Meanwhile Rose-Anne, the youngest of the three daughters of the house, sitting near her especial favourite among the young men, whom they had all known all their lives, was smiling and blushing and teasing him. Bernez, as his name was, was blushing also. He was a simple, straightforward lad, tall and well-made, good at most things he put his hand to, but without acres or patrimony. In every other respect he was more than a match for the richer lads whom Monsieur and Madame Carnac regarded with considerably greater favour as suitors for their daughters, though Rose-Anne herself was in no doubt as to her preference for fair-haired, blue-eyed Bernez. But only the hopefulness and optimism of youth were on their side—all the hard facts of the situation were against them.

"It is perfectly true, Bernez, if you had ten or twenty acres of corn or meadow land, or cows and sheep, my parents would look on you with much more favour than they do on black-browed Alain there—see him scowling at us!—but we are young and God is good. And it is Christmas, and you know, Bernez, a Christmas visitor brings luck—even if it is only ugly old Skoarn, poor old fellow! And I have been praying very hard to S. Anne, and, too, of course, to Notre Dame and S. Joseph, they know what it is not to have a great deal more than one's good hands and——"

"One's faithful heart, Rose-Anne," interrupted her cavalier, with a look of warm gratitude and affection. "I can't think of old Skoarn bringing luck to anyone—though it's true he should bring it to you, even a thunder-cloud could only smile at *you*, Rose-Anne! And while I have your prayers, I am sure to do well. We shall see what this New Year will bring us."

It was not far off the sacred hour of midnight when at length the assembly dispersed for the night. Every room and nook in the comfortable old house was filled with the invited guests, and the question arose as to what was to be the old pedlar's accommodation. Madame Carnac was not anxious to have him in her clean, sweet rooms, which, indeed, were sufficiently taxed as things were; and she did not wish him to remain in the kitchen all night either. It was Perik, her husband, who solved the difficulty for her.

"We haven't a corner in the house, my friend," he said cheerily to the old man, "but I can't have you even thinking of taking to the road on Christmas-night. If you will not mind my offering it, I can give you a warm, fresh corner in my hay-house, near the cows and horses, all among the sweet-scented grass and clover we brought in last summer. I would not suggest it if it were not such a pleasant and fragrant place, affording splendid shelter and warmth."

The beggar professed himself delighted, which indeed he was, and, lantern in hand, Perik escorted him to the large out-house, which proved to be all its master claimed.

Settling himself cosily among the heaps of light, dried meadow-grass, the old man muttered to himself, "Well, it must be almost midnight now, and I am not far away from those cows and horses yonder: it will be interesting to test the truth of that old story, a silly legend like most of the things these good Christian folk here believe, no doubt—about the animals speaking at midnight on Christmas-day."

At this moment, clear and silvery from the village a mile and a half away, there came the sound of the parish church bell, striking midnight. The stars seemed to grow brighter in the sky, their light seemed to illumine the stable faintly, but luminously. Star-

ing wide-eyed, the pedlar distinctly beheld the animals at the other end of the stable bow their knees and sink down as though in an attitude of worship. The faint bluish light suddenly faded and waned, the last stroke of the bell died away upon the quivering air, and soft darkness again folded the outhouse. Rubbing his eyes, the beggar decided mentally that he must have imagined it, when lo! he heard voices. *The cow was speaking.*

"It seems a shame that that old heathen, the pedlar Skoarn," she said, "should have been placed in our stable; his presence spoils our few moments of conversation."

"O, don't mind him," returned the horse soothingly, "I am sure he is asleep."

"Wouldn't he rejoice," went on the cow, "if only he knew what we know about the Stones of Plouhinec? It is next summer, you remember, that they are due again to go down to the River Intel to take their drink of the water which has to last them a hundred years. All the treasures that those boulders leave uncovered for the few moments they are absent! If only I could, I would be so glad to tell that nice young man, Bernez, of the chance he could have next S. John's-night; he is so poor that our Rose-Anne's parents are not likely to give him the opportunity of marrying her, and both she and he are quite in despair about it. I know, for she whispers these things to me sometimes when she is at the milking."

"Poor things, poor things," said the horse sympathetically. "But there is great danger, is there not, when the huge stones come trooping back again—they would discover what has been done, or they would find the young man near, and then they would crush him to death for seeing their pagan race to the river and back. So perhaps he is just as well not to risk such an adventure."

"O, but there are safeguards, I know," returned the cow. "If he provides himself with two plants, the cross-wort and the five-leaved clover, he will be perfectly safe, for they have only to be held up against the onrush of the boulders and the plants' mystic power will overcome the spell of destruction. Only some Christian has to suffer death, for otherwise the jealousy of the devil will change all the treasures into so much dust."

This was news indeed to the old beggar-man, who lay with bated breath listening to the strange tale. He closed his eyes and pictured the scene. He knew the desolate miles of Plouhinec Common quite well, long, lonely stretches of grass, peopled only by the immemorial menhirs and dolmens of a long-forgotten age, those mighty and awful stones which looked terrible enough, standing motionless and vast in their huge rings and uncouth colonnades by the cheery light of the golden sun. To think that beneath those giant

relics of strange bygone days there rested vessels of gold and silver, jewels perhaps. . . . His covetous mind conjured up visions rivaling the palaces of Aladdin's adventures, and he heard no more of the animals' conversation. It ceased shortly after, and the pedlar fell into dreams of shining balls of gold and silver where innumerable gems flashed and scintillated like so many lamps and stars in a glittering atmosphere.

Months passed by, the snows and cold gave place to grey skies and gentler winds, the woodlands began to assume their misty veils of tender green, primrose and anemone blew in pale, starry beauty on mossy bank and amid the fresh grass. Spring deepened into summer, and at last it was golden, sweet June once more. The course of true love ran no more smoothly yet for poor Bernez and Rose-Anne, and many a confidence did Primrose, the big, pale-coloured cow, receive from her pretty young milkmaid, so that poor Primrose felt that the sympathy she could not express must surely, nevertheless, be felt by Rose-Anne, and was much consoled thereby.

Skoarn the pedlar had been busy. Ever since the first leaves and grass had pushed their fresh tips forth, still more when the cuckoo's clear, bell-like note had wakened the woods with enchanting echoes, he had been industriously searching the fields, the meadows and the woods. Not that he loved spring or summer, all the fairy-like allurements of waking Nature left him quite unmoved; but he was busily searching for the two plants his dream or experience at Christmas had told him were the safeguards of the adventurous man who should be on Plouhinec Common at the dead of night on S. John's feast, watching the mighty menhirs leave their places. It had meant weeks among the rain-wet meadows, and an incredible patience, to find the five-leaved clover, but at last, at last the pedlar had done it. And now, here it was, only wanting a few days to S. John's Nativity, and he had only just come upon the wonderful cross-wort. He had his two treasures at length, and it was with a very peaceful and satisfied mind that the crafty old beggar set out upon his way to Plouhinec.

All his plans turned out as he had hoped. Sitting at mid-day by the half-ruined stone market cross at Plouhinec village, he rested pleasantly in the sun which he did not find too hot, "My old bones are glad of it," he observed pathetically to any who spoke to him as he sat in the blaze. And after a time young Bernez came listlessly by. He had no particular work, he said, as he sat down in the shade near the old man. He had been up on Plouhinec Common, a fresh breeze rose there from the river Intel, flowing broad and deep and pleasant between its sloping banks, and to pass

the time he had been carving a nicely-made cross, he said, on one of the gigantic stones. But it was hot work, after all.

"I wonder," began the beggar, after they had talked a while, "how a young gentleman like you would care for an adventure which might end in the winning of some pots of gold and silver, and even, perhaps, gems also."

"Now what adventure have *you* in mind, Skoarn?" inquired the young man with a good-natured laugh.

Whereupon Skoarn told him that he knew the secrets of Plouhinec Common, and that there lay buried immense treasure, but that an old man like himself would require help as he was not quick enough to take much gold in the short time that would be at his disposal. He added that Bernez should have the half of whatever fortune they might both secure, in return for his company and for a prayer after the pedlar's death. Bernez, much touched by the old man's kindness, at first did not wish to accept so handsome an offer, but on the pedlar's insisting, eventually agreed telling him of his little romance and what this help would do for its realisation. And it was with a beating heart that, going home, he selected the largest bag or sack he could find among the household goods, and, returning to the old man, lay upon the sun and shadow-flecked, flowery bank of the peaceful river until the westering sun went slowly down in a great blaze of crimson and gold, sinking beneath the horizon line of the plain.

The grey twilight crept softly onward; the tones of the dimming sky deepened and darkened from the sunset glories to blue, from deep and always deeper blue to a kind of violet, and then all at once it was night. The sky was wonderful, throbbing with a thousand crystal stars, and Bernez, as he watched them with a thrill of expectancy, thought of his darling Rose-Anne and of the joy in her bright eyes when he should be able to tell her that he had a right to ask her parents' consent. What a wedding-day they should have, he would get her the richest silver ornaments ever a Breton bride wore; she should have lace, and coloured petticoats by dozens, and an *admirable* shawl—he did not know what he was not going to get for his darling. They should have that delightful farm he had so often admired, near her own childhood's home, the pleasant red house with its orchard and its bees and its meadows. . . .

The young man's thoughts were far enough from the dark plain in its silence and strange, sinister witchery when the sudden notes of the village church bells recalled him to the weird present. He counted the strokes; it was eleven o'clock. In another hour that unearthly procession of giant stones was to pass—ugh! his blood ran cold as he thought of it—and then the hasty rush for wealth and happiness, and for dear life itself a few moments later. After

that—the morning again, the clear sunlight, the happy domestic sound of crowing cocks and lowing cattle, and life and love before him.

The moon was rising; it was only a half moon, but clear, and the sky was full of stars. With some instinct of precaution the two men, although they were close by one of the mighty stones, had hidden themselves behind a large flowering bush. The Celtic blood in their veins was chill at the reality of this fantastic adventure of theirs. For neither of them doubted the truth of the old legend the pedlar had so strangely heard. In the pale, silvery light and against the innumerable stars the monoliths loomed vast, black, threatening, pagan and appalling. Bernez shut his eyes.

The night grew colder. Nothing was to be heard save the rushing of the Intel below, between its grassy banks, and the sighing of the night breeze which sobbed fitfully among the great stones. Bernez moved stiffly; he was beginning to feel cramped. Clear and strong a sound floated to them; it was the church bell striking the hour of midnight. The moment had come. For an instant Bernez felt turned to ice, then it was as if molten fire poured through all his veins, causing his face to crimson and his heart to throb. One, two, three, four, five, six, the notes rang out as though from a silver anvil, and there was a rustle, a breath, *a stir among the stones*. Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve struck, and terrible and weird to behold, the whole plain was alive with moving, mighty objects, as though the very mountains were travelling. Now black in the shadow, now silver-white in the moonlight, carved, broken, plain, uncouth, there they were, those primeval giants of stone, a very crowd filling the plain. No longer the midnight silences and whispers, but thudding and the crashing of thunder itself, a strange, terrible, mighty sound. Bernez hid his face in his hands as the whirling masses passed, heavily and ponderously, and with violent haste.

The thunder and roar dulled and became fainter; they were disappearing in the direction of the rushing, pleasant river. With a bound (though Bernez felt the sweat in beads upon his brow), the two men leapt at the nearest hole which had been left uncovered. Glittering piles of gold and silver coin, jewels, and necklaces and bracelets of precious metal met their eyes, and, stooping down, Bernez lost no time in filling the sack he had brought with him full, full to the very top. Rushing excitedly from one spot to the other, Skoarn, enraptured with the shining beauty of the riches he saw everywhere, filled basket, pouch, pocket, bag, anything and everything he had. He was still endeavouring to push more and more in when a mighty sound, like the coming up of a tremendous thunderstorm, warned them. "Quick, quick!" cried Bernez,

"come away, Skoarn, let us fly, or there will be danger, they will crush us surely."

But the pedlar was quite unconcerned. "No, good young friend," he returned calmly, snatching at a magnificent pearl as he spoke, "there is no need for me to fly, I am in no danger. With these two plants which I have in my hand, no boulder can do me any harm; I am proof against them. But you are not so provided, you will have to die."

"Cruel," cried poor Bernez in an agony of fear, not knowing where to run as the terrible monuments, one behind another, were coming upon them in serried ranks with a noise like that of peals and roars and crashes of thunder and the blowing of a mighty gale of furious wind. "O, why did you ask me?"

"I asked you, foolish youth," replied the pedlar, holding out his magical plants as he spoke against an immense dolmen heaving towards him like a great ship plunging in mid-ocean, "because although I have these magical talismans with me and my treasure secured, still the gold and silver would all turn to dust if some Christian did not lose his life. It is you who must be sacrificed, so think no more of your love, but prepare to die."

As he spoke, one of the massive monsters came thundering upon Bernez. Shutting his eyes, streaming with tears, the poor young man made his last prayer and waited for the terrible death so near. Seconds passed, moments passed, and still, amid that thundering sea of sound, that roaring chaos of loosened, living rocks, he stood living, unharmed. Opening his eyes, he looked tremblingly before him. Over him towered a great stone mass, motionless, quiet as on any June day. He looked at it more closely; about this rocky monster, at least, there was no atmosphere of terror, of ancient pagan days, of remote evils suddenly made almost tangibly present. There was something familiar about the hoary giant. Ah! there was his ornamental cross, carved only yesterday upon the boulder.

All Bernez's Celtic soul melted for an instant, as, laying his head confidently against the mighty stone, he wept in the relief this realisation gave him. It was, so to speak, a baptised stone now; it was a Christian stone, bearing the Cross upon its brow, and it could never harm, but would protect, a fellow-Christian.

And now the surging and the whirling of those thunderous travellers was over, the plain had resumed its normal aspect once more—no longer the bare, empty stretch, unfamiliar, and featureless as the sea, but the old Plouhinec with all its dolmens and menhirs in their still, accustomed assembly as of old.

Yet not quite all. With a cry Bernez sprang aside. The grey stone upon which he had been leaning was moving. Gently until he leapt aside, then with a rushing, crashing terror of movement, the

thing swept onward towards Skoarn, standing looking triumphantly around him. It charged the old man. His arm, holding forth the two ritual plants, was stretched in vain.

High and bright rode the gold sun in the sky of the freshly-risen June day. And to Bernez, waking from the long oblivion in which he had lain since the monolith had crushed old Skoarn in the awful moonlight, it was so good to be alive that for a little he thought only of last night's events as some mad dream. He luxuriated in the sunlight, in the fresh, thin air, in the distant sounds of farmyard activity, the dogs' barking. But he was hungry and sat up suddenly. He must get home to breakfast.

And then he knew the truth. His pockets were heavy with—gold and silver, and gems. His sack, taken yesterday from his sister Margot's neat kitchen, was full of treasure. And, as he stood up, he saw also the bags and wallets of the unfortunate pedlar lying scattered at his feet among the heather. They, too, were overbrimmed with precious things.

Old Skoarn should never lack for a Mass nor for prayers for his soul, reflected Bernez, as with full heart he collected all the treasure now his by right. What if he *had* meant to do him an ill turn, his Rose-Anne's prayers and the holy Cross had averted all that, and now here he was, through the pedlar's adventure, a rich man.

It was good to be alive, this young June morning, with a patri-mony at last and with sweet Rose-Anne there in the distance, singing as she took the dappled cows to pasture. And Bernez went, singing also, on his way to meet her.

# “The Weaver of Samaria.”

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

AMOS, the old weaver who dwelt in a humble cottage beside the town of Samaria, drew wearily nigh to the gates of the city. It was late, and the city in the shadows was dark. Although he was now quite near it, to the dim eyes of Amos it seemed still to be afar off. In soreness of foot and dull trouble of mind, the old man, thinking bitterly of the luxurious Cæsar Augustus who had imposed upon him this thirty-mile journey for enrolment, was strongly tempted to cast himself by the wayside and travel no further. The bale of fine cloth, that he carried in hope of doing business in Bethlehem among citizens and strangers, would help much to ease his roadside couch, and if unfolded, would also serve to protect his aged body from the severity of the night wind. He stood in the loneliness for a moment; gazed toward the city; gazed toward the stunted olives edging the track; gazed with solicitude upon the fine purple stuff he had wrought on his loom. Then, conscious more than ever of the aching of his limbs, he moved onward with a dejection of aspect that was pitiful.

“It is not meet that I should in such wise waste the precious fruit of my long labours,” he murmured as he advanced. “With strength I shall go up to the city, and find there a shelter that will burden me with the sacrifice of but a small coin. Even at this hour there may be strangers abroad who will look with favour on the good cloth that in my weakness I would spoil. Yet,” he thought shrewdly, “Yet better avoid traffic with strangers in the darkness of the city—fresh eyes of the morning will see more beauty in rich colouring of purple and folds of silken smoothness.”

Saying which, he clasped with a greater care the bale of cloth that he bore on his shoulder, and fixed its covering more firmly beneath the leathern fastening. He was cold and hungry. Always thrifty, Amos had taken with him on his journey only a frugal measure of food to sustain him on the way. And thinking to allow himself the more freedom and energy to bear his burden of woven stuffs, he had left behind in his cottage the heavier garments that might have impeded him. Now he lacked their warmth, even as he lacked the food to gratify the sharp appetite produced by his unusually long spell of walking.

“I should not have lagged on the way,” he reflected, feeling in his scrip to assure himself that the wherewithal to buy food and

shelter lay still securely there. "The night grows darker and more cold. And it is silent here, so near unto the city; silent and overshadowed as a place of sorrow. I give thanks to God that I am now at last come to the city gates——"

His reflections were suddenly interrupted. Near him he had heard a stealthy, crackling sound; and he stood very still, listening. Again he heard a rustling low noise that seemed to come from amongst some palm-trees that grew together in dusky, soft masses on either side of the road. Listening intently he heard now another sound—low whispers of voices that were indistinct, and because of their hiddenness, menacing. He was suddenly oppressed with fears of unknown dangers, and moved forward quickly, striving to calm himself. But the sounds of light footsteps, the secrecy of muttering voices, stole along among the shadows, following him with dark threat, it seemed. And Amos, who was a nervous old man, halted, trembling, with fluttering heart, and blanched face, and cried out:

"In the name of Moses and of Abraham and the Prophets, I beseech ye to come forth in peace!"

But there was no answer to this appeal of the old man, except that the whispering voices were silent. And again Amos cried out:

"Speak aloud in friendship, I beseech ye, for I am but an old man who goeth alone and in poverty!"

But again there was no answer. Only now a shape came silently from beneath the trees, and slipped like a shadow along the way until it reached Amos, who was all unaware of the cat-like approach. And another shape slid outward, and crept from a different direction toward the weaver. And this dark creature Amos saw, and smote with his staff as he sprang. Then Amos was himself struck heavily, as by the strong timber of a tree. But although sinking beneath the great force of the blow, he was little hurt, for the stroke had fallen on his bale of cloth, which was like a very thick and buoyant pad across his shoulder. He was somewhat cheered by this escape; and shaking off his nervousness, he strove to defend himself and his moneys, and the rich purple fabric by which he set great store. Despite his many years and his recent timidity, he swung his staff now with a resolute vigour. But at last, amid a confusion of blows, he was stricken down by the two thieves who had waylaid him. And while he protested in the name of the Law and the Prophets against the wickedness of this injustice, the two thieves laid hands upon the old man, to strip him and rob him.

Lying powerless beneath their weight, and held rudely by grappling, bony hands, poor Amos in secret besought the Lord for deliverance from these enemies. As he prayed, he heard the coarse jesting of the wretches, who were leisurely in their outrage, and

appeared to take breath after their late assault before denuding the weaver of all the riches that he had upon his person. Hot breaths struck unpleasantly on the old man's face. Low laughter rumbled close to his ear.

They cut the leathern strips that bound the bale of purple stuff. They drew Amos upright and pulled off his robe. One of them sought for his scrip. Then the thief who was standing with the mean robe in his hand flung it down unexpected on the ground beside the bale of cloth and the staff of Amos. "Leave him alone," he said to the other thief.

And to the greater amazement of their victim, the other thief said in tones of apprehension :

"Perhaps it is better. I am afraid, I know not why."

"And I, too, am afraid," said the first thief. "Let us go hence, and leave this old man; for we know not what wrath may come upon us in the night."

"But whence is this thing that fills us with such a strange fear? It is as though angels of the Lord came this way, and shook the darkness so that it trembles with portent of their coming."

"Quick! Let us go!"

"We must go. I am driven to hide myself afar off. I think with shame of my iniquity."

"It is a visitation that passeth understanding. But come! We talk too much."

"Old man, we leave thee in peace, and beseech our father, Abraham, to bless thee."

There was a noisy rushing of feet beneath the palm-trees, and Amos knew that they had gone in haste. Through the darkness dwindled the amaze of their voices. And then silence—silence that seemed to be laden with such solemnity as Amos had known in the Temple, and in the synagogues at prayer. He sought for his possessions, and having found them, withdrew fearfully to the roadside, to adjust his robe, and bind his ware anew.

And while he stayed there, very still, very silent, he saw the dim figure of a man leading a donkey on which sat another cloaked figure that swayed gently to the movements of the willing little beast that stepped so sturdily towards the city. They drew nigh Amos, and passed by. Even as they passed him, the weaver was uplifted in his mind, and felt comforted by their presence. And though a feeling of awe was ever vivid in his bosom, he made haste to gird his robe about him, so that he might follow near to them. Sharing at a little distance their companionship, he entered Bethlehem with them, and went even to that same inn at which they sought shelter.

The master of the inn came to the door with a lantern in his hand, and in the light Amos saw the quiet, humble man who led the donkey; and he saw that the one who rode was a woman, very young and beautiful. Indeed, the wondrous holy beauty of her face, the pure joy that lit her delicate countenance as with radiance of sanctity, struck Amos himself with joy and reverence that he felt could only be of holiness. And he praised the Lord because He had vouchsafed him protection through the coming of those two wayfarers to the city. For he was not unmindful of how the thieves had been stricken with a great fear; and how he himself had been awed and gladdened, when they drew near him as he stood beside their path.

"There is no room. . . ."

The words of the inn-master rang coldly in the cold night, and Amos saw the two travellers turning away. The city was filled with strangers. The inns were crowded to the utmost, and in the streets there were many of those who had come to be enrolled. A man of Samaria who knew Amos hailed him at the moment that the inn-keeper, gazing after the two whom he had turned away, was holding his lantern aloft:

"Whither goest thou, Amos?"

"Ah, Nathanael! so thou, too, art here. Well, my errand is as thine," said Amos.

"Perchance even more than mine," said Nathanael, touching the bale of cloth. "But whither goest thou for meat and sleep, Amos?"

"I know not. There are many in the city."

"The inns are full. I have sought in vain for shelter. But what has happened to thee, Amos? A moment since thou didst look sadly bruised, with blood upon thy cheek——"

"Bruised? Blood upon my cheek?"

"Yea, of a surety. I saw it in the lantern light. And now thou speakest like one bewildered."

"I am indeed bewildered," said Amos. "Truly, I had forgotten that I fell this night among thieves and was beaten by them. But they robbed me not. Yea, rather they left me in peace. And so great was her beauty . . . so holy was her countenance . . . that in the blessedness of remembering . . . and remembering my fear——"

"Amos, Amos, thou speakest as it were in riddles."

"I will tell thee. I will tell thee, Nathanael."

"When thou hast rested and taken food. But this is a cold city, Amos. Let us seek a refuge outside its dark walls. We can buy food in the market-place as we go towards the southern gate."

And arm in arm they went away from the portals of the noisy inn.

The night was bitterly cold, and in the keen wind there whirled snow that would soon mantle the land in fleecy white. Amos, the weaver, and his friend, Nathanael, drew themselves further within the sheltered nook, beneath overhanging rocks, which they had found along the road at a little distance from Bethlehem. Low shrubs and brown brushwood guarded it from the wind and snow. Withered leaves and bracken, deeply piled, made a soft resting-place. Presently the snow, driven against the bushes, began to thicken there, so that they were in a little while protected more securely from the storm—and by the very wings, as it were, of the storm itself.

Yet it was cold. And crouching there, growing chill after the warmth of travelling, Amos could feel a very painful aching in all his limbs.

"Methinks great Cæsar Augustus might have spared old men such a journey, Nathanael," said Amos, covering himself more thoroughly with the dead leaves.

"Verily, he could, Amos," his friend said, drowsily, as he curled warmly and deeply in the bracken.

Nathanael, the maker of water-bottles and shoon and bridles—a versatile worker in leather, indeed—was not so old as Amos. He had journeyed leisurely and carelessly. And he had not fallen among thieves. Nor had he had any strange spiritual experience like to that of Amos. He had only heard of the odd adventure as they supped together. So that he could now sink down tranquilly in this refuge and find pleasant sleep.

"Out of his many legions he might have chosen swift couriers to go into the highways and by-ways to make this enrolment," continued Amos.

"Yea, he could," said Nathanael, murmuring.

"And now it is cold. It is dark and strange in this place. And what with weariness, and my bruises, and—and—— But, Nathanael, thou art sleeping!"

Nathanael spoke not. But his breathing told of slumber. Amos, with a sigh, stretched himself more comfortably, and lay still, pondering his adventures of that day, until sleep stole upon him like a sweet perfume of incense. And while he slept, he dreamed of those who had come to him in his extremity, from whom the thieves, shameful of themselves, had fled afar.

Quite suddenly, and at the same moment, the two sleepers awoke.

"Nathanael!"

"Amos!"

"Nathanael, I dreamed a dream," said Amos, rising on his elbow.

"I saw them of whom I spoke."

"I also dreamed," said Nathanael, "I heard strange voices. I saw Judea like a great field moving as the earth shook. And in the heavens I saw a glory shining that was like to the sun, but greater."

"And I saw her face like a vision. The snows of the morning shine not more purely, nor the stars of the firmament with such a tenderness——"

"Hark, Amos! Was not that a sound like music in the night?"

"The winds are now still," said Amos, listening, and then: "I hear not any sound of music, Nathanael."

"Yet I seemed to hear sweet music." And look: the snow has ceased falling. The night is fair."

"The skies are strangely lit, and the very darkness seems to tremble," said Amos. "Yea, my aged heart seems to tremble, too. It is the joy of my remembrance——"

"Hush!" cried Nathanael softly. "Ah, now there is music indeed! Amos, Amos, it is a very glory of music, as though choirs of heaven sang. Yea, it seems to fall down upon us like rain of harmony from the high heavens."

But Amos, with wonder in his eyes and on his pale face, his hands clasped as in prayer, was silent, listening.

"Come, Amos," said Nathanael; "let us go forth. I hear sweet voices upon the hills. And look: yonder is a wide light shining! Praise the Lord, and the glory of the heavens that are His . . ."

They went out in haste to the road, and turned them to the hills. And when they had travelled perhaps a furlong, they heard men coming down from the hills, speaking amongst themselves, and praising and glorifying God. So much was their haste, and so rapt were they in offering up their praises, that they heeded not Amos and Nathanael, who stood by the track wondering. But Amos ran to one old man with a shepherd's crook, who was behind and a little apart, because he was lame, and he spoke with him, asking him what strange thing had come to pass.

"Friend, friend, this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David," said the shepherd, with shining eyes, moving forward again as he made joyous utterance. "I speak as the Angel hath told us. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

"In a manger!" said Amos. "Perchance because there was no room in the inn."

"Come with us, and see this word which is come to pass, which the Lord hath shewed to us."

"Nathanael," called Amos, hurrying along beside the shepherd. "Nathanael, It is the Messiah——"

But his friend had left him and was gone with the other shepherds, who had not slackened their excited speed. They came at length to a certain stable that was like a cave beneath a hill, and the shepherds entered in, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And they cast themselves down in adoration of the Saviour, Christ, Who lay in swaddling clothes in the straw of the manger.

Amos, kneeling in worship nigh the doorway, saw the Babe, and the Virgin Mother, and her holy Spouse; and he remembered a face that had shone for him with holiness, and the quiet man who had led the little donkey to the door of the inn. For now he saw them again, and the stable seemed illumined by radiance from the Holy Face of the Child, and from the face of her.

"Blessed be the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," said Amos with joy within himself. "The stone which the builders rejected," he thought, remembering the Psalms, "the same is become the head of the corner. By the Lord this has been done; and it is wonderful in our eyes."

With his adoration and wonder there was mingled great pity for the Child lying in the manger, and for the Mother who watched by Him so tenderly in the cold stable. And this pity brought to his mind a thought of his own riches, and he arose and went out from the stable. He hastened to the place outside the city, where he and Nathanael had slept; and searching deeply in the dry leaves, he found that which his old hands had wrought so deftly on his loom.

"He that had much, had nothing over," he said, using words of the Book of Exodus, "and he that had little, had no want."

And bearing with him his gift of finely-woven cloth, whose rich purple folds were of a generous measure, and of a colouring that was good to look upon, the old weaver of Samaria, rejoicing in spirit, went back to the stable.

# The Invisible Chain.

AODH DE BLACAM.

**A**LAN CARY was rich now. He came home to London from America famous and possessed of all things that ambition could desire—save only friends. It was lonely in London, with never an old face to welcome him. The first thing he did with his money was to buy the old house at Lee, a south-easterly suburb, which was associated with his happiest memories of youth. It was a fine old building, with large apartments, reached from the road by a carriage-drive that wound through bushy grounds. The old furniture was in it still, and Alan instructed his servants to leave it, as far as possible, unchanged; only the big apartment which had formerly been the children's playground, he changed into a studio.

It was just before Christmas that he took up his residence here. Somehow he had had the hope that in returning to the old place he would return, as it were, to his old self. He hoped to recover the atmosphere of old days. But as he looked out through the big windows, to the leafless trees that bent in the wind at the end of the bleak garden, and out beyond that, across the green allotments to where the houses began and the town stretched; he recalled the past with a sense of strangeness as if it belonged to another person. He remembered how, on his first night in this house, when he had visited here his cousins of the Eyles' family he had been bewildered by the unaccustomed spaciousness and airiness of the place, so strange to him who had been reared in poorer circumstances than they, and how he had seen the lights glowing at the distant Crystal Palace through the frosty air, a very scene in fairyland. He remembered the brisk walks over the frozen fields to many places of interest that he had enjoyed with his new-found playmates. He remembered the Christmas games and the carol-singing. It seemed as near as yesterday and as distant as Heaven.

Where were they all now? There was Clifford, the eldest, sitting in an office in Dublin Castle, controlling the Black-and-Tan activities. There was Bert who, as he remembered, had fainted that Christmas-time when a scientific uncle had shown him Eric's bones with the X-rays: but that delicate lad had, since then, won distinction on the battle-field at the bombing post and had the deaths of scores to his account. Eric, the youngest, the merry young scapegrace, as full of tricks as a kitten, had won fame, Alan remembered, as an aviator, and had been lost in a bombing excursion.

sion on one of the cities of the Rhine. Alas, the old days had gone, and with them the old innocence and joy.

But what of Esther? It was of her he thought most. Was it not in this very room that he had heard her golden voice singing the *Adeste*? Esther Grame was the daughter of a neighbouring house, and he had hoped to find her again. But the Grame household had vanished in the innumerable changes of the times.

On the night of Christmas Eve, a night of frost and big bright stars, as Alan lay in the room where he had lain as a youth, he heard on the night air a soaring voice that sounded all the lovelier because the night was so quiet. He rose and went to the window. He opened it and looked out, down the moonlit road, to where, among dark bushes, another tall house stood. A carol singer's boyish voice came from the porch of that house, and seemed angelic in its clear beauty:

*Now the first Noël that the angels did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields where they lay;  
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,  
Born is the King of Israel.*

Alan stood listening till the last note had died on the air. He listened long for the singer to renew his song, but no other carol came. Fifteen years before, Alan heard a carol-singer in these very same circumstances, save that his friends had been with him then. The memories flooded back. He seemed to hear the young voice and feel the touch of Esther's hand.

Lying awake for long hours that night he dwelt on the story of his past. Half-Irish and reared a Catholic until his mother died, he remembered how once he had gone to Mass on Christmas mornings. After that he had been reared in the strange creed of his cousins. At Christmas-time in the Dissenting Chapel he then used to join in the congregational carols. How he used to enjoy the vigorous poetry of:

*It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,"  
From heaven's all-gracious King;  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.*

Or else:

*O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep*

*The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night!*

He remembered "Good King Wenceslas," and "Once in Royal David's City," and many another. But he remembered how, as he grew older, he had heard these less and less at Christmas-tide. For the spirit of the age was against these celebrations of historical events of the Gospel. The sermons he had listened to had grown more and more devoted to abstract ethics. The Rev. White used to say, he remembered, that "it did not matter what your eschatology might be," the Christian religion was what he called "spiritually true" for everyone. You need not believe in the historic gospel if you found it too great a strain on your faith. What mattered was that it should be "symbolically true" for you. The growth of this philosophy had gone with the decay of carol-singing. And naturally so. For the men who made these poems were men who believed that the Star did once shine over Bethlehem. But while Alan, too, had lost belief in the story of Bethlehem, he felt a wistful longing that no symbolical language could satisfy. He wished he could believe as the carol-writers had believed, and the Catholic world from whom they drew their tradition. At Christmas-time, the dry, ethical sermon, with no carols, and no Yule-tide atmosphere, chilled him. He felt that from this Dissenting house of worship the last gleam of Ancient Beauty had departed. And he had never entered a church of any kind again.

Esther!—What had Christmas meant to her in those early days when she had sung the *Adeste*? He could not keep her from his thoughts. He lived again a certain other Christmas ten years back when he had seen her for the last time. It was then that he had spoken to her in his new manhood, asking her to share the future with him. But she had told him that she herself was a Catholic now. (She had not told him, though, that it was out of her interest in him, and in his past, his boyhood even, and his origin, that she had read Catholic literature to acquaint herself with the make-up of his mind. She only told him that she had entered the Church of his mother's people.) Her becoming a Catholic had, in one sense, brought her nearer to him, but in the sense that he valued most at that time, it had set up a barrier between them, for he found himself unable to call himself a Catholic again. He had heard her singing the *Adeste* once more—this time in Latin as it was sung in Catholic churches, and it had stabbed him to realise that he had lost that which she had found: belief in Bethlehem.

And so he had gone away, endeavouring to forget her and his past. It was only since his return to London that he realised that his search for happiness had been and was doomed to be vain. He had broken with his chances of happiness ten years since. And now nothing remained to him but memories, which, with all their beauty, were more painful than sorrows. Some impulse compelled him to stay here, cheating himself with fancies of what once was, knowing that grief came in the train of every dream.

It was this same impulse set him thinking of what it would be like to hear a Christmas Mass. He remembered that Mass could be heard at the Convent Chapel across the Common. He resolved to rise early and attend it.

Before sunrise next morning Alan made his way across the dark Common, in the trail of some few worshippers, towards the Convent. The big window behind the altar in the Convent Chapel showed like a luminous picture over the frosty ground. There he could pick out the figures of the saints in their many-coloured robes. The Convent bell tolled.

The chapel was full. The altar candles threw golden light over all. For awhile, as the priest in the joyful vestments moved upon the altar, Alan seemed to forget his manhood and later youth, and half imagined himself to be a small boy once again. The Mass seemed as real to him as to one who hears his first Mass, and had all the wonder of strangeness. He felt as though he were, indeed, kneeling in that stable at Bethlehem, and the tinkling of the bell which announced the dreadful Coming made him bow low. Then he felt himself wondering at himself, and at this so strange ceremony. He thought of the great material world that he had roved in, of the unfaith which was the order of all men's lives outside : and he marvelled that, within these walls, this faith lived on. Almost—almost he believed in the Centre of all this adoration. It *could* not be untrue : Else, the world was deserted and there was to be nothing better forever than the emptiness of unbelief.

After Mass there was Benediction. The priest came in from the Sacristy in his golden Cope, hands clasped before him as in wondrous awe : the swinging Censer diffused incense through the building. The organ in the nuns' gallery began its low strain. The priest went up the Altar-steps and unlocked the Tabernacle. He took the Monstrance and enthroned it amid the lights and flowers. Then from the enclosure where they prayed unseen by the worshippers in the public portion of the chapel the nuns raised the strains of the *Adeste*.

*Adeste, fideles,  
Laeti triumphantes ;*

*Venite, venite, in Bethlehem:  
 Natum videte  
 Regem angelorum.  
 Venite adoremus,  
 Venite adoremus,  
 Venite adoremus Dominum.*

Alan listened to the old familiar words. He seemed to hear them in the tones of Esther's voice. But he would never forget that voice—and yet, what could be more like than . . . ?

Yes, it was unmistakable.

*That strong, clear voice from beyond the grating was Esther's.*

Not in vain—not in vain had those two lives touched. One had been then kindled with charity until it burned with that pure flame of devotion within the hallowed walls. The other had now been found after long wandering. For Alan knew now that he was home again at last.



## The Children's Carol.

See, see, the thronging stars come forth to peep  
 Upon a star-faced Infant laid to sleep—

*O Jesus, take our candles small  
 To chase the shadows from Thy stall.*

The holy Angels kneel about His feet,  
 The Lord of all the heavens and earth to greet—

*O Jesus, little children we  
 Come, eager all, Thy Face to see.*

Our Lady looks so sweetly and so fair  
 Upon her little Babe so patient there—

*We kneel with her and never tire,  
 She bids us nigher still and nigher.*

The holly berries glisten round His bed,  
 And flow'rs are in the straw beneath His Head—

*O little Jesus, may each Christmas pray'r  
 Become a flow'r for Thee to wear!*

E. SETON.

# The Two Pathways.

PAUL V. CARROLL.

KEVIN O'SHANNON lilted to himself as he went along through the little fields, on the face of which the languid evening was ringing down the broad curtain of her shadows. Sometimes it was a happy song he sang, for youth was weaving her little dream-pictures in his heart, and Love was rippling like a fairy mountain stream through the dim-lit passages of his soul. The little rainy pools beneath his feet were converted into tiny sheets of glittering gold by the beautiful light that shone in the youthful eyes, and the song of the blackbird in the hedge was full of sadness and sweetness mingled in a grand cadence of beauty.

But often the gladness of his song changed to sadness, for his heart was full of conflicting smiles and tears, and breathed little dream-*tales* of love and beauty and sacrifice. Now and again he looked at the lonely face of the plain, where darkening shadows drifted by and wove themselves into one another—into great clouds of gloom, that floated around the dim shadowy heads of the gorse and bracken. Sometimes one left the wet mist shining on his face and hands, and passed on, to form part of the long sea of gloom, which clasped to its heart the dim grey face of the horizon. Sometimes sorrow stole over him, and his song took on a low, dying refrain, and the music of it whispered of old, half-forgotten things, and of sad, forlorn faces lingering wide-eyed in a dead dream that the years had banished,—bringing back from their startled sleep little happy memories of faces that he knew,—or of some kindly little feet that had strayed by other roads, through other lands. . . .

But the dominant chord of youth is happiness. And Kevin was happy. He was going to meet his love. Youth going to meet its queen. Two little fairy mountain streams gushing into one another, each eagerly drinking of the other, each divinely sweet, divinely beautiful, singing the same divinely-tensioned song. Youth that is the broad rose-strewn pathway to the shimmering hills and the mist-clasped vales of hope and beauty and sadness that is sweetness, and sweetness that is sadness; youth that is ever shaping with the dim figures of dreams little twilight pictures of souls that are innocent and full of a half-spoken thought—wrought whisperings; youth that is in itself a sublime and heavenly educator, and that is always striving persistently, with the deep eyes of vision, after

some strange indefinable things that are hid in the heart of mystery.

And as he crossed the hills and vales and went up into the mountainous background of the plain, where the long shadows of the trees were sweeping the ground, the vision that he sought came to him, and her beauty grew to a mystic glory in the last blood-red trailings of the sun as it dipped down into that illimitable indefinable sphere, where the breath of God quickens the long pain of wandering souls into an eternity of blissful rapture.

The vision came . . . the brown eyes, placid and fathomless and beautiful, fringed by long silken lashes, like miniature lakes of a silvery sweetness cast by some unseen hand on the ultra-coloured canvass of vision . . . the wild riot of golden tresses, spread in a bewildering confusion of beauty over the pure white neck and shoulders, in which the dying sunbeams were weaving their loveliest fantasies, and wantonly seeking in their depths the favour of an everlasting rest.

And they went arm-in-arm away, up the darkening slope of the hill, where the mysterious hands of tradition laid the grave of the queenly maiden, who had ridden with her lover among the grim grey lines of visionary heroes with the shining weapons. And loving hands whose hearts had had a sorrow for the soul of her, came and laid the rough stones around her resting-place with tender care . . . and prayed as the shadows gathered . . . and saw with the eyes of vision the grim faces of old, and the gleam of weapons in the night.

"The grave of the queen is strange to-night, Kevin, and the face of it is dark with the shadows."

"You are right, Shiela, it is the shadows that are on it, but there are little lights among them, too . . . she must have been very beautiful, this queen of long ago."

"Aye. They say that strong men came from far and near—southwards from the hills and brackens of the North, and eastwards from the plains of Connacht, and that they fought because of the beauty of her. . . . She must have been very beautiful. . . ."

"'Tis said she had the face of a queen, and sure a queen must be beautiful. . . . The eyes of her made men lay down their swords and kneel at her feet. . . ."

"The blood of them lay on the ground, here on the Hill of the Shadows where we are walking."

"'Tis a grand place for a queen to sleep. The wind from Crock-aithne sings to her its symphony . . . and the fountain has an eternal song."

"I wonder does she ever hear now the tramp of the boys at night on the hills or the sound of their guns?"

"Perhaps, Shiela. It would be to her the sweetest song of all the dead years. . . ."

He laid his two hands on her white shoulders, and looked at her long and wistfully. Then he buried his lips in the wild depths of her wind-blown hair.

"Kevin," she whispered, "the heart of me is sad."

"Sadness is sweetness, sometimes, Shiela," he murmured brokenly through her rebellious tresses.

"Aye, and often sweetness is sadness, for sometimes when you kiss me, I feel that one day the sweetness of it will turn to gall on my lips, and sour my soul into sorrow and dread,—dread because of you, and of the thing that men say is coming on us. . . . Oh, often I cried myself to sleep in the long hours, because of my dreaming, because of my thinking . . ."

"'Tis strange, Shiela, and yet women will weep even to the end of time, and men will for ever die for the sake of things that are holy and that they love. We two cannot be otherwise, nor can our footsteps tread on paths other than these that the rest have trod. Sometimes, Shiela,—and as he whispered softly to her on the hillside his voice had a strange tone in it, and a little sigh escaped with his words,—I feel that I love you so much that I begin to think I am a coward in my heart, and that I fear the sound of the enemy's guns and the thunder of their firing. For, something says to me, what is love of country compared to love of God's sublimest and most beautiful creatures, on each of whose souls is stamped the ineffaceable seal of His love, and in each of whose hearts is that divine tide of maternal beauty, for whose waters men for ever thirst, with a long, unquenchable thirst. . . . Oh, Shiela, if you could only lift the cover from my heart and look down on the wild sea that is in it, and on the restlessness of its waters,—if you could only see how things are tossing to and fro in a bewildered sleep. . . . My God, and it has no rest. . . . How much I love you, Shiela, and yet how much I love my country,—my country and yours, our own Rosaleen, for which we have fought and striven and suffered;—she that has taught us the beauty of nobleness and the grand sublimity of patriotism,—she that has given us the grand philosophy that is ours, and the eternal faith that we have, and that quivers even on the lips of God,—she that has told us little tales by the turf fires, of the Christ that was noble and full of wisdom, and that men did not understand, and of a Mother that had a sorrow beyond even sorrow itself. . . . Oh, Shiela, she who is the mother of saints and heroes, who bore Ossian and Finn and Cuchulainn the valiant, and who loved us when our tiny feet were as yet untutored and waywardly innocent, and again when the faces of our manhood and woman hood were turned with great eyes of

sympathy on her tear-stained face, that was bright as the sun and lovely as the starry heavens, when it glimmers with its little lights down on the humble homes of men. She for whose sake countless thousands gave their lives. . . . And yet how simple it is to die! It is only the memory of the loving faces that we know that makes it hard for us,—the smiling faces of our loved ones, the little careless innocence of infant hearts, and the sounding of well-known feet that we love on the path of the years. . . .

"And, Shiela, I love you, and why should I render myself into other hands, that have no love, or tenderness, or mercy . . . and why should I lie all pale and dead on the face of the night. . . with no one near . . . who would breathe a broken prayer after the flight of my soul? . . ."

"Ah, why? why?" breathed Shiela, "and why must I for ever roam on these hills, and the heart of me broken, and the face of the dead always in my mind?"

The sound of her voice and the sob in it startled him from his reverie.

"My God, Shiela," he said, half-ashamed, as he found her gazing up at him with great eyes of wonder, that gleamed brilliantly in the pale glimmer of the moon. "I—I am but a weakling to speak like this! Oh, and why? Oh, the ways of the world are strange, and they are full of sorrow! Forgive me if I have faltered in my duty, for sometimes the bonds of human affection make men the kindred of cowards. . . . I know not . . . why I have spoken thus. . . . The will is often stronger than the voice of duty. . . . Forgive me.

The pale light of the moon shone over the shadowy heads of the gorse and bracken, and on the little stony ditches that straggled across the plain. Now and again the wind sounded mournfully in the hedges around and about the grave, and its voice had a great sorrow in it. The shadows passed from tree-top to tree-top, and swept the ground with the swiftness of vision. Sometimes a dead silence reigned for a little while, to be broken by the hoot of an owl, or the low, plaintive cry of some curlew from afar off over the river.

The two stood there in the shadow of the grave and listened. She was clasped in his arms, and the long, tangled masses of her hair hung in bewildering confusion over her neck and shoulders.

Suddenly they heard the low whispering of men, that was carried to them on the wings of the wind from the edge of the plain beneath. It died away with the breeze, and the night slept peacefully again. Then out from the silence there came a voice, strong and grand and beautiful,—the voice of one singing a rebel song in the darkness,—now trailing in the depths of sorrow, now commanding

like a clarion note, then grand and hopeful, and proud. It startled the listeners. He glanced significantly at the girl's face. He knew only too well what was written there.

The voice of a trumpet cut clear and cold and commanding across the face of the plain.

Closer she clung to him.

"You must go, Kevin," she whispered.

"I must go; it is the roll-call."

The muffled sound of firing came from the dim distance.

"And you?" he said; "and you?"

"I, Kevin?" The head was thrown back proudly, and although the eyes were tear-screened, yet there was a something in their depths that was surely nobleness. "I, Kevin? Why, if my dream comes true, and you and I meet again by the grave of the queen for whom men died, I shall be happy and we shall go down the years together. . . . But if you never come . . . to end my waiting . . . then, by the memory of my dream shall I live, and when I smile it will be because of its beauty . . . and when I sigh it will be because of its sorrows . . . and when reverie will cast on me his sleep, I shall not see the red fields or the pale faces, . . . or the sorrow of my life. . . . But this will I see,—the long grave in the moonlight and the rough stones, and lips in the night breathing their broken prayers. My God, the bugle again."

"Shiela!"

"Kevin!"

Only once did he look back as he hurried down the hill to where stern men were testing their rifles and whispering to one another by the camp-fires.

She was kneeling on the rough stones of the grave of the queen for whom men died. Her hands were clasped, and she was whispering a broken prayer. . . .

The wind sighed mournfully through the trees, and as it passed the muffled voice of prophecy murmured over the pale, kneeling figure.

# "A Christmas Present."

MARGARET O'KELLY.

"O H, how perfectly lovely!"

"Isn't Our Lady sweet! I have never seen her asleep before."

"But *do* look at Baby Jesus! He seems so wide awake, and just as if He is taking care of Our Lady while she has her little rest."

"Mother said that Mrs. Heritage gave the picture," said the big girl as the children filed quietly out into the garden in which the church stood.

"Yes, it is her Christmas present, this year," said Miss Morton.

"How nice it must be to be rich! I should love to be like Mrs. Heritage. She can have everything she wishes for," declared the smaller girl.

"I should think she is very happy."

"I think she is a cross-patch," ventured the little boy with audacity.

"How naughty you are!" exclaimed the big girl.

"Well, she always pulls a cross face at me," declared Arthur. "She goes like this"—he frowned slightly, at the same time compressing his lips firmly. His sisters laughed—and the eldest one said:

"What a conceited little fellow you are. I don't suppose Mrs. Heritage ever gives you a thought!"

Having early recognised the futility of arguing with his sisters, Arthur turned to Miss Morton, and said earnestly:

"It's true."

The governess smiled. "Is it, dear?" she said, knowing in her heart that the little boy was not mistaken. She herself had noticed the expression described by him, and called to Mrs. Heritage's face, only by his appearance. She would not have defined the look as "a cross one," however, but rather as one which betrayed a determined effort at self-control. She had sometimes wondered what it meant.

She took Arthur's hand now, and said, "I think the sky is looking worse than cross—it is positively angry. We must make haste or we shall be overtaken by the storm."

"Do you think it will snow?" asked the boy eagerly. "I should like a snowy Christmas. We could have snow-balling and skating. I hope it will snow lots, and lots, and lots!"

And looking forward to a speedy realisation of his desire he raced

home in high spirits with not another thought of Mrs. Heritage to mar his joyous anticipation.

Leo Cuthbertson's studio was in St. John's Wood. It was not much of a place, but it had two essentially good points—it was spacious, and the light could be easily regulated. Furnishing was almost a minus quantity—costly hangings, Turkish carpets and rugs, specimens of Greek art—were things of the past. They had, one by one, been disposed of as the demand for his work lessened. He had never been a strong man, and at present vitality was low with him—and imagination had fallen into abeyance. He had been driven to mere hack work in order to support himself and his wife and child. This in itself was terrible to him. He had done fine things before this ever-encroaching lethargy had taken possession of him. Occasionally, however, sparks of that divine fire would blaze up, and he would turn out a piece of work—a gem of art—excelled by none of his school. In his worst times of depression, however, he was cheered and solaced by his wife. He had chosen her for her physical beauty, but her moral gift far surpassed her loveliness of face and form.

She was an excellent wife, and a loving mother, pure, high-minded and unselfish. Her devotion to her husband made everything she did for him seem easy and pleasant—so it was not surprising to find her doing the work of the studio, grinding paints, cleaning palettes and snatching hours from her domestic duties and the care of baby John, to pose as a "model" when Leo could not afford to pay for one. She had sat for every notable female character under the sun, from Cleopatra the queen to Cophetua the beggar maid. On occasion she interviewed picture dealers, and disposed of Leo's work when it might otherwise have lain in the studio as lumber. It was when engaged in a commission of this kind that Mr. Mancini, a dealer in Wardow Street—offered her some work for her husband, which he said would be "worth while his doing."

The something worth while turned out to be an order for a "Madonna and Child"—and thus it was that Audrey Cuthbertson and little John were posing in the studio one day whilst Leo vainly sought for inspiration. Several times he had outlined his subject, only to sweep off the charcoal from his canvas again and again with impatience and disgust. Audrey tried to cheer him on by calling attention to the sweetness of their child.

"He is sleeping so well, Leo, and so long," she said. "He might almost know how important it is."

"He is perfect—and so are you, dearest," declared the painter. "But I cannot get an idea. Everything I have done to-day seems

worn-out and thread-bare—just worked to death by every fifth-rate artist."

"Don't think that, Leo. You need more confidence. The subject has been painted times out of number—but no two pictures are alike, after all."

She was silent for a few minutes—and then, in a rather shy and hesitating manner, she said:

"If we were Roman Catholics we would pray before beginning a work of this kind. I remember reading in the life of Fra Angelico that '*he never took brush in hand without first, on his knees, invoking God's assistance in humblest prayer.*' It is a beautiful idea, don't you think?"

Leo Cuthbertson's face assumed a hard but miserable expression. Of late he had not been able to banish the thought of God from his mind: And now, Audrey, whom he had chosen for his wife because she was a beautiful pagan, must needs pierce him through the weak spot in his armour of would-be unbelief—that tender regard for the Mother of God of which he had never been able to divest himself. Audrey noticed his gloomy looks:

"Don't be annoyed, dear," she pleaded a little wearily.

"I am not annoyed," he protested, "at least, not with you," and then began to pace up and down the room, trying quite mechanically, at first, to repeat the words of the "Hail Mary," to which an unknown power seemed to be driving him. "Nerves," he told himself, but continued, nevertheless, to call upon his memory. The words would not come easily, but after some effort he found that he could say them perfectly. Something in the exercise seemed to soothe him. He felt calmer, and less bitter than he had done for many a day.

He returned to his canvas, and, taking up his charcoal, gave a glance at Audrey and her baby.

One look and he saw that they had unconsciously arranged themselves in a pose that was quite new to him. Audrey had fallen asleep, her head slightly tilted back and resting sideways on the back of the chair, thus showing her face in profile with all its beauty of feature and purity of expression. She looked as Our Blessed Lady must have done, adorably young, sweetly grave, but somewhat sad.

Baby John had awakened and was lying very quietly on her lap, his wide-open eyes bent upon his father's movements, but his head and perfect little white-clothed body turned towards his mother in an attitude that irresistibly suggested on his part a watchful and protecting love.

A shaft of golden light falling upon the little group from above,

gave it a gracious and heavenly appearance that strongly reminded Leo of the work of some of the old Italian masters. He saw his opportunity, and was quick to transfer to his canvas the salient points of the picture.

There was no hesitation about him now, as he set to work with a surprising vigour and freshness.

When Audrey awoke full of apologies, she was delighted to find her husband, at least temporarily restored to happiness—and considerably improved in temper.

She was extremely pleased when she was graciously permitted to have her first glimpse of the painting.

"Wasn't it a clever idea of mine to fall asleep just then—and wasn't it cleverer still of darling John to wake up and look as if he was taking such care of his mammy?"

"And am I not clever too?" asked Leo wistfully as he kissed the child.

"Of course, you dear man! You are the cleverest of all; and Baby and I admire you ever so much," replied Audrey, pressing little John to her heart rapturously. Begun under these happy auspices, the work proceeded prosperously, and was brought to a desired finish; whereupon Mr. Mancini took possession and forwarded the picture to his client.

It was a white Christmas. The little town of Eastcliff, and all the surrounding country was thickly covered with a soft, white mantle of snow. The branches of the trees and shrubs drooped under their heavy loads. The sky was leaden, and everyone knew that the flakes already fallen were awaiting reinforcements from above.

In spite of the bustle and movement of Eastcliff folks doing their shopping for Christmas (it only wanted two days to the 25th of December) the snow produced a deadening effect, a sort of extraordinary quietness that scarcely accorded with the festive preparations going forward so eagerly. In one of the roads leading to the station from the town a party of small boys, who had set out to sing carols, scarcely dared break the silence by beginning "Good King Wenceslaus." When after a deal of whispering and preliminary clearing of throats they made a start, their voices came clear as silver bells to the ears of a tired young woman, who, carrying a child in her arms, was struggling along in the thick snow, and wishing that the "Good King" had preceded her; for she found the going in the soft impeding masses very heavy work.

She was tired and disappointed, for she had not been able to

find the person she had come all the way from London to seek. And *such* a lot depended upon her being able to have an interview with the person in question! She felt indeed that it would make all the difference between life and death to her husband.

She pressed slowly on—along the deserted road—in the teeth of a northerly wind, closely hugging her baby to her, and wondering what mistake she had made. She was sure her husband had mentioned Eastcliff, as the place where his mother had lived, but all her enquiries upon reaching the place had gone to prove that there was no one of the name known there, nor had there ever been any one of the name in residence in the town. It was all very disconcerting; and the young woman's heart sank as she thought of returning to her sick husband.

How would she be able to explain the day's absence? She feared that the truth would annoy him exceedingly. If her *coup* had been successful, the very success would have done away with all need for explanation—but she had failed—and now that fact was to be faced. It was a depressing business. Poor Audrey—for it was she—had been so brave and uncomplaining through every hardship while she was under the impression that her husband, when he married her, had been like herself—an orphan—lonely and friendless.

It was quite a shock to her, when Leo, in what he called a weak moment, told her that his mother lived still—in great affluence if not in absolute wealth—and that he was separated from her because he would not follow her wishes.

She had not approved of the bohemian life he had begun to lead, after the death of his father. She had said that no Catholic worthy of the name would live as he was doing. This had vexed him, and he had declared that such being the case, he would no longer keep the name of Catholic—that if religion was only for narrow-minded people—he for one would give it up altogether. He had left his mother's house, and did not intend to return to it. Audrey had begged of him, when his illness began to be serious, to find his mother, and he reconciled with her.

But he obstinately refused to give Audrey the information which would help her to find his mother—except that one day he inadvertently mentioned Eastcliff in connection with his home. Audrey seized upon the name, and resolved to go there upon the chance of finding her mother-in-law, for even financially they were in such great straits that she scarcely knew where to turn to get the money necessary to pay for the many things her husband required in his weak state of health. There was baby John too, to think about, and the future was nothing but a vista of appalling

gloom. It frightened Audrey when she had time to think of it, and just now she had nothing else to do. Her only comfort was little John—and as she toiled wearily along the road, she held him closer to her and thought of the sweet story of Bethlehem. It was only a story to her, but it was the sort of story she thought that *ought to be true*.

Again, she wished she were a Catholic. Her poor little maid-of-all-work was one, and she believed firmly all kinds of helpful and comforting doctrines. Audrey envied her from the bottom of her heart.

Presently, within half a mile of the railway-station, she saw a small church. She had noticed it when she arrived in Eastcliff earlier in the day. It was the Catholic Church. Some strange attraction drew her to it. She was tired and would be glad to rest there a little while; for baby John, though the sweetest and most delightful of burdens, was nevertheless a heavy one. The church stood back from the road, in a sort of garden or shrubbery—but the notice-board advertising its services was close to the road.

It was already dusk, as Audrey made her way up the winding path slowly, for the snow had not been trodden down much.

When she crossed the threshold, and saw the red light glowing amidst the shadows of the sanctuary, it struck her as being the cheeriest and friendliest thing she had met for a long time. She walked a little way towards it, and then sank into a chair with a sigh of relief. A sense of comfort and well-being stole over her. Although it was dusk, she could make out the general build of the church—and she knew that on her left was a sort of chapel or transept. She knew that the church had been decorated with evergreens, for she could perceive their pungent but not unpleasant odour. There was another sort of fragrance also in the atmosphere which she did not know so well—she had a sort of idea that it was of incense. The church was warm too—and perhaps that was why poor, tired, hungry Audrey unconsciously fell into a deep slumber—and perhaps that was why—(being a change for him from the cold air outside)—baby John woke up after a little while. He did not cry or make a noise, but just opened his big blue eyes and looked about him enquiringly.

Father Maguire heard "confessions on Saturdays, and on the eves of Festivals from six to nine p.m." his notice-board said. "Also by special appointment at other times."

Mrs. Heritage found that she would be prevented from going to

confession on Christmas Eve, and so she had made an appointment to perform that duty on the preceding evening at five o'clock.

A few minutes before that hour, Father Maguire came into the church from the vestry end, and switched on the electric light. Almost simultaneously with that, his penitent entered by a door at the other end. As both walked towards the confessional which was in the little chapel near where Audrey was seated still sleeping—they met close to her, and both looked keenly at her. Immediately also both pairs of surprised eyes turned from the living mother and babe to those in the picture which, garlanded with holly, hung on the wall near them.

For a moment they were rooted to the spot with astonishment—and neither could speak. The likeness between the living and pictured groups was complete—marred only by the headgear of the woman and child.

"In the Name of God"—began Father Maguire, when with a start Audrey awoke and sat bolt upright, clasping John to her breast.

Seeing the priest she was going to rise. "I am sorry," she said. "I must have fallen asleep,"—and reddening a little, a smile had just begun to curve her lips, when she caught sight of the picture she knew so well, hanging on the wall. As she saw it, she sank into the chair, all the colour receding momentarily from her face.

Then it came back with a great rush as she said, "Why, that is Leo's picture! How strange!"

"Leo?" murmured Mrs. Heritage, and a slight tremor ran through her stiff elderly frame. "Who is Leo?"

"My husband," answered Audrey, her eyes shining with excitement. "Oh! how extraordinary that it should be here! He painted it for a client of Mr. Mancini of Wardour Street." She looked enquiringly at the priest and at Mrs. Heritage.

"That is so," said Father Maguire. "Mr. Wetherall got it from Mancini."

"But Leo,"—pursued Mrs. Heritage in trembling accents—"What other name?"

"Leo Cuthbertson," returned Audrey, "and——"

For a moment Mrs. Heritage seemed to be blankly disappointed. Then a sudden light irradiated her face.

"Oh, Father!" she exclaimed, "I think, I believe it is my son. Cuthbert was my husband's name. He is Cuthbert's son. Tell me," and she turned to Audrey excitedly—"tell me, what is your husband like?"

At this, Father Maguire suggested an adjournment to the Presbytery.

When Audrey and baby John left Eastcliff for London later in the evening, Mrs. Heritage, who had quite established their identity, accompanied them.

"And, I say, Miss Morton, what do you think?" little Arthur Forde cried out to his governess on New Year's Day. "The painted baby has come to life! I've seen him, and he is awfully like himself. He isn't Our Lord at all. He is Mrs. Heritage's relation. And she has stopped looking cross at me—and she is going to give a party on Epiphany—she told me, and we've all got an invitation."

There was great joy at the Manor House "on one sinner doing penance" that Christmastide. Whatever the penance was, he began it in the South of France, to which place the doctor banished him as soon as he was fit to travel.

When he returned he was remarkable for his devotion to Our Lady. He loved to invoke her under the title, *Refugium Peccatorum*.

Audrey and baby John were baptised on the same day as one another. Soon after that their picture disappeared from the church and found a place in the Manor House.

In its stead was hung a beautiful copy of Murillo's "Holy Family," painted by a Royal Academician, and presented by Mrs. Heritage as a thank-offering for the return of her son to God, and to her.

# Praying in French.

(A CHRISTMAS TALE.)

Translated by E. M. WALKER.

JEAN NESMY.

YOU, then, are able to grasp how others can be sad when you are happy, how they can sigh when you sing, weep when you laugh, and have their hearts obscured by fog while yours is basking in the sunshine? Upon my soul, I consider you remarkably intelligent! For I know a certain little Tom, who, for all his five years of age and experience, his eyes as fresh and clear as drops of water, his lively imagination, his open mind (not to mention his questions, efforts, and untiring observation), has not yet succeeded in fathoming the mystery.

Such an uncertainty is very worrying, I can assure you, and very painful, too, for Tom has a good little heart. Judge for yourselves, now! Everyone in the house is filled with joy and (thank God!) not without cause. Daddy is home on leave; Mummy, her anxiety over, is all happiness; Tom himself is naturally in the seventh heaven. Only think—his little Daddy! All day long he can cry: “I want to ride on my Daddy’s back! I want to ride on my *petit papa!*” And then cook’s son is back from his prison-camp, and the housemaid is about to marry her *poilu*, and Jacob the coachman will soon be home. Victory! No wonder everybody’s heart is as light and as gay as a flag! One must somehow give expression to the universal happiness; one must at least give oneself up to enjoying it. Yet no! for there is always that kill-joy of a Miss Margaret around, with her eyes reddened with tears and her cross looks and disturbed face.

Just imagine the torture! To have one’s heart something like a perpetual rocket for ever on the point of leaping sky-ward, and yet for ever to have it dashed to earth, all its sparks quenched by drop after drop of this dumb and sullen desolation.

What on earth can be the matter with the Miss? Mummy talks of a strange series of misfortunes, bad luck, crossed love, lost happiness and fortune. All this is too complicated for Tom, and Tom understands very little about it: the joys and sorrows of grown-ups are so very enigmatic. But in any case Miss is unhappy: that much is certain. And Miss is very nice, very kind to Tom, and Tom loves her all the better for it because she belongs

to an Allied nation. Ah! if only one day Miss's blue eyes could smile!

And it happens to be Christmas-day to-morrow—Christmas-day, a day so comforting, so sweet, so white, a day all brilliance, the loveliest day of the year! But if Miss is going to keep her surly air, you can well understand that all the beauty of the festival will be spoilt for Tom beforehand. To feel that one of the party is suffering on Christmas-day, to see the traces of tears—no, no! Tom cannot even bear the thought of it. And, feverishly, ever since the morning, he has been thinking how to guard his joy and avert the threatened menace. What a problem for his little head! You can hardly be surprised that so far he has not had one luminous idea.

How long it lasts, this day of expectation! Thoughtfully, Tom paces the avenue with Miss, who seems more distant from him, more absent-minded than ever. With nose in the air—a little tilted nose all read with cold—he strives after a happy inspiration. A few snowflakes are hovering between sky and earth, hesitating as to where they should settle. Are they feathers dropped from the wings of angels already astir in preparation for the night? Suddenly, raising his finger with the air of a prophet, he asks:

"Tell me, Miss; if Jesus were to bring you something this evening, what would you like?"

To his astonishment, Miss's face lights up with animation:

"Little Tom—oh! little Tom, if only Jesus would bring something, how happy I might be!"

"True? And you wouldn't cry any more? And your nose would stop running? But see! since it's Christmas, and Jesus never refuses anything at Christmas, if you're been good . . ."

"Ah! my little Tom, if it were only a matter of asking!"

And once again Miss's voice begins to tremble and her eyes to shine with tears. Tom looks at her with stupefaction. What is this? Miss has prayed and has got no answer! But why? Why has not Jesus granted her prayer?—why, above all, should He not grant it to-night? Tom does not know what to think. It is not enough, then, to pray, to be good? . . . They have not told Tom the truth? . . . Problems, all these, insoluble problems. Alas! how many shadows in life, how much that is unexpected!

At nightfall, still obsessed by these thoughts, Tom dreamily places his shoes in the chimney-corner and gets into bed so willingly that his mother is almost uneasy:

"You don't feel ill, do you, Tom?"

Even in his warm little bed, his ears under the counterpane, his eyes half-closed and his nose scarcely visible, he keeps on reflecting. If Jesus has not listened to Miss, it must be because Miss has

not asked properly. By dint of turning this idea over and over in his head, in the end light comes to him. He knows, yes, now he knows, what has been wrong with Miss's prayers.

Then, in the shadowy dimness cast by the night-light, a dimness gilded here and there by the erratic, crackling flames on the hearth, Tom leaps up triumphant, and, notwithstanding the long night-shirt which encumbers his steps, he makes his way along the dark passage and knocks gently upon Miss's bedroom door :

"Miss!—I know now why Jesus didn't listen to you. I'll bet you anything you say your prayers in English."

"Certainly I do, my little Tom."

"There! I was sure of it! . . . And of course he hasn't understood. He's so little, you see . . . And then He's poor—I don't suppose He has a governess."

"Dear little Tom!" Miss murmurs, touched.

"But as he's going to come to-night, you must be sure and say your prayers in French this time."

"In French," echoes Miss. "That's it! A very good idea! And now, my little Tom, the two of us must make haste back to bed."

The whole night long, lulled by his hope, Tom dreams contentedly. And when, awakened by a kiss on Christmas-day, a little tired from all his games with angel comrades, he opens his eyes suddenly—eyes still dazzled and enchanted by the beauty of his visions—whom does he see but Miss . . . and she is laughing!

"O, Tom! Is it possible? Jesus has understood this time, and happiness has come to me this morning."

And Tom, convinced that the successful issue is due to his idea, is so filled with pride and gladness that he forgets to ask what the little Christ has brought for him. Miss's joy is enough for him, too, it seems.

All the same, he cannot help reflecting, grown-ups do not need much to make them happy. For when he questions Miss as to the secret of her joy, she has nothing else to show him but an ordinary card—not even a trace of a picture on it. Scribbled across the card, however, are a few words which Miss keeps on repeating as though they were a prayer :

"I have forgotten nothing, Margaret, and I love you even more than before.—RICHARD."

From *L'Arc-en-Ciel* (Grasset, Paris.) (By Permission.)

# Christmas in Switzerland.

ROSE LYNCH.

A VERY happy Christmas rang in our ears as the train steamed out of Victoria Station crowded with passengers, many, like ourselves, in the very best of humour, bent on having a real holiday in Switzerland, the land of sunshine and snow. A school-boy sitting next to me said, "Isn't it just ripping? Top-hole, I call it!" and I quite agreed with him.

We travelled all night, crossing by Dover and Calais. We had about ten miles' drive next day from the nearest station to Adleboden. I shall never forget the beauty of that drive. The mountains towering overhead, sometimes lost in clouds and again bathed in brilliant sunshine, standing out against the blue of the sky beyond. One time we drove along the edge of a mountain road with a deep ravine falling down hundreds of feet below. The grandeur, the silence, hushed for a time even our exuberant spirits. Pine trees grew thickly in parts, the frost glistening on their dark foliage; wooden chalets of rich brown-stained wood with green shutters making a warm patch of colour against the snow.

We felt suddenly transported into an enchanted country far away from the noise and bustle of civilisation, enjoying the freedom of God's beautiful world.

Getting up very early next morning, the hall of our hotel was a sight to see. First came the real seasoned sportsmen and women who came out year after year fully equipped with all the sinews of sport. They looked so alert, just full up of the real business they came for—namely, winter sports. One very pretty girl attracted me most. She wore a white woollen jumper and cap, dark blue tunic with knickers like a gymnasium costume, thick blue woollen stockings turned over, and strong boots, making a perfect picture-postcard of a sporting girl. She was the genuine article, keen as possible, one of the best sportswomen in Adleboden, and at the same time full of kindly interest in her humbler friends climbing the first rung of the ladder. As the people went out they took their packets of lunch off the table, having ordered them the night before.

When they had all departed, the newcomers like ourselves gravitated together and, after procuring ski's, started off in a party to a slope not far from our hotel, where most of the beginners made their *debut*. I have laughed perhaps more than my share

through life, but I always associate that dumping ground as the spot where I gave way to the most hilarious mirth.

Let me try to describe to you our performance on that memorable morning. You who have not experienced it try to realise the sensations of having your feet strapped in the centre of two narrow pieces of thin polished wood a good bit longer than your whole height. You start off on a slight incline and away go your ski's at what you feel a breakneck speed; you try to keep your balance over your flying feet, over which, be it added, you have not the very least control. Instinctively your arms go out and you paw the air with your outstretched hands. Suddenly you find yourself in the snow, wondering how in the world you will ever get up without breaking your ski's, your legs, or both. Looking round you see dozens of people in the same predicament, all laughing, at their own and their neighbours' expense. As you can imagine, even the most starchy English travellers cannot long retain their reserved exterior amidst such surroundings.

Perhaps the funniest sight I saw that morning was when resting against the ditch at the end of the field—a very prim, stately figure, with ski's in her hands, walking into the field at the top of the hill. She looked quite unlike everybody else, as she was dressed in a close-fitting tailor-made dress, high collar, a boat-shaped felt hat and veil. She made such a picture of sobriety and propriety in marked contrast to the laughing crowd, that she at once attracted my attention and I felt an inordinate desire to see her first essay at ski-ing. My eyes feasted on her as she put on her ski's in the corner of the field and then stood up with her most stately air on the incline. Scarcely breathing for fear of losing anything, I saw her ski's begin to glide. Casting one agonised glance around, she swayed forward and back, making desperate efforts to keep her feet, but all in vain, for she fell with one ski over her head and the other under her in a truly hopeless tangle. As no one seemed to be noticing this tragedy of comedy except myself, I began to feel sorry for her sad plight, and was starting off to help her when I saw a figure coming through the gap into the field. The saying "Birds of a feather flock together," seemed proved by the appearance of the figure who, out of all the happy holiday makers, came to my heroine's aid. He wore a jerry hat, short drab overcoat, long trousers—mark you, on the snow. As I was taking in these details his foot caught and he stumbled forward, arriving at my lady's feet on all fours, greatly to her apparent alarm. Quickly picking himself up he stood, hat in hand, offering his assistance. At first she turned away her head, remembering, I am sure, that she had not been introduced. After making two or three futile efforts, she was compelled at last to turn to her rescuer.

Planting his hat well at the back of his head and striking a heroic attitude, he gallantly took her two hands to help her to rise. With the effort she made her ski's slipped away and she measured her length on the snow.

After a few more efforts my squire of dames at last hoisted his lady on to her feet, but, alas, in a very steep part of the hill. In his excitement he must have put his foot on the ski and, feeling it move, he threw his arms wildly round the shrinking lady. They swayed backwards and forwards for a couple of seconds, and then both rolled over in the snow wrapped in a close embrace. Stumbling along, wiping my eyes vigorously and feeling on the verge of hysterics from suppressed laughter, I hurried up the hill. I saw that after tearing themselves violently asunder the gentleman had again the courage to offer his assistance, which was indignantly refused; and the last I saw of my hero he was disappearing in a sad, shame-faced fashion, leaving his lady sitting on the snow alone.

Be it added that two weeks later my heroine was to be seen ski-ing in quite a decent fashion and in much more suitable attire.

Later, when we had mastered even partially the art of ski-ing, we used go long expeditions over the snow. It is one of the most delightfully exciting and exhilarating amusements, and runs a fox hunt very close. Oh, the glorious days we had skimming over the snow, never feeling tired in that wonderfully invigorating air that makes one bubbling over with life and spirits; you feel inclined to shake hands with yourself for being alive.

That afternoon, bent on losing no time, we got out our skates and went on the ice-rink belonging to the hotel. Several hotels have their own rinks, which are flooded every night, so that the surface is perfect. A band was playing, and certainly the performance of some of the skaters was the very poetry of motion—a real joy to look at. There were some very smart gets-up on the ice, and they showed to great advantage. One English girl, whose dancing was a dream, made a perfect picture in a rose-colour golf coat, sable cap, and a rich brown-coloured skirt.

The sun was so strong that after one week we all looked more sunburnt than after a month at the seaside in the summer.

Looshing is, of course, child's play compared with ski-ing. For the first few journeys, when you have got speed on, you generally find yourself out on the snow and the lounge going on without you. After leaving Adleboden we went to Cau, and there is a grand run there from Cau to Les Avants.

We had many bob-sleigh runs along the winding road through Adleboden, but there are no regular runs there like at so many other Swiss resorts. One day we nearly came to grief. As we

were coming down the hill at a good speed, we saw an old lady on the road a good way off, and we sang out to her; but she seemed not to be able to make up her mind which part of the road she would go to. Like a hen that often runs in front of a motor-car, she first ran to one side and then to the other, and just as we were on her she got into the middle of the road, so we had either to go to the outside and risk going over a steep incline, or go into the bank at the inside, so we made for the bank. Those in front were shot out, but were not much hurt. Feeling ready to annihilate the old lady, we found her shaking like an aspen leaf, so had to apologise to her, as if we were the chief delinquents.

The fancy dress balls given at most of the hotels during Christmas week were great fun, and some of the costumes really good. I remember so well an old retired Army man who was staying at our hotel with his married daughter and her children. He was the youngest of the party and enjoyed a bob-sleigh run, looshing, skating and curling more than his youngest grandchild. One day I saw him sitting in the snow, powdered all over and looking like a snow-man. He had taken a complete somersault when looshing down a very steep incline. He said to us, laughing, "It's a great thing to be young. They say we are only as old as we feel. Well, I don't feel twenty this moment." One night we had a fancy dress carnival on the ice. Chinese lanterns were lit all around and across the rink, lighting up the passing figures as they skated swiftly here and there in their quaint fancy dresses. The ghostly outline of the mountains stood out dark and full of mystery against the starlit sky, making a transformation scene more beautiful than was ever seen in Drury Lane at Christmas-time.

The old Colonel was the best-got-up figure on the rink. He told us, chuckling over his joke, that his youngest grandchild, Charlie, aged eight, came into his room when he was dressed and, after eyeing him up and down, put his hands in his pockets and let fall these words of wisdom. "'Aren't you ashamed of looking such a fright, and you a retired Colonel in the Army and my grandfather?' And I, feeling slightly damped, humbly replied, 'Why, no, Charlie, I don't think I am; but I tell you what I will do when I get back to town after this holiday, I will try to live up to being your grandfather, young man,' " at which his youthful monitor had to be satisfied. Our advice to him was to come to Switzerland another time without his aged grandchildren to keep him in order.

# A Dominican Rose Window

## VII.

MOTHER ROSE COLUMBA ADAMS: "THE LAMP OF  
THE SANCTUARY."

E. SETON.

THE final picture in our shining window of Dominican jewel-ling, unlike those which have preceded it, is not that of a soul raised to the altars of the Church. It presents the features of a modern daughter of the Saint who was a *burning and shining light*, and who, in her turn a missionary whose life was in the Blessed Sacrament (like him), was herself a fire which has enkindled a Eucharistic beacon far across the seas in sunny Australia. We have thought it not inept to conclude this series of portraits with a glance at a modern follower of S. Catherine of Siena, since the life of Mother Rose Columba shows the brilliance of the Dominican ideal to be as clear and untarnished seven hundred years after Dominic's death as it was in its first days, thus again proving the inherent youthfulness and perpetual adaptability to the Church's changing needs of the Order whose members Pope Honorius III. considered should be "the champions of Faith and the true luminaries of the world."

Sophia Charlotte Louisa Adams, which was Mother Rose Columba's name in the world, was born at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, in 1832. In those days there were no Dominicans there as there are now, and Sophia, who was the third daughter of Mr. Adams' second wife, a Scottish lady whom he married in India and who died at the early age of thirty, had two brothers and three sisters. Her devotion to her father was very great, and she was considered his favourite—not altogether a position of over-indulgence, as he was rather exacting, and Sophy was always at his beck and call. The girls were educated partly at school and partly at home, and Sophy was noted for her love of horses and dogs and her splendid and fearless riding. For gaieties and entertaining she never seems to have cared, though an intimate friend of her girlhood tells us "She enjoyed life as she found it, balls, dances, theatres, etc. She was so very beautiful that often, when she went to a theatre, she was the object of all eyes and opera glasses, yet she never seemed to notice it, and she spent hardly anything on dress, in order to have the money to give to the poor." Though

not, it seems, particularly religious—the Adams family were not Catholics, but rather Evangelical Protestants—many a time when to all appearance Sophy was “more gipsy than nun, loving her freedom and going about on her high-spirited horse, followed by her large dog, quite alone, she was really,” says Bishop Brownlow in his Memoir of her, “on some errand of mercy, carrying some delicacy to a sick person, or going to read to some poor old man or woman. At that time she knew nothing of the Catholic religion; but grace divine must have been working very powerfully in her heart from her early childhood. She said of herself, ‘As a child, I had a terrible sense of sin; and I used to long to have lived in the times when sacrifices were offered, or when the Apostles were upon earth. Even after childhood was passed I would not wilfully commit sin, or what I considered sin. . . . An undefined idea of a higher life often presented itself to me, though I fear it got but little attention; and when my brother . . . wished me to leave my father’s house, that I might lead a more religious life, I told him I should like to board in a Roman Catholic convent. To this he would lend no helping hand. I was then not more than eighteen. I remember a time when I was a Protestant, and could not help praying all day. Of course it was all delusion.’ The last reflection is more severe than just,” adds the Bishop. In another reminiscence she said, “As a child, I was considered over-thoughtful; and one of the things which I used to like was to dwell upon the words of Scripture. And now old thoughts return, perhaps because I have not had anyone to whom I could ‘think aloud’ for many years. The whole of Scripture history and Scripture teaching point to love and confidence.” A lesson strikingly emphasised for our own day by the writings and the fame of the Venerable Sister Thérèse of Lisieux. “Her love of Holy Scripture,” adds Bishop Brownlow, “never died away, but rather grew more and more strong, as she meditated upon the sacred words in the light of the true Faith and in the Sacramental Presence of the Word made Flesh.”

Upon a soul thus prepared it is not surprising that the seed of the Faith should have germinated into great things almost immediately it fell therein. In 1846 the Passionists were invited by a devout gentleman named Mr. William Leigh, of Woodchester Park, to take charge of a church and the parochial work at Woodchester. He had first had the celebrated Father Dominic, who had received Cardinal Newman into the Fold, and by degrees had collected others. This offer was, however, objected to in 1850 by the Visitor of the Passionists, and it was shortly after that they removed to Broadway, in Worcestershire (where their Novitiate is), and the Dominicans were offered the buildings and beautiful

Church of the Annunciation. They accepted and entered that October, and in the following year the famous Father Thomas Burke was sent thither by the Master-General from Sta. Sabina to be Vice-Novice Master.

Sophy Adams and her circle were at first rather amused than attracted by the sight of the Passionists, who wore their habits out of doors, but later Sophy and her sister persuaded one of their brothers to take them to the Passionist church one evening for Complin and Benediction. An amusing touch is lent to this event by the fact that the fur tippets of the girls retained the scent of incense, and they were in great consternation lest their father should discover where they had been. Chance meeting with the clergy resulted in conversations, and soon Miss Cecilia was deeply interested in the Faith. Sophy, intense in her feelings, so resented the change in the personnel of the local Catholic Church when the Passionists left, that it is related that when she first met one of the Dominicans as she was riding along the road, she felt inclined to ride over him! Shortly after this Cecilia, following the advice of Father Austin Maltus, O.P., was received by the Passionist Father whom she knew, going to Broadway for the purpose. She then brought Sophy, who was about eighteen, to see Father Maltus, and they had several conversations. Then a mild scene was created by old Mr. Adams, who came to hear of matters, but the Dominicans and his daughters together assuring him that there was no pressure being brought to bear upon the young girl, and Sophy adding that her salvation depended upon her embracing truth and worshipping God rightly, he went away, after making all the remarks he could to dissuade his daughter. Sophy's reception and First Communion now ensued, and in her first Catholic days it was immediately apparent that all her aspirations were towards the Religious Life. Father Maltus was acquainted with Mother Margaret Hallahan, the foundress of the Congregation of S. Catherine of Siena, a very remarkable woman. He consequently spoke of her to Sophy, for whose high character and intelligence he had great esteem, and arranged that they should meet and that she should see whether she felt attracted to the Dominican Third Order Regular. This had been established by Mother Margaret at Stone.

Mr. Adams was so constantly bitter in his attacks upon religion that after a time Sophy had left him, spending a little time at Exeter and visiting S. Mary Church, where she was later to found the Dominican Convent and do so much good. Subsequently Cecilia took a house near Woodchester and Sophy stayed with her, taking charge of the little chapel at Nymphsfield to which Father Thomas Burke, newly ordained priest—this was in 1853—had just been appointed. Here the good Father and his choristers, subsequently.

Dominican priests themselves, noticed her great devotion and recollection. Her vocation was greatly strengthened by her intercourse with Father Burke, himself an ardent lover of the life of the cloister.

Possessing a true Dominican spirit in her love for Truth and detestation for heresy, in her mingling of delicate sympathy with almost stern strength of character, in her attraction to penance, and in her devotion to the rites of the Church—to say nothing of the passion of reverence and devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament which consumed her, and of her love for work for souls—it was plain to Sophy that all her bent was a Dominican one. Consequently her visit to Mother Margaret led to her immediate arrangement to commence her novitiate at Stone. After a little hesitation on the part of Father Maltus—clinched, however, by her declaring to him one day that she would go up to London for the season, on his refusal—he agreed, and away, like a bird to its nest, went our postulant. “When she entered religion she could look back on her whole youth,” writes Bishop Brownlow, “and write distinctly, ‘One thing more I will add; I could bring God a whole heart too, for it was never given to anyone. . . I am very fond of the *Tu solus Sanctus*, etc., in the *Gloria*. I suppose it is a very human feeling! But there is a joy in knowing there is One Who cannot disappoint, Who can never in the smallest degree be unworthy of entire adoration, who may be loved and worshipped—nay, more, that it is the creature’s privilege to love and worship—and Who alone can satisfy its longings.’”

These words sum up and represent perfectly her absolute and entire devotion to the Chosen One of her vows. From the moment of her entry into religion there seems to have been nothing that she refused Him. “Mother Rose Columba,” writes one of her companions of the Novitiate, “gave much edification by her self-sacrifice and cheerfulness.”

She seems to have had in a super-eminent degree the gift of attractiveness, and once or twice suffered severely in the matter of humiliations imposed upon her by her watchful and zealous Mother Margaret (who loved this postulant of so much promise and devotion), concerning special friendships and the danger of drawing others too much. Not that Mother Mary Rose Columba seems ever to have been in fault, but her gifts were many and her sensitiveness to rebuke (coupled with the most winning humility in accepting it) made her, if anything, too restrained subsequently in her dealings with her subjects. These, nevertheless, understood, and loved her tenderly in spite of it.

She was named after two great Tertiary Saints, S. Rose of Lima and Blessed Columba of Rieti, and while loving both much, her

affection seems to have been specially given to S. Rose "by way of making reparation for some rash and ill-considered criticisms which had recently been made upon her *Life* published by the Oratorian Fathers." She was professed on the 26th May, 1857, and her exceeding calm of manner, as though she were entirely united to God and separated from every earthly thought, greatly struck the other Sisters. She was immediately chosen as assistant to the novice mistress and head sacristan, the latter a duty she loved very much. A little later she worked in the school, and here she did an immense amount of good. It has been remarked of her that although before her entrance into religion she did not care for children, yet as a nun she did great work among them. Ingratitude was one of the things she never got used to, and this sometimes made her quite ill, especially when received from older children for whom she and her Sisters had done much. She herself was so very different, so grateful for the least kindness, that ingratitude was a fault which she could not understand at all.

In 1860 she was sent to Stoke-upon-Trent, of which house, then only partly built, like the Stone Convent, she was made Vicaress. Here she worked for three years, at the end of which time she had a breakdown, owing to her ceaseless energy in the good works undertaken by the Sisters and her continual austerities. An amusing but illuminating note by one of her Sisters states: "I thought her simply perfect. She used to get into trouble then for doing too much in the way of austerity. In fact, I think she did too much for a Superior; it made it a little awkward for her Community. They used to say that if there was a bad potato in the dish, she was sure to take it, and it made it difficult for her less perfect Sisters who wanted to take a good one. One Lent she would take nothing but treacle off the Collation tray; and some of the other Sisters thought themselves bound to follow her example, and to live on bread and treacle too, and made themselves quite ill in consequence." The people loved her everywhere, her devotion to them as the members of Christ—for Whom her great personal love was strikingly evident—leading her not to scorn the humblest services towards them. In 1864, after recovery from her breakdown, she was sent as sub-prioress to the convent at Clifton—a house which had eventually to be given up, to the great sorrow of the Dominicans of S. Catherine's Congregation. At the end of two years here a serious operation had to be performed upon her for the removal of a tumour in the lower part of the jaw, near the throat—in the doing of this an artery was cut and the bleeding was dreadful. Mother Margaret sent immediately for Canon Clarke and asked him, when he suggested the doctor should be sent for instantly—he had gone—to put his priestly hand upon the sufferer's

face, saying she believed that it would do more good than any doctor. Struck by her faith, he did so, making the Sign of the cross near the wound, and then went into the next room to address some words of comfort to Mother Margaret. Scarcely had he commenced to speak than a Sister came in to say that the bleeding had ceased.

Her next appointment was to S. Mary Church, in Devonshire, a quite new foundation, undertaken at the request of Dr. Vaughan, the Bishop of Plymouth, who had known Mother Margaret and her new Congregation. In this place, where the convent, a beautiful votive church (given by a gentleman in fulfilment of a vow he had made), and the orphanage work desired by the Bishop were all achieved by Mother Rose Columba, she spent seventeen years, endearing herself to all and promoting many conversions.

Mother Rose Columba was a true friend to the rich as well as to the poor—many, who had none to speak to, found a Mother, an adviser, and a confidant in her. One who later became a religious wrote, "I don't know *how* it was, but she used to remind me of our Blessed Lord Himself, even in her outward gait and actions. I remember once . . . some of the orphans were making a noise in the presbytery passage. She went down . . . and then merely lifted her hand in her grave, dignified way. The effect was instantaneous. To my imagination, as I watched her, the scene of our Lord quelling the storm on the waters came so vividly that until this day I often think of it. . . Why should it have been so? Except that her existence was always spent in leading souls past herself to God. She *did* attract them, certainly, but she never *kept* them for *herself*." Another also wrote, "She certainly had great penetration. Even one of the poor people here said to me the other day, 'She seemed to see right through you, Sister, and know you better than you knew yourself.' " She also added a comment on her seeming always to have time to give to people for conversation or to write them letters in their troubles and needs, and how she never seemed hurried or put out. One now a Carmelite writes, "One thing always struck me so much in her—how she was all things to all people in order to win a soul. . . Once, when she paid me a little visit in my room, I asked her, as I often did, to say something to help me to please God more. She said, 'Well, if I were somebody, I would not think about this and this.' And she mentioned thoughts I told to no one but which were troubling me. I remember blushing, and I said, 'Mother, how could you have known?' She only laughed, and making a little cross on my forehead, went out of the room. Once, when in the parlour with a lady and gentleman, she was stung by a wasp in her sleeve. She never moved, but let it remain, saying afterwards, 'It would have

been contrary to religious modesty to have made any fuss about it.' " A mother of a family who knew her said of her, " Her burning wish was ever to increase the glory and to defend the rights of the Church, her whole life seeming to be a preparation for Communion—uniting herself ever more closely to Him, and forming herself after the model of His love and humility."

Bishop Brownlow, who wrote her Life, himself a Tertiary son of S. Dominic, knew Mother Rose Columba very well, having been appointed to S. Mary Church about the same time as that when she came thither, and having fulfilled the duties of confessor and friend to her for sixteen years, besides having maintained until her death a regular and frequent correspondence with her when she had gone to Adelaide, in Australia. His own comment upon her is that she frequently reminded him of S. Catherine of Siena in her wonderful power over both men and women of all ages and classes—a power due in part to her great gift of sympathy, but still more owing to her intense personal love for our Lord, the ruling spring of her life. " Her heart was so large that everyone seemed to find a place there, and when once that place was given, it was given for ever. She never forgot her friends." She was even sought as a confidant by priests, to whom her humbly offered counsels, given only when insistently asked, were of great price. Her devotion to the priesthood was like that of S. Catherine of Siena, for she habitually saw in them " other Christs," and it sprang naturally from her intense devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, before which she was noted for spending hours at a time, and " every spare moment," said her novitiate companions.

In 1882 the great change to her final sphere of activity took place—an offer was made to the nuns of her Congregation of a foundation in Adelaide if they would accept, all expenses to be paid and an income given them for three years. Archbishop Ullathorne, their very devoted Spiritual Father, always at everyone's beck and call, and the great lover of conventual life, was much interested, and as by the terms of their Constitutions the Tertiaries of S. Catherine's Congregation cannot be asked to go abroad, the Congregation being limited to England, Scotland, and Wales, it was resolved, in view of the anxious proposals sent by the Australian ladies interested, to place the matter before all the Houses. Mother Rose Columba, far from strong, and frequently attacked by illness, felt instantly that this was the new sacrifice God had been asking from her for some time without her knowing what it was, and was very firm in her offer. Much advice was taken, and at length her Superiors gave their affectionate consent and blessing, and in July, 1883, she and five other devoted volunteers sailed for Adelaide. A testimonial was organised, and £100 given to Mother

Rose by her S. Mary Church friends before leaving; this proved to be an immense help to them.

The nuns' journey was not without its humours, but space forbids any mention of them here. They were joyfully received in Adelaide by the good Bishop and his clergy, and as a hospital was the work they had come to undertake, the doctors came in numbers to visit them also. It was now that an embarrassing difficulty arose, the first of the many crosses which were to mark the next eight and a half years until Mother Mary Rose Columba's death, offered, as her spiritual daughters believed, for the establishment of the Perpetual Adoration in her Community. It transpired that the work they were asked to do was to nurse men, a work of charity and devotedness not allowed by their Constitutions and forbidden by their Superiors. Return to England was for several reasons not practicable, not one of the least being expense and the desire not to hurt the feelings of the ladies who had made them the generous offer; moreover it was also felt that God had not let them come, on a misunderstanding, fifteen thousand miles without having a Divine plan for them. They therefore undertook the supervision of the hospital and engaged other nursing communities to do the tending which their own Rule forbade.

Later they undertook artistic work, many of the Sisters being greatly gifted, and also classes in various subjects, so as to be able to maintain themselves, and devote the money given them by the friends who had brought them there, to the upkeep of the hospital. This gradually led to their developing a school, and some time subsequently the nuns found it best to withdraw altogether from the hospital and take another house—after having patiently endured many privations owing to the difficult Australian climate and their life in the basement of the house which was used as a hospital. In this new house they found that all endeavours to carry out work such as they had done in England, visiting the poor, etc., were doomed to failure; life was very different, and more *business* and less private religious life seemed to mark the conventual establishments of Adelaide. Religion in general seemed to be at a low ebb, the churches were greatly neglected, and the Sisters' life came to be more and more that of prayer, reparation, work for churches—some of the stories of their sacrifices and toils for poor country churches make most touching and apostolic reading—and continual sacrifice. Their school never flourished, yet through incredible difficulties they persevered, Bishop and clergy alike always encouraging them to a life of prayer and hiddenness, and saying that their leaving for England would be an injury to religion in the Colony. More and more people admired them for their retired spirit, and meanwhile, through days and nights of

prayer, adoration, and penance, the project of Perpetual Adoration grew and matured. Little by little, days of reparation, and Adoration when Exposition could not be had (owing to the heat melting even the great High Mass candles on Christmas Day), became part of the Community life; little by little they seemed to grow into true contemplatives. They eventually had to sever official connection with the Congregation of S. Catherine, though the most affectionate intercourse was kept up and all the usual spiritual suffrages were assured to them by their Sisters in England. At length, when, never doubting but so worn out by ill-health and years of uncertainty as to *what* work precisely God wished from them that Mother Rose hardly seemed to think the great work could be established, all permissions were given, friends came forward, and the building of a Church for Perpetual Adoration was set on foot.

Then Mother Rose Columba fell ill—for the second time gravely in Australia, the first time she seems to have been offered her choice of dying then or of living and doing a work for God's glory, and chose that which would most glorify Him—and after great agony died in peace and joy. Great help followed closely upon this, as if this last sacrifice had consummated all, and the church was built, a noble and beautiful one, and a numerous Community developed.

In Mother Rose Columba the characteristic Dominican virtues, love of the Blessed Sacrament, zeal for souls, and love for the Holy Souls were a real passion. Like S. Dominic, she was *a burning and shining light*, an Altar fire, a living Sanctuary Lamp, and her works follow her.

# Master Anker's Drinking Cup.

ENID DINNIS.

THE story of Master Hubert's drinking-cup is one of the merriest and the most characteristic of those which form the collection known as "The Merrie Gestes of Bishop Grosse-homme." It was one of those read aloud at Yule-tide to the monks of the Order to which Master Hubert, the hermit, was attached. Bishop Grossehomme was one of the statesmen-prelates of the olden days, to whose administrative qualities historians are agreed in paying due deference. Of Master Hubert little is known. The site of his cell is still pointed out, from which it may be presumed that he died in the odour of sanctity.

The story, here set forth, has been duly modernised for the present-day reader; and seeing that the holy season of Yule is a merry one, it is to be hoped that a false sense of decorum will not cause him to leave all the laughing to his guardian angel.

Master Hubert, the anker, sat in his cell engaged in his favourite occupation—that is to say, he was quietly assessing his belongings. It was his favourite occupation, because the result was so eminently satisfactory. There was so remarkably little to assess. There was a table, and a three-legged stool for Master Anker to sit on. His straw bed was spread in a corner; and on a single shelf there stood a wooden platter, a drinking-cup of the same material, a wooden spoon, wooden-handled knife, and a stone pitcher.

Master Anker sat on his little stool and meditated on the stone pitcher. It was a rude utensil, but yet ruder ones might exist? Master Hubert was young and comely. Like the young man in the Gospel, he had been a "ruler," and he had relinquished his great possessions in order to gain heavenly treasure, with an almost terrifying completeness, embracing the most austere form of monastic life—that of a hermit, or anker. The Abbot and monks at the monastery to which Master Hubert's cell was officially attached were in admiration of the young hermit, who promised to attain a high degree of sanctity. Their house had a wide reputation for discipline and adherence to the primitive rule, and the hermit seemed likely to add to the lustre of an Order famed for its poverty.

Master Hubert's meditation on holy poverty received a sudden interruption. There was a heavy footstep outside the door. Now,

no one possessed the right of entry to the hermit's cell except the Abbot, who made use of his privilege but rarely, and with the utmost delicacy. But it was certainly not the Abbot who was about to invade the hermit's privacy. A key turned noisily in the lock, and without further ado there entered a man of vast dimensions. It was no other than my Lord the Bishop. Master Anker, when he had overcome his astonishment, remembered that the Ordinary was at that time making his visitation of the monastery. It was his business to see that the monks had not departed from the rule of poverty laid down by the religious life. The anker's cell also came under the episcopal eye on such an occasion, and Father Abbot had been obliged to yield his key to the present intruder.

My Lord the Bishop stood there—six foot four in his exceedingly well-fashioned riding-boots. A fine figure of a man, as those know who are familiar with the effigy on his tomb in his cathedral church. He surveyed the inmate of the anker's cell with considerable curiosity as he knelt humbly for the blessing. Then he proceeded to survey the contents of the cell with equal interest. He had heard pretty well nothing else than the praises of this young man from the monks. Stories of the hermit's sanctity had pursued him round the monastery as he made his inspection of its goods and chattels, so irreproachably in keeping with the monastic ideal. Finally he surveyed the little three-legged stool which its owner had vacated on his arrival. He ran his eye over it, and then turned the tail of the same on the apprehensive countenance of the hermit. And then, to the latter's horror, he deliberately proceeded to sit down upon it, the three-legged stool being the only available seat. As might have been expected, there followed a sinister crunch. The three legs subsided unanimously, and my Lord the Bishop was landed on the floor of the cell.

Master Anker was beseemingly put about. No, his distinguished guest was not hurt—not in dignity even. He accepted the situation with the utmost imperturbability. He regarded the wreckage of the little three-legged stool and the hermit's disturbed countenance.

"Never mind," my Lord the Bishop said cheerfully, "I will see that they send thee a chair from the monastery. A good, sturdy one, such as shall hold me safely when I visit thee next. 'Twas a poor seat for any man, that stool."

Hubert turned his fear-stricken eyes on the mask-like face of my Lord the Bishop. "But a chair was too good for a poor anker," he protested, eagerly. "Bid them, I pray thee, holy Father, send another stool."

"Nay," the Bishop replied, solemnly, "I will sit me on no more stools. I will instruct them that they send thee a good, stout chair."

And Master Anker thanked him with what I believe would be called "a meek cheer."

The visitor then proceeded with his inspection of the cell. Its occupant followed his eye as it travelled over the shelf and its contents. "The pitcher is over-fine for my needs," he observed, apologetically, "but the drinking-cup is hewn out of wood, like the platter."

The Bishop surveyed the young man meditatively. "Thou hadst great possessions out in the world, hadst thou not?" he remarked.

"Yea, my Lord," Hubert replied, "but now I find that these suffice."

The visitor ran his eye over the shelf again. "Well," he commented, "I am sorry that I robbed thee of thy stool, my son, but thou must be resigned." And then he added, with astounding profanity, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away." Master Anker scanned his countenance in perplexity. It was perfectly solemn—"and the Lord may give again," he concluded.

After this he departed, leaving Master Hubert in possession of his violated sanctuary.

Within an hour there was a knocking at the door, and upon the bolt being withdrawn a stout oaken chair was pushed over the threshold. It was for Brother Hubert's use, at the desire of my Lord the Bishop.

Master Hubert stood and surveyed his new acquisition glumly. It had a carved back as well as a leather seat, and was altogether a most unsuitable piece of furniture for an anker's cell. My Lord Bishop seemed to be lacking in all sense of what was seemly in such circumstances. That is, soothly, the worst of being a high dignitary, since the position leads a man into places where luxury and high living abound. My Lord Bishop frequently sat at the King's table itself. No wonder he forgot the seemly requirements of an anker's cell! Master Hubert had possessed chairs exactly like this one in the old days. He stood looking at it with a troubled brow. His underlip drooped. If Master Anker had not made a point of being a very, very holy man, I verily believe that he would have felt inclined to be—well, a little bit vexed.

As it was, he realised that the devil was trying to tempt him with the old allurements of the past in this echo of his renounced goods and chattels. After all, there was the floor to sit on; good enough, in very sooth, for a poor hermit. But he would have need to be on his guard, the devil evidently had designs on his holy poverty.

Shortly afterwards it appeared that Master Hubert was right. There came a knocking, this time at the visitors' window.

"Master Anker, Master Anker," a voice cried, "give me, I pray of thee, a drink of cold water."

It was a common request enough. Sometimes it served but as a preliminary to a more substantial one, but Master Anker never refused to share his last crust, and such money as might have been given him in alms, with the poor and needy. He quickly filled his wooden bowl and, opening the shutter, handed it out through the bars to his client. He did not appear to be a beggar, and it proved that he was not so. His draught finished, he proceeded to turn the cup over in his hand. "'Tis a good, strong cup," he remarked. "Listen, good Master Anker. I have a wife at home who suffereth from palsy, and she is like to drop every vessel that she taketh hold on. I have a fine, comely set of painted earthenware cups, which she breaketh one by one. Gladly would I change with thee one for this stout vessel, and then, soothly, I should save the remaining others. Say, Master Anker, wilt thou not do me this good service, and eke benefit thyself, for the cups are right fairly gilded and garnished."

Gently but firmly Master Anker explained to his visitor that his holy state forbade of his making use of vessels of a less vile kind than that which the other was holding. He was plainly unable to comply with the request.

The stranger departed glumly, after receiving an unsolicited blessing, and Master Anker opened his shutter wide and let in the daylight, and contemplated his little shelf of vile accessories with renewed satisfaction. It had indeed been a poor artifice of the devil, this incident, for the devil it most certainly was. He realised the fact now that he came to think of it. Were not all the villagers known to him? But this man had been a stranger. A shallow artifice indeed. It was a thrilling discovery, all said and done. Master had been awaiting the arrival of supernatural occurrences of this kind. Now they were really beginning.

Master Anker retired into his little oratory and applied himself to his orisons, not perhaps without a due anticipation of interruptions.

Presently there was a sound. Master Hubert pricked his ears. It was as though a key were grating in the lock in the cell beyond. Master Anker put the distraction aside and prayed on with increased fervour. All was silent. Then a minute later the sound of the key was again heard. It failed to beguile Master Hubert from his prayers. He set out on the seven penitential psalms. It was to be borne in mind that his satanic majesty does not need to turn a key in order to enter the cell of a holy hermit. And things appeared to be happening.

So Master Hubert prayed, manfully and mightily, that he might be protected from all the demons who attempt to arrest the spiritual progress of souls.

He emerged from his oratory perhaps an hour later. As was his habit, he glanced at the shelf that held his meagre chattels—unconsciously, as a person in the world does at a mirror (so I'm told). His gaze remained rivetted there. His eyes grew large with astonishment. He drew a breath and approached nearer. On the shelf there stood, or appeared to stand, a stone jug, a wooden platter, and—a shining silver goblet studded with jewels.

Master Anker stood stock still and gazed for perhaps a minute's space. Then he went forward and ventured to touch the cup. It was solid, not a vision, as he had supposed. Master Hubert jumped to the conclusion with considerable mental agility. His vile utensil, so faithfully retained in the face of temptation, had been changed into this! It was exactly the sort of thing that would have happened to the fathers in the desert.

He stood contemplating the wonder until there came an interruption in the shape of a tapping on the shutter.

"Master Anker, Master Anker, for the love of God give me a drink of water," a voice cried.

Never had Master Hubert refused the cup of cold water to a suppliant. He looked at the jewelled cup, and immediately the complication of the situation dawned on him. It was his only drinking-vessel. The pitcher could not be substituted, for its fat, round body would not pass through the bars of the window. There was nothing for it but to offer the beggar the miraculous cup. Perhaps, being miraculous, it might retain for the other the appearance of an ordinary wooden vessel.

This apparently was the case, for the beggar received his drink without any comment. Neither, by the same token, did he make off with the treasure. Master Hubert was more than ever filled with wonder. The mystical appearance of the cup was evidently for his eyes alone—and possibly for Father Abbot's. He found himself wondering if that man of affairs, my Lord the Bishop, would share in the mystical vision. Master Hubert made bold to have his doubts.

He had not anticipated the occasion arising for testing this latter possibility, but it so fell out that a while later he received yet another visit from the intrusive prelate.

The Bishop was arrayed for his homeward journey in a rich, fur-lined travelling cloak. He sat himself down on the chair, and this time his face wore an expression of extreme, one might say of terrific, severity.

"My son," quoth he, "kneel down and be ready to confess thyself, for I find that in making my inspection of thy furniture I did overlook something that should have come under my eye. I have just received information from one who declares that thou didst

give him a drink of water from a fine silver goblet studded with precious gems. How came such into thy holding?"

Hubert raised his eyes fearlessly to his Superior's. He pointed to the shelf. "Yonder it stands, holy Father," he replied, "and if thou wilt listen I will tell thee the story."

He went down humbly on to his knees and began to recount how the stranger had called at his window and begged him to exchange his poor drinking vessel for one of greater value.

"And thou didst refuse?" my Lord Bishop said.

"Yea, Father."

"Thou didst rightly, my son," was the reply, "for seeing that the cup did not belong to thee, but was only for thy use, according to the law of holy poverty, it was in no wise thine to dispose of. Thou didst well to remember that."

Master Anker flushed a little. He looked up quickly, and made as though to say something, but remained silent.

The Bishop continued for him :

"But in the end thou didst yield, and hence comes this fine cup in thy cell. Well, well, my son, fear not, for to thee who once had the disposal of great possessions, it must come passing hard not to have the disposing of a mere wooden goblet, which disposing goeth with the right of ownership alone. And thy intention was a right holy one—to mortify thy delight in this renouncing of costly goods, for to a man who would renounce all, a wooden cup can, in sooth, become a great possession. Is not that so, my son?"

Then Master Anker looked up into the visitor's face. His own was flushed a bright rosy red, and the tears stood in his eager, honest eyes. "Nay, Father," he said, "I indeed held the cup mine own to dispose of, but I would not because, as thou sayest, I held it for its vileness as a great possession."

And then, kneeling there, he told my Lord the Bishop how he had found the costly cup in the place of the other, and how he had believed it to be a miracle wrought by Heaven.

"Ah," the Bishop said, "that thou mightst thus do penance by having one so little to thy liking?"

Hubert flushed yet deeper. He knelt up very straight and looked his questioner full in the face.

"Nay, Father," he said, "I thought that I was a saint for my action, and that the changing of the cup was the showing of my sanctity."

The Bishop leant forward and kissed the speaker gently on the forehead. "My son," he said, "I will now make my confession. See you here." He placed his hand inside his ample cloak and, withdrawing it, displayed—the wooden drinking-cup. "It was

I," he said, "who placed the goblet yonder. I slipped it in whilst thou wert absorbed in thy orisons. The shelf lies within reach of the threshold, or my footfall would doubtless have betrayed me, for, as thou hast cause to know, I am no featherweight." He smiled, and continued: "And, moreover, it was my man who visited thee and asked to make the exchange, and my man who called again and begged thee a second time for a drink. Hast thou guessed the reason why I did all these things?"

"Thou seest, my dear child," he went on, "that one who must needs, like me, be a man of affairs as well as a man of God, and eke do as the world does, doth learn many subtle and ingenious ways of practising holy poverty. And, moreover, I feared for thee lest Satan should tempt thee to spiritual pride, and eke make thy holy brethren at the abbey his tools, for (his eye twinkled) they, too, were fain to acquire a great possession in the shape of a saint, and mayhap a wonder-worker; and was it not said to the young man in the Gospel story who would have worshipped the prophet ere he knew the Christ, 'Call none good save God?' "

He continued to look very gently on the kneeling form. Then he stooped, and for a second time kissed the hermit's smooth forehead. He had the licence of One Who had also looked upon an eager-souled young man and loved him.

Hubert raised the hem of the costly fur-lined coat and kissed it. And so the two became great friends.

"I will restore thee thy cup," the Bishop said, but Master Hubert went on his knees and begged to be allowed to keep the other, for humility's sake. So they burnt the humble drinking-vessel on the hearth, with great liking to themselves.

And, soothly, many that begged a drink afterwards of the holy hermit went abroad wagging their heads and saying that Master Anker, in the privy of his cell, kept many precious things.

Yet the fact remains that it was a wooden drinking-cup that they took from the cell of holy brother Hubert after he had been called to God; and from that I would dare say that, later on, when Master Anker had indeed attained to sanctity, there was verily a miracle wrought over the cup; and haply it was wrought at the time of a subsequent visitation, by the saintly Bishop Grossehomme himself?

# Musta.

J. JOHN.

FELICE, fisherman and player on the fiddle, came to see me at the hotel, which is no more than a modest inn, though I call it by that name. "S'cusi, Signore," said he, coming towards my chair, which I had set beneath an orange-tree.

"Come and sit down, Felice," I tell him. He plants himself on the edge of the pozza, cap in hand, and remains tongue-tied. Outside in the streets the August sun is scorching the pavements, but here the building shelters us so that the little quadrangle is in the shadows. "Felice, have you brought your fiddle?" I ask. He tells me he has not. Mid-day is not the time, nor is the inn the place in which to make music. The fiddle is hidden away beneath the bed in his small room in the Strada San Nicola; and when I yearn for music I walk down the streets of steps to that narrow thoroughfare. We climb up a perilous ladder on to the flat roof, and there are two chairs for Marietta and me. We hoist up Marietta, who is so old; Felice scampers ahead and holds out his great brown hands, and I propel her from behind. "Mothers are a great responsibility," I said to him one night, when we had arrived safely. Marietta hears what I say, and laughs, shaking her head and pointing a finger at her son.

"Mothers are not; but sons," she whispers, "Dio mio, what a responsibility sons are!" "Sons who are fishermen?" I query. "Si, signore, sons who go out in ships." We sit looking out upon the sea and at the stars, and Felice plays to us music that makes us wish to dance, and when he plays these airs Marietta beats time with her feet on the stones and her old eyes kindle. And then, suddenly, he draws his bow slowly, and more slowly, across the strings, and the music becomes a plaint, a supplication, and Marietta wipes her eyes. It is the privilege of old age to weep its fill.

When Felice has come to see me on other occasions it has been to bring me fish, of which I do not remember the names. But to-day he brings no fish, and he remains silent. "What have you come to tell me," I ask him; "what's the news?" Felice still fingers his cap and hesitates. At length he says, "To-morrow, Signore, is the Annunziata." "Felice, you do well to remind me, but it is not quite so ill with me that I've forgotten the Festa." "No, Signore," he says. "Certainly, no," I reply; "but you have something more to say to me than this gentle reminder of my

obligations." "To-morrow," Felice continued, "is Annunziata, and the Festa at Musta. The Signore has been to Musta village?" "Most certainly I have, Felice, but I am prepared to go again to-morrow. The Festa at Musta I have never seen. Do we go together?" "S'cusi, Signore," he observes deprecatingly, as though he had not understood. "Let us go together; you shall take me there. Show me the Festa, find me food, look after me, bring me back safely. How shall we go there—on the toy railway, in a motor-car?" "I thought to hire a carriage and drive you there, Signore." "Splendid, the very thing." So it is arranged that we start at an early hour.

Next morning I am awakened at six by the sound of wheels outside on the paved streets. I push back the jalousies and peep down; Felice, in gala costume, is sitting on a species of jaunting-car, a dangerous-looking carriage. He sits at right angles to the mare, a capricious-looking animal. Am I, then, expected to perch myself on that perilous vehicle, whilst the mare gallops wildly through tortuous roads! "Can Felice drive; does he really understand the business!" I dress hurriedly; already the mare clatters her hoofs on the cobble-stones, the bells on her harness jingle. I drink my café and run down into the street. Felice hoists me up. Full of misgivings, I cling on to a strap. We career down Strada Reale, rumble across the drawbridge which leads to Florianana. Already the country roads are thronged with people *en route* for Musta. From each village they come, more and more. The Festa of Maria Assunta, to whom the great dome of Musta is dedicated, is a gala day. The country women are wearing their black silk faldetta, which are at the same time both modest and becoming. Jewels, too, they wear; enormous ear-rings, heavy gold chains about their necks, quantities of rings. Every piece of gold that a woman has she wears that day. Oh! but they work hard to acquire these treasures. And the men, who also work in the fields under a relentless sun, they, too, are dressed in their best.

The mare, good creature, has behaved extremely well. Yet it is with profound relief that I see the immense dome of Musta appear before me. We drive through *via Nuova* at breakneck pace. Felice jumps down and leads off the mare to some stables. We have come in time to wander around the great church before the High Mass is celebrated. The sacred building is rapidly filling, and soon it will hold within its walls twelve thousand people. We kneel, side by side, near the great door and regard the altar over a sea of heads. As the organ peals forth there comes over me a sensation—I know not how to describe it—which the reverberation of an organ always makes upon me.

The Solemn Mass is over and we saunter over to an inn, which is

prepared on this occasion to provide an omelette, some vino da pasto, and black café. We are then in luck's way.

"And the mare," I ask Felice, "how is she faring?" "Excellently, Signore," he tells me.

In the afternoon we go out on to the balcony of the inn, because it is from here that a good view of the procession is obtained. Presently from the main entrance of the church it comes slowly into the gaily decorated streets. We see the great statue of Our Lady borne aloft. We bow our heads as the Reliquia della Vergine is carried past us. We join in the recitation of the Rosary. Thus is the 15th of August a day of special prayer in the little village of Musta. We come down from the balcony and pass into the streets. At a booth people are buying pastizz and "kubbiat," a local sweetmeat which is made of sugar, honey and almonds. Felice buys a great piece of this delectable compound to take home to his mother; she can eat sweets at seventy-five.

Darkness has come down on Musta village before the last prayer has been said, before the last worshipper has left the sacred building. The intense heat of an August day is gone, and the air is cool and sweet. Suddenly the village has become a fairyland. Coloured lamps twinkle through the trees, the façade of the great church bursts into flame. The strains of music are heard from afar. The band approaches and takes up a position near the dome, whilst people who have come from remote corners of the island crowd around it. When for a moment the music ceases, one hears the shrill voice of the water-seller shouting "frisca frisca."

The crowd is becoming less, the townsfolk have started on their return journey; and it is time for us to be on our way. Felice harnesses the mare and brings his quaint equipage out into the street. And as we drive off into the silent country, under a sky which glitters with a thousand stars, I turn my head and salute the tranquil place, saying aloud, "Musta, little village of toil and prayer, God grant that I may visit you soon again."

# Piopairí an Bacaera.

Éuaró mo éapa Séacur irteac i piopa arián lá éum builín beas taitneamhac do éeannac i gcóiri leimh leir go maib an goile san beir póimait aise, agus nárí bfeirí biat éurí ari éanóuma eile aet é páram. Do éeap an t-atair nárí bfuláir nó éuríeacó an builín gleóite rin duine bfeiríte féin as cogaint. Bí pé as feiteamh le n-a fíonpreail aigíto nuair a táinig gairrúimín pé nó reat de bliatóna irteac. Opoécóirí a bí ari an leamh, aet bí pé reiomaríta glan.

—Éurí mo mátairí alet me t'airrúaró builín . . . ari eirean le bean an triopa.

Tós pite aniar an bice arián ir mó a bí aiei agus éus do é. Le n-a linn rin éus Séacur pé nveara lúime ir tóirímeóntaet an teacátaie bis; do b' anveir an veallíam a bí ari a éreat beas i gcomóirar leir an mbuilín breas téasara a bí toirí a tó láim aise.

—A tucáir éanarígeat leat? ari an bean leir an ngairrúimín.

Táinig euma tóbae ari a aiaró:

—Ní éusar, ari eirean, agus do éeann pé an builín le n-a uet: aet tóbaier mo máim lóm a páo leat go mbeat pí as caint leat amáireac.

—Seat, bí as píe abáile let builín anoir, a tóir.

—Go máirí plán, ari an leamh.

Bí a éuro aigíto fácta as Séacur um an taca ran. Bí a maib ceannuigíte aise eiríe éuríe aise, agus é tóireac ari tí mteacéit nuair a éonac pé ari a éuláir an leamh a méar pé a bí mteigíte abáile éeana féin.

—Cao atá tot éimeató anrín? An aihla ná fúilí pártá let máiríat? ari an bean leir an ngairrúimín, marí do fáoil pite éom maib go maib pé mteigíte.

—Ó! táim lánrárta lem máiríat, tá an t-arián ari feabar, ari eirean.

—Tá go maib, bí as píe abáile marí rin, nó véarra do máim gup as migneacáil ari an mbótarí atáir, agus góebarí íoe béil uairí, ari an bean.

Níorí leir an leamh ari gup éuala pé in éanóirí í. Do véallíuig an reat gup malairí nírí a bí as véanam éuríam do. Do éuaró an bean anonn éuríe agus do leas láim léi ari éoiríán a béil le peatáireacéit.

—Cao ari go bfeilí as maetnam anrín in ionat toul abáile? ari íre.

—Caoé puró é rin atá as máirín aiaró? ari an gairrúimín.

—Níl éimírí as máirín anro. a íic, ari an bean.

—Óera tá, ari eirean. Ná cloireann tu an éurí, éurí?

Do éurí Séacur ir an bean éuarí oiríe féin, agus ní éualatáir píoc aet amáim píomíe éuocáirí, puró ir gíatáe i tóig bácaera.

\* Les Quatre Cri-cris de la Boulangerie, íre bfeiríuigíe as p. J. Stahl.

—Hi fulápi nó ip émin atá ann, appa an garrúmin, nó b'etopi  
 gurab amta b'onn na b'iei apám as amhán nuai bítai wá  
 mbeinuuzá, wála na n-ubla?

—Ní head m' éadóir, a fimpleóghín, arfa an bean; cmoceatí iasoran. Irteig ra báeúr a'dáir, mar anoir úiréac do iunneacó an teme a'daint, cuiréann an tear ag aithián iasó.

—Cιποκατοί! ἀπὸ ἀνὴρ γαίρῳμῖν; ἀνὴρ ἰατορῶν ἢ ἰουδαί ἢ εὐαγγε-  
λιστῶν πῶς αὐτοὺς τελευτᾷς οὕτως ἐὼν ματῶν;

—În 1470 căsătoria mure, apra ire.

ταῖς θεούαῖς ἡδ' ἀστροῖς.

—Do bheim anarárta ar fáil aet ceann aca uafáil uait . . .  
 agra eirean, agus do shomair aise le n-a uánairuad.

—Ποιαινε τεαλλαῖς! ἀπτα ἱρε, ἀγυρ το μινν ρί ζάιμε; ἀγυρ εαυέ  
 αν ζηό βεαό ἀγας νε, α ρτόρ? το εαβαρμινρε τωιτ ιε ρων α θρυν  
 ρα τιζ ὀιοθ οά βρεαορμινν θιετ οητα.

—Ó! faigam ceann ar a laigheo, aon ceann aithne, má'r é do toil é, aipra cipean, agus leir rin do fhuairim pé a lánmíni timcheall ar a builín. Cuala go mbíonn an ias ar an ois na mbíonn píopaí teallais, agus b'éirigh ná goitfeao mo miam a tuitfeao dá mbeao ceann ar baile agam.

Théac Séacur an mnaoi an triopa. Dean bheag úpleicmeac do b'eacó i. Do cumail pí a rúile le cúinne dá happún. Déanfaó Séacur an uálta céanna dá mbeacó appún aige; níor féacó pé éirteacó níora ríu:

—Agur ead fát uot mām bóct a beit ag sol? appa eirean.

—Tá, ná billí a duine uairis, arpa an saorúimín. Ili maireann m'atair, agus ní héannmaítear dom mátair beir ar raotar, mar ní féadann sí ná billí go léir do fheadhairt.

Do rug Séacur bairiós ar an leath agus tós ruar ar a bacalainn é féin ip a builín.

Bì bean an tìge mìtighce irteac ùm an bàcùir, agus nuair nà  
 bainnead pì pèim le cuocairi do ùm pì òfàcàib ar a fear bhieit ar  
 òeirtie cinn aca agus iad do ùm irteac i mboircein, ma iarb poillini  
 ar eagla so mùcàirte iad: cus pì an boircein don ngarbhinn anaran,  
 agus ur aih a bì an t-àr ar d'ul abailte do.

Is iad Séadur agus bean an t-íse a bhí buíochas díob fém tar éir an méirínn.

—An cρέατύγην βοῦτ ! ἀππα ἀν θέητ ἀα in éμφεατ.

Do rugaire ar a leabhar, o'rcail rí é ag an leatánac ma nait  
cunntar mátar an leinb, táppaig rí line móir fada i lár bail ó bharr  
go bonn, mar bille fada do b'ead é, agus do repib rí ag a bun an  
rocal 'iocta.'

Ni nioinam a bi Séacur i iut an aga ran: éurp pé ipcead i mblúipe páiréar a maib d'airgead ina bóca aige, agus nioir fuairad an éadail rin, mara bi pé tar éir a lán a tabairt leir, an maréan ran. D'iairp pé ar mnaoi an triopa an t-airgead do éurp cum mátar an leimb le nóta a éurpead glanad an bille in iúil di, agus leiripín ná pád so maib mac beas aic a bead ina compóirp ip ina éireamhain di lá éigin.

Ὁ τυγαὶς ἀν-τιομῆλ' ὅς τε ἀέταις ἐλὺτ' ἡμῶν, εὐμ-  
βιορτυγὰς ἐστὶν ὅς τις καὶ βαντιρεῶναιζε.

ἡρὸν καὶ ἰονῆνα, τοῦ βασιλῆος ἀντετακταίης πρὸς αὐτοῦ ἀμαρτῆς ὑποφύσεως

'ná an sairínín go maib an b'ice mói aráin agus an boirceín cuocaroí aise; i gcár sup b'ámla bí an málaíri nuair a táinig an mac beas abailte ná as sairíníe ar a vóiceall, agus cuma an srinn uirí. Do ceap reiréan go raingean sup b'íao na céiríe cuocaroí beaga tuda pé n'oeaia an m'ioibúil, agus ip vóis liomra sup aise a bí an ceapí. Mar ní beaó an málaíre fogaíta ran ar éirraib a m'am muna mbeaó a meannmáin fém agus píopaírlí an bÁCaeia.

FIACRA ÉILGEAC.

\* \* \*

## XX.

Iri foimn agus eisecht na r'ghobnoimeacéa ro sup ab ámlaí ro poimneap Ó Uíam .i. Donchaó, agus Concobaí Mac Donchaó Mac Sluim, uiré roirí Mat'gamuin Mac Mupéaó Mac Sluim .i. in ceatramao míri den leat'ceatramáin ip goiri don lior de leat'ceatramáin na Cuileanaé a m'baile Mic Sluim do Donchaó Mac Mupéaó Mic Sluim agus leat'ceatramao míri an Doirín ann ran cceatramáin fíorí agus leat'ceatramao míri do Macaíre an leapa Dub ann ra Cioibigh, agus leat'ceatramao míri ann ra Cluain mói ann ra Cioibigh, ionnup sup ab é rin u. leat'ceatramáin míri. Agus sac feirann da bfuil as an celoinn Mac Sluim rin, or cionn a bfuilmoir do reiríobao ann ro, atamoit da pasbail rin leath um leath etoírta co feaó Donchaó do beó in'glacairíe feirinn o Mat'gamuin, agus sac feirann gill da bfuil aca fuairí Sealtarí uatha, pasbair in fuar'glao leath um leath etuírta marí an ceona, agus poimn coírta etuírta ar sac feirann da mbia aca o rin amac; agus beirí p'eo le ceile. Arí na reiríobao a Cumce an raonmao la .x. do lúli Anno Domini m. cccc. 2 bliadain agus 2 xx. Ip íao a fíadain lairíeac ro Dia ar tur. Ó Uíam .i. Donchaó, Maenamaia .i. Taos Mac Coimneao, Donchaó Meic Seadin o Coillcírín, Taos Uiltac ó Baile Mac Cairil, Concobaí Mac Sluim, Ricaró .i. Mac Maoilín, Concobaí balb ó Rodan, Maoirí 1 Uíam.

Míri Mat'gamuin mac Sluim.

\* \* \*

## TUAN AN DOIMHIN.

### 192

So breiceatpa lá geal b'ead le buiríeacáir  
So fíor'fírinneac fíor'foillíreac narí f'eoirí  
Fíor'foileán uac'íreac uapal na naomháir  
Ó! do sairíní gan móill arí oírta, a éiríe.

### 193

Am nóe tráct arí an áir do téanam  
Da r'póirta táinte as p'áiríe 'r as pléiríeacé  
Níorí éiríeacáirí eac'íre an eadnaíe doírta  
Ó! an tuile sup éiríeacáirí na peacáíe 'r a n'gíeíreíe.

194

Iy maí rin don búróm peo éróear an Naomh Spírit  
Sáe marvean iy cróce luígear iy o'éirígear  
San rpeóir i raim i bparóir ná i geréirí aca  
Ó! aét labairtá Lucífer liorta 'n-a mbéalaib.

195

Iy duine ar na mílte míle iy baogal liom  
Uo comávar aiteanta ári náctar san réabao  
Ná a ólígíte so óilir poilltreac réabao  
Ó! mar o'óiróis íora Cníort dá éiréada.

196

SanSao iy goio, bhoio uile, iy rpeírling  
Tarcuirne táipe iy pláig na bpléiréanna  
Feall, oíogaltar, oíomar iy éirgean——  
Ó! peo iao na Salair leir cailleadó na céadota.

197

Fuat le palao as gearrao plaorca  
I geruaótan éairmíre éata an aonaig,  
A geartaoin crúbae rúo san réanao  
Ó! Satan rruímae murranta maomaé.

198

Mo éruag tu a péacaig boíet amveir eao óéanfir  
Let éame, let éleapa, let éladar, let éaetóir  
Let máilír mílteac let míleacé éitig  
Ó! let uabair, let póimp, let baoir, 'r let élaoman.

199

An uair éiofiró an báir uot éáible 'ot éaoéao  
So venhin le pagáil níl rpár ná pé asat  
Dá fáro a írfir let éuirpéacé, éirt liom,  
Ó! eaitfirre ic éiré uo rruíocaó iy géilleao.

200

Tíopánac ceatgaé malluigíte méirlig  
Doíceallac oógraéac oógrainneac an éirlig  
Soirgeac gionac bhradaé bhréagac  
Ó! cinnite ceacáirda ic beata 'reao téigfar.

201

Iy tu an rceimíle an rcallaíre rcanatac réatác  
Sruama goitac rruadaé raotac  
Stuacac rtailleac ceatac caetac  
Ó! coméarcpac cannerac élampíac cpaorac.

# Books and Books.

*The Book of Saints.* Compiled by the Benedictine Monks of S. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. 12s. 6d. net. Messrs. A. and C. Black, Ltd., 4, 5 and 6 Soho Square, London, W.1.

Here is an unique and up-to-date publication which is bound to prove indispensable to the library shelf alike of the busy priest, the cloistered religious (who will find much in its pages to deepen devotion, for knowledge begets love), the school, and the home of the Catholic who likes to be an informed and modern Catholic. As regards *format* the name of the old established firm itself is a sufficient guarantee of excellence; the red cover (appropriate enough to a compilation in which so many of the heavenly heroes are Martyrs), the paper, and the print are all alike pleasing—the latter though so small being extremely clear. Each Saint's name is printed in large black capitals, which makes the work of consultation easy, cross-references are given in a third distinctive type, and these pages, almost three hundred in number, must record for us the names, dates and history of some thousands of Saints. This work of reference—an excellent sign of the times as regards the growing prominence of the Faith and the wider interest taken in it (witnessed to *malgré lui* by a modern novelist bitterly anti-Catholic in feeling) is described on the publishers' wrapper as "A Dictionary of Servants of God canonised by the Catholic Church, extracted from the Roman and other Martyrologies," and this describes its scope very accurately. In the Preface the Benedictine Fathers tell us, "Mention of the Saints of the Catholic Church very frequently occurs both in general reading and as having given their names to churches, towns, villages and topographical features. The object of this compilation is to enable the personage referred to readily to be identified. Although the scope . . . only admits of the cataloguing of Saints of some prominence, an endeavour has been made to include, in addition to the Saints of the Roman Martyrology, all others generally known, at least by name, especially those who have given place-names to towns or villages in the British Isles." Thus, apart from the devotional interest of this really comprehensive work (though we confess we should like to have seen a brief notice of, for instance, Bl. James of Voragine, celebrated for his *Golden Legend*) there is a considerable amount of local and historical information to be gleaned from its pages. It is quite the book over which to spend odd moments or half hours, for the notices are necessarily so brief and yet seize the salient points so well that one finds it a fascinating kaleidoscope

of days ranging from the first Christian era until our own days practically. Though here again we think the inclusion of S. Anna Maria Taigi, the Roman matron to whom so many great graces were vouchsafed and who yet was a hard-working modern house-keeper, would have been of more use than the choice, say, of S. Tammarras. Many, indeed, are the Irish Saints whose holy memory is laid up fragrantly in this Book of Saints, and very interesting the history of place-names, indissolubly twined, as so many are, with the past, yet ever living glories of the holy ones associated, perhaps long centuries ago, with them. Another point of interest in this excellent work of reference is the number of Saints to whom the possessors of certain favourite names may lay claim as Patrons. For example, there are six Saints Agnes, sixteen Saints Vincent, three Marthas, two Agathas, ten Margarets, twenty-one Marks, eight Martins, thirteen Marys, besides the Great Mary, four Saints Irene, nine or ten of the name of Florence—mostly men, it is interesting for Irish favourers of this name to note—and of course, many Thomases and Williams. The Good Thief has his notice. Some charming details are given—even within the limits necessarily imposed by space—such as for instance this notice of S. Basilissa, V.M., of the 4th century, whose feast is September 3rd: "A child of nine years of age who was martyred at Nicomedia, the Imperial residence, during the persecution under Diocletian, about A.D. 303. As she was being led to execution, one of the officials, by name Alexander, is said to have thrown himself at her feet, declaring his belief in Christ, and to have been forthwith baptised by the little Martyr." A subject to inspire a painter's brush. We extend a cordial welcome to this latest publication of a firm noted for their works of reference and information. It only remains to be added that the Benedictine Fathers have accomplished their work with their accustomed learning, accuracy and charm.

E. S.

*The Age of Whitewash.* By Conall Cearnach. 2s. 6d. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd.

The title of this book is a little misleading. One expects a treatise written on some phase of the subject indicated, but gets instead two dozen newspaper articles on all sorts of themes, ranging from "The Lure of Tin" to "The Stone of Destiny." Albeit they are very cleverly written articles—and one has lingering memories of greeting some of them on editorial pages—they are somewhat slight for the dignity of volume form, some-

what too diverse in subject matter to make really interesting consecutive reading. Such a fragment as "The Taming Instinct" is but a literary version of the kind of article which finds favour with weeklies of the "Tit Bits" type.

But all the articles show a wide range of reading on the part of their author. His references are many and varied; he lays Virgil under tribute with the same ease and appropriateness that he borrows from Coleridge. He has a kind of sly humour that is very appealing, a deft method of driving home his truths. And he is as convincing when drawing morals for Ireland, from certain ingenious traditions picked up in the Isle of Man, as he is helpful in his hints to mistresses in regard to the problem of domestic helps. His knowledge of umbrellas is profound and peculiar, and altogether this is a little volume with which to while away a pleasant pair of hours by a cosy winter fire.

T. K.

*Mortal Coils. Stories and Sketches by Irish Writers.* 2s. 6d. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd.

That half-proud, half-apologetic little Note at the beginning of a volume of stories and sketches, intimating that most if not all of the good things that follow had already appeared in the "Academy," and several other high-class journals—to the respective editors of which publications thanks were tendered for the permission to reprint—is very rarely seen nowadays. Though I think some such note should appear on the wrapper of every book containing matter already printed in periodicals—just by way of fair-play towards the prospective purchaser.

I have more than a suspicion that most, if not all, of the half-score tales and sketches pressed into *Mortal Coils* have before appeared in Irish journals. When one understands that Irish publishers are very shy of taking risks with books of short stories, and particularly wary of handling stuff that has already achieved print, one expects a little gathering of gems in a volume such as this.

And we are not altogether disappointed. "Marbhan's American Wake" is not only worthy of rescue from the pages of a magazine; it deserves to be printed as a brochure and handed to every Irish boy and girl who applies for information to the office of the Emigration Agent. There is here no undue piling-up of sentimentality, but a tragic little cameo that sinks deeper than would a dozen warnings or examples. In "Himself and Herself," Mr. John Higgins has achieved success by way of a difficult medium. His dialogue is word-perfect; his handling of his situation masterful. And Mr. Brennan Whitmore in his tale of Pagan Ireland has penned a plausible story of the goldsmith and the princess and the fisher-maiden to whom came her lover just before the hour was too late. The other stories

are well up to the level of these three, and the book is one that should find a ready sale. It makes a much more acceptable gift than a conventional piece of pasteboard covered with stereotyped greetings.

T. K.

*"Happy Days" in France and Flanders with the 47th and 49th Divisions.* By the Rev. Benedict Williamson. With an Introduction by Lieut. Col. R. C. Fielding, D.S.O. Messrs. Harding and More, Ltd. The Ambrosden Press, 119, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 7s. 6d. net.

This is a diary of the experiences and constant movements of a well-known priest during his strenuous days as a Chaplain at the front—it is a panorama of death, desolation, sorrow and unspeakable dreariness lighted by the steadfast glory of the Catholic Faith, the unselfish bravery and the cheery gaiety of priest and "boys" alike. The book, like all those coming from the Ambrosden Press, is a thing of beauty to handle, beautifully printed, beautifully bound, and to all to whom the Great War has brought loss it will have a poignant interest. Humour, the marvellous pathos, deep human disappointment—chiefly at the sorrows which have succeeded those days of terror and stress—and the towering hope of Faith which can rise above all the ills of Time and is secure in her foothold, for it is upon the steps of the Throne Divine, all mingle in this book. "The uncomplaining spirit of the poor broken men who came back, mere masses of blood and mud, as they appeared in the dawning light of day: 'O I'm not so bad; see to Joe, he's worse hit than me; I can wait.' Their grateful 'thank you' for any little help or the drink of hot cocoa we gave to all; it was safe to do so. Their courage and fortitude; their splendid endurance of pain and suffering—these have left an example of sublime self-sacrifice for all that come after." At Loere, having gone to meet Cardinal Bourne, "making his visitation of the Western Front . . . we all went to the grave of Major Willie Redmond near by and recited together the *De Profundis*." I shall be excused for a lengthier quotation—that dealing with a wonderful favour bestowed by Sister Teresa of Lisieux, the latest *Venerable* to be acclaimed: "The night was intensely dark. I had not been able to see a yard in front of me since I got the gas at Nieuport, in fact I had to feel in front to lay hold of the hot mug of tea held out to me; so I looked forward a little anxiously to the march. . . . I said to Sister Teresa just before we fell in, 'Sister, if I'm to come out of this alive, you will have to be my eyes to-night. You know I can't see, and so it's for you to help me.' We moved off in the darkness for our long tramp to Ribecourt, and from that moment a light shone from above my head that showed everything on the road quite clearly for about one hundred yards in front. I could

see all our troops . . . and the formation of the roadway. I looked up straight overhead to see whence it came, but no light was to be seen there; yet all the while I looked forward the light showed from above me, and I was able to see quite clearly. . . . As we plunged into (the deep German trenches of the Hindenburg Line) a stream of water was pouring down; the light still followed me, and the white flow of water showed the way quite distinctly. . . . The Verey lights went up, giving a brilliant light, yet instead of everything going black after the Verey light went out, as usually happens, I was able to see with perfect clearness right up to the entrance of our dugout in Kaiser Trench." This was by no means the little Sister's only help, she did wonders in the way of protecting him, his men, and the various houses and convents he placed in her care—even finding Father Benedict Williamson lorries when he required them. The Good Friday Communions at Bouzincourt, the chapter "Shot at Dawn," and the final chapter "Afterwards" are very moving. Let me conclude with a few words from the latter, they may help us all: "The England to which we have returned is so different from the England of our hopes and dreams, and when the boys say to me, 'I am sorry I came back, I would be happier lying under a little white cross in France,' what can I say, when I know it is true. If only the wonderful spirit of the trenches had been brought to England—but it has not. The world is more sordid and self-seeking than ever before. . . . 'And we hoped that this had been He that should have redeemed Israel, and besides it is the third day since these things were done.' But no sacrifice can be in vain, and we trust where we cannot trace, that, 'All is well, all shall be well, and He shall make all to be well.'" *Exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi sæculi.* (trans. and introd. by E. S.)

*The Palace Beautiful.* By the Rev. Frederick A. Houck. Messrs. The Frederick Pustet Co., New York.

In less than eleven months this newest book of Fr. Houck's has run into a second edition—proof better than the words of the reviewer that it successfully fulfils its reverend author's desire for it, to be a help to those who desire to build the Palace of God within their own souls, of rarer materials than gold and gems. It is a little treatise very practical, clear and useful, on the, Theological Virtues, and as such is decidedly of value in these somewhat misty-minded days when spiritual outlines tend to become less clearly defined among the many. As regards Faith, Hope and Charity, it is not inapt to remember Faber's striking dictum—"These virtues are so little thought of! Get into the habit of making the Acts frequently—when you come to die they will almost serve you for priest and sacraments."

P. J.

*I Bhreasail.* By Daniel Corkery. Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin. 5s. net. *Poems.* By Thomas MacDonagh. Talbot Press. 1s. net. *Poems Written in Sun and Shade.* By E. Napier Miles. Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London. 2s. 6d. net.

These three books of verse we have bracketed together, merely on account of their being verse—for the genius of the three writers is quite distinct. Mr. Daniel Corkery's lyrics touch many aspects of life and love—the love of friends, of country, of nature, of song. They are the dreams of a singer—there are lute songs, nature songs, addresses to his friends. Those who know Mr. Corkery's Muse will know just what to expect from this dove grey volume—personally we think the lines *To Raftery* perhaps some of the most touching in the book. Of a similar and yet a quite different quality is the song of Thomas MacDonagh, that sweet singer who has passed to brighter empyreans of music. These dozen poems, selected by his sister, who also contributes a brief foreword, will have a poignant interest for their readers. For this is a minstrel enshrined in Banba's heart. Very varied in their theme and treatment are the lyrics of Mrs. Napier Miles. They comprise songs of love, human and divine, of nature, of gardens, and of sorrow. A very beautiful collection; many of these melodies and reveries are of fine arresting thought, and always of delicate artistry.

M. E.

*A Mediaeval Hun.* By John L. Carleton. Messrs. The Cornhill Publishing Company, 2A Park Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. \$1.50, about 8s. 6d.

The stirring story of Canossa, and much that is purely imaginary, have been interwoven, with a good deal of skill, in this drama in five acts by an American writer who was the First Prize Winner in the Canadian Prize Play Competition in 1918. Henry IV.'s despicable character, untrue to his wife, insincere, politic rather than heart-smitten in his submission to the remarkable Pontiff Gregory VII., and sacrilegious enough to have tried to depose that Pontiff in order to place a creature of his own upon the Throne of the Fisherman, is strongly drawn. It is an interesting picture of a period which unquestionably offers great scope to a dramatist of power.

R. G.

*Garden Wisdom, or, from One Generation to Another.* By Stephen Gwynn. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 6s. net.

At eight by the sun on a May morning, so he tells us, Mr. Gwynn sat him down in his blossoming garden, in view of the Dublin hills, to write a volume. And one can well believe this, for the clarity of the open air dances over the pages, the lore of gardens, and especially of gardeners, is toned for us

with the fragrance of old-world flowers. Mr. Gwynn has a paternal interest in the young folk who have nailed their hope to the mast of horticulture, a fine taste in distinguishing the true gardener from the one who is but a worker in a small field.

But one does not come to our present author for hints on the management of a greenhouse. The garden is but his back-ground, and, in the full sunshine of the days which call back to him memories, he tells us many a pleasant tale of the literary and artistic folk who were his friends. That these pages come from the reflection and reminiscence of a cultured mind is abundantly evident—not least so in the beautiful reserve with which rather intimate details of some family affairs are chronicled.

As one of the audience who witnessed the first performance of *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*, I had an especial interest in the essay on W. B. Yeats. I have seen that broken straw hat on the long black hair, but I am sorry I cannot agree with Mr. Gwynn in his contention that the poet was "always without pose." Memories of early "Abbey" days (or rather nights) persist; I have even read another candid critic who wrote of Mr. Yeats as flitting about the stalls and talking to his friends during the intervals. But this is a trivial point; for my part the poet is welcome to as much pose as he pleases—endorsed on his licence if he needs be!

Mr. Gwynn writes as an intimate friend of Stephen Phillips. (Why do the printers call him "Arthur" on the wrapper, and "Stephens" on one page?). Likewise he has a notable essay on Walter Osborne, the painter; while twenty-six spacious pages of memories chiefly concern the niece of Charles Kingsley. He quotes a note from a letter he received from her during the Boer war, referring to "British rule": "No, not rule, but our vestry system. If our rule were what it might be but is not—if it were Liberty, Justice, Representation—we should have the right, the divine right, to enforce it, but so long as it isn't we have not, we are taking unto ourselves the right of God when we are an idol."

As an appreciative son he writes of a learned father: with a note of admiration he pens many pages concerning Horace Walpole. But round all his appreciations and criticisms he weaves his horticultural gossamers; now and again he flashes out in little unexpected wisdoms of his own. Thus: "The deadliest of all parodies is when a man parodies himself"; "Save by grace of God, every propagandist is either a prig or a bore."

Decidedly this is a volume for those appreciative of a cultured style and of the pleasant asides of literature and its votaries. It is as well turned-out as anything that has yet come from the Talbot Press.

T. K.

*Hillsiders.* By the late Seumas O'Kelly. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

It is with a little pang that one turns to the last work we are to see from the pen of this true son of Ireland, who has limned for us Erin's tear and Erin's smile with a fidelity unsurpassed by any writer. To one who has read Seamus O'Kelly's output this will sound not in the least like an undue claim. For the hand of genius guided his pen, a genius maturing through the years, and come to its full strength and facility when the Angel of Death tapped on his door. (In how many aspects is his life and work akin to that of Kicham?)

In *Hillsiders* we have of his best. On every page is evidence of intimate and sympathetic knowledge of life in the West, of a deep insight into the ways which characterise, and the motives which prompt the doings and the comments of village folk. Who, save one veritably steeped in the memories and traditions of Connaught folk, could have thus written of the coming of the workhouse van to Kilbeg?

"It was to them an emblem of death and pestilence and horror, a black vulture that hovered over places where the people lay broken, a thing that had direct descent from the Famine, that carried with it an atmosphere of soup-houses and proselytism, that a melt of a foul traffic in soul-selling and body-snatching, the relic of a tyranny that held the memory of the Penal Laws in the grind of its wheels."

In a little less than two hundred pages we have here half a dozen stories dealing with the humble folk of Kilbeg. But the pictures are by no means all gloomy ones; laughter is too near the Irish eye, and O'Kelly knew his material too well to forget that Irish clouds only appear between spells of sunshine. There is always the touch of kindness to relieve his pictures of sorrow; the unexpected and yet expected neighbourly "good turn" to lift a little of the burden from the one in trouble. For a study in subtle family pride read "The Prodigal Daughter"; for a yarn with more than a chuckle in it turn to "The Apparitions of Oul' Darmody." But *Hillsiders* will claim you from the first page, you will leave it down with a sigh that the artistry of him who penned it can offer us nothing more.

T. K.

*Ireland: Elements of her Early Story.* By J. J. O'Kelly. Dublin: Gill and Son. 10s. 6d.

Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, better known under his literary pseudonym of Seail, wields a powerful pen in English as well as in his native Gaelic. His latest book is probably his masterpiece—it is certainly his most ambitious effort so far. Its supreme merit lies in the fact that it supplies us with all the

facts that are best worth knowing in the political, religious, and social history of Ireland, down to the English invasion; and that it presents these facts in a vigorous, striking, and attractive way.

The book is a splendid piece of propaganda. Its author is clearly a man of uncommonly vigorous mind, and of uncommonly wide and varied reading. He writes not as a professor, but as a propagandist; as a populariser of truths that ought to be known, and that are studiously concealed by some, or faintly proclaimed by others. His work is a challenge, a gage of battle thrown down to the lying legion of anti-Irish writers who pretend, as an Oxfordman once tried to maintain in my presence, that civilisation was unknown in Ireland until after the English invasion. Upholders of this theory have been well described by Mrs. J. R. Green as "the Savage School" of anti-Irish historians. The aim of these writers—an aim which they studiously endeavour to conceal—is simply to justify a number of immoral and wholly unjustifiable things, such as invasion and massacre, plunder and despotism.

A brief review can scarcely give any idea of the number and variety of subjects with which this remarkable book deals. For example, in his chapter on the Irish Social System, Mr. O'Kelly discourses on the kings, nobles, and freemen; on the Unfree Tribes, their status and prospects; on the Free Tribes, their privileges, customs, and institutions; on the Courts of Law; Public Councils and Assemblies; and on the relations which existed between the Church and the people. Another chapter is devoted to the Monastic Schools of Armagh, Kildare, Clonard, Bangor, Clonmacnois, and other Irish centres of learning. Among the best chapters in the book are those which deal with the labours of Irish missionaries in England and Wales, Scotland and the Isles, Brittany, France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. Anyone who could pass a searching examination in Mr. O'Kelly's volume would certainly be well grounded in the history of our best period.

A battle royal is in progress among scholars in regard to the early inhabitants of Ireland. The question was treated in a masterly fashion by Professor John MacNeill in his epoch-making *Phases of Irish History*. The theory that Ireland's early denizens came from the lost island of Atlantis was originally broached by Ignatius Donnelly, of Shakespearian fame. That theory has been revived by a writer of serial articles in the *Gael*, and we are promised a learned discussion of it (apparently by the same writer) in a new edition of the *Story of Ireland*. Mr. O'Kelly seems to have become a fervid convert to the Atlantis theory. He does not hesitate to break a lance with Professor MacNeill, whose opinions on the introductory chapter of this book would be distinctly interesting to hear. The piquancy of the

situation is enhanced by the announcement that Professor Macalister has a volume in the press on Pre-Celtic Ireland. This is all to the good; it is vastly better that scholars should fight their battles in public, with all the weapons of modern learning at their command, than that stagnation should reign. From the clash of opinions, truth will emerge.

Mr. O'Kelly's work bears traces of haste, and he will probably get into trouble with the dry-as-dust for slips of various kinds. He is fond of fearful and wonderful spellings; on a single page, for example, we find "Maruscal" for William Marshal the elder, "FitzAdelmel" for FitzAldhelm, while a certain invader could scarcely recognise himself under the name of "Hermiont Morti." These, after all, are but minor blemishes. The book deserves a place in every Irish library, and we trust that no convent library will be without a copy for the use of advanced pupils. Mr. O'Kelly's aim, and that of his publishers, has been to give "a faithful presentation of the popular features of the Motherland, that through long centuries of oppression has commanded the growing devotion of her children, to a degree for which the world's history affords not a parallel." MAC.

*The Church in England.* By Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R. London: Sands and Co. 14s. net.

English Catholics are to be complimented—and envied—for their many short but excellent histories of their church and country. They owe an abiding debt of gratitude to such writers as Miss Allies, Miss Stone, Miss Wilmot-Burton, Dom Norbert Birt, Bishop Brownlow, Mr. Wyatt-Davies, and Father George Stebbing, who have produced so many useful manuals on the civil or religious side of English history. We in Ireland are by no means so well provided for. We have a long array of political histories, but we cannot boast of a single handy and up-to-date manual of the Church History of our country. No doubt, we have the volumes of Brennan, Carew, Malone and Dr. MacCaffrey; but these deal with isolated periods of our religious history, and most of them are antiquated. A concise and scholarly History of the Irish Church, from St. Patrick's time to our own, is sadly needed. Some of our young priests might well undertake the compilation of such a volume, and they could scarcely find a better model than Father Stebbing's history of Catholicism in England.

This work is admirably planned, and executed "according to plan." Though written in a homely, simple style, perhaps for that very reason, it is eminently readable, one cannot help admiring the deftness and skill with which the author manages to pack such a multitude of facts into his 620 pages, without the slightest detriment to the easy and graceful flow of his narrative.

*Ars est artem celare*—and Father Stebbing's seeming artlessness is the fruit of what Carlyle called "an infinite capacity for taking pains." His book is obviously the result of very wide reading; and its value and attractiveness are enhanced by clear print, bold marginal headings, an exceptionally full index, and tasteful binding.

The author is abundantly justified in claiming that "he has been able to gather into one continuous whole, reaching down to the present day, information not easily accessible to the general reader." For instance, he gives the names and dates of the thirty-five Englishmen who have been raised to the Cardinalate in the course of ages; though he forgets to state that Walter Winterbourne was a Dominican and that Cardinal Kilwardby's Christian name was Robert. In like manner, he gives us a valuable list of the Catholic Bishops who sat in English Sees from the coming of St. Augustine to the apostacy of England. This is followed by a useful catalogue of the Vicars Apostolic from 1623 to 1850, and of the restored Hierarchy from 1850 to 1921. The dates of personages and events are most painstakingly set down in their proper places throughout the volume; indeed, this deserves special note as one of the excellent features of this excellent book.

Father Stebbing's references to Ireland are few, but invariably sympathetic. He does less than justice—no doubt unwittingly—to the work of Irish missionaries in the evangelization of England and Wales. The story of those Irish missionaries is too little known both here and in England; though it long since has been told by Cardinal Moran in his *Irish Saints in Great Britain*. Again, the characters of English Kings are often seen in a less flattering light when studied in the *Calendars of Papal Registers*, or when the policy of such men as Henry III. and Edward I. towards the Irish Church is closely scrutinised. Father Stebbing's chapter on King Stephen might have been more vivid, had he found space to quote the dreadful passage from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle on the atrocities perpetrated by the Norman barons on the English people during that reign.

Every now and then we come across a delightful little cameo in this work of Father Stebbing's. Here, for example, is his appreciation of T. W. Allies, whom Newman made Professor of the Philosophy of History here in Dublin—"If any single literary work deserves to be mentioned as rising above all passing controversy, and as grappling with a great subject on broad lines, showing an excellence of execution which makes it fit to be a classic, there can be little hesitation as to what that book is. It is the monumental *Formation of Christendom*, by T. W. Allies (1813-1902), an Oxford scholar, who though old enough to be a contemporary of the Tractarians, survived into the present century. No English Catholic has produced anything that can be put in the same

category with it unless we go far back into the distant past."

MAC.

*The Trail of the Black and Tans.* By "The Hurler on the Ditch." Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd.

There came a break in my reading of this volume. When I resumed—in the interval I had seen thousands of young men and hundreds of girls march behind a corpse that had come from Ulster by way of Leinster to the capital of the South, and had heard the volleys being fired over the grave—this tale of terrible things had taken on an even deeper tint of sorrow. For one was lulling oneself into the belief that it was but the echo of some horrible dream, a chronicle to commemorate nightmare doings of which there could not possibly be a repetition. . . . This is the first sentence from the Dedication to the story, addressed to the Non-Conformists of England: "To you I dedicate this book in which, although the plot is fictitious, I have sought in every detail to give a really true impression of some of the worst phases of the Irish struggle."

And what a terrible picture the author has painted! After a raid on his house, Shaun Cromwell joins the Volunteers, and disappears from his people. His aged uncle sets out on a search in order to discover tidings as to his fate; with details of "Uncle Pat's" journeyings and ultimate fate the chronicle is chiefly concerned. What stories of raids and burnings, of lootings and torturings, of shootings and orgies! It is a frightful record, set down by a wielder of a graphic pen. One hopes that in the dawning days ahead the "Hurler" shall give us a volume in which his theme shall be a brighter one, but from which his art of visualisation shall not be lacking. He has the simple style that grips, a way with dialogue that is masterful, a skill in picture-painting of which one would like further samples.

*From a Gaelic Outpost.* By Aodh de Blacam. Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. 3s. 6d.

My admiration for the work of Mr. de Blacam received a certain stimulus some few years back. An editor to whom I had sent an article intimated its acceptance, and inquired whether I was "a professional journalist, like Mr. de Blacam." To be thus compared was flattering, though a shade unfair to the author of *The Ship that Sailed Too Soon*.

For Mr. de Blacam is a great deal more than a very able journalist. Already he has a goodly list of volumes to his credit, all displaying their creator as a man of wide culture, a clear thinker, and a constructive critic. In these letters *From a Gaelic Outpost*, we are given graphic pen-pictures of Donegal, entwined with all sorts of anecdotes and comments, cemented with the wisdom of one who is an apostle of open-air culture,

Mr. de Blacam has for years been trying to open Ireland's eyes to the beauties of the ancient literature of our land—to him the Fenian tales have merits and beauties rivalling those of Homer himself. "The tales of Fionn McCoul," says our author, in the letter on "Heather Reading," "like the tales of Odysseus, are of the highest order of literature, because they expand the reader's soul with delight in great winds and sunny seas, and giant athletic life in boisterous adventure and thrilling, self-forgetting chivalry. . . ."

Not so many years ago I was present at what, I think, must have been the smallest Feis ever held. Although the adjudicators were Lord Ashbourne, the gentleman quoted in the last paragraph of Mr. de Blacam's letter on "Turf, Talk and the Celtic Revival," the authoress of "Irish Nationality," and a couple of other rather well-known Irishmen, and though the prizes were presented by Mrs. Green, there were only about a dozen competitors! But my "Feis" was really a modest gathering of village folk, headed by a band, to pay a little compliment to the distinguished visitors at the local hotel—and the impromptu feis

followed. In the hotel smokersroom I afterwards discovered that Mr. B. and the others could tell capital stories—that Lord Ashbourne made a fine listener! Later in the evening I listened to a local resident unfold a tale of "Sinn Fein foolishness"—to wit, the first attempt to capture an Irish Parliamentary seat. These and many other incidents are sent thronging back to one when reading these pages, for Mr. de Blacam has a way of putting his points, a manner of telling his stories, that set the springs of one's own memory in motion!

Lover of the Gaeltacht, enthusiast for revival in industry no less than language, he never forgets the headlines we can still copy from the pages of the past. He glows over Donegal, but finds the rest of Ulster not so bad, considering! The scent of the turf fires runs through his pages; the culture and courtesy of the Celt reach one *via* his lines. Both the author and the C.T.S.I., who have creditably turned out the volume, deserve your support. That wrapper by George Monks will set you counting your change!

T. K.

## List of Books Received.

*The Book of Saints. A Biographical Dictionary of the Servants of God Canonised by the Catholic Church.* Compiled by The Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. A. and C. Black, Ltd., Soho Square, London. Price 12s. 6d. net. Post free, 13s. 3d.

*The Divine Motherhood.* By Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast. Herder, 65 Great Russel Street, London, W.C.1. 8vo, 112 pages. Cloth. Price 3s. net. By post 3s. 3d.

*Ireland: Elements of Her Early Story.* By J. J. Kelly. M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd., 50 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin. Price 10s. 6d.

*With all the Company of Heaven.* Poems by Rose Magill Chase. Wrapper 62 pp. 2s. 6d. net. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., London.

*The Age of Whitewash.* By Conall Carnach. Price 2s. 6d. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd.

*Mortal Coils.* Stories and Sketches by Irish Writers. Price 2s. 6d. M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd.

*Life's Lessons.* Rev. E. Garesche, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 (8s. 6d.).

*Catholic Diary for 1922.* London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Cloth, 2s.

*Treasury of Indulgences.* M. P. Donelan. London: Herder. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

*Hints on Meditation.* Rev. E. Hoare. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Cloth, 2s. net.

*A Doctrine of Hope.* Bishop Bonomeeli. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 3s. 6d. net.

*The Ideal of Reparation.* By Raoul Plus, S.J. Translated by Madame Cecilia. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 4s. 6d. net.

*Revue des Jeunes, Revue Dominicaine, Les Nouvelles Religieuses, Ensayos Y Rumbos, Blackfriars, America, The Catholic Magazine for South Africa, The Irish Monthly, The Catholic Bulletin, The Universe, The Catholic Citizen, The Southern Cross, La Couronne de Marie, The Gael.*





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